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Cycle enough and you will be shouted at, and with heavier ammunition than the irate *Get off the fucking road!* bellows of those jealous or proprietary city drivers whose only experience with kilometres involves a burning engine. (Let's see them piss without leaving the vehicle.) Ride long enough and you will hear *muffle, muffle, ASSHOLE!* or *muffle, muffle, SON OF A BITCH!* or that focal point of eye, if not mind: *muffle, muffle, UP YOUR ASS!* These high-wire wits only strike from a car, always in groups and usually from the rear passenger seat. Some young thug in a strip-mall T-shirt and a pair of yellowing jeans cranes as much of his beefy neck as possible out the window to bellow as the carload of superior intellect races past, somehow cracking the mechanical codes to realize that they are in a car and you, you faggot, are not. Utterly lost to the auto, they cannot see the finer points of challenge, self-propulsion or province-crushing endurance. Nor can they quite master the physics of a projected voice and a moving car. Stepping back to life before Newton, they shout *into* the wind as their fat American cars approach. These drama slaves turn to face you only for the punchline. *Muffle, muffle, FUCKER! Muffle, muffle, GET A CAR!!*