

**New York City's
NAKED COWBOY
On Times Square**

“The Nature of Analogy”

“He pulled into the City without fear, radiating authority. Wars would be going on, heat waves, spring showers, terrorist threats and attacks. All of which painted a perfect backdrop for his natural ambitions and desires.”

-Naked Cowboy

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Introduction

The Storm

The Smog Alert

The Wind-Factor

The Blizzard

The Day in Extasy

Conclusion

INTRODUCTION

NAKED COWBOY rose to prominence when, after several years of strumming up publicity across the United States on never-ending city to city tours, he found himself on Forty-Fifth and Broadway in Times Square, New York City's global capitol of pop-culture. Exactly like the spirit of a run-on sentence, he returned day after day completing 1295 days today, October 20th, 2004, according to the code of which ridiculous human conjuncture defines the passage of time. I would submit that today was the first never ceasing day of eternal prosperity and sensory rich magical elegance. A day that has existed forever, emanates as powerful as ever now, and only yearns to intensify. No matter what day you come to Times Square in the History of History, you will feel me burning within your soul!

THE STORM

I pull into ICON parking at eleven a.m. . On a day that looks this calm and delightful with regards to estimated physical challenge, an 'eleven to five,' free flowing six hour day sounds crisp. Concern-less, I stroll up to 45th Street and glad-hand every vendor with a spirit of unlimited time and ease. A police office approaches to say his daughter enjoyed the 'Naked Cowboy Bracelet' I gave him to deliver to her, allegedly days prior. I wait for the light. I cross to the traffic island pinched between seven lanes of traffic that forms a 'V' behind me. I'm facing 'uptown' towards Central Park. The city is alive with people despite the early time. The line forms and I begin serving up 'lunacy' in heavy doses. I'm way too serious for this time of my eternal day and it takes a few 'butt grabs' and a few new 'off the hip' remarks from a 'dead serious' man in his underwear, boots and hat to crack my dang self up. Noon rolls around and I've probably hit the spirit of several hundred thousand (either by personal 'one on one' interaction with 'the man' himself, a shot from a 'scardy cat' across the street, a turned up nose, a cursing, pissed off disciple of 'Jesus,' a 'New Yorker,' and/or/plus several works in action consisting in television projects, film projects, newspapers, print ads, etc.), as the sky begins to ominate. The 'Clear Blue' has vanished into the 'Faded Gray.' There aren't several clouds, there is one cloud hovering over the entire segment of skyline in my immediate sphere of radiating visible influence. The people are quickly dissipating as if the 'bearer of Bad News' were beckoned by an 'illusory perception' concerning the tilt of Nature's attitude. The air which has subsisted as 'toasty' now races with 'spiraling breeze,' more like a day of driving across a desert with the window open than a 'windy day of dew' immediately following a cool, early spring festival. Rain begins to torrent and people are scarce less the thousands of umbrellas side-lining the doors from Planet Hollywood to every-which-way-but-loose in all directions where buildings share their foundations. Car traffic remains the same from here, if not intensifying. Despite the more chaotic condition of the environment, the low people traffic makes freedom reign for the lunatic New York City drivers, cabs excluded. I'm splashed repeatedly, as the traffic signals permit perfect timing for the puddles to be hit, the ripping

crash and retreat of their waves against the curb. I'm not without poise. It is merely a bath in the tub of my immensity. My body pounded with water, the tear drops of God washing away all but Divinity. In every direction I am thoroughly saturated as the Guitar becomes muffled, my hat and briefs detensify, my voice and strength of movement solidifying into a stance of exhilaration. When I leap to turn, I consciously 'slag' my hair to and fro. I'm like a wet, ripped pit-bull that appears to have no crevice yet spawns off galloons of water when he shakes. No one can believe the spectacle that is before them, and write it off spontaneously as 'valor for him not me.' As for me I'm at total peace and bliss. A world of my own that demands your full attention. An inner-city child's first exposure to the refreshing spew of a spouting fire-hydrant in the dry heat of summer.

THE SMOG ALERT

A mirage is levitating off the drops of spilled gas at the Exxon where I fuel up with a burning hot, micro-waved in addition to normal, cup of Java. I'm languorously slugging to the 'Crossroads of America' today to avoid the premature, entire body cover of misty perspiration, guaranteed if I exert anything. It's probably 89 – 93 degrees at this point. The gas station attendants who would give a leg to me are only nodding, their expressions drug across the 'Sahara.' I spastically, yet without effort shout, "What's up?" They snap to attention and smile and glow with the aura of a professional golfer exploding with the thrill of a far off sunk putt. I wheel out, windows down, shades on, cool headed as the caffeine, the empty stomach, the delicious carbon monoxide, dehydration and raw determination mix. The wind is non-existent, the windows blast feels more like a slap in the face and I love it. I race through the Lincoln Tunnel, criss-cross to mid-town and decent into the garage without interference anywhere as the city looks like an old Andy Griffith scene in front of the nearly desolate barber shop in Mayberry. Of course, I'm exaggerating, but that's a fluent characteristic of sweltering heat and dry mouth. The chief valet, Manuel, looks pissed, so I pretend I think he thinks I don't see him. A granting of permission by me to him to allow for his pre-emptive energy strike. I swerve gracefully through the heat as I do no matter what. I could spit cotton as I make sure to contain little releasable sweat so as to abilitize sharp, energetic bursts of action without the 'false' appearance of strain or discomfort. The 'sell' is the man of heroic proportions unequalled in a spirit of harmony with nature. A panting, wet, struggling laborer would never appeal to the perfectionist I commit to delight. The wave of low-cut halter tops, wife-beaters, shorts and perspiring flesh dominate the clientele of today's endless stream of nourishment. Trips to the truck to dump the sticky cash from my boots are like homework. A deep, dark sentiment of machine like movements to rid myself of the 'pesky' piles of money so that I can return to the Glory of Standing, preeminent in the gap of 'Heat Shields,' beneath a relentless ball of fire in the sky, pinched between no less than a traffic jam in the 'deceased' heat of summer. You would think you stepped out of the cities masquerade of desperate meteorology into an air conditioned high rise hotel confronted by its

head concierge as you approach me, arms extended, to make you feel safe at home. That's how cool the experience of 'Naked Cowboy' refreshes.

THE WIND FACTOR

The whistling is nearly edged enough to irritate the eardrums and I've not yet opened my hotel door to meet the dawn, way before sunrise! I'm not talking about the adoration of the 'multitudinal crowds' that forever chant in celebration of my presence in the depth of my heart's chambers, but the howling gusts of immediate change that rattle and dismiss anything not nailed down. The A.M. trip to the gym for round one, the drive, my personal audio tape strategy shouting out motivational dialogue all pass without notice as my body's memory saturates itself in disciplined 'calm' to store its 'fight' for the coming onslaught. 'Mi Amigos' in my underground vehicle haven are wrapped tight in thick layers and covered with jeers of disbelief, the relentless whipping of jet stream barreling from the 45th Street entrance to the 44th Street entrance and back without mercy. I'm expressing zero emotion, not fettered, just exacting as courage mounts. The moment I step out of the truck to the minute I step back in, here in the still freeze of winter is 'clocked.' It's not the 'teens,' it's the 'high 30's,' however the 'wind factor' prevails. Liken it to having the entire front, back, side and other side sand blasted with 'ice fire.' It's what James

Taylor meant when he sang, "Lord knows when the cold wind blows it will turn your head around." The traffic island where I rule is some 200 yards from the ideal parking spot. Getting there on a day like this is 'half the fun.' Time for delineation from absolute 'B-Line' to 'home base' is seen by God as if traveling through an undeterrable tunnel impervious to any conceivable obstruction. Upon arrival I am lashed at by the envious character of today's 'invisible monster' as I gleefully win, hands down, the battle for the most radical, natural phenomenon. Garbage bags, debris, anything weighing less than a pound can and will zoom by. Every photo taken, hundreds a minute, will chronicle hair rapping vigorously and people with faces smeared in nearly identical disgust blended with disbelief. I turn and turn and turn to stay alive as my eyes glaze with one long, filmy tear. A look of sincere surrender yet blissful agony still beams from the core of your Naked Cowboy. He is a 'Human Sacrifice' for the extreme polarity of nature which yearns for the display of raging passion for solitude and tranquility within a realm of 'unacceptably' vicious noise and confusion. The best of Nature against herself. The man in the white heat of an argument with a woman who 'thinks' she can't be beaten. The 'finishing'

stretch back down the side street, 45th, to the last option to remain alive, a Hero's march and then some. I dodge into the buildings basement level bathroom to stare intensely into the eyes of the eagle who stands alone in dazzling prowess before himself. I corner myself so as to come to grips with my 'frazzled state.' Avoiding all interaction at this point I drive to the gym where I perform my daily routine of systematically fatiguing my body's muscles from every angle. It's not 'masochistic,' - it's a 'release of aggression' blown into me relentlessly only now re-channeling its drive. I leave the gym a 'brand new man' and begin again towards my thrown in the 'city' to take on yet another round. The experience of a lifetime encompassing the extremes of condition in service to my nature, often times, four times, in a day that repeats itself for months.

THE BLIZZARD

A state of dream like awareness is politely sparked and realized by the addition of open eyes. My hotel room where I came to stay a week, now extending four years, is crackling with dead silence. I open its door and it sounds like tearing masking tape. Frost and quiet permanence fill the stone cold air. I'm teeming with expectations as everyone with whom I'd spoken in the last forty-eight hours prophesized the blizzard that would ensue today. I pray in every way I know how, that is entirely, for its realization and am now certain of its inevitability. In shorts and 'T' I get to the gym where like the gas station prior, I'm looked at insanely while bombarded with foolish remarks like, 'not today, right?' The general attitude from the full 'skeleton crew' is reclined. Like kids on a 'sure thing' snow day, the atmosphere screams with 'viable' excuses for absenteeism. A few stray cars, a few lingering people, Naked Cowboy on a 'stair master' methodically reading 'Nietzsche,' sweating profusely, the intensity of his stare on the text has made the man and the book one. Machine-like movements find me charging to the exit of 'Atlantis.' I'm soaked, barely dressed, out of one world and into another. Exasperatingly pleased to find a 3 inch layer of snow on the ground with it continuing to fall and clearly without intent to halt. As far as the eye 'can' see in all directions white miracles. The monotony of 'frost-bit eternity' ravishly interrupted with the gazillions of uniquely configured variety of 'individualistic' flakes. My truck smearing the turns and leaving fresh tracks as 'Secaucus,' the town where I stay, is not metropolitan, and so I am one-in-ten-thousand even out. I scarf down some micro-waved chicken, dress to undress and bolt. I call Aaron, the most faithful Naked Cowboy protégé, and detail the glorious landscape. By now the roads have a set groove per lane yet what are normally lines of 'bumper to bumper' are now 'one on a country road.' The 'call waiting' signals as it is time to accept my 'providence.' First 'Reuters,' then the 'A.P.' and today the more erratic gift of 'CNN.' I am living legend,' the winds are at 40 MPH, the temperature is in the 20's, the snow predicted to reach 20 inches and already half way there. Every major and minor news outlet worldwide will carry the New York City Blizzard footage, provided by the wire services and 'remembrance' is what they demand for distinction. Unlike Summer wherein '7 to 10 hour days' guarantee Naked Cowboy dominance in roaming cameras

from around the world, today requires not 'that' endurance, but instead brute strength to concentrate its full elegance into a '25 minute,' scene. IKON is nearly empty, the 'Columbians' are kicking a soccer ball in an empty garage to keep warm and to distract from their absence of work. They 'jar' me with positive ridicule, they know the character of my pride. I move determinately to the parking garage entrance, ascending as it does to 45th and sink my boots one at a time into a slushy foot and a half of snow. Wind gusts are powerfully abrasive, I'm pelted with walls of snow. The city desolate, however, still active. Cars accelerate 'sideways.' People, though scarce, will concentrate upon my arrival as I am one of the few city owners who will work business as usual, today. Visibility is less than thirty feet so not till a bit of a stroll, face down eyes tilted up under the brim of my hat, do I see the news crews in wait. They film my arrival. They candidly say 'what's up, Naked?' They've all been here before. They know the routine and they admire the opportunity to be another 'brick' in the 'Historical Legacy of Heroism' that stands like a 'Castle' in Times Square. Service as usual! The people pile around, they flap their arms like penguins stiff from frost and thick layers of clothing. I'm the only New York City attraction for miles in all directions as all other staples are closed down. The wind rips down Broadway and creates a 'visual' unlike any other ever. I'm in a world of my own and it is in such distinction today as to embrace the world at large. No one on the face of the Earth will not either see a photo, see the footage, read or hear the story despite only being physically, personally witnessed by several hundred, in a city containing nearly 8 million, in a world containing nearly 8 billion, in a universe that has no end. Such is the Power of Nature to accumulate so much of its divinity on any of its fragments who wish to assume the post.

THE DAY OF EXTASY

You'd think I was in the World's most secluded forest, softly laid upon pete moss as the sun awoke me with a bathing sensation of pleasant warmth. My hotel windows open all night, the cool late spring breezes mellowing into early summer's dream. So perfect the morning's preparation is not remembered, at one with the 'one.' I find myself on Times Square, floods of emotional polarity all harmonized in peace and harmony. Lifetimes of various 'treacheries' all leveled and paid in exchange for this ever-present field of shining perfection. Clouds dance rhyimically in and out of the ocean blue sky; they mirror the crashing of tranquil waves on a surrendered shore-line. 'Carnival' fills the air, it sinks intuitively into the soul. The street musicians form a melodic stream of mystical 'mellow-airs' into the buzz of traffic. Even the horns are poetically positioned. Fame in all its glory. Nature's Crown Jewell being served by its unlimited, conspiring influences. Nothing with which I can now conceivably ask for as it roars in abundance in my immediate presence. Eye contact with the tourists of Humanity no longer 'particular,' but in general. I am them and they are me and we are perched in love like pigeons upon the cables that 'criss-cross' the areas light posts. Perfect compliance, honor being admonished man to man in a chain that wraps around the Globe, inspired by my essence. The complete, unrelenting dimensions of my mind are stamped, littered and broadcasted outward inexhaustibly. Inborn power and authority. Unfettered capacity to whip demons out of hell were it necessary to disturb their coexisting courage. There is without inquisition, nothing as divine as ruling the world. Nothing can coerce itself out of its influence, in fact it leaps to serve its agenda with sincerity. I walk solemnly back down the 'track of victory' towards the garage like an 'army of men' who upon advancing for war are embraced by a complimentary, surrendered foe. Exhausted not by the days seven hour stretch of living on sunshine and love, but from the passing moments of concern as to the likelihood of ever returning to an ecstasy so enriched, a day so profound. I remind myself in 'triggered' response consistently with an adage, 'it's all the same day!' The scenery has not altered. The events have been solidified as concretely as 'matter' gets. The continuum of variation between the poles of opposites, the extravaganza of 'meaning,' 'purpose' and 'order' depicted in the lines above, is just a fragment of 'my measure' in the world, whereabouts, all has no parameters.

CONCLUSION

Napoleon Bonaparte was said to have been the most powerful symbol of power and command in the 19th Century because in him France found the most 'centralizing voice' for their majority. I submit that world history will find Naked Cowboy to be its most 'centralizing voice' wherein the entirety is represented in him. Where Napoleon's egotism confined his character to a mere century, my humility will allow mine to erase time itself. Napoleon's calling came from his fellow 'democrats,' mine from 'God.' A lover of God, I've sought Him out in my race. I've made it my business to study its nature. I've spent countless life-spans immersed naked in their arms in every conceivable state of mind imaginable. I've physically embraced more people than any other man alive or dead, while demanding of myself compliance to their tones. I've learned their psychology, not through books, but through experience, eye to eye. I've personally made a 'pass' at every fathomable extension of human personality and potentiality and been mutually received. I see and know the stereo-typical response to any behavior professed within, not any particular segment of the race, but, the entire race. Being Natural, in Nature, has taught me the mastery of Nature. Over-coming the limitations of my mind has revealed to me the truth about Naked Cowboy. He is not the 'mere mortal' making tracks from the Icon Parking Garage to 45th and Broadway, He is that which he witnesses in the kaleidoscope of Magic Surrounding him.

**“Nature is an illusion. We do not look at it. We are it.
Our bodies merely instruments with which to
Gage and measure the omnipotence and omnipresence that
We shall one day have the freedom to return to.”**

-Naked Cowboy

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