

'Yeah, well. The things I do pays for my bills....'

'You can't live like this', finally said.

'There's more to life and you know it. More to it. But let us just give up that misconception that heaven is waaaaaaay up there and that's the only place you'll be able to taste milk and honey.'

Your fist feels the soft and wet muscles of Dr.Bob. We don't call him Bob. It's just too common a name. We call him 'the Doctor'. "Watch out for the Doctor", they say..."Watch out for his right...oooosssshhhhh...that gotta hurt..."

You fall again. The crowd loves you not because you're bleeding like a punctured water-balloon. They cheer because you just won't give up. It's crazy these days when you don't give up.

"Come on, boys and girls...remember...in order to belong...YOU MUST CONFORM!"

"Seig Conform!"

"Come on children, what did I say just now?"

"Conform! Conform! Conform!"

Soon they will be handing out "Conform Condoms" in churches...and temples...and mosques...and synagogues...and schools...and...and...and....

Whatever happened to Bill Hicks? May the Devil be a friend for you. God certainly wasn't good enough.

Here's a right to your blinking eye, you stupid DocFuck!

Blaaaaam

Sweat and blood splatters over your face as Dr.Bob turns his cheek to the floor.

You have never been so close to a man before without having to turn around, smell the stink of the toilet, and slowly pull those undies off. All the time planning, but when it comes to the actual fight, it falls apart...Time starts to bend its linear motion towards a more circumferential way.

Have you read the Kama Sutra? If you did, remember the parts that did not make you jerk off? Yeah, it was most of it...but there's just this one part that mentioned that the process of intercourse knows no time, everything melts away into one state of being. A unity within and without.

Punching this guy here feels the same way, if you think about it.

Why must one fuck another just to feel close? I mean I have no complaints with women and all, but what about my male friends? Football, cards, games isn't enough. But there is just this common element of male unity...it's close to sex - but we're not entirely gays, you know what I mean? You can't just walk up to a guy and say, 'tell me...how do you truly feel about our friendship together for the past five years...?'. There must be a medium for communicating with an organism built after all these years of socialisation to conform the male being to behave into such a void of self-emotional expression.

The common answer to all male grouping is competition. But what is competition brought to back to the past? Fight! Fight! Fight!

A war will be too costly. A competition decides the winner and loser. A Fight can be both a competition and an expression of pent up aggression for us being shaped into what we are not. The male species is a dying one. We are just

literally offsprings of females. One defect, Mr. Y, and there you have it: Baby Blue! It's a boy! Have a cigar!

There is a huge crossing a man must take to become what he is as he is in this world today. Females born out of females. There is no drastic change from what is deemed a natural behaviour. A male born out female. That's when the trouble starts.

Imagine a river that seperates two river banks. On the left side the females stands. On the right the male stands. When the bell rings, both enter the ring and start wrestling with each other all over the sofas, beds, backseats, classrooms...etc.

A month goes by....Oh me, Oh my! She's pregnant!

The female goes back to the left river bank and gives birth to a twin. One male, one female. The female child remains closely to the mother, while the male looks around and finds himself different. He asks the million-dollar question: "Mommy, why do I have this extra finger?" And the mother will say, "Oh dear Little Johnny boy, you'd better ask your daddy across the river. He was the one who used that to make you and sis".

And the boy asks again, "Why must *I* go across? Why can't Jenny go?"

And the mother replies so wisely, "Well, that because you were the one that asked!"

So the poor boy crosses the river and picks up a few bugs and leeches along the way.

The Male wakes from his dozing, reels in his fishing line and asks the soaking boy:

"...ermm.....so.....how's your mother?"

"Daddy...what's this finger for?"

"....well...er...go ask your mother..."

"...got news for you pop, she just sent me to ask you that!"

"...not much use really...(mutters to himself: *damn vibrators*)...it's sort of like a portable hose. You can carry it anywhere. And if you're lucky, some girl who feels *hot* might ask you to lend a hand...or in *your* case...a finger"

"...ooohh...."

"...yeah now don't disturb me now would, ya...and stop pointing that finger at me. I still need my eye!"

God only knows how much your body can take. And the Devil only knows how much should be given in order for it to break...and be free....

You start to know the difference between sweat and blood. All this time, your fat employers have been sucking you dry. Making you ooze blood from your skin like Padre Pio for your daily salary. Then on Sunday, we're off to church where Pastors or Fathers call again for your soul for some ideology only dogs understand. You know what sweat is. It is pure hard-lovin' work. Work that you enjoy. That fulfills you once its over. It's almost over by the way, a few more punches and the "Doctor will see you next week for another appointment".

Remember the time you worked so hard for something you really loved and had so much value to you, that you would not mind giving a whole weekend to get it done? After all that work, you wipe that whole load of sweat from your forehead and this feeling of self-worth and accomplishment is felt deep within. I don't expect you to remember, because all of us have long forgotten the time where we did work for what we love. Sex with a girlfriend is the closest, but not really there to say, "Hey, I'm a man".

Capitalism replaced the need for this. We traded our sense of "self-worth" for a couple of bucks. We think we have earned a lot, but indeed we are wrong. We have just enough to pay the bills, take care of the medical bills these young kids are always coming up with...in the end, who do you send away for college? I don't hear my fat employer complaining. He just bought his very own "God" to worship. He needs not to worry about a seat in Heaven. He's got it made.

Doc's blood and sweat is all over you. You can tell the difference between his and yours. You know how the feeling of blood that drops onto your skin. The thick, smooth sense of blood so distinct from the thin, volatile sweat. There's even the smell to it both. Talk about being personal with a man!

Grraaaacccchh

THHHooooooo00oossssh

FoooouuUUUUUUUPPPPHHH

He's down. He has enough. The crowd is wild. There's this sense of 'Brotherhood'. A real bonding between males. The fight has ended. It doesn't matter who wins or loses. All that matters was the process. Alas! The vibration is still felt within. Probably mommy still has it on. No wonder daddy's gone fishing. The fishes somehow reminds him of her...ICHTHUS

I never knew Dr.Bob outside of this "arena of Sweat and Blood". I don't know if he's married or has kids. I'm not sure if he's a real doctor. Frankly, I don't even care. Not because I am indifferent to him. Somehow, this doesn't seem important. It's too trivial. Between the Doc and Me, I shared a personal "thing" with him. This feeling goes beyond words to describe. An experience. A personal experience. It goes far from what is believed to be of essence to the construct of language that holds so many barriers for us to communicate what we are and who we are.

With my fist and with the share of his, we created a collision of atoms and molecules, building blocks of the material reality, forming energy and new bonding between what previously was distinguishable. We are all indeed ONE. And we have become the Great Void. A matter-less form of energy, free and being. I know Dr.Bob for what and who he really is...stripped from all his pride, prejudice, mind, thoughts, behaviour, attitudes, perception, memories...and I stripped mine as well. And we shared this experience in the form of sweat and blood, of fists and fingers. Dr.Bob and I.

A unique experience/method of sexual intercourse for male bonding.

If only Dilbert had discovered Fight Club...

THE END

written by Riki Yamashita
19th August 2002
15:15

rikiyamashita@hotmail.com

Website Address Changed From:
<http://www.ouroboros-inc.org>

TO

<http://www.gn0s1s.org>