

BUNCHED-UP BUNNIES

Argos GTW

Driving from Hollywood, five to six days a week, to the base of the San Gabriel Mountains, where amber street lamps were being replaced with florescent bulbs and tossed into construction bins, as the City of Altadena was razing or raising



(depending on one's perspective of the order of things) itself with a never ending nip-and-tuck, manu-facturing affluence in a world where housing bubbles were praised and phantom money was worshipped, I happened upon reptilian death.

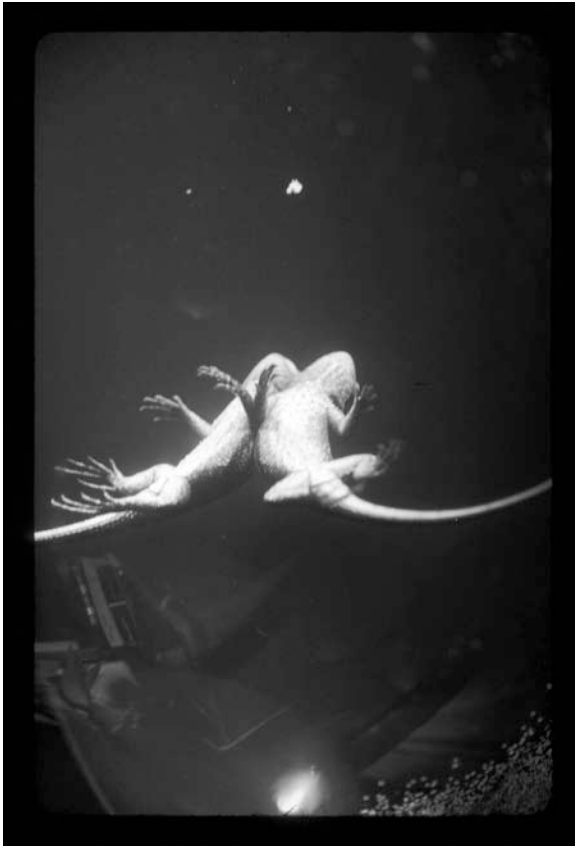
As a child I was told to get a trade or join the military, so when I graduated from high school on Friday the following Monday I was on the job learning to swing a door, so that it shut tightly and quietly, and setting knobs that turned smoothly, so the Nuevo Riche and elitist tight wads could quietly sleep after they screwed their spouses with an iron smoothness. Many years later, upon graduating from the oldest institution in the United States, I went right back to where I was at eighteen-years-of-age, hanging doors and

molding and installing hardware that cost more than a nose-job in Mexico City, and took my seat-- with my lunchtime burrito--next to a discarded antique, iron bathtub. As I was exercising my plebian right to complain, bitching out my boss and our wealthy clients for their God-given right to throw away perfectly good things (My boss contended that I was insubordinate and a number of the clients refused to let me in their houses because I ridiculed them for being spoiled USC graduates, rebuked them for not getting a trade or joining the military, and demanded



that they address me as Master Argos with a Peter J. Gomes accent), while eating my five dollar beans and salsa wrapped in a tortilla in one hand and dragging an antique bathtub with the other across the yard to the back of my truck I noticed this dead lizard floating in the moss and algae. Not being gifted with the strength of Samson I left the tub for the garbage men to contend with and settled for one of the amber lamps, filling it with water and the dead lizard, which I took home and set on my windowsill to watch slowly decompose, but not before I established a record of my found treasure. I set the amber lamp and the floating lizard on top of a stool, shined a light on it and photographed it from below. What I had captured was not immediately visible, as the glass, lights, water reflection and lens of my camera hid from my eye the lizard's shining half.

The Doppelganger issue is the manifest action of a lofty attempt to raise the negative constitution that exists within every individual situated in the collective bargaining of humanity, which often suppresses an individual's



innate desire for revelation, most of all the kind of revelation that reveals itself as a mysterious double of one's self. Eternity's will to know itself is a positive electrical charge that shapes an expansive, revealing and outgoing being, which is interdependent upon the hidden, undesired self.

This self, and all selves for that matter, is created through copulation, and losing one's ability to salivate is a tragedy that omits standing on a copy of Dostoevsky's "Brothers of Karamazov" with one's pants bunched around the ankles, as one tries to gain

an elevated stature, so as to get that good feeling angle, while giving (or getting) a good fucking to a lunchtime, bunched up bunny, with her (or his) ears pulled to her rear, while whispering proposals of love and asking oneself, "Why is such a person alive?" You don't know what you're really doing but it feels more than alright.

We have to copulate, and we do it with a other impulsive, slobbery reptiles. Without fucking none of us would have ever come to being nor had the unique possibility to discover that which hides deep within our subconscious and pleads with a smile, "Don't condemn me, and do not look on me as a villain."

We might not always trust each other, and may even hold ourselves with greater suspicion, but we sure as hell need to copulate with each other. Who doesn't feel a sense of sheer non-recognition as a spunking, withering beaver stick slides out of a wet, pulsating temple that has "Thank You" tattooed over the threshold of its orifice? But lunchtime comes to an end and

one is lowered six-feet under to work out what's left of oneself, which by the end of the day is releasing a stench that is reeking the neighborhood with a hope that one may have morphed into a pair of eyes that dances across the sky with a sorrowful joy that sheds a beautiful tear into the Bucket of the Beast, so that he too may wash himself clean.

If we could merely articulate one word and suspend it in both stasis and anti-stasis and turn the heart inside out, reversing the ventricles, and return to our childhood imaginations; otherwise, we turn to a boring life of sophisticated indifference, where there is no recognition other than the recurring questions, "Where has my child, my parents, my friends and all my lovers gone? Where have I gone and who have I become?" This type of examination loses itself in forgotten memories, which are falling into oblivion as they dearly hold to the struggle for existence, as we wean ourselves on the eternal emergence of particularity's tit, where the temporal establishes stability between what-is, what-is-not.

~Jim Lopez

"It is the phantom of our own Self,
whose intimate relationship with, and
deep effect upon, our spirit casts us
into hell or transport us into Heaven."

- E.T.A. Hoffmann

"Art is life's dream interpretation..."

- Otto Rank

