

[an ad for devouring everything

[Benzes can't be shown in slums

1.

A-B InBev vett all scenes on **House of Cards**, are fine with a reporter draining Stellas in the breakroom: it's not some bum, **brownbagging Stella on a bus**.

crews on favoured sets are sent brew by the case - like **Celebrity Apprentice**¹, and Oscar-winning pics.

2.

Benzes can't be shown in slums: shudra's shadow shall not fall on hood of Benz. logo shall be wiped, in post- , & fecal splatter whitened.

¹ 'Netflix Isn't Closed to Advertisers After All; Just Ask Anheuser-Busch InBev'. **Advertising Age**, February 27, 2015

3.

Mercedes is pleased to lend their sedans to cinema's glamorous criminals. is happy to assist with the convoy in **Raiders**, and **the Second World War**.

Reports of air raids seldom fail to mention names of the firms which made the aircraft: Fokker-Wolf, Heinkel, and Lancaster where once were talked of cuirassiers, lancers and hussars . . . industry, the state, and advertising are fused. The old exaggeration of skeptical liberals - that war is a business - was prophecy: the state no longer seeks to appear independent from the profit interests, and puts itself in the latter's service . . . Every glowing mention of the chief firm involved in the razing of cities enhances its name, and brings it the best Reconstruction contracts.

[**Minima Moralia** 33]

4.

an S-Class is for driving by, for driving thru, slums. this vehicle **self-justifies**, elicits our unlove. the forced blank face - glum or insensate - the scowl suppressed; the head held stiff that will not turn to ogle your S-Class - so who's to blame you're gliding by? your excellent sedan?

the meters between us widen to miles; your slum-disdain smooths into indifference. your conscience is an air-conditioned hum.

5.

the car is wiped, in post-, was never there: this is how they drive by slums, in **Slumdog Millionaire**.²

6.

you cannot call it **Nature**, now, if your journal's at all about nature. in a sense as wide as Aristotle - Springer's lawyers may press.

Nature, the title, implies a TM, since 1869. they *grant* the Commons all first-findings on genomes. *allow* uploaded pre-prints to your personal blog -

so long as your blog is *not* called **Nature**.

7.

i have a page / an irregular blog i call **The Real**, and legally guard - by the power of Plato, the primacy of logos.

i thereby own The Real itself, let's say.

by the power of Plato, **Nature** owns, with potent concision, Nature herself. the TM is a raised address, the N is proud.

² Wikipedia: **Slumdog Millionaire**

8.

yes, they'll say, it's **open concept**, houses now all **open concept** - where **concept** means the house itself? it's open *house* i'm buying, yes?

but **open house** seems to mean: **open for business**.

i cannot lie, i disdain their flimsy ontology, their functional degrees. yet many agents truly love it, finding people homes. are many of them, lovely.

i need to say, i know good men who drive Benzes.

[is hard to google the original

9.

Sandoz labs and lsd are **before formation of Novartis**, now.³ Novartis buys Sandoz, calls the latter's pages in.

10.

is hard to google the original **One Dance**. what's her name? i type in **one dance original song** and scroll thru takes on Drake, of home karaoke.

³ Wikipedia: **Novartis / History / Sandoz**: "Sandoz" redirects here.

even when i type so far as **Kyla D Crazy** - no assist from the google drop-down, wow.

anyway, they're both great. Drake's is not a sampling, or a cover. their story picks up, eight years later, and he's getting elegiac, sounding tired.

11.

the One Dance chorus is a call across the dancehall diaspora. call & response, from Kyla to Drake. is already hindi, a filmi West Indies and lightens the load of rikshaw vaalas who've been humming its variants all along.

[**Drake is still a student**

12.

Drake is still a student, heeds his elders. aligns his rebellion with planetary covens & councils. sides e.g. with Jay-Z and Lorne Michaels. with Old Toronto Tories, captains of the ACC and always had the blessing glance of aunties north of Vaughan: they know he loves old ladies, and is strong.

has known from the age of five some special move, a sign of his vitality. elders have been nodding him in, all along.

13.

so do i say from my desk. weed, weed, it weakens my bones. excites the nerves so makes me into Mr Glass, a crippled fiend at his multiscreen, manic.

the second time i met him at a Yorkville Starbucks, Stefan rose to make a call, cupped his cellphone mic and said **some other guy, i'm working on** - this was June, 2009.

14.

Sacrifice, a song to whom, i can't surmise by listen-along.

insert Chorus-----screengrab of some pop-up-addled RAPLYRICS.com-----whose name i won't fact-check-----it's a name so generic the TM is an outrage, like NATURE, the journal-----like a proverb's acronym privatized.

i believe that Drake believes in YOLO, that it guides him. a maxim he can recommend, by proof of his success. YOLO is a maxim to ascend by.

all know Drake is a serious young man, is in his way, solemn as a young Bob Dylan.

& where are all of Dylan's songs about his millions? on upstart bards like Donovan?

[a branding on the sandplains

15.

City is a branding on the sandplains, and wondrous:



its curving lanes remind me of a Temple Grandin slaughterhouse.

16.

his work is large, like america's burgers & bombs.

from three miles up, the desert is a table he engraves on.

17.

a wallcard calls his slabs & paddles **bones of animals, cattle prods.**

Mr. Heizer keeps a small herd, it notes.

18.

he would've built in New Jersey - but **hell the land is cheaper out this way.** he's gone full-cowboy, this is how he talks. like Cormac McCarthy, doesn't much get foreign films or Proust.

has gone full-cowboy, to honor his fathers. to honor his fathers, he's not some artist, he's a mason & he keeps his miles from effete Manhattan.

19.

he's calling down the older gods, the gods of weather, the illiterate indras and odins.⁴

⁴ Dana Goodyear, again with the copy for american MEAT - and stellar. she's an agile Athena. she, too, honors her father, urges on Orestes in his avenging. feels, still, the press of his finger, a daub of warm blood on her forehead. it throbs as she types. it keeps her in the hunt, and it centers her.

20.

some day they will dig this site, find the bones of a thousand large ungulates and say: here was a center of american sacrifice.

diggers will find: museum halls, with massive bones & bull-prods.

21.

and Heizer's loft in nyc: stacks of wrapped fillet mignon. twine around the tiny slabs and **o what a pansy this old Nevada rancher has become!**

he keeps a herd, and softest chine for self. he keeps a vault with hearts of calves, the dainty cut.

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22.

Coin, per se, cashes into what?

we've followed long some rolling dollar, waiving over censer saying cui bono, cui bono, but -

on money per se, who prospers? that it exists? its ubiquity, its prominence.

what is Coin itself an ad for? who runs *it*?

23.

an ad for a wine whose name i forgot - there's endless ads, and an 80's spot with a schmaltzy song is all i recall -

the lens is smeared, and gently flares in the chateau fire. they're off the slopes, the wine's on ice and they're smiling w/ their eyes at each other: a spot they ran on **Hart to Hart**, early eve, as daylight bled to winter's early dark -

but an ad for a wine whose name i've forgot is an ad for something larger.

24.

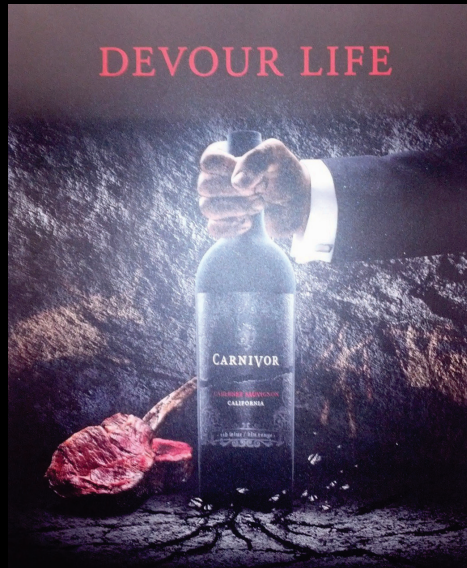
this brand of wine cannot be bought, may not exist. i track its sign on subway cars, on posters lining escalators down.

25.

this wine is a colossal foodporn. is fillet mignon the size of a car, is a twenty-foot lobster with a glass of white, chilling behind.

is lord above Koreatown: a run of billboards east of Christie, larger

than the stores they overstate:



26.

i came by night, by awkward parkour over several rooftops. one of them sloped, two of them gapped by a narrow alley i stepped over.

27.

up close, the ad was teeming with midges and moths, drawn by the floodlight. i laid in wait, flat on smears of hardened tar till the sun came up and they scattered. i almost sprayed them over in my haste. i almost didn't see them: a delicate mesh, and wavery - whose motion was social, i think.

28.

MEAT INC: my words i saw, some sunny day after, a korean cutie mouthing to her walkmate. her lips were pink and baby-ish, were a little agape. her head was angled up and she was pointing, she was piqued.



another ad for **MEAT INC:** an ad for devouring everything.