

In 1992, I think I made around \$5,000, maybe. Three years later, I'm making five times that, which is a pretty good ratio of improvement. Life is better than it was then. I was about to say "but more complicated" but that isn't true. My problems were just less well defined than they are now. I think I prefer it this way. I'm sure I prefer it; I was a real mess three years ago, and while I am still messy in a lot of ways, things are better now than I could have wished for just 36 months ago. I still remember how much I wanted what I've got.

You want to hear the grim details of that bad season of orgies and hallucinogens don't you? You want me to dredge up the baskets of fermented kittens that lie on the bottom of my personal lake and spill them out, while I chant a desperate mantra of, "I'm a better person."

No way, this is going to be an article about work, or the drudgery thereof. I've never been exactly enamored of the Protestant work ethic. The Dagwood Bumstead work ethic is more my pace.

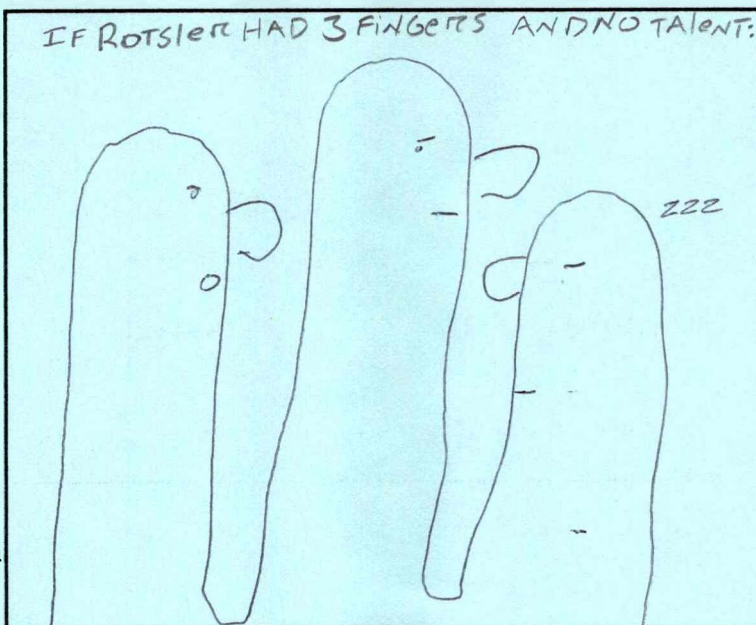
Not to say I don't feel the weight of that good old Protestant guilt bearing down on me, making me want to be respectable; a Good Citizen, Worthy of the Benefits of this Best of All Possible Lands, America, where God helps those that help themselves and idle hands do the Devil's work.

If I have embraced the work ethic to any extent, it is a chafing encumbrance, rather than the ennobling, character building challenge those guilt-driven, workaholic Puritans made it out to be. Some people have called me lazy, and while I won't mention any names, his initials are Arnie Katz. I don't mind that he injures me this way. The "frankness" of New Yorkers is infamous, and I can't blame Arnie if he can't call it by the proper term, "Ethically Challenged." Besides, Arnie is the least WASPish guy I know, and he works hard enough for any two Protestants, but he isn't doing it because of some ill-defined work ethic. No, he's doing it because he's part of the Jewish media conspiracy to take over the world. See, it's all a matter of motivation.

But it still hurts when others call me lazy. Insensitive bastards. I am a victim, and it is so *unfair* for you to point my weakness out to me.

# John:Re

IF ROTSLER HAD 3 FINGERS AND NO TALENT:



I am an admirer of Ben Franklin, but I could kick him in the ass for that "Early to bed, early to rise" crack. Left to my own devices, I sleep until noon and go to bed at 4AM, but so many other people have fallen for it that I'm forced to be awake and cope with them on their schedules, when I should rightfully be sleeping. I don't suppose people will ever (in my life time) evolve to the point where they didn't need work, and could cooperate to make the things they need. That's why I pass on anarchist manifestoes and books attacking

consumer society. As much as I may be attracted to such literature, it seems ultimately pointless.

A couple of years ago, I applied for a job at the Hilton here in Las Vegas. As is the wont of places that carry a lot of cash, they asked me for a complete background, including all the jobs I had held for the last 10 years, detailing all periods of unemployment. I don't know why I didn't lie, but I didn't. Skipping over jobs held for less than two weeks, I had 14 jobs in 10 years, not counting two years in the military. Among a few other things, I've washed more dishes than you can imagine, sold vacuum cleaners door-to-door, managed a telephone sales room (briefly), cashiered in a drive-through liquor store, worked as a change person in a casino, been a full-time dog-sitter and did a fairly-long stint as a veterinarian's assistant in an animal hospital (which comprised three or four different jobs in itself).

So what does this all mean? Well, at the time, I thought it meant I was an unemployable bastard who couldn't keep a steady job, but I like to think that I've since been proven wrong. I've got dream job now, and I know it. So I'm trying not to fuck it up by being the lazy bastard I am at heart. Anyway, that's all for this time. Now get back to work.

Andy Hooper reminds you: "Enjoy the Golden Age while you can." This has been a Mark Goodson-Bill Toddman production. Comments, bribes and nude photos to John Hardin, 1733 Yellow Rose, Las Vegas, NV, 89108. E-mail [jwesley@wizard.com](mailto:jwesley@wizard.com)