

A Literary Stink

Written by Dave Crackpot

Jesus, people really stink at the library.

I've been told to keep out of the way for the day. Work is blaring it's deadline harpie siren and I need to get to crosswalking. Fine... I run some errands in 100 degree heat. I run.. West Hollywood to Santa Monica to Northridge to downtown... with no air conditioning because I am trying to balance out the \$3.77 a gallon I just paid. I give up on on downtown. The collusion of blaze and it's corrupt pal traffic is for chumps and I no longer want to be one of them. Ah, the library..I can finish my newest piece of genius political saritizmo and the leave the Ms. to her own distractions. But I stink.

I've been sweating through the fabric lining of a black 2003 mustang for the better part of three hours when genius strikes. I sign up on comp PUB07 for the two o'clock time slot in an hour. Zoom down Sunset to the gym (where stinky people are welcome). I do a quickie squat jump thrust then dowse in shower... and BAM! a new me enters through the close confines of the library computer system. I thin notice my scrubadubdub makes me a minority. The smell from the rows of computers is nauseating. My nostrils absorb the lambada that is Los Angeles.

But who is the offending typer?

These description are a little tricky as everyone who I am describing are easily within glancing distance. The first usual suspect is the homeless guy, a very large homeless guy. Grit unshaven, free of spray and stick, he checks his Gmail on the 15 minute express computer. Can I deal with another 8 minutes before unconsciousness settles in? It doesn't matter he logs out and leaves. Taking only a portion of the smell with him.... The second easy choice is the White Rastafarian Grad student. Probably from a family of privilege, he grew his hair long two years ago after discovering LEGEND. He now basks in a A/C less studio apartment on Cochran and refuses to bathe to keep it real, Today he is wearing a heavy knit Jamaican turban over two feet of blond dreads. I stare at the LAPL RULES OF CONDUCT posted by the computer. It bans smoking sleeping AND BATHING! It shoudl set up a fricking delousing center right next to the metal detector. In its defense the ROC also states that they can kick out folks who lack good hygiene. Where are the volunteer library cops? C'mon there is a retirement home a block away of former strike breakers who have been looking to bust someone's head since 1938. They lusted to go after the writers... and they hope for a SAG strike as they have been wanting to get piece of Richard Belzer for 10 years... not mention Rosemary Clooney's do gooding kid.. The White Rastafarian leaves and takes a piece of the smell with him. That just leaves my immediate surrounding... a 50 year old man of Indianish decent pursuing tax incentives for small business men. A punk kid rappng and beating on the table about getting laid on the beach. Where is the "Shhh"person? The old hippie woman on match.com? us.

I can't take it anymore and I just say to hell with it... my genius will have to wait.