

Here are some reasons why I am a dummy.

But don't worry--you can be a dummy too.  
Or already are, if I'm any judge of faces.

I am a dummy because I am the image of the law.

Though who isn't?

I am also a dummy because I am a white American lady.

I can't help but be a dummy.

Because whiteness is the voice of the Dummy.

It is also the voice of the Ventriloquist, which is the same thing.

The signified and the dumb signifier, the fake lack that fakes its own lack.

Which gives it something, if only by way of a bit of wood on the knee.

Or in the lap, as you prefer.  
And knowing you, probably do.

I am the Dummy because I am to speak only by way of invitation or intervention.

The position of the ignorant, dumb as a post, dumb, as, one might say, a peckerwood.

Tell me about it. I'm a fool, after all, though I like to think I'm your fool at that.

Or I'm a fool for you.  
It's your eyes.

I keep forgetting whether the Dummy controls the Ventriloquist or the Ventriloquist controls the dummy.

The first one who says "both" wins the rubber hammer to the knee award for self-reflexivity.

Don't you like jokes?  
Or is it just me?

What I like best is this endless process of evacuation. Like there's something missing, when all there is is a hole.

Put another way, the real is where you put it.

Which, at the risk of finding myself dateless, is often with a hand up your backside.

My hand, naturally.

I can make you talk. I meant "we".

I didn't forget the lady bits.

Ladies are supposed to be the voice of Moral Authority.  
Ladies, particularly white American ladies, support temperance, of all variety,  
and the ecology. We also dress appropriately and have manners fit for a table.

We are for positivity, and against the negative, unless, of course, we are wrong.

We are always wrong.

Especially your mother.

I am a rotten lady because it matters not at all to me the state of your everlasting soul,  
I meant "gobstopper" of course.

Am I going on too long? Who asked you?

You might note that I have not said what is a dummy.

You tell me.

Does anyone here know how to play bridge?

Is it always true that you'd rather see than be one?

When does a dummy become a dummy?

I am a dummy because you say, "you don't understand."  
True.

I am a dummy because you say, "you must understand."  
Too, true.

I am a dummy because you say, "you can't understand."  
Too true.  
And you should know, because you're me, too.

Although.

I am a dummy because I don't know what's "me", though it's all "me".

You too.

When I mouth the words of others, which I am prone to do, sometimes publicly, sometimes without quite meaning to, it's as if they exist too, which of course they do.

You too, though it's all the same to me.

The Dummy, like the echo, is a problem of both location and locution.

What I meant was allocation and allocution, of course.

Note the Dummy sits, as I said before, in an endless chain of signifiers, especially in your lap. Put another way,

The Dummy's constantly deferred, and there's nothing better than that.

Who says?  
Or says who?

Although:

"Who sez" is an excellent response to any of this, being the call to another voice, another kind of authority, or authorship, something that smacks of originality.

And wouldn't that be nice, especially in the very dark of the night, to think that you are, in perfect fact, "you", and like your mother doubtlessly said, no one else will do.

Your mother knew what she was talking about, if I'm any judge of backsides.

"Sez you" you say, and you're not wrong about that.

After all, it's not like I know what I'm talking about.

After all, what's a dummy but the one who can't tell a lie, and contrariwise, won't shut up?

I am a dummy because the Dummy is the greatest of all figures in history,

Because it's never a problem not to have a place as long as you have a place to go back to.

See, we are all dummies.

Especially you.

