

The Base

What is the base? The base is the fundament, your home or vile, inhaling assent, exhaling assets. The base is the insistent splinter lodged in fat cells of the finger forked in the eye of the target audience. No longer requiring franchises purchase its company manual, the base is monochrome affect in the nipples world, figure and ground distortion throughout frontal lobes. The base is brand name circulating resources, moving dung to dungeon. Offshore or in-house as circumstances demand, the base is a team of cyber-mules, bearish as your average dope. It is inaccurate ever to speak of a free base. The base is a language of terminal devotion demonstrated in rude acts bombed as news flash or frozen in petty imagination. The base knows no attrition and is handy in every vocabulary, a perfectly empty rhetoric.

Who is the base? The base is the expected guest, the hatched plan described after the fact in another language. The base is the agent upgrading fear and trembling to terror and dissembling, warring in the cold and in the hot, the cold become hot in the blink of this sty. The base is the perpetrator of media error and Fox perpetual set to loop obfuscated events. Pointing out the sandy face in the crowd, the base masquerades as a re-po man snipping the thread of policy options. The base is the subhuman and super intelligent creature, shrill as the sound of possums mating. Like a storm over platforms off the Mexican coast, the base needs little help in driving up the price of oil.

Where is the base? The base is behind the Message, its yoke or burden. The base takes its place among marauding riffraff as a viable child of history. The base has its neighborhood in the slippage of ideology, a hint of Russian cologne almost familiar. The base flourishes in the confusion of categories. One parks at the base with a permit preventing application of the boot, watching in peripheral vision the protest fifty yards from the wall, twenty feet when the wall is moved tomorrow. Judgment and truth and bare arms signal the approach to the base, while a shawl covers its exit. The Lord of the Heavens and Earth, and all between, exalted in Might, able to enforce His Will, forgiving again and again, has never been seen at the base.

Why is the base our concern? The base is the erased subject donated to extension of empire. Lithe and substantial, the base lacks the kinesthetic skill to dance the Chicken Dance but honks like a marching band. The base is known to have issued a fatwa concerning facial hair, covering up the women with yards and yards of cloth hiding our buckles and straps. Not obsession but repetition riddles the base in its hymns and hookahs. There are values that are part of the base that the morality crew finds less than contingent.

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Does the base take a siesta? The base will take everything you own but not a siesta. No rest among the color codes of the base as we have come to know it, and we know only the base. Like a fat red Santa the base is wired and wakeful and in iconography shares his beard. The base runs on its own time, like Europeans schooled in the rejected lore of Mussolini. The base is calm as a shepherd on steep rocks amidst a little poisonous nature.

Will the base be revealed? Code and cliché, the base is obvious as an abacus, beads to move for the game is not over. The base has scripted everything pink moving into red. The base might be found in smoke-filled backrooms, if only smoke-filled backrooms existed.

Does the base have a sexual dimension? The base melts like a candle inside the projected fire. Supplemented by the pharmaceutical industry, it stays hard for thirteen centuries. With a separation method transferring components of one system (stream) into another, its products are extracted to organize and summarize our knowledge about a variety of organisms. Some think the base is related to an inherited disease of infancy characterized by profound mental retardation and early death while for others it is caused by recessive gene mutation, heads tightly wrapped in hats like bandages.

Does the base speak a foreign language? La base habla un idioma extranjero imperfecto. [The base speaks a foreign language imperfectly.] Die Unterseite spricht eine Fremdsprache unvollständig. [The base speaks a foreign language imperfectly.] De basis spreekt een buitenlandse taal onvolmaakt. [The base speaks a foreign language imperfectly.]

Should we extinguish the base? Its survival conditions our views. If we were having a muffin and a group of armed enemies banged in and said, “We are going to murder you and cart away your muffin” we would not be pleased. We would nevertheless retain the option not to let them have it. But consider the paradox. If we gave it to them, the base might well answer “You can’t say that! You’ve got to jump up and fight and slit our bowels and blister our eyesight and drag us off to the gallows to hang us for the criminals we are. You can’t sit there like a bunch of munching Buddhists. You’ve got to oppose us. You’ve got to struggle and resist. We can’t have fun if you agree! We must have opposition.” “Okay, then,” we might reply, “but please leave the blueberries out of this and the four violinists accompanying our repast.” Where is the trapdoor on this stage? Near the base of course.

Is the base entertaining? It would debase the seriousness of the base to describe it as entertaining, though the base is, as they say in show business, “out there.” One could speak of a first base, that deathly kiss, of hands cupped and mouth suckling disaster as second base, the finger in the burning bush as the third. The sales of pornography are rising, and this fact motivates all of the men, mostly the men, of the base.

What is typically associated with the base? The base is linked with the gator cocktails of the Florida election and delivers votes in Ohio ether. The base steadies and rights itself after every tumble, like an Olympic wrestler. The science of the base meddles with spontaneity while clinging to blowback and counter-flow prepared for padlocks. Brinkmanship delimits its formulations, from the wasted veldt of sincerity to the tumuli of Saxon eloquence. If the base squints aggressively in bowler, baseball cap, beret or turban, its occasional proximate sweetness is also relevant, as also the effort to circumvent the counterclockwise imputation fostered by the loss of the American cherry. The base is not an ignoramus and rarely makes a hasty decision.

What might tear the base asunder? Decibels of explosion dedicated to Krishna, asteroids six times the size of Rhode Island, proscriptions from the runt leadership of the mastering nations. Commodious rivals, swan-like consumerism, practiced adieus by the headmaster, a run on Hank Williams CDs at the madrassas, the flip gadgetry of drones and microwave bombs. Brittle adjournments of an eastern curate who refuses to die, memory of nettlesome seeds and boggy anchovies in the bad history of an ordinary lunch, a chunk of the prose of Gertrude Stein decoded by seventeen language poets, puffy ineffectual intellectuals mulling a solution. A never slothful falcon outfitted with mange and a homing device. Perhaps an old bear put in a bad mood and announcing his intention to unleash near maximum force—none of this will make one whit of difference to the base.

Does it make sense to appeal to the base? Yes, that is the charitable view. Too bad it isn't true. Ask the Chinese.