

## I'VE GOT A NIETZSCHE TRIGGER FINGER!

(A Brag)

Please allow me to introduce myself . . .

I am **Black the Knife**, I am **secretly famous**, I have **designer genes**. I'm on a macropsychotic diet, I'm anarchorexic, I underwent paleolithium treatment, I'm the 6-Pac-Man! I not only know Who Wrote the Book of Love, I edited out the mushy parts! I practice **satantric** yoga, I graduated Summa Cum Loudmouth from Miskatonic University, I'm feeling my Quixotes! I taught Mao Zedong to swim; I taught Hitler to hang wallpaper; I taught **Anne Sullivan** how to say "water"; I taught "Bob" how to **inhale**. I broke the common code, I **tripped** the Great Leap Forward!

I wrote my own scriptures, the **Darth Vedas**. Everywhere I go, **cargo cults** spring up in my wake, I smoke Potlatch! I drew attention to the **savant** problem, I stomp strip-minders and bully banal-retentives, I put the satire back into satyriasis, I demand special privileges for **everybody**. I cut the deck all the way down to **steerage**. I threw Snowballs at Napoleon — I revealed that Reagan's makeup is Khmer rouge — I play James Brady's **skull** like a **piccolo**. A malchemist, I turn gold into lead, I'm impropertied, I run a Duck Soup kitchen, I showed that Aquarius is **not** a Roman queer. As for the family I say, "Inc'est la vie!"

I perform **cynicalisthenics**, I exorcise without even working up a **sweat**, I run on **dialectricity**, I go **whole-hog-wild**! I said "Yo' Mama!" to Dada! I say "Fuck 'em even if they **can** take a joke!" After My Dinner With Andre Breton he got his just desserts! I got "Doktors for 'Bob'" to write me a '**scrip** — with **unlimited refills**. I took an Eris Poll and won't give it back! I organized Detournement of Roses, I flung the **ne plus ultra**-left against **de rigueur mortis**, I tell everyone not to do what I say! I'm behind the **odd-ball**, my ancestor was Putdown Man! Judge Crater freed me on my **own recognizance**, I ask: "What would Harpo say?"

For me, **know** ain't nothing but **no** misspelled, and all cretins are liars. I go-for-baroque, I'm a lowlife hierarch, I picked the Locke and entered the Avant-Garden of Eden. I got Spartacus to take the rap for me! I'm the heavyweight Light-Bringer, I'm the out-of-court jester who **won't** settle, I up the vigilante, I'm a law unto myself but break it anyway! I made a forced landing on the Moebius Strip and now I want to know, which side are **you** on?



## THE SPIRIT OF THE TZARA LIVES ON!



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