MATHEW TILSLEY

Now That's What I Call Humanity

Old Man McHann's been jumping out at little boys on the street again—what a guy— Living like a king in hotels off his inheritance—always going out to find the right dumping grounds—His buddy Businessman Bill smiles in his office when he hears Old Man McHann is in trouble with the law again—he should' ve listened when I told him hacksaws make a hell of a mess, Bill says to himself—So now bow down and cut your throat under the eyes of God—but why do that when you've got a few Cokes left in your refrigerator?

"Good" people lead bad lives, says Businessman Bill; so he rejected "good" peoplenow hangs around with the burns downtown—spends his spare time drinking beer with them—Got divorced years ago for gross neglect—crawls around in the gutter when he's supposed to be seeing his daughter—Takes a pistol into the office these days—he's moving up the corporate ladder...

Yes yes yes—the Crazy Boys are bustin' around the suburbs doing all manner of crazy things—jumping off roofs into bushes and skateboarding into ditches—ringing doorbells then running away and thro

when they take a picture of him—stands at the edge of the pavement and screams horrifically at passing drivers—wants to slip into their dreams with a knife—know your sorrows, know your sorrows, he says—I'll put you in your resting place—I'll take away your tragedy...

So Jimmy—yeah—he's dancing around with the trashcans in the alley—Makes a

...as Little Timmy rolls his second kill into an Oklahoma City pond...

All people are good people, all people are bad people—What's the difference? says Reverend Thompson—as long as there's a beer in the fridge at the end of the day, what difference does it make?—Yeah, says know of his kills—they don't know of that distant mysterious world he's built and put himself at the centre of—he just continues to be that lively little boy who lives in the biggest house on the street...

Businessman Bill went to Oklahoma City on business and met up with Little Timmy on a sidewalk—knew the boy was special right off the bat—they eyed each other and shared something out of this world, out of control—birds were singing sweetly—wind was blowing softly—it was a peaceful encounter—they located a rock and went to find the right window...

Jimmy gets a night every now and then at a Manhattan nightclub doing stand-up-

Reverend Thompson keeps interrupting services to go help Old Man McHann in a latest escapade—McHann appears at the back of the hall and the Reverend knows his services are needed for a bludgeoning or a fact-finding mission—"Whenever we need to blow-up a building, you're there," McHann compliments the Reverend, whose congregation are outraged when he takes off with his haggard old friend—but the Reverend knows who his church is really for...

Crazy Boys have started throwing rocks at babies in prams coming out of shopping malls—the mothers horrified—Crazy Boys in stitches as they skedaddle—ah well, boys will be boys—sometimes innocence just sticks around...

...Occasionally Mack and Bruce, or Bill and McHann, or Jimmy and the best doctor in town, will stop to ask one another, "What are we *doing*?" and then burst out laughing...

Good boys, all of them. Right now. Yessir. Going on till dawn. Jimmy and Bill and Old Man McHann are hitting the road in a couple of days, heading out West to soakup the good times. The best doctor in town is quitting his practice soon and will join them, along with the Reverend who will abandon his church for his boys.

The suburbs are always there for the Crazy Boys, and for Little Timmy. The fun 'n' games are neverending.

But some good things move toward their end... Bruce died today on a wooded Lake shore. Mack stands for hours over the corpse feeling complete emptiness before stirring to wipe the tears from his eyes. "It is done," he says sadly...

In Omaha, the Jazz Boys play a funeral song. The lament echoes across the land for those who can hear it...

...as the Berlin Crook takes a deep breath and lets his silhouette darken further into the swarthy Toronto sunset...

Oh boy.