

AN ESSAY ON CONTEMPORARY HOBOS

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Triadic Mode: >.667

1569:2085 .753

01. 553:720 .768 They view it as a severe affront to their liberty that a bum—who sleeps in alleys and remains parked essentially at death’s door day and night—should ask them for spare change. Our society abjectly fails people, and people with alleged moral standing within our society can hardly be bothered to even witness a bum, to gaze at a bum for a brief period of time, if they’re forced to even minimally interact with a bum they view it as a sort of sacrilege. Viewing a person sans a domicile is considered an affront to good taste. But who wouldn’t toss a couple extra back if they no longer had a home? There’s no doubt that to some extent we, all of us, have failed these people in some way that’s probably material. It’s one thing to be down and out, but to be on the street drinking a half-filled Coca-Cola bottle filled with illicit substances, asking strangers for money, clearly only partially aware of where you are, that should, frankly, be shameful for all of us. Anyone can become a crack addict. If the history of crack in this country has taught us anything it’s that anyone can become a crackhead. We’re all capable of becoming crackheads, given the appropriate circumstances. The whites of America laughed at the blacks of America during the crack era, as the United States government pumped crack into

black neighborhoods, only to, decades later, find entire lower-class white communities turned into junkies, backed by the United States government, backed by the pharmaceutical companies, who indiscriminately tossed heroin equivalents at any lower-class white with a sprained ankle that went to their physician. An entire generation of white junkies emerged seemingly overnight, the laughter of whites cackling at crack cocaine undoubtedly resounding in the background. Yet just as the black population of America essentially had no choice but to become black crackheads, the white population of America has similarly involuntarily transformed into white junkies. Pharmaceutical companies have attained multi-billion dollar market caps almost exclusively by turning poor whites into white junkies. Yet no one wants to deal with white junkies while they're drinking wine and having appetizers. The servers and the customers converse about what steps the city should take to counteract the white junkies and the black crackheads who invade the lines of sight of people who've driven tens of miles to stuff their faces with calamari and mozzarella sticks and jalapeno poppers, to drink craft beers and suck down wine spritzers. These people just can't get enough trans fat, and they hate bums. These people spend hours a day examining the intricacies of craft beer but completely lack the temerity to even speak with a bum.

- 02. 516:676 .763** It never occurs to any of these people that their own latent malice is directly responsible for the dilapidated state of their fellow

citizens, that their complicity, their myopic and enduring idiocy has directly resulted in a state that's shamelessly produced white junkies and black crackheads at alarming rates. It's a shame that the city isn't doing more, these people say without a trace of irony, and then they discuss the tangerine aftertaste in an overpriced craft beer. Do you taste tangerine at all?—No, I was getting a bit of a Bartlett pear aftertaste! The people who drink craft beer, it seems to me, despite their advantageous and calculated poses of liberalism, are the most unapologetically capitalist criminals we have in this country. I've never heard a craft beer enthusiast apologize for the idiocy of his calculated liberal poses. The craft beer drinkers instead maintain a transparent pose of benign liberalism, yet spend all of their time trying to detect the slightest trace of Bartlett pear in a Coconut India Pale Ale—as opposed to even attempting to help any of their fellow human beings. These people who support craft beer choose to buy brands that allegedly donate to Good Causes, they post to social platforms to make people they don't know aware that they buy The Socially Responsible Beers, knowing entirely well that all of these donations are essentially criminal, that none of this money ever reaches the people it needs to reach, which is readily apparent, because when they sit down to order said craft beer all they see are bums. Only a craft beer drinker would conclude the most efficient way of helping his fellow human being is buying more craft beer. The reality is none of us know what to do with bums,

we're privy to no bum solutions, no solution to our bum problems, yet we know all of these bums are essentially Anglo. The white junkie and black crackhead are both at bottom entirely Anglo. We know how to produce bums, but we have no idea what to do with these bums once we've produced them. We produce bums shamelessly, and then even more shamelessly we shun these bums from acceptable society. You'll never meet a person at a restaurant downtown who used to be a bum. It's impossible for bums to re-enter into society, there's a wall, an insurmountable wall that's constructed around every bum in this country, between the streets of a downtown and the restaurants of a downtown. A restaurant-goer can become a bum, but a bum will never again become a restaurant-goer.

- 03. 500:689 .726** The harsh reality is that there's little we can do for our fellow citizens who've reached such dilapidated states more than simply talking to them, and this is something anyone who's been in a dilapidated state knows to be profoundly true. The entire industry of strippers and whores, in fact, should be rehabilitated based on this point alone, because no one in our society gives the dilapidated person more time of day than the exotic dancer. It's undoubtedly true that, this century, the exotic dancing community has done more for the dilapidated person community than the Catholic church community. Because strippers and whores innately give the dilapidated person the time of day, any stripper worth her salt instinctively knows how to speak to the

dilapidated soul, the dilapidated person just needs someone to listen to a sob story for a second of time, for someone to care for a fraction of an iota of their day, to pretend to care in a way that's not grossly condescending in the classic bureaucratic manner. Yet there's this misguided notion that the stripper only talks to customers, when in fact the stripper speaks to infinitely more potential customers than actual customers—the successful stripper, in fact, has no more than a small handful of customers that pay her bills, and, by contrast, it's these potential customers who are infinitely more likely to be dilapidated. The actual customer is more likely to be opulent and jovial, unrestrained and decadent, while the potential customer is almost always entirely dilapidated. Giving this potential customer the time of day is almost a religious act on the parts of the strippers and whores. And it's for precisely this reason I have so much more respect for strippers and whores than I do for the median craft beer drinker. We believe craft beer drinkers are laudable members of our society, while we denigrate strippers and whores, but I actually find strippers and whores to be laudable members of our society, while I denigrate craft beer drinkers. There's only so much you can do for a guy who's become a bum on the street, one particular bum approached me on a second date in an alleyway and referred to the girl I was with as my wife, and I gave him ten dollars, but even that ten dollars wasn't sincere, that ten dollars was a disingenuous ten dollars, it was obviously for the benefit of the girl I was with.

You need to speak to people in dilapidated states,
largely because it's the only thing you can do that
will, at bottom, have a palpable effect.

Footnotes

01—553:720 .768 They [v]iew it as a [s]e[v]ere aff[r]ont to
[th]eir [l]i[b]erty [th]at a [b]um—who [s][l][ee][p]s in
a[l]l[ey]s and [r]emains [p]ar[k]ed e[ss]ential[l][y] at
[d]eath's [d]oor [d]ay and night—should a[s][k] them for
[s][p]are change. Our [s]o[c]iet[y] ab[j]ect[l][y] fails
[p]eo[p]le, and [p]eo[p]le [w]ith a[l]leged moral [s]tanding
[w]ithin our [s]o[c]iet[y] can hard[l][y] [b][e] [b]othered to
[e]ven [w]itne[ss] a [b]um, to gaze at a [b]um [f]or a
[b][r]ie[f] pe[r]iod of time, i[f] they're [f]or[c]ed to [e]ven
[m]i[n]i[m]al[l][y] i[n]te[r]a[c]t with a [b]um they [v]iew
it [a]s a [s]ort of [s][a]c[r]i[l]ege. [V]iewing a [p]er[s]on
[s]ans a [d]omi[c]ile is [c]on[s]i[d]ered an aff[r]ont to good
[t]a[s]te. [B]ut who wouldn't [t]os[s] a [c]ou[p]le ex[t]ra
[b]a[ck] if they [n][o] longer [h]ad a [h]o[m]e? There's
[n][o] doubt that [t]o [s]ome ex[t]ent we—all of
u[s]—have failed th[e]se [p]eo[p]le in [s]ome way that's
[p]ro[b]a[b]l[y] mate[r]i[al]. It's one thing to [b]e
[d]ow[n] and [ou]t—[b]ut to [b]e on the [s]t[r]eet
[d]r[i]n[k]ing a hal[f]-fille[d] [C][o][c]a-[C][o][l]a
[b]ottle [f]ille[d] w[i]th i[l]l[i]c[i]t [s]u[b]s[t]a[n]c[es],
a[s]king [s]t[r]angers for mon[ey], [c]l[earl][y] on[l][y]
partia[l][y] a[w]a[r]e of [w]he[r]e you are, that [sh]ould,
[f]ra[n]k[l][y], be [sh]ame[f]ul [f]or all of us. Any[o]ne
[c]an be[c]o[m]e a [c]r[a]c[k] a[ddi]c[t]. I[f] the
h[i]s[t]o[r]y of [c]r[a]c[k] in this [c]ou[n]t[r]y has taught
u[s] [a]nything it's that [a]ny[o]ne [c]an be[c]o[m]e a
[c]r[a]c[k]head. We're all [c]a[p]a[b]le of [b]e[c]o[m]ing
[c]r[a]c[k]heads, given the a[pp]ro[p]riate

[c]ir[c]um[s]tan[c]es. The whites of [A][m]e[r]i[c]a
[l][a]ughed [a]t the b[l][a][ck]s of [A][m]e[r]i[c]a du[r]ing
the [c][r][a][ck] e[r]a, as the U[n]ited States govern[m]ent
[p]um[p]ed [c][r][a][ck] into [b][l][a][ck]
[n]eigh[b]orhoods, on[l]y to, [d]e[c]a[d]es [l]ater, f[i]nd
ent[i]re [l]ower-[c][l]a[s]s white [c]o[m]mu[n]it[ie]s
[t]urned in[t]o jun[k]ie[s], [b]a[ck]ed [b]y the U[n]ited
[S]tates govern[m]ent, [b]a[ck]ed [b]y the
phar[m]a[c]euti[c]al [c]ompanies, who
[i]nd[i]s[c][r]i[m]i[n]ate[l]y to[ss]ed he[r]oin
e[q]uiva[l]ents at any [l]ower-[c][l]a[ss] [w]hite [w]ith a
[s]p[r]ained an[k]le that [w]ent [t]o their ph[y]s[i]c[i]an.
A[n] e[n]t[i]re ge[n]e[r]ation of white junkies e[m]erged
s[ee][m]ing[l]y overn[i]gh[t], the [l]aughter of wh[i]t[ie]s
[c][a][ck]l[ing] at [c][r][a][ck] [c]o[c]aine
un[d]oubted[l]y [r]esoun[d]i[n]g i[n] the
[b][a][ck]g[r]ound. Yet just as the [b][l][a][ck]
[p]o[p]u[l]ation of Ame[r]i[c]a e[ss]ential[l]y had no
choi[c]e [b]ut to [b]e[c]ome [b][l][a][ck] [c][r][a][ck]heads,
the white [p]o[p]u[l]ation of A[m]e[r]i[c]a has
si[m]i[l]ar[l]y invo[l]un[t]ari[l]y [t]ran[s]f[or]med
in[t]o white jun[k]ies. [Ph]arma[c]euti[c]al [c]om[p]an[ie]s
have a[t]tained [m]ul[t]i-billion dol[l]ar [m]ar[k]et
[c]a[p]s al[m]o[s]t ex[c]lusive[l]y by [t]urning [p]oor
[w]h[i]tes in[t]o [w]h[i]te jun[k]ies. Yet no [o]ne [w]ants to
[d]eal [w]ith [w]h[i]te jun[k]ies [w]h[i]le they're
[d]rin[k]ing [w]i[n]e [a]nd h[a]ving [a]p[p]e[t]izers. The
[s]e[r]ve[r]s and the [c]u[s]tome[r]s [c]onve[r]se about
what [s]te[p]s the [c]ity should [t]a[k]e [t]o
[c]oun[t]e[r]a[c]t the white jun[k]ies and the b[l][a][ck]
[c][r][a][ck]heads who invade the [l]i[n]es of s[i]ght of
[p]eo[p]le who've [d]riven tens of miles to [s]tuff their
f[a]c[es] with [c]a[l]a[m]a[r]i and [m]ozza[r]e[l]la

[s][t]i[ck]s and ja[l]a[p]eno [p]o[pp]ers, to [d][r]ink
 [c][r]aft beers and [s]u[ck] [d]own wine [s][p][r]itzers.
 Th[e]se [p][eo][p]le just [c]an't get enou[gh] t[r][a]ns
 [f][a]t, and they hate [b]ums. Th[e]se [p][e]o[p]le [s][p]end
 hours a day exam[i]n[i]ng the [i]nt[r]i[c]a[c]ies of [c][r]aft
 [b]eer [b]ut [c]om[p][l][e]te[l]y [l]a[ck] the teme[r]it[y]
 to [e]ven [s][p][ea][k] with a [b]um.

02—516:676 .763 It never occurs to any of th[e]se
 [p][eo][p]le [th]at [th]eir own [l]atent ma[l]i[c]ie [i]s
 [d]i[r]ect[l]y [r]e[s]pon[s]ible [f]or the [d]i[l]a[p]i[d]a[te]d
 [s]t[a]te of their [f]el[l]ow [c][i]t[i]zens, [th]at [th]eir
 [c]om[p][l][i]c[i]t[y], their myo[p]i[c] and en[d]u[r]ing
 i[d]io[c]y has [d]ire[c]t[l]y [r]esulted in a [s]tate that's
 shame[l]e[ss][l]y [p][r]o[d]u[c]ed white jun[k]ies a[nd]
 b[l]a[ck] [c][r]a[ck]heads at a[l]larming [r]ates. It's a
 shame [th]at [th]e c[i]ty [i]sn't [d]oing more, th[e]se
 [p][eo][p]le [s]ay without a [t]r[a]c[e] of i[r]ony, and
 [th]en [th]ey [d]i[s]c[u]ss the [t]ange[r]ine
 a[f]ter[t]a[s]te in an over[p]r[i]c[e]d [c]ra[ft] [b]eer. Do
 you [t]aste [t]ange[r]ine at all?—No, I was getting [a] [b]it
 of [a] [B]artlett [p]ear a[f]ter[t]a[s]te! The [p]eo[p]le who
 [d][r]ink c[r]a[ft] [b]eer, it [s][ee][m]s to [m][e],
 [d]e[s]p[ite] their a[d]van[t]ageou[s] and [c]al[cu]lated
 [p]oses of [l]ibe[r]a[l]ism, are the [m]o[s]t
 una[p]o[l]ogeti[c]a[l]l[y] [c]a[p]ita[l]i[s]t [c][r]i[m]i[n]als
 we have [i]n th[i]s [c]ount[r]y. I've never heard a
 [c][r]a[ft] [b]eer enthusia[s]t a[p]o[l]ogize [f]or the
 idio[c]y of his [c]al[cu]lated [l]i[b]eral [p]oses. The
 [c][r]a[ft] [b]eer d[r]in[k]ers instead m[ai]nt[ai]n a
 t[r]ans[p]a[r]ent [p]ose of [b]enign [l]i[b]e[r]a[l]ism, y[e]t
 [s]p[e]nd all of their [t]i[m]e [t]r[y]ing [t]o de[t]e[c]t
 the [s]l[i]ghte[s]t [t]r[a]c[e] of Bart[l]ett [p]ear [i]n [a]

[C]o[c]onut [I]ndi[a] [P][a]le [A]le—as o[pp]osed [t]o [e]ve[n] [a][t]tem[p]ting to [h]el[p] any of their fellow [h]uman b[e]i[n]gs. Th[e]se [p][eo][p]le who su[pp]ort [c][r]aft [b]eer ch[oo]se t[o] [b]uy [b][r]ands that a[l]l[e]g[e][d]l[y] d[o]n[ot]e to Good [C]auses, they [p][o][s]t to s[oc]ial [p]l[at]forms to make [p]eo[p]le they d[o]n't k[n]ow aware [th]at [th]ey [b]uy The S[oc]ially Re[s]p[on]s[i]b[le] [B]eers, k[n]o[w]ing [e]ntirel[y] well that all of these d[o]n[ot]ions are [e]ss[en]tia[l]l[y] cri[m]i[n]al, that [n]o[n]e of thi[s] [m]o[n]ey ever [r]ea[che]s the [p][eo][p]le it [n]ee[ds] to [r]ea[ch, wh[i]ch [i]s [r]ea[d]ily a[p]pa[r]ent, [b]e[c]ause when they [s]it d[ow]n to or[d]er [s]aid [c][r]aft [b]eer all they [s]ee are [b]ums. [O]nly a [c][r]a[ft] beer d[r]in[k]er would [c]o[n]c[l]ude the [m]o[st] e[ff]icient way of [h]el[p]ing [h]is [f]e[l]l[ow] [h]u[m]an [b]e[ing] is [b]uying [m]ore [c][r]a[ft] [b]e[er]. The [r]ea[l]ity is [n]one of us k[n]o[w [w]hat t[o] d[o] [w]ith [b]ums, [w]e're [p][r]ivy to [n]o [b]um [s]o[l]utions, [n]o [s]o[l]ution to our [b]um [p][r]o[b]l[em]s, yet we k[n]ow all of these [b]ums are e[ss]entia[l]l[y] Angl[o]. The white jun[k]ie and [b]l[a]ck [c]r[a]ckhead are [b]o[th] at [b]ottom entirel[y] Angl[o]. We k[n]o[w how to [p][r]o[d]uce [b]u[m]s, [b]u[t we have [n]o i[d]ea [w]hat t[o] d[o] [w]ith these [b]u[m]s [o]nce [w]e've [p][r]o[d]uced them. We [p][r]o[d]uce [b]ums shame[l]e[ss]l[y], and then even more [sh]ame[l]e[ss]l[y] w[e] [sh]u[n th[e]se [b]u[m]s from a[cc]epta[b]le [s]o[c]iety. Yo[u]'ll never meet [a] [p]er[s]on at [a] [r]estau[r]ant d[ow]ntow[n who [u]sed to [b]e a [b]um. It's im[p]o[ss]i[b]le for [b]ums to [r]e-en[t]er in[t]o [s]o[c]iety, there's a [w]all, an in[s]urmounta[b]le [w]all that's [c]o[n]s[t]ructed a[r]ound eve[r]y [b]u[m] i[n th[i]s [c]o[un]t[r]y,

betw[ee]n the st[r][ee]ts of a [d][ow]nt[ow]n and the
[r]estau[r]ants of a [d][ow]nt[ow]n. A [r]estau[r]ant-[g]oer
[c]an [b]e[c]o[m]e a [b][u]m, [b][u]t a [b][u]m will never
a[g]ain [b]e[c]ome a [r]estau[r]ant-[g]oer.

03—500:689 .726 The harsh rea[l]ity is [th]at [th]ere's
[l]ittle we can [d]o [f]or our [f]e[l]low [c][i]t[i]zens who've
reached [s]uch [d]i[l]a[p]i[d][a]ted [s]t[a]tes more [th]an
[s]im[p]l[y] talking to [th]em, and th[i]s [i]s [s]omething
anyone who's [b]een in a [d]i[l]a[p]i[d][a]ted [s]t[a]te
knows to [b]e [p][r]o[f]oundl[y] [t][r]ue. The e[n][t]ire
i[n]du[s]t[r]y of [s]t[r]i[p]pers and w[h]ores, in [f]act,
should [b]e [r]e[h]a[b]i[l]it[a]ted [b][a]sed on this [p]oint
a[l]l[o]ne, because n[o] one in our [s]o[c]iety gives the
[d]i[l]a[p]i[d][a]ted [p]er[s]on more [t]ime of [d][ay]
[th]an [th]e exo[t]ic [d]an[c]er. It's un[d]oubte[d]l[y] true
[th]at, [th]i[s] [c]e[n]tur[y], the exoti[c] [d]an[c]ing
[c]o[m]mu[n]it[y] has [d]one [m]ore for the
[d]i[l]a[p]i[d]ated [p]er[s]on [c]o[m]mu[n]it[y] than the
[C]atho[l]i[c] [ch]ur[ch] [c]o[m]mu[n]it[y]. Be[c]ause
[s]t[r]i[p]pers and whores [i]nnate[l]y g[i]ve the
[d]i[l]a[p]i[d][a]ted [p]er[s]on the time of [d][ay], any
[s]t[r]i[p]per worth her [s]alt [i]n[s]t[i]n[c]t[i]ve[l]y
kn[ow]s how to [s][p]ea[k] to the [d]i[l]a[p]i[d]ated
[s]ou[l], the [d]i[l]a[p]i[d]ated [p]er[s]on ju[s]t needs
[s]omeone to [l]i[s]ten to a [s]ob [s]tory for a [s]e[c]ond of
time, [f]or [s]omeone to [c]are [f]or a [f]r[a]c[tio]n of
a[n] iot[a] of their day, to p[r]e[t]end [t]o [c]are in a way
that's not g[r]ossl[y] [c]o[n]d[es]cen[d]ing in the
[c][l]a[ss]i[c] bu[r]eau[c][r]a[ti]c [m]a[n]ner. Yet
[th]ere's [th]i[s] [m]i[s]guided n[ot]ion [th]at [th]e
[s]t[r]ipper [o]n[l]y [t]alks [t]o [c]u[s]tomers, whe[n]
i[n] [f]a[c]t the [s]t[r]i[p]per [s][p]ea[k]s to

[i]n[f][i]nite[l][y] [m]ore [p]otential [c]u[s]to[m]ers th[a]n
[a][c]tual [c]u[s]to[m]ers—the [s]u[cc]e[ss][f]ul
[s]tri[pp]er, in [f]a[c]t, has no [m]ore than a [s][m]all
hand[f]ul of [c]u[s]tomers that [p]ay her [b]ills—and, [b]y
[c]ontra[s]t, it's th[e]se [p]otential [c]u[s]to[m]ers who
are [i]n[f][i]n[i]te[l][y] [m]ore [l]i[k]e[l][y] to be
[d]i[l]a[p]i[d]ated. The a[c]tual [c]u[s]to[m]er is [m]ore
[l]i[k]e[l]y to be o[p]u[l]ent and jovial, un[r]e[s]t[r]ained
and [d]e[c]a[d]ent, while the [p]otential [c]u[s]to[m]er is
[a][l]l[m]ost [a]llways entire[l]y [d]i[l]a[p]i[d]ated.
G[i]v[i]ng th[i]s [p]o[t]ential cu[s]tomer the [t]ime of day
is [a]mo[s]t a [r]e[l]i[g]ious act on [th]e [p]arts of [th]e
[s]t[r]i[pp]ers and whores. And it's for [p]r[e]c[i]s[e]l[y]
thi[s] [r]ea[son] I have [s]o [m]uch [m]ore [r]e[s]p[ect] for
[s]t[r]i[pp]ers and whores than I [d]o [f]or the
[m]e[d]i[an] [c]r[a]ft [b]eer [d]r[i]n[k]er. W[e]
[b]e[l]i[e]ve [c]r[a]ft [b]eer [d]r[i]n[k]ers are
[l]a[u]d[a]b[le] mem[b]ers of our [s]o[c]iety, [w]hile [w]e
[d]e[n]ig[r]ate [s]t[r]i[pp]ers and whores, [b]ut I
a[c]tual[l]y find [s]t[r]i[pp]ers and whores to [b]e
[l]a[u]d[a]b[le] mem[b]ers of our [s]o[c]iety, wh[i]le [l]
[d]e[n]ig[r]ate [c]r[a]ft beer [d]r[i]n[k]ers. There's [o]n[l]y
[s]o much you [c]an do for a guy who's [b]e[c]o[m]e a
[b]u[m] on the [s]t[r]eet, one [p]arti[c]u[l]ar [b]um
a[pp]r[oa]ched me on a [s]e[c]o[n]d [d]a[te] i[n] a[n]
a[l]leyw[ay] a[n]d [r]e[f]erred to the [g]irl I [w]as [w]ith as
my [w]i[f]e, and I [g]ave him ten [d]o[l]lars, but even that
[t]en [d]o[l]lars wasn't [s]in[c]ere, that [t]en [d]o[l]lars
was a [d]i[s]inguou[s] [t]en [d]o[l]lars, it was
obviou[s]l[y] [f]or the be[n]e[f]it of the girl I [w]as [w]ith.
You [n][ee]d to [s][p]ea[k] to [p]eo[p]le in
[d]i[l]a[p]i[d]ated [s]t[ate]s, [l]arge[l]y [b]e[c]ause it's

the on[l]y thing you [c]an [d]o that will, [a]t [b]ottom,
h[a]ve a [p][a]l[p]a[b]le effe[c]t.