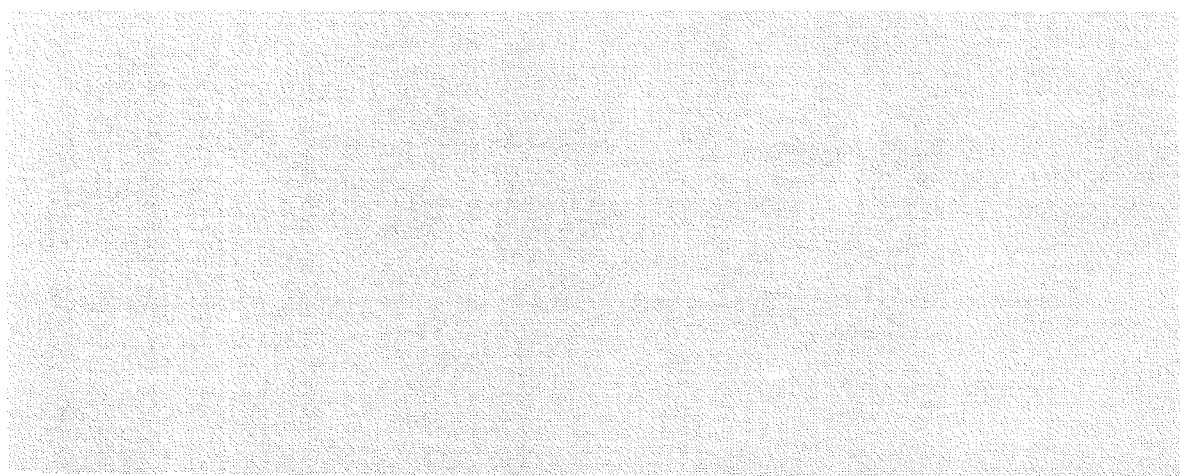
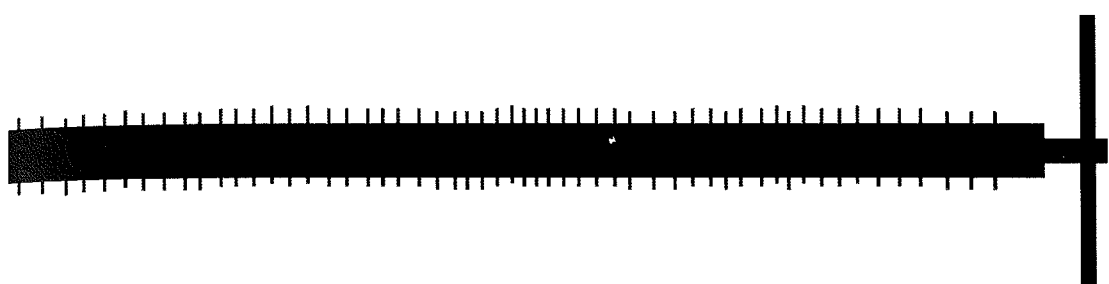




## YOU'RE NOT GOOD ENOUGH

Before you will find yourself situated (**between the I's**) in the following narrative artifice ***but of course "you" are always already "there" and do not let this or any other overt, "exterior" exercise in narrative convince you otherwise ; INSCRIBED, "you" are always already the "understood" onlooker, reader, decoder, antenna, screen, consumer; "YOU" are always already on the tail-end of every (male) signifying chain— billboard, commercial, radio wave, coaxial, fiber-optic cable link, "interactive" television screen, etc.; and this is ALL (nothing new) to "you"—it is all part of your signature, that is, your SIGN-NATURE*** let me characterize you, give you a linguistic map in which to situate yourself —————→

*between the eyes, the "marksman" will boast, taking aim and firing on a cornered deer, perhaps. . . hot lead entering through the frontal portion of the skull's containment and into the gray matter, which is not so gray as it is the color of clouds. . . this margin of contained grayness will not spill onto the dried pine needles and wet earth of the snowy white page. . .do not deny this virtual "marksman" his margin of indulgence. . .*



w h e r e   d o e s   t h e   “ o n e ”   s t o p  
a n d   t h e   “ o t h e r ”   b e g i n ?

F A R C E

t h i s   g r a y   a r e a

“ b e t w e e n ”   n e i t h e r / n o r ,  
e i t h e r / o r — w h e r e   d o e s   t h i s  
“ b e t w e e n ”   b e g i n   a n d   e n d ,  
b e t w e e n   t h i s   a n d   t h a t ,  
“ t w i g ”   a n d   “ b r a n c h ” ?

F A I T H

t h u s   t h e

f o l l o w i n g   l i n g u i s t i c   m a p :  
t h r e e   m e d i a   c o n s t e l l a t i o n s  
f o r   n a v i g a t i o n a l   r e f e r e n c e

*chisel—we have all enjoyed  
the pleasure of the **detached kill**  
from both sides simultaneously  
being situated as both the hunted  
and the hunter. . . how does it  
feel to have that piece of lead  
lodged in your brain, or have  
you only been grazed? . . . and  
yet, having participated in a  
murder, you continue to track  
your way through this dense  
underbrush—unsatiated—spotting  
signs—i.e., a broken twig,  
excrement—that distinguish  
your trail from an infinite  
number of other existing and  
possible*

*trails*



you are  
here

between the I's—between  
the “unconscious you” and  
the “conscious you”—

to the extent that “we” are all  
virtual “marksmen”—be it a  
Nintendo joystick or a remote  
control, a mouse or a hunting  
rifle, a pencil or a hammer and

from you. Your smiles go unanswered, your attempts at humor fall uncomfortably flat. You withdraw into yourself—an undeveloped bud (as on a potato), a chart that is read at a fixed distance for the purposes of testing sight.

### highbrow

**C** You are a tolerated fixture, a third choice. Like Kate Jackson's character on *Charlie's Angels*—the smart one, where smarts don't mean anything—you are the serious, responsible one, the friend of Bozley's. Except where Kate Jackson has "looks" and royalties to fall back on, you have an annoying laugh and a useless degree in semiotics. You are a hindrance rather than a help during a crisis, wanting to analyze everything to death. A "tomboy" who never "grew out of it," you are called by your friends only when there is nothing else to do.

### high-muck-a-muck

*None of them have that literary quality you had imagined. Of course, you wouldn't recognize a biblical allusion if it bit you on the nose. You were a "latch-key kid" weened on television and teen beat magazines.*

the traiking of characters draws upon historically different frames of reference which a culture uses to construct notions of identity

*You run to get four more tokens, take aim, and pause for station identification*


A

You are a solitary stranger, like a young Clint Eastwood in a Sergio Leone “spaghetti western” film—e.g., *The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly*, or *A Fist Full Of Dollars*. However, you lack the Hemingway-esque “skill” of this celluloid signifier. That is, you have neither the unspoken ability to kill of the silent, cigarette-smoking stranger nor his “aura” of danger and salvation, which radiates from an underlying, absolute confidence. The unshavened sex appeal of the lone gun-fighter becomes, on you, a sign of laziness and bad hygiene; thus, when you ride into town you are spat on, ignored, unessential.

high-octane

B

You are a solitary, uncouth buffoon. Like Charlie Chaplin’s “little tramp” signifier, your shoes are clown-like, too big. Your clothes, ill-fitting, and your gait is awkward. However, where the little tramp is able to inspire people from all walks of life beyond mere pity by exuding a good-natured pauperdom and gregarious likability, adults and children alike run



*having reloaded your weapon, recharged your batteries, you make your way through a fenced wilderness—a plotted course. Cellular phone and pager in tote, you are never far from home. You have purchased a package that guarantees at least three shots on kill, but you expected them in succession, not simultaneously—which to choose?*

**RECOGNIZING**  
him- or herself in  
the signifier you, a  
reader gains the  
pleasure of being  
signified as a  
coherent subject

C



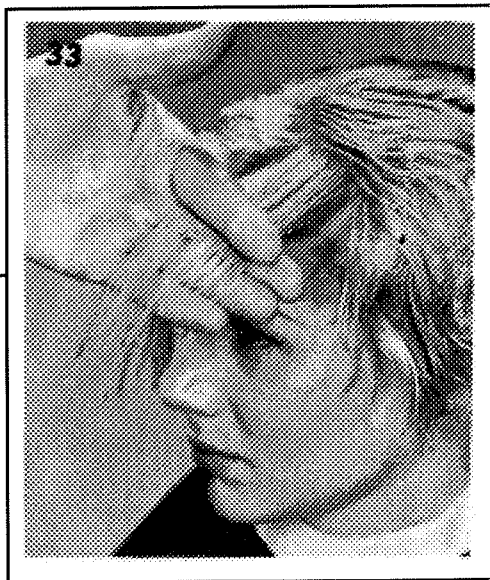
highbrow



high-muck-a-muck

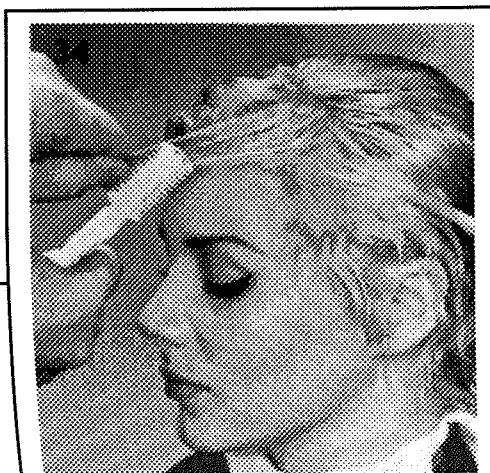
*To protect oneself from becoming too adept in the art of effacement,, precautions must be taken— you want to fool your prey without losing clear signs of yourself in the process. . . . As a virtual “marksman” you deal in illusion, surfaces. It’s no longer a game of hide and seek, of blending into the textual trees and waiting for the phallus that may never “come.” It’s a game depending solely on the ability to distinguish the hunters from the hunted— i.e., a game of signs*

A



high-octane

B



*camouflage is the virtual "marksman's" cosmetic self-makeover—part of the ritual effacement of the detached kill. Similar to the transvestite, the hunter is a dealer with signs, a follower of signs, a manipulator of signs. Many hunters are killed, by fellow hunters, accidentally, because of mistakes in interpreting signs—i.e., taking a camouflaged hunter moving in the underbrush for deer, you pull your trigger.*

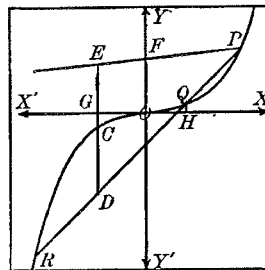
#### 59. Construction of complex roots.

Let  $ax^3 + bx + c = 0$  have two complex roots.

Substitute  $y = x^2$ .

Then  $ay + bx + c = 0$ . (3)

Construct  $PF$ , the locus of (3), and let it meet the parabola in one point,  $P$ , and the  $y$ -axis in  $F$ . Produce  $PF$  by one half its length to  $E$ , and through  $E$  draw an ordinate, meeting the cubic parabola in  $C$ . Produce  $EC$  by its own length to  $D$  and draw  $PD$ , intersecting





*the end of the page*

spread out flank, sewing together if you have several small ones.

Sprinkle with onion and any scraps or meat trimmings. Roll

tightly and tie securely. Boil water with salt until salt is dissolved

We're going to fuck with "your" desire, your sense of "self," because that is where "you" are most vulnerable; and, of course, dear, we have exactly what you "need," because there is always something you can do, something you can buy, that will make things a little better for you, at least until the next time, the next text

**YOU'RE NOT GOOD ENOUGH**

and be either marinated or pot-roasted.

#### **PIT-COOKED VENISON**

This is a favorite way of cooking freshly killed meat in camp. Dig a pit about 18 inches square and line with rocks. Build a fire in the pit and let it burn down until you have about 6 inches of red coals. Place a 5- or 6-pound boned roast on 2 thicknesses of heavy-duty foil large enough to cover roast. Season with salt and pepper and any other seasonings you desire. Fold foil over the roast, sealing edges well. Place in the pit and bank coals around it. Fill the pit with dirt and cover with a dampened piece of canvas weighted down with rocks. Leave for 5 to 6 hours. Carefully remove roast from pit and open foil. Use the juices to serve over the sliced roast. Makes 8 servings.

#### **VENISON STEAKS OR CHOPS**

8 venison steaks or chops, 1½ inches thick

Burgundy

Freshly ground pepper

Seasoned all-purpose flour

Butter (about ⅓ cup)

½ pound fresh mushrooms, sliced

6 slices of bacon, cut into julienne strips

¼ cup minced onion

½ cup diced celery

Place steaks in a shallow pan and pour wine over just barely to cover; sprinkle liberally with pepper. Marinate overnight. Remove meat from marinade

## paradigmatic satellite

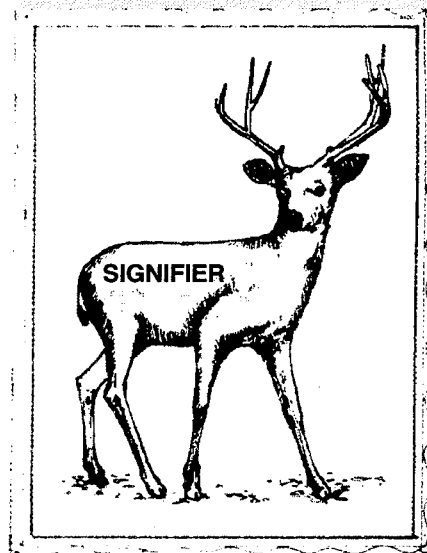
high-octane = highbrow = high-muck-a-muck  
 high-octane + highbrow = high-muck-a-muck  
 high-octane - highbrow = high-muck-a-muck  
 high-octane = highbrow ± high-muck-a-muck  
 high-octane **SIGNIFIER** -muck-a-muck  
 high-octane **SIGNIFIER** -muck-a-muck  
 high-octane < highbrow ± high-muck-a-muck  
 high-octane + highbrow < high-muck-a-muck  
 high-octane > highbrow ± high-muck-a-muck  
 high-octane ± highbrow ± high-muck-a-muck

*Meat-on-a-stick, you are looking  
 for your chance to become involved.  
 Dropped here and there, willy-nilly,  
 it is becoming too late, the glow of  
 the sun setting has given a red  
 tint to the horizon—we are nearing*

beaten, objectified,  
 inscribed through and  
 through, you come to  
 rest here—and wait.  
 Wounded, your dripping  
 blood is beginning to  
 stain the snowy white  
 page

grind the venison  
 and the suet through  
 the coarse blade of  
 a meat grinder. The  
 suet will be easier  
 to grind if it is  
 cold

*every virtual "marksman's" goal is  
 the pair of antlers in the trophy room,  
 the anthologized, mounted text*



**VENISON**—The edible flesh of a wild animal taken by hunting. The word is most often used in reference to deer meat. It comes from the Latin term for hunt and quarry.

For practically all cooking purposes, recipes for deer, moose, and elk are interchangeable. What should be remembered is that the flavor of venison depends on the animal's food and the tenderness of the meat depends on the animal's age. Venison is apt to be tough; it should, therefore, be treated like any such meat,

