***Whatever*(.).**

Make sense? Yes. of course, I want the job, we need food on the table. The ***dunce*** angle works. We feel as if somehow we're shedding ourselves, eh, ***hammer?*** See, we are qualified. We know how to shake a ***hammer!*** Oh, that will never do. What else you got in desperation? Re-search the corner crease? Yeh, yo, ***here's*** a ***clipboard*** complete with ***pad*** and ***pencil,*** plus a ***hammer.*** What more do you need, ***mmmm mmmm?*** Okay, oh so, you're—***management?*** You're looking to join up and become—***management***?

Ha!

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!

Uh. Whatever. Whatever you got I, eh—yes, yo, just—***whatever***.

POP! ***bang*** Oh come on, hey, what's the matter can't you make up your mind ***what you want****?*

What? Why do you say that?

There you are—dressed as, well, M. "Mutual" ***nothing***, with a hammer (used by the workstaff) in one hand, and a clipboard with pad and pencil (used by management staff) in the other, and, hey, *your head?* What's in your *head*, when you come up displaying the feathers of both worker and management? How can you expect to ever possibly mate up with your desired?

Too MUCH officially—ye, y', this has just been another o' them damned hypnogogical drift-states, okay? Don't blame <u>*me*</u>, just perk UP, perk UP, don't nod OFF, <u>*don't nod off*</u>. Eh, eh,

here; what will best serve you for survival in the wild, hey; a clipboard wit' *pencil*, or a hammer 'nd ***nails****?*

What?

What do you mean, ***what***? Which will serve in the wild?

I don't know.

Yes, you do. Clipboard, or hammer?

I don't know.

Yes, you do. Clipboard, or *hammer?*

I don't know; *yes you do;* clipboard or *hammer*? *I don't know*! Okay then let us try and help you know. The first way in's a hardened slant of a held-thing, to write down on quickly. Know it now? No I don't. Yes you do, say it—c*lipboard or hammer?* I don't know. Okay; the second way's higher, followed by the need to walk three or four "differently directionalized" narrow thin *plankways* {requiring one "foot-put" before the "next-other"}and the whole thing's 's absolutely high. Know it now? No I don't. Yes you do—*clipboard or hammer?* I don't know. Okay; arriving at the top of a comfortably wide really high wall, the fourth of three others forming a rectangle 3-4 stories high +*maybe perhaps all measured by eye*+ where the tools were issued, not *one at a time*, but *all put together* in heavy blue steel boxes, each unique to it's newbie {*which said kinds of boxes appeared up down the worksite, some open, some closed, but all near one kind of toil being toiled at, by one or more workers*} working building a building, so - = eh? *What?* Oh! Hey okay, where were we? Oh! Great—*so*, there we were, so were they, and the others around, all, as stated, being mere newbie's *w'* brand new blue toolboxes, stiff work clothes, hard hands moving, fast that-***n***-thising, 'nd that-***n***-thating, and this was where ***T'*** = no no no ***who***? That's right, it's all right not to know what the hell's going on, let alone all the in-out's

of all what's within things, multiplied frackta-*trollerly* by the fact these are *newbie*s, plus applicants who each applied way-way back, mostly off stupe-dumbos, who felt baby one s'wash'd moah betta' than that, but—*in the end they did get these jobs.* Now at this here juncture, it would thwart your learning if we dug in and under to find *were they qualified? S*o let's just *leave that damned thing alone.* What's done is done, plus, *here we are now, set down and listen to this simple dialogulaional back-forth re the typical 'newbie:" in their 'typical very first day.*

Swallow hard first thank you *okay* let's ***dig in***;

Eh, Hello there. First day, ***eh***? Mine too, but—sort of, really—I got here yesterday—***HOW ABOUT YOU***? And they found out their name was ***Sweeney,*** so there on this "nametag" {which when present provide those encountering the wearer with the first clue as to their public identity, but which should not be used to form deeper conclusions 'bout the wearer (beWARE all snap judgements be wary stay aWARE)} *brillo-hiss-sizzle gahhhh...* whoah-whoa *that be a close one* BUH *hey, Sweeney? I knew a Sweeney. I did—maybe you're—ah, eh, hey*—my manners are sometimes bad, forgive me—my names MahJohnglie-McBlanch |||attn: could not really hear it, this one was so soft spoken, but never needed to say the name again who cares, they let it go ||||yes stat son yes that's *so* from the "heady side of the clan" *ya know do ya know* wh' what being from the "heady side of the clan" really *means*? ||||like think this over somebody says {garbled} then you got a choice which is this to say, *1.* Hold it back up what did you say and/or, *2.* Let it go let it go|||| Really *means*? I mean do you really, really *really* totally know wh' what being from the "heady side of the clan" really *means*? ||||after deciding if that's wise *but*||||What's the matter? Why don't you answer? What you can't answer, hey ||||that can't be assessed without having heard the full message leaving it only|||| ***Doc*** this one here seems unable to answer should we give them the

treatment ***Doc*** ||||a 50-50 proposition that not stopping and asking will not be a problem||| should we treat them should we ***<u>now</u>***? *cantata* ||||later on when the rubber will have long since left the road and every play is played for keeps *gahhhhhhhhhh*||||

Okay Mah', show Sweeney here the ropes, they're uh, "*new*". Okay?

||||so the conclusion being's the only stupid question's the one that's never asked but||||

Yes. But—are you sure we need another hammer in my section? *cantata* We're keeping up pretty good here. There's no slabs waiting down there to be packed in.

||||but but but that's not true in every situation you understand ***DUMBO***||||

Yes. *cantata* And that's why I'm setting Sweeney up here. *cantata cantata* You got the time to show them the ropes. ||||oh yeah okay go on yell 'til Ur blue for clarification *gahhhhhhhhhh*||||

Okay. But. How long do I got to show Sweeney the ropes?

||||there comes a time place and situation ***you're on your own***||||

Not sure. Depends. You know? Like most things 'round here tend to depend—*voice shaking down weaker down, then back up*—**go**–on other things. **BLUE** ||||shut up turn around go away ***you're on your own***|||| You know but—*again*— |||Ten free tickertz t' th' **CrinckLeeDiePappula** ***Festival*** for every tenth client wh' signs up ***<u>Right Now!</u>***||| *again no yes no got to sorry really sorry but got to getta 'way right now* **yes right now** –tell you what, *<u>you</u>* decide. Size things up and—*go*–let me know to—*go go go* **go!!**—let me know tomorrow—I got to *run* {and run they did 'round the b' blocky end of the scallop-wall partially erected getting higher every day and were ***<u>immediately gone</u>***} leaving new Sweeney with Banger McRogers or Blustering Billy == which/what used to be "MahJohnglie" "McBlanch mahh jonggg" or something's same way == mahhh mahhhhh mahhhhhhh JONG! +ah ***gash*** hold it ***gash*** why's this whole damned room ***spinning***? + *kuck rattle-trap* !snap! stop. +hold it ***gash*** 'ole it ***gash*** why's this whole g' damned room ***down***? + [the following is something gone forgotten until years later] the job

whistle steamed out ***Hey this is the end of the work day*** eh co-co *servants* eh co-co-co *servants* "so" a quite important *whistle of the day* at who's pipe ***2000+*** workers dropped tools got up left immediately for their homes and 'fter they'd been Sweeney here for some number of and interval you feel's reasonable, that that's "where did they go what did they do" th **gush** e ***2000+*** what did they daily get out and do the ***2000+*** until next/same forever ***(?)*** tomorrow depending on your personal mode of perceiving the passage of time go every day night holiday ***swish*** we'll be a damned Jordan's ***Net*** if we know damned Jordan's ***Net*** Jordan's ***Net*** *brake-stomp screeeeeeeee e ee e ech. ! big tall b-ball player / Ginsu Knife /* ***Kazoo!***

swipe cooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooool !! part the

waves now p a r t the waves now **BLUE**

are on and the G—

Okay. There! That handles the hammerside. Immersed really good, were you? I think so. So—*good!* Now, if you'll all turn your clipboards over to their "*other sides*", and—

What? No pencils?

D'ya say what? No pencils? *Really?* Oh—okay. *Sigh.* Tomorrow's just going to have to be another day, again—SO! What the—let's go for Chinese. Light's out now. ***My treat!***

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