

BRENTLEY FRAZER – MAJOR LEAGUE PHILOSOPHY 101



R E T O R T B O O K S

BRENTLEY FRAZER

MAJOR LEAGUE PHILOSOPHY 101

NEW POEMS + MICROTTEXTS

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INDEX OF TITLES

- Blue State (a neo-futurist nursery rhyme)
- The Ducks won't eat Ralph's Bread
- The Book of Obscure Technical Commands
- The Bootleg Bible Salesman
- Notes on the unobserved
- The Ability to Discriminate Between Inferential and Descriptive Statements
- Theory of fabricated Situations
- Limitations are set by the Programmers, not the Programs
- Bracket Creep
- The Assumption that Inferences are Always Distinguishable from Observations or The Habit of Prying in Cupboards Always yields Results
- Destiny asks for Directions
- Hassan i Sabbah in America
- Milk the Gentile
- Postmodern Ode to Linguistic Pantheists
- Provisions for Casting The Eye
- Perspectives on The Spectacular Art of Public Suicide
- The Tram to Wednesday

Blue State (a neo-futurist nursery rhyme)

Per Me reges regnant ("It is through me that Kings reign.")

The book is open, when you are so beautiful I don't know what to do. The birds have had their legs cut off with secateurs. The world assembles to witness the peacock slaughtered in the forest. (The giant rotting corpse of the god of greed stinks in the kitchen).

The book is open, when you are so guilty I don't know what to do. You sob like a child who crushed her kitten while sleeping. The owl hoots in tune his tribesman cheering.

There are no rules in the book, who told you those lies?
The protocols are just guidelines to enslave the blind man with 12 billion eyes.

A forgery implies an original does it not your honour?

We chased Mammon for so long when we caught him we set about the slaughter. *Valley of Death* we laughed, *Fear*, we laughed, and when we found the fat evil bastard we cut him to bits.

The Ducks won't eat Ralph's Bread

Down there at the docks where
we watched a rooster eat a shark
where the tinkle of the organ grinder
ground down the tunes to meat and
we picked among the bleeding notes
to find the overture of dreams, broken
like Ralph's heart when the ducks
won't eat his bread, when he really
needs a friend, when his valentine has
handed back his love, when the truck
is out of gas and you're feeling so
wound up, the streets like rubber
bands knock your glasses off your
face and rolling down the hill
through a strangers fence you find
yourself up against another wall
in life, if not finance then romance.

Like when the ducks won't eat
Ralph's bread and he knows
though a virtual boy
about this game of flesh.

The Book of Obscure Technical Commands

Forever in need of a more graphic fix he succeeded in emailing himself to prison. A pastiche of every filmed atrocity on the television for 5 nights running through burning hedges. As beautiful as that ruined body was he will not give his negatives to the chemist. Gentlemen need the evidence to develop in an instant. They speed by abandoned picnic rest stops where aging umbrella stands have blown off the tables. Manipulating the foregone conclusion borderline - Breaking the rationalism of your brain : the welfare state as a strategic weapon opens its mouth and screams your name.

The Bootleg Bible Salesman

The old man's apartment building looms in the technofeudal dawn. The air tangible as the spittle of a judge screaming in your face. The windows of the cab move and are quivering – your liver whispers the driver demanding fare with outstretched hand. (Distracted by a shower scene across the street) I leap free of the ferry, quick, before the priests ice-cream melts, and softly, lest he hear me ascend the stairs. And when I find him, cheeks like a pastiche of kicked in car doors, bionodes opening in his palms, breaking his creations against the cupboards in the kitchen, I kiss him and pass the virus, word is an image is a thing, and he embraces me in disbelief.

Notes on the unobserved

P= This idiot walking in the leaders pants down the daisy path, doesn't realise that everybody sees a different tree. He didn't see the earthworm on the carpet nor the key in the grass, he took a flight-nurse to christmas parties and bulldozed the parks.

S= Broadcast some para-negative implicits into the mass static field, hide some ordered abstractions behind a neo-jimmy page solo, vowels swinging like old sneakers on the wires.

Develop a new form of archwriting, freeze the river, enter it twice.

Perceptual Reality Diagnosis

Truth, this pellucid emblem atrophied
the jade dragon in the cleavage of the
Empress, each sigh a blue fog stealing
across the slopes.

No-one has watered the flowers for weeks,
the birds have abandoned the imperial pond,
the Emperor's Darling dropped her parasol
in the path. Months of colored brochures
on the threshold, curtains faded in the
windows. The map takes precedence,
the territory disregarded, the saddles
give the horses sores. All the cab drivers
refuse your fare.

The Ability to Discriminate Between Inferential and Descriptive Statements

A Ticket on the sidewalk to something he doesn't pick up. Failure feels like a barrage of arrows in a silent film and he falls up against the bar which could have been his wagon, wounded. He interjects in a conversation between a Merchant and a Sultan who is rubbing hands over some chests on a camel. The Merchant believes the gongs that struck across the city in the night are a portent of an impending doom. The Sultan laughs and suggests a party at the palace got a little loud. Here, his theory on such ancient sirens, and pointing to the ships in the sky to demonstrate the statement, mouths the word Orion, or Onion, I cannot be sure. And as the silent chinese dancers in high heels cancan in the fountains on the soundless streets, there comes a clapping out of time from the balconies above.

Theory of fabricated Situations

Out on the lawn an ubiquitous fawning

& she enters the room, her
appellations on shoulders
looming larger than Heracles'
labours aeroplanes for shoulder
blades saying *it's better to marry
than to burn* like you meant it &
it's just not a tshirt slogan

Seven past midnight & the world falls down

Some relatives dredge a
river, brother dead in his truck
drunk on a night of whores &
oysters his uncle lost a leg in a
man trap back in 1943 he
became the local hobo played
the mandolin, dead brother
was clutching this when they
pulled him up.

The inherit realism of symbols

Soaked & floated downstream
clogged up the sluice in a nunnery.
The most matronly jamming her
fists in and tearing at the pulp
pushing buttons like a blind mouse
in a Skinner box with no levers,
reins in her libido screaming,
leaving it to Deleuze's pure,
nomadic chance, believing
in the whip that flogs the horse,
that this dance is not a waltz.

Limitations are set by the Programmers, not the Programs

As we exit the State of Uncertainty they send a mathematical equation which unites the dimensions down on us and it hits our raincoats like vomit under the fair ride. The firewalls are literally as powerful as inherited self doubt. We break through, we cleave the code, we chew micropocessers. Did your programmers handle you with care or did their inhibitions and fetishes reach your mainframe with every stroke?

You to you means me you know.

And the words, not even representative, but convenient to understand the grunts, the inspiration behind the lemming walk and the leap of the wall street giant into the chasm of boulevards and teen whores at walmart. Urban Decay, just a line from a review; can you speak of it without celebration, every sentence from this text whispered in a stranger's ear from a public telephone. What can you do, they have your photograph, they watch you and make me paranoid, they shutterbug across your curtains and marvelled at your breasts with their xray lens. They urcurled great mantis arms from beneath yellow overcoats and dipped them into jars of treacle, imagining it as your own intimate elixer. They invented square dancing and all the kids join in, from doesy-do to ass to mouth in digital frame by frame beamed directly to your cubicle, facial humiliation for the masses. They communicate through you, in insect script, on silent gray receivers.

Bracket Creep

The case of kings and counsellors who build for themselves palaces, who spend sleepless evenings sketching black operatives in notebooks and filing them under *criminal*. Master Theologian, a tumor in need of extraction, recuperates a defacto situation its policies expanded everywhere, the murmur line builds in the mind the figure of a hated man.

All our toil for the flowers of a nothing system, questions never asked like, *what's in your blood that's not in mine*, and, *who put degreaser in the kings brandy, we need him to conduct the corporate orchestra... man*.

The Assumption that Inferences are Always Distinguishable from Observations or The Habit of Prying in Cupboards Always yields Results

Row Row Row your boat gently down the stream and if you see a shark don't forget to scream – murdered little girl

The Prince descends the steps of his private jet in yet another land of grief. Everywhere I look I see allusions to the tribal, irresponsible at best of the ministers who propagate these images to the people. Enthusiasm! Only if it involves the nubile and the willing, if it means that we can ever guarantee anything – and he gestures to the professors playing chess out on the lawn. What these men offer is little more than idle insight, no point putting the theories to test - test the theories you assholes! He screams at these. They adjust their backs toward him, walking forward to the fountain which is loud and will drown the protest. The Prince is handing out happy lollies to the children. He has come to take all your daughters to the prom, in his pockets there is no protection, don't be fooled by his noble highbrow and his gift of eloquence, don't listen to his poems, beware, only dance with your girlfriends tonight for he is on the prowl.

Destiny asks for Directions

It's all about chemistry and rationale
micro-processor regulated fuzzy
logic infiltration and getting a handle on
that feeling you are being watched.

It's all about vengeance and redemption
Statisticians on the television selling
dog food as an ideology resurrecting
whatever dead god is necessary
the holy hour follows the sex documentary.

It's all about the anti-self and genital
politics, what the mirror shows back
and what you have allowed to be filmed,
it is all about the flesh and what you
do in the bathroom when home alone.

It is the fact that you are a god among
men, regardless of gender you remember
how to feel, your embrace is welcome, like
a soft bus stop seat, like being given more
than you paid in change, like a famous
actress asking for your phone number.

Hassan i Sabbah in America

People, free more in mind than fact
in a world not so familiar
without a map
to navigate these politics that have
chained them to the black and white
of gunfights in the street
and murder in the night.

- Take *my* hand says the guide with
a discursive smile his eyes on
our technology, our civilian
perspective readied by the powders
in our wine, the pills he pressed
into the universal palm.

Theoreticians with problems sleeping
line up outside the clinic, seeking
tranquilisers, only the doctor isn't
giving them tonight. Some turn on heel
and remark *so who's for another round
of physics* and they pile into a bar
for cognac, cigarettes and chess.

Milk the Gentile

Lost the moist walls snails clamour in the corners
of the ruined hall; feet have disturbed the dust on
the beams above the dance floor, where the bravest
ones reached for the crystal baubles on an ancient
chandelier; [now but a sprig with few dusty grapes
remaining, like shrunken breasts] and men with trade –
marked sympathy administer experimental medicines
and she dies (while I watch) and I run knowing that
I should not have seen these things, the kiss of the
dead tastes similar to transplantation antigens.

*As though you had found an ancient unmarked bottle
of wonder elixir from the 1930's and sculled it down in
a flash.*

*She, earlier not referred to directly, waits patiently
on the corner, toeing trash in the gutter, humming
some classic refrain, abandoned in the afternoon.*

Never forget she said that leaders are men and men
were boys full of fault and arrogance at the dance
at school and in the office and though they are taller
now than then essentially nothing has changed.

And, despite what conflicting histories have
institutionalised the mind there are still guides
on the lizard road.

There are not many things in his suitcase when
we find him.

His jacket has souvenir flags sewn on the sleeve.

Postmodern Ode to Linguistic Pantheists

Some continuous tonus resumes
pulsing across the rooftops.
Preacher has his hand in their
control panel messing with the
configurations: -*Authoring a new
dissonance* he says, -*Forcing
something flaccid in the niche,
building a new leg for the stand,
circumcising inertia...* his non-
prolific face twisting with
pleasure as he said it.

A Clown chokes to death in the
Tudor doorway – 15 years of
laughing and tripping along the
boulevards had worn out his big
shoes.

Provisions for Casting The Eye

There were canoes on the lake today,
in the news someone found Zeus' head
in the desert; defence men giving friends
contracts to rebuild things they broke
themselves. Someone wrote *run and
you will die tired* in the sky with an
aeroplane. He probably spent the
evening like me, revising his policies,
the premature evaluation of lost stocks
as Beethoven's Fifth ends the broadcast.

Walk up the hill at sunset and gaze on
the old familiar city, sprawled like some
boisterous children had competed with blocks.

***Perspectives on
The Spectacular Art of Public Suicide***

The Blood Cycle

1. Illusion has its own reality

That girl under dirt with a head wound
broken face once admired by boys in
class, on the side of the highway expired
as the bus tickets in her pockets and the
unspent change saved like the rest, to
get her out of here –

Evidence, the day she left the theme
party her friends forgot to mention
screaming that *those who hold faith
in flags and fresh insignia are damned
to brandish weapons and oppress
the people...* Most then departed on
the chance she would return, but I
searched and found her naked on
her side, sleeping in a field wrapped
in stars, blood drying on her wrists,
pointing at whatever horrors still
hover there, clawing at the veil.

2. The Necrosis of The Buddha

The antimen dangle from the wires above.
Not the corpse, more a sound, the death
knell as the telephone rings and they ask
for money, that creak beyond his voice the ferry
of Salvation? Sailed into a long harboured burden.
Picked up parts of the child and placed them
in a suitcase. He heard it on the radio, a promotion, an emperor to
the throne. There will be a flag on his coffin, a classical insertion of
anything he pens, angry soldiers with bayonets, should some
colours offend. Armies at his command, legions of aged voters and
children he can still convince. And in the interview he said *no more
sitting on the fence, treaties are signed
with blood, our sons and daughters must be prepared
to die, it's in the national interest.*

3. ***Perfect Mirror, Shattered Mind***

Excited and frightened like all children about the storm, precise synaptic patterns mimicked by the lightening and the thunder plays with the hearts of animals. There are still arteries open in the inner mind, red lights that never arrived to save her, sirens that could tear those veils apart but not stop the flow of blood. I imagined there to be nothing beyond the first luminary hour of weary

feasted yawns, chasing kites from dawn into the idiot night, building fires beneath a less complicated moon, Truth allowed to pass the apostates at the gates unmolested, skirts intact. And who is there but the Emperor himself dancing in a judges silly wig, serenading the wine waitress with someone else's rhymes.

4. ***The Reverse of Reflection***

Smooth technocratic people rub themselves up against the media, equally permissive and reeking of elevator trysts the new social moral code downloaded in .pdf printed and distributed at the door. Somehow our *ecstasis* keeps burping up from the drink fountain. Civilisation supports our excess, the selfless fleshless priest at the threshold of dreams flicking sliver smiles all over the restaurant tables, holding up severed his brothers union-labelled hand. There's less room up there, it's full of children with floppy arms dancing to scratchy records, several Arabs at the door with fireflies, thirty attempts to get your infinity gimmick before the audience rips out your hair. Two within threw tiepins on the floor.

5. ***The Base Face***

Now the superstructures stale as fast as radio's decomposition, two men of culture setting gas stations on fire, on CNN; no contradictions could corner that girl with the bayonet, her face set to a base nature of revenge; not even the lens flare made her squint, peace or pieces, death the set criterion. That journalist sensed his time remaining eyeballed the briefcase as the girl started wailing, blood rain in an occupied nation, someone's dad, his entrails in a dirty camo carry bag. Go, don't drag your tongue, run, they put *the cosy* on prisoners here you know, especially romantic revolutionary ones. You're no soldier, where are your guns, and those socks you are wearing,

made by your mum – I'll put a knife in your arse boy, I'll show you de Sade, and my dog trooper here will eat out your heart.

6. *The Voice Union*

Those two who threw their fraternal tiepins to the floor have reformed and placed usurpation on the table, established an order (some would call a cabinet) a ritual dance with fleshy pirouettes, unnamed symbols in strange curved temples, a million members from worlds away.

They have read Mitnick and are masters of deception Euphematics and corporate propaganda, from school satchel to halls of power collecting weapons for that imagined hour of need, the emergency, and if it doesn't come, by god they'll manufacture one... for the tribal mindform television magicians to serve up glossy and digital edited, a new cultural clari-fication; a monk on fire, just a spiritual expenditure.

The Tram to Wednesday

In the peripheralist sense
this tram heads to Wednesday
the stagecraft of the new emperors
dancing on the headlines of the papers;

a group of politicians in the park
point laughing as we pass, this route
their sample population, the prevailing
social model of action by sequential crises
reflected on the timetable. All of us on board
rehearsing our interviews or recounting our
chores. 11 different perfumes, I tried to
count them, Arden and Miyaki, that
snowdome by Gaultier, scents to hide
the intentions of the animal that has us
here, in this politely indifferent flesh,
among the fresh news print.

Stigmata for your semantic sins, says Mr Speaker
and points to the Ministers feet which bleed
(he checks them, a reactive inhibition) and I
think we may be alerted to this liberal conceit
of safety by global law and domination by defeat,
but for now, we are fighting over seats, there is
standing room only, a long day at work, our vision
narrowed to the weeks before a festive season
relieves us, and we dance with habitual celebration.



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