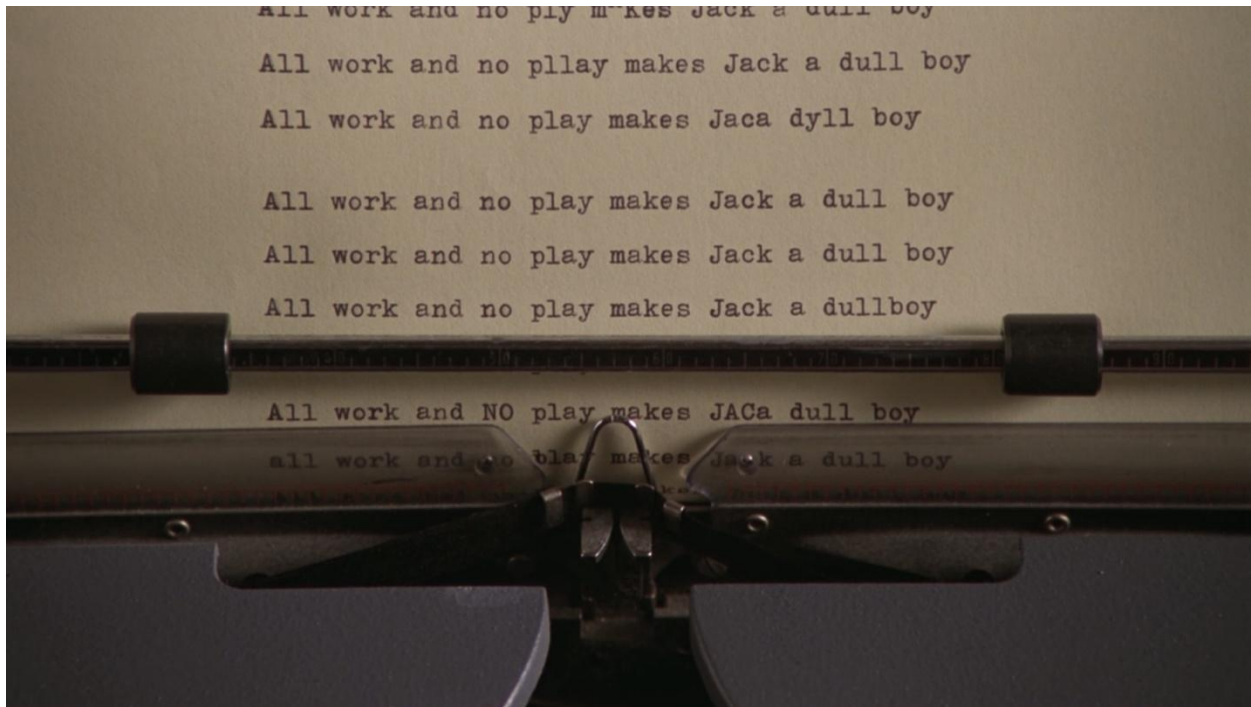


“All Work and No Play Makes Jack a Dull Boy”

Epigraph:



The Shining. Dir. Stanley Kubrick. Perf. Jack Nicholson, Shelley Duvall. Writ. Stephen King (novel), Diane Johnson & Stanley Kubrick (screenplay). Warner Bros, 1980. 01:19:02.

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

All work and no play make Jack a boring boy.

All work and no play make Jack a boring child.

Just work and no play make Jack a dreary lad.

Just work without play makes Jack a dreary laddie.

Tireless work absent of play makes Jack a dry whelp.

Incessant labor devoid of recess makes Jack a jejune whelp.

Ceaseless toil remiss of respite devolves Jack to green adolescence.

Jack's immutable cubicle workday bereft of a coffee break dilutes him to monochromatic anachronism.

Jack's constant impossibly quotaed assembly-line chore denied the prospect of even decelerating strains him to musculoskeletal ruin.

Jack's unflagging big-box-store's checkout-conveyor-belt-spitting-“bargains” scanning¹ robbed of a lunch-hour² infects pernicious acquiescence.

Jack's endless job-application-filling-call-making, begging, weeping, expends him of the stomach to even enter the horizon-stretching breadline.

¹ And timed, too.

² No union representation.

As prophets speak: purportedly.
But can't I I can sublimate?
Maybe I'll write some poetry:

...

[cue: the sound of wind whistling in through a window tickling that box's strings]

Ode on: The Toiling Proletarian

Alas! day breaks the clockwork reveille,
Counterpoint 'twixt reverie and labor;
A drowsy numbness pains too headily,
Whilst dread Ponus beats the grey dawn's tabor
The Tree-Nymph's blue twitter, in blithe spirit,
Comingles 'gainst the concrete river's rev
That once more, pooling, I shall wear'ly join,
Hieing to'rd the afrit
Whose name is Vocation, who now I prev,
Testifying to thee how I earn Coin.

In time with my employee number [71196] punched
Our o'erseer whinges his wont Grand Guignol
On tardiness – "How otiose!" – I hunched
Away, scarcely two minutes, the gall:
An utter Bounderby, forsooth! But, ah,
O! dear Tingle Table, and sweet Monitor
Light's warmth diffuses as PC stirs, on.
Letter trays brim, my maw
Primed for *tax season*; I, fed auditor
Of W-2s [etc.], with grace like a swan

Hold pencil to sheet, breathe in. The tuning
Office rustles paper, doubly a mouse
Clicks: The 9-ta-5 Ballet Begins! Sing
The Chairs' Squeal, Beat the Boards' Keys, And Grouse
Dear Bartleby. The ground hums stately – though
Swelling – the second movement at close hand,
Allegro agitato as our Lunch
Hour nears: Crack! the *scherzo*
Mad rush for viands, pop and coffee and,

Anon, we resume, and anon we punch

INTERMEZZO! (on Boredom)

I work midst the thanes for this kingdom
Doin' so I resign my day's freedom
But with YouTube I laugh
At those side-splitting gaffes
Helping me dissipate all my booorredooooommm.

[*Select All: Co-workers. *Send* Shelly yawns.*]

Ten-forties don't need no precision,
No grammar, no syntax nor vision,
But then why do TPs
Splatter ink like they've sneezed?
God I wanna work with the CI division.

[*Select All: Co-workers. *Send* ... and even Bartleby snickered!*]

There's this wondreful author D. Wallace
Who wrote a thick book all about us!
It's "autobiographical"
Meaning cover-t'-cover-dull
While composing he died, whodve guessed?!

[*Select All: Co-workers. *Send* Silence. "You've got Mail.": "YOU VAPID CALLOUS FUCK!" I look over the stretch of cubicle walls to see a majority of my colleagues flipping the bird. Shelly begins weeping. Here in the REC at Peoria our reading group had just finished Infinite Jest a few days ago for the fifth time in two years. Our break room has a de facto shrine: three first edition copies of every book he's published, a photograph from his days here, a signed copy of that Harper's with the Supposedly Fun essay which Shelly got years ago (she's our lit prof (and it's the only signed DFW work she'll lend to the shrine)), and a masticated No.2 yellow pencil still very sharp that we found years later inside of a book titled How to Make People Like You: An Instant Recipe for Career Success inside the bottom right-hand drawer of his old desk which, upon comparing annotations inside said book with her own handwriting samples from several of his works he'd signed, Shelly stole post-haste, only later leaving the now strangely more polished-looking chewed up pencil. Anyway, requiescat my brother.]*

... and anon we punch

In. A *calmo sospeso* so soundless,
So intense, that for four minutes three and
Thirty seconds all's still, time is endless;
A palpable sense – our day near an end –
Of *liberamente*, though yet chainéd
By fifteen minutes, watching the clock loll:
‘Tis torture, forsooth! I abjure its taunt!
Then, five strikes! “We’ve strained
These hours away! Let us to the beer-hall
For to make libations hallowed! Avaunt!”

O! Genial Pub! (In Tom’s carriage we haste!)
‘Where everybody doth thy name wotest!’
“Sam! Three pitchers!” (With tips we ne’er are chaste)
“Shell, I’m sorry.” “No, *Diane* was hottest!”
We heft our steins and chinking toast, “To Life!”
“To Life!” “And Blast the IRS!” “Amen!”
So singin’, laughin’, storytellin’ and swilling
Swill’d! “Sam, three more!” Joys rife!
Raising for another warm – Mark! Just then
Rough swains from a frat [ΣΧ: Sigma Chi (according to their hoodies)] intrude instilling

A grisly aura – likely come from the
Tabard or *Boar’s Head* or *White Horse Tavern*
Or e’*en El Floridita* – and right by we
They settle; forthwith: “*Four* pitchers,” then turn
With haught nods at the regs: “Look! A mere form,
A statute-book, a machine and a ship’s rope!”
‘Yet, darest they exult at our night-bout?’
“Cads! Retreat to thy dorm!”
Shelly roars, “Or have ye not heard that Hope
Abandons all frat-boys that enter --” “Lout!”

Caul spill ! Cunt flicks : Sir Gawain Fine Fracas
*Fucken ! dirty “Oomph” *Squat* lick Hur/rum Tramp*
Ma mère m’a mariée [6] *Ditto Comus*
Pflaap ! christ Ballet almittey pooh Vamp
Mufferfusserindildo Empty Rhyme
Yeah ! Yeah? Floiting effete Cock Saint Pisser

Men Smoot it with a Yerde Smerte Friar fork
HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME!
*Illit'rate ! **RahraaaahhH** Daddy's wet Bless'er*
*Oi! Oi! Oi! Weialala **Tax, This!** wohrk*

phew! that was actually hard work! i'm tired, now. think i'll head to bed.

with love,

Jack

03/'12