

## Consequence of limitation

Usually after a self-pity meal at the Flying Pig Tavern I push back my chair a little bit and rocking back on it as I did in school on boring lessons. Most lessons were boring so I am still surprised how well off I am. It must be my loose belt and the digestion procedure that blocks out the miserable memories. Most of my depressive youth surface on an empty stomach and that's my explanation for having a big pot belly and a happy intellect this days, exercise is for others with self-evaluation needs. That's what my friend John Conner uses to say. Exercise is not for him he claims and he did that a lot in his youth, so it's old now but laziness prohibit him from getting in shape for the ladies in his life. John buys boner pills on line and tests them on the neighbor's wiener dog. He puts a pill in the food bowl and if the dog is walking on his back legs the rest of the afternoon he know it's the real deal and not counterfeit.

"Hail to modern pharmacy and veto any other excuses." He used to howler that after three pitchers. I always wondered what kind of war cry that was. I guess even losers have their own daydreams. Sport fanatics are the same all over the globe; winning or losing does not really matter only hollering does. I reflect on that while rocking my chair and a conclusion showed up in my mind. Edges are the only real thing in a vague world. Woo, where did that come from? It must be an affect from my friend John Conner's influence. The other night we were talking about favoritism especially in sports. John had looked at me with wrinkled eye browses and lashed out with a pointed finger:

"Olympic Games fo' de elite athletics ar' separated from de paralyzed ones by a common policy of protection from uncomfortable entertainment, so no sponsorship huh. Although the bigger heroes ar' de handicapped athletics 'cause of their daily life has a much harder accessibility to training facilities an' mo' difficult social obstacles. All thanks to us who use their parking spots every day." Sometimes he shot from his hips and I have come to appreciate that earnestly and frankness. Or as he says; I'm Frank in Chicago an' Earnest in Philadelphia. I never know when he refers to a double life or schizophrenia. Although I suspect he refers to the "Universal Force". He says he is never alone and that is what matters anyhow. Speaking of company my friend just stepped through the door and pointing to the bar tender who knows this means a pitcher at the table he will sit down at. He sees me and comes up and pulles out a chair.

"Hi there Stan my man, rocking on yo' chair in composure of clear thoughts I see."

How can he read me like that? It always gives me chills. I tried to look cool and give him a knuckle salute.

"Sit down." I say with a guest as his pitcher arrives. The bar tender knows he don't need any glass, he drinks strait from the pitcher. It has a handle he says. Is just after business hour so the working crowd keeps coming in to the tavern and the buzz keeps escalating while we talking about our regular working week. John is on a special in-between-jobs welfare program this month and he got to use his citizens' rights in a loop hole he found at the library. He rides along with a cop in his cruiser. Eating dough nuts and drinking coffee all day long while learning "The Beat" as he says. I suspect he thinks he is in a TV show but I don't discourage him by mention it. Something good is coming out of this and sure enough.

"Ones my friend in da Police Department, inspector Harry Callahan said to me – Man gottha know his limitation. – Which crooks don't do an' that's one of da many descriptions of escalating greed an' dreadfulness. Am I right or am I right? "

"Yes, yo' ar' so right John. How can I argue against a stand-up citizen, the finest on the Beat." I said, with all my acting skills working on high level. He looks at me with a wrinkled smile on his face. Does he know I patronized him? So he decides to juggle with my mind while gulping down a third of the pitcher. He is going to break it down for me now and I instantly regret my move. "Generosity is biting de bullet sometimes an' also da difficult art of avoiding da pain of self-inflicted pride."

He lets the statement hanging in the air for a while, letting me squirm and the wrinkled smile is still pasted on his face. No backdoor for me out of this mess I got myself into. We both are playing poker now without visible cards and I only got one pair of 3s. Since he will call a bluff from me I quickly offer to pay for the next round of pitchers. While he accepts the invisible pot and raising his arm towards the bar tender I desperately try to come up with a new conversation topic. He beats me to it once again. "Ya got to play with da hand yo' been dealt with. Lookin' at others an' tryin' to exceed yo' potential by cheatin' never holds up in da long run. Dead man's hand if yo' kno' what I mean? "

I nodded, scratched my neck and unshaved kin. He continues with his dominating poker face:

"Instant karma is da one that bites yo' in da rear an' that's da one ya never see commin', just like Bill Hitchcock did."

We went from Olympics to police business on to the Wild West under 1.3 pitchers. What kind of problems have we solved before dusk I wondered? As my mind was wondering I looked around the tavern and its patrons and saw a sign on the wall saying – May You Always Have Sand in Your Shoes and a Dollar in Your Pocket. – That is happiness at is core. It takes almost a lifetime to realize the truth in these words. John has seen where my eyes have wandered. He nudges my arm then pointing at the sign and says: "I made that sign on ma vacation at a beach resort last year. Very Hemingway don't ya think."

I nod slowly while smiling at him and rising my pint of beer in a silent toast. He rises his pitcher and we both slurping. In my next column I will tell you more about the opinions of my friend John Conner.

Your man in the zone  
*Stanley Mintras*