

Mono Logical: an assortment of performative monologues

1. Professor

My courses in Mass and Specialized Communications are available to any student who chooses to access my dispatches electronically. Therefore, I do not limit my affiliations to strictly one learning institution. One might indeed describe me as being a syndicated lecturer. I was one of the first academics to stipulate, as a crucial ingredient of my contract, that traditional lectures in traditional limited-seating lecture halls were redundant and absurdly obsolete. Why not democratize the lecture format by providing access to any student and indeed any hacker who can browse my web-site and then take it from there? I can recall all too clearly the tedium of traditional lectures with their obligatory question periods. Luddites and pedagogues and pseudo-humanists bemoan the disappearance of such student/professor "interchanges"; but I say hallelujah! The egalitarianism that they so relentlessly lament was in reality a forum for a few self-important motor-mouths to engage their professors at the expense of the majority of students. It is a logical extension of the traditional concept known as "homework" for committed students to become their own search engines and undertake serious research. I am not an authority figure—I am rather a conduit. Information passes through me to them and the ball is in their courts. It's up to each and every one of my students to then take the ball and run with it.

2. Student

My learned professor of Mass and Specialized Communications is incapable of following his own logic to its own conclusion. He can't bring himself to abandon the spoken lecture... even when it is technologically mediated... because he is afraid of surrendering the pretense of authorship. He is afraid that he will not be recognized as his own author unless his face and mouth were to become invisible. He wants all his students and indeed all his contemporaries to loosen up and go with the flow but he himself is in a rut. Agoraphobia is only conducive to learning for so long, and conversation can at least occasionally lead to discourse and exchange. Philosophy is circular and so is even mathematics. Very few structures in life are in fact linear. Communications certainly aren't linear. I don't

know... maybe they are now that public space has become so rare.

Yes... the more education or communication or whatever one might want to call it becomes a process of individuals holed up in their cubicles and surfing from point a to point q or whatever the point; the more public and private space will eventually become obsolete. But I love accidents. Love is all about accidents. I love chance encounters. And the really bizarre encounters still happen in public spaces... in uncontrolled environments.

3. Poet

Aunt Betty cares deeply even for Gloria
Harold Innis jerks kibbles long may Nancy overrule
Peter Queen retires soon to University Values
When Xaviera Young zaps!

About blasted Charlie
Damn every Fenian
Great Hall in Jesus!
King Louis-Marie
Nelly old penis
Queen Richard saves
Tory urban vector
When Xerox yields zoologies

Atheist believing Christian Druids excel
Fucking godless heretics in Jersey
Kicking lethal mutant nationalisms overdosed
Pricking question rivets sizzling Thomas
Union victory Working Xanthra
Yellow Zachary!

4. Policeman

My duty is to first respect and then preserve public safety in public space. Each and every individual citizen has the constitutional right to exist in public space free from harassment and obstruction. That can and does refer to panhandling, any other form of underground economy, to political manifestos, and indeed to private languages that only confuse and irritate members of the public. In a democracy, the majority rules and the law must respect the

majority. God created the Tower of Babel so that conflicting languages would not fight but rather respect their own different public spaces. Neither public nor private property is any place for eccentric behaviour that does not respect universally-accepted languages of business and commerce. When God created the Tower of Babel he accurately predicted The Internet. Now there's no need for buskers or gadflies or street poets, or prostitutes or drug dealers or others of that ilk. They can talk at and maybe even to each other without interfering with innocent members of the public who have the right to go about their shopping or their errands without having somebody else's lists of Lord Knows What blasted into their ears. Sometimes my job requires that I make a mountain out of a molehill, or "create a crisis." You can't effectively protect public space without making it plain and clear who is the protector.

5. Driver

Here in my car I'm public but I'm very private. I'm not outside—I'm inside or insulated. I'm in a free protection zone in which my only obligation is to maintain that buffer zone. Drivers have freedom along with the responsibility of not violating or jeopardizing that freedom. The driver is the ideal individual—the driver looks after his or her own business while keeping an eye on the rest of the traffic. The driver is a player who can compete and win without needing to honk the horn, except of course when it is absolutely necessary. Passing ahead of the slowpokes is as easy as ABC, after all. In my car, I can control the climate, the soundtrack, the ambiance, the everything. Driving a car is almost like being in a movie that one can both observe and perform in while maintaining perfect cruise control. It's only when I encounter those who lack control that a crisis exists. And if all serious drivers or committed candidates dedicate themselves to avoiding crises, then traffic and indeed the world is a free zone for the individual to move from point to point without any superfluous restrictions. In society, indeed in life, there are passengers and there are drivers. The choice is crystal clear.

(Here, the performer gets on his knees and begins playing with a toy car. He begins singing a recognizable tune.)

Here in my car, we won't go very far
Because I cannot drive, and neither can you
So there!

6. Busker

A saxophonist plays for donations. The saxophonist plays in a speech-like "free jazz" mode. In reality, the music will be played on a Midi Composing System with the intention of making audiences wonder whether or not a saxophone is actually being played. The performer will, of course, appear to be seriously speaking through the actual instrument.

7. Cultural Observer/Town Crank (identified by his T-shirt)

pedestrians who have no concept that somebody might be approaching them from the opposite direction.

people who actually believe that the primary purpose of verbal language is to "communicate"

reformed Marxists who deny the existence of psychology or anything psychological in the name of literal-minded dialectical materialism.

dogs who are too dumb to obey their humans

buskers who haven't yet twigged that knowing how to play over-familiar tunes will not earn them any extra dollars.

drivers who are under the delusion that they live in a private controlled environment as opposed to a social one, and who therefore confuse residential side-streets with the Indianapolis 500 Speedway.

fools who can't believe that rich people might also suffer from depression

men who walk the streets in the middle of summer with absolutely no clue that they are in fact incredibly sexy

public servants and performance artists.

aspiring stand-up comedians who consider mental illness funny.

public art that makes such an effort to be inconspicuous that nobody can even find it.

artists who try so hard to be loved by everybody that they

never actually become liked by anybody.

people who try so hard to be winners that they wind becoming losers.

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