

What Makes Us Tick

The Anfractuositities.

A Dire Monologue

AN END-RUN.

Days come along wherein the take-up reel or the drag get fouled, and like a manic/deep in its manic phase, the brain evolves into a high-pitched squeal, unraveling or wrapping around the drive spindle. Ideas come and go like a swarm, or a flock, or a school, only deranged like Van Gogh's crows - disassociated in terms of relevance to the moment, or perhaps in terms of relevance to possibilities (if we truly cared, insanity might be considered a valid possibility).

So much energy sometimes, as though some kinesis might really project telepathic waves, simply because containment seemed impossible. If only! If only!

We are so ordered (circumscribed) in our ways. We feel the compulsion to intercept the flight of time, only its horse throws us from its saddle with a foot caught in the stirrups; we are dragged over a rough course, too late to consider the more pleasant ride.

The author wanted to say something in favor of chaos, as we perceive the Universe, since it overwhelms us, unmercifully and unceremoniously ending our lives of which we imagine we have achieved a proprietary fondness. We attempt to regulate the flow hoping to create order, to arrange the dispensations to suit our whims and our idiosyncrasies. Surely this is all very ordinary and somehow boring.

Alternatively, and obviously, we cannot run amuck. We do wish to hang onto an appearance of continuity, a flow of habits that allow us to move about thoughtlessly; or should the author say "not in complete charge of our faculties". Does he exaggerate? Quite often he thinks of us as being non compos mentis. Perhaps it is truth after all, we wish to 'pursue the least path of resistance'. We all desire to be irresponsible, to be kept by our brother (mother, sister, uncle, friends), to be a ward of the More Perfect Union; somehow on the dole, on remittance, on welfare, on permanent Social Security, an Hildalgo, like Don Quixote, and not insignificantly like the President, and the members of Congress and the Supreme Court, and the F.B.I., and the Internal Revenue Service, and the Military to be found in the More Perfect Union, and last, but not the least, the *causa sine qua non* bedfellows of the latter group, the Vested Corporate Hegemony (VCH).

We (the people) want it all (too) in (our) More Perfect Union. There are some leftovers from the evolutionary phase, we are not fully purged of the loose ends which quite often revert, threatening to undo this More Perfect Union (as it is our inalienable right).

Even should we become the realization of our own ideation of perfection, Cancer will spoil the effect. Do not forget the Bomb (just a thought).

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What the author writes has little relevance to anything, what I have characterized of late as *Apropos of Nothing*. He might as well be concocting imaginary extensions of *The Odyssey*, *Don Quixote*, *Gulliver's Travels* or *Mardi*.

To return to the beginning of this chapter wherein the brain evolves into a runaway thing, into an extended and magnified 'stream of consciousness', that is, a stream of neuronal discharges, a trashing of acetyl choline, or whatever it is the 'scientific' probings 'discover' these days. Conscious, but unconscionable.

Not startled, but somehow triggered into becoming a horse without a bridle or rein, running faster than one's legs will carry him.

And with no relevance to the moment.

As the author attempts to become mechanical, that is, to write, which is a horribly slow process, the buffer that would ostensibly Hold is forever overloading, spilling itself into oblivion; and to attempt to convert oneself into speech, suddenly one's jaws ache or one becomes aphasic.

Its best to close one's eyes, hang on to the mane, and Ride.

The author is not under the influence of drugs. However he is drugged with reading, writing and thinking: invented stimuli-sensation which he freely, madly ordinate, by throwing darts with his eyes closed.

You would have him believe we are less than random because we punish those who go astray, because we are inclined to avenge an eye with an eye rather than turn the other cheek.

Ah, that was for Moses, The Martinet, you say. Now we are more aware of our foibles and frailties; we are more tolerant, more magnanimous, more forgiving, more altruistic, more loving. Lip service! The Supreme Court of this land, the land which espouses human rights, and sundry other dignified pleasantries, has announced that Capital Punishment is not cruel and unusual; indeed, wigged sirs, remaining in this place is cruel as usual.

Its all very complicated. Its no wonder the impatient mind races ahead. Sometimes the pile of neurons and acetyl choline get zapped by the cosmic dart, tripping the bailer as though one had touched the wrong key, the screen suddenly becoming a blurrrr of images. Suddenly the author evokes the computer, that highly ordained sequential plaything. [The computer was invented to keep track of the pile, or the Midden; to calculate gain (profit). We imagine it was invented to solve problems. However it has no imagination. It is able only to direct the conveyor belt (as it transports its heaps into the MAW) to cease moving when a downtrend begins to show (which it also predicts); "SELL, and MOVE ON", it clamors.].

The human mind is not a computer in these terms, that is it is not an invention; it is a functional non-artificiality. However, it may appear to take a purely mechanistic (cold-blooded) approach to solving certain problems involving the survival of its host, in gathering and hoarding,

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in besting its enemies, in Making the World Safe for Democracy; gotta make it work somehow. (Becoming good, dutiful, reliable consumers of shoddy goods, just to keep the system operating is the ONLY way we can Make a More Perfect Union and the World Safe for Democracy.).

The author is becoming too serious, approaching his near-moralizing gait. His bony crypt is more playful when it begins its free-running lunge into oblivion. Quite often it gets caught up in some diatribe involving oralulars, analulars, genitalulars, and associated orifices that are appended to the host, connecting it to the outer world in some way. Eating is symbolic of receiving, shitting is symbolic of giving, sexing is the way to perpetuate the first two; so Figment Soid.

He may be possessed of a genetic predilection to this sort of preoccupation and intrigue, his father having manifested a similar disposition; and a preoccupation of an entire species (one might add). However his mother's contribution seems to have tempered the malice, subdued the salaciousness, although he cannot blame either of them for the final product found in this entity equipped with free choice, and a free will, anymore than he can blame the world for producing in him the impetus to search out the antithesis to our prevalent *modus vivendi*. Perhaps the author ought further elaborate upon this discreetly touchy theme. Probably he learned 'shit' from his father, mostly reinforced by his peers who would often preface a statement, "Shit!, did you hear?" or endface a comment, ".... A'int it the shits?" And, most often, regardless from which strata one emergeth, and to what degree of finish they have been inculcated with regard to etiquette and refined sensibilities, the moment of truth arrives, when from out the crowd one hears trumpeted, "Hay! Shithead!". Pray tell, what being doth not respond to this leveling blast; what soul does not assay itself worthy of such a redounding expletive? The author wonders, upon the streets of Gay Paree, how doth the masses auricular import give response to "Allons! Merde tête!" Indeed, we all converge at the same resting place, affined in our dialect. Often we will hear "I don't give a shit!" Do we ever sound, "I don't give a food!", or "I don't give a sex!?" Often people "don't give a damn"; what else don't they give? Figment may have been correct in his assessment. When the author was in the Navy he and his mates often mixed receiving and giving with 'shit on a shingle'. They tell him, laughing, it is an essential part of living. Even though Aldis Hexley spoke disparagingly of Jonathan Swift's preoccupation with excrement, deeming it unfit matter for a noble literature, it does appear to be vital part of our animal existence without which we would not be we. Neither does the author wish to demean literature, (this you read being only an anfractuosity); nor does he wish to revel in Scatology, no more than Prurience, or other manifestations of our alimentary processes, but only does he wish to rant on. His mother does play a part in all of this meandering, in that she was raised to practice outward

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decency, however unmanageable the inwards, by observing circumspection with regard to language, this thoroughly ingrained; but also as a 'Fair Lady'. One would verily subject her to much abuse without eliciting a foul expletive - more an obdurate silence. It was only with undue, cruel and unusual torment, she, a Saint in all other respects, had occasional recourse to anger which would manifest such fair expletive as "Shitel", from whom forthwith I plagiarize, thus obscuring the more common rendition. His mother would never intentionally take The Word in Vain.

Each of the things in which we become involved, eating, shiteing, sexing, can also become executed with much aplomb, much style, with refined taste, or with a fine artistry.

When we do not eat we are not good for much else; there is not much style, 'taste' or art to be associated with hunger or starvation. I do not wish to become morose at this point, therefore will quickly recall the other extremes to be found in obesity, which is a testament to redundancy of style, 'taste' and art; and the opposite to this 'roundness' to be embodied in the anorexic, a testament to self laceration and self annihilation (in some areas regarded as a hostility, aggression and destructiveness directed towards oneself).

We are encouraged to eat, but more, it is incumbent that we consume. The anorexic is in revolt against the principle of Making the World Safe for Democracy.

If you want to eat and remain trim .er.. 'beautiful', that is, useful for something else besides eating (consuming), we shall skip old number 2 and move onto number 3, sex. Diet Pap with Sweet Nutrinos is for you. Milk, fortified with sunshine and bone builders, luckily not too much Strontium 90 these days, but most likely containing herbicide residues, (and cholesterol) is offered as an alternative to the Pap; there is not much point in becoming prematurely morose, 'cause you aint gonna live forever, in any case, so drink lotsa Milk.

Really the whole purpose in eating or consuming is to build or create or invent a BEEOOTIFUL BODY so we can engage heavily in ole number 3; and to Make the World Safe for Democracy. I shall make the very heretical suggestion that none of the above is a necessary precondition, for anyone can learn to ride a bicycle or to salute the flag.

Have you ever noticed when the market place (Mad Avenue) finally gets around to 'talking turkey' concerning the symbolic and very real problem of giving, when it happens to be the 'runs', how judgmental it becomes, or what assumptions it makes. The jocks, studs, femme fatales, and other sweet young things do not get the trots; its only fat men and homely ladies. (Gotta do something about that). Everybody is subject to Dire Emergency. Anyway we are not accustomed to think of a sex object and a shite object in the same terms, although they may exist in the same person.

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If you do not eat, you will not shite.

Let's see, most everybody eats, in order to Make the World Safe for Democracy, but only some people shite; those who shite, do not sex. Only trotting people do not sex; only fat and ugly people trot. Even though shite and sex exist in the same person, they are really a dichotomy, a shiteing person and a sexing person. O.K., the suthor will admit it then, everybody shites ('eliminates' for variety; or gives); and it is understood that one does not shite and sex simultaneously. He never read this anywhere; it was sort of just handed down to him, and his own personal experience has corroborated these statements. It's settled then.

Following the unholy trinity of number 1, number 2, and number 3, is number 4: cars. The first three have been associated with our earliest selves, our formative, evolutionary, embryonic, pre-oedipal selves; our genesis, our commencement, our incubus, our infancy; that rudimentary curse. These three, if mucked with, will latterly scramble the id, ego, and super-ego, the proposed euphemisms for me, myself, and I (sorry Sigmund; the author knows it doesn't help) and hinder the development and fruition of the trinity for all time.

The fortuitous arrival of number 4 (Identified by Jarl Cung Ford) in this last century represents an advancement in the pursuit of the objectives of the unholy trinity through a greatly enhanced and facilitated locomotion, and through Making the World Safe for Democracy. In the case of number 1, a 4x4 facilitates our transit to the grocery store or habitat of the deer and the antelope and the plain where the buffalo roam. Regarding number 2, 'When ya gotta go, ya gotta go'; and pertaining to number 3, some would conjecture that no holds have been barred (Sureofalay, the Heartbeat of America); nevertheless, before cars, there were covered wagons, buckboards, stages, stanhopes, surreys, dogsleds, sleighs ... and bicycles.

Of course, typically the author has digressed into absurdly gross oversimplifications. That very great sailor of modern times, Bernard Moitessier, observed us differently and more succinctly in saying, "...those thousands of cars with hard, closed people, all alone in them..." That's not fair Bernard; quite obviously, nothing will compare to the immensity of the open sea. Thank Guard, cars don't float.

To return to the very beginning once again, to that playfulness within the 'stream' of "consciousness". Already it is apparent the author is closely Mad, attempting to keep apace of the unraveling, without much hope of keeping pace, availing myself of the next best alternative by manufacturing some kind of free association, however irrelevant, nonsensical, lurid, lewd, or unthinkable. It's only courage that is lacking in not mentioning some of the things that 'cross one's mind' - however tasteless. All things ought stand revealed, notwithstanding our fear of exposure. The author must recall his reference used in demonstrating our handling of ole number 2 (elimination) which

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some have not only found distasteful, but very difficult to handle. As odious a prospect as number 2 is, it can not belong in literature or in art, (only as accepted in the likes of Rabelais and Bosch), nor can it in any way become a part of our conscious interaction with one another. He has not read this anywhere, but suspects it is true all the same.

Well, there's this fat guy with a bowling ball, and you realize he has just shite his pants as he releases the ball; and there's the homely lady in the super market who has just lifted ten pounds of sugar into the shopping cart; you are able to tell from the foreshortening of her nose, which appears huge in the camera lens, that she has just shite her pants. The message is clear, shiteing, although with us to stay, is ugly.

Then there had been the pretty lady who ran from Macy's without paying, 'cause she had to get to her Mercedes in order to rush home to her alabaster throne; it musta been the M.S.G. in the noontime luncheon. Then there was the handsome President conducting a News Conference concerning the problem of Making the World Safe for Democracy, who could not answer any more questions,' cause he hadda, goddammit, Go!

Within the stream of consciousness, the sound emanating from the tape, as it wrapped around the steadily whirling spindle, approaches a whine as it speeds up in an ever increasing diameter taking along two »s as a function of a lengthening radius; all coherence and relevance virtually abandoned: "In your heart you know I am right", In order to form a More Perfect Union..., When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary..., we appeal to the supreme judges of the world for the rectitude of our intentions... "Holy Cow, look at all them Ouckin' Indians!"... Betty Boop, as President, opened cabarets and abolished death row...living death may be fair, but it's embarrassing, like the fat man with the bowling ball... And speaking of ole number 4, we hadda President who was pardoned by an automobile...And speaking of ole number 3, someone inquired what they were doing in bed, and the answer rang out "The Inevitable"...which Simone characterized as fulfilling their 'anatomic destiny'... Its all passe now; first it had been flat, then Copernicus said unh, unh, its round, now regarded as as an oblate spheroid...pretty soon it'll be a dead planet (just be patient; we're getting there)...One hears of loneliness amidst such an embarrassing accounting: 7,000,000,000. Is it possible that if we sport a few more we will finally succeed in curing that disease?... Footballer Quarter of a Staunchback insists on Rollaids ..he continually reappears to reiterate that same gut-feeling (Full of Aluminum) ... And Ronnie will "Stay the course" over the edge; he's still abiding the Creationists (Anti-Galileoes) who persist in believing everything is Flat...Then Leggy appeared in a bathing suit without her skates endorsing the Devil, as an antidote to halitosis, and an innocuously beneficial rubbery exercise for her kids teeth...Yes, the same Leggy who received the gold metal for endorsing

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Texago... World Class!. Amoral lesions. Trickle-down humanity; trickle-up affluence... He had told me the author he was SMUG. That hurt. A guy sitting on his ass, pretending to be friendly; well he had had too much to drink; he's forgiven .. TUIL.. Talking Under the Influence of Intoxicating Liquors.. But that's no excuse (He wonders what the MADDs would have to say about that thick tongues): 'The author has known some people to be deadly earnest when licked up - no inhibitions (limitations). SMUG!!..next time he'll tell them cold sober "Yore Drunk!"... He wanted to put on the gloves.. He would say 'at the rate my cowhide gloves wear out, it would not seem feasible to engage the bovine species in common labor...' The Torn Birds; the jazzercise instructor had said if Richard Chamberlain didn't get his act together on Rachel, she would never watch television again, thereby Making the World Unsafe for Democracy... And if you think I'm kidding, or Sigmund was kidding about ole number 3, Chandra (a nurse he barely know) told me about the three year old who was 'pulling on his wire' - wonderfully... He remembered Grace (not his mother; a different kind of Grace) who had inquired apprehensively (he thought) if he had been following her, to which he replied "No", to which she in turn conjectured she must be paranoid, upon which she further elaborated, attributing her apprehension to a genital condition (congenital [genetic]) condition... as might appear in *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life*. An honest mistake.

None of the foregoing were anything but conscious choices. Its really nothing but free association without very much connecting tissue. Try it, starting anywhere; see how long you can go without coming back to the starting place. For example begin with: "To Form a More Perfect Union....." When you begin imagining a Perfect Union, if you are like me you will allow reality its persuasions, in order to maintain a proper perspective. "Perfect Union" is a kind of lipservice. TUIG: Talking Under the Influence of George (the Third), or any other arbitrary SOB. There are other types of perfect unions; the author assures you it will not be long before you are thinking of ways to Make the World Safe for Democracy.

The author does not honestly know what should come after ole number 4. He supposes it's the laundry, or a boat trip around the world, or perhaps finding a lackey. It's all a life of dissipation, after the big four, the unholy quaternity, oral, anal, genital, and locomotion. Car has become significant; we have become legless and Oedipal. And NO!, I haven't forgotten WAR; it's just that he does not know exactly where to include or place this unexplained fascination in our unconscious hierarchies. War, in the least, may be regarded as a hostile, aggressive and destructive manifestation of a very mean inclination, very much at odds with our fondest representations of ourselves. So what?!

The author has exhibited a levity toward human suffering. His free running scandalizing 'intellect' ensconced within this presumptuous

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bony crypt has allowed itself the luxury of disengagement from any humanitarian concern; it has indulged itself in a solemn mockery, *ad captandum vulgus*. The only human suffering he is able to truly write about is his own, and even that becomes a chore. Do not misconstrue these words. He senses another's pain, feeling of inadequacy, humiliation, embarrassment, hunger, feelings of denial, rejection and loneliness, albeit, vulnerabilities, as though they were his own, but they are not his own, there-fore he is able to suffer them only within certain limits - those of his imagination; fortunately this last is so, otherwise a constant misery would only drive him to suicide. He is a compassionate person; at least he would claim himself to be one who is moved by another's hurt, and the sight of blood seizeshim in the scrotum. But to truly feel another's suffering takes a special quality which he claims he does not possess. Empathize? Yes. Sympathize? Yes. And whatever other pitiful evocations exist, Yes.

When the flu has its grip upon the author, or he has received a nasty wound, or an aching head or the rhume o'ertakes him, and one or more of these become the *cause celebre* within his corpus, 'running the whole show', he is 'fit to be tied'. He becomes frustrated and angry, inutile. If the condition persists too long he is already seeking an exit, onc his anger has been exhausted...he wants out. If he cannot be free to be active ..er.. 'creating' (He always feel a bit presumptuous when he uses this expression, reserved for some cosmic Deeity), then he begins to imagine the rider on the pale horse, gruesomely, but effectively. he thinks he understands Ernest's propensity to polish a loaded shotgun with its barrel supported in that peculiar fashion. It must have been tough on Mary; think of the mess one would have to clean up, and the challenge to mortuary 'science', if the public demands a fanfare (a showing). The author claims that he understands; however, he never really understood what it was that he was doing with guns all of his life. Anyway, Yes!, we are startled, and dumbfounded, simultaneously. When the author begins to think ever so selfishly, his thoughts necessarily gravitate to that one person who has loved him like none other, for better or worse (without mitigating circumstances), he is forced to sacrifice his own free will, his own private demise, to save her that horrible anguish. Still, one day he will leave - before her, but it must all be neat and tidy; expected; talked about; arranged; all done up in ribbons. Something to to with love being something special, something beautiful, something one has no right to violate, or trifle with, or ignore. What was that couplet ...Love and Devotion?

The author realizes you sense that he has few aspirations (pretentions) toward a literariness and a literary career. He may as well confess, Yes!, I do have; however, at the moment he is careening. He shown scant regard for the nemesis of all who presume to write, the New York Review of Books, and the peacockery that attends its analysis of some foolish scribe,

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who would either ignore or hope to appease these wordy connoisseurs of all that passes as literary. He remembers the famous and obnoxious white sports announcer who had become a veritable pronouncement, the oracle, in the sports m.c. business, who was none the less a fabrication of foibles and prejudices (idee fixes) which he revealed as he rattled on in sportese, observing a particular running back 'break loose' for a lengthy gain upon the football field, exclaiming "Look at that little monkey go!" When Barry Goldwater ("In your heart you know I'm right") was running (treading water) for President of the More Perfect Union he had become desperate enough to woo minorities. When you woo, you harangue with the old moo to which the darker constituency responded, "Barry, you wanna know what its like to be black, you jes wake up black some mornin'" The oracular sportscaster scrambled to get the howling cat back into its proverbial bag; he pretended to apologize by saying he had always gotten along with them. Well, no matter how fast is the minority, he will have a hell of time making an end-run around the clearing house; just ask Muammar el-Qaddafi. Its O.K.; we all go to the same place. My understanding of that place, to date, reveals there are no hierarchies, no castes, and no sons-a-bitches or daughters-a-bitches looking over their lorgnettes allowed, which signifies they will hafta clean up their act afore they will be admitted through the gates. And if you think the cops were tough down in this place, you oughta see what they (those winged .357 Magnums) do with lampooners in heaven; nothing personal, no need to be offended. The author will let you in on a secret: you just can not scare people any longer, you can not persuade or dissuade them with the pearly gate argument; most people have figured there aint no heaven; that's why there are so many assholes on this planet right now - so he hears... Oh you wonder what any of this has to do with anything, or with the New York Review of Books. You must remember that New York City is a special dusthole. The author has been there. He's there no longer. Whereas it would not be a falsehood to say 'I lived there', it might be truer to say 'I died there'. You can bet the author could not stand the heat of the kitchen; nor the stench either. Where he comes from now, most people are hard-pressed to conceal their ignorance. In New York City, ignorance is IN; it belongs; it has become a cult; a sport, all very eloquently projected and lavishly displayed. Its not easy to put on a show for the ocean or for a mountain; one does not strut on the beach or stand before the mountain in Top Hat and Tails; the scale is all wrong. One needs an audience. New York City is a dust hole seeking diversion; it will take anything, succubus that it is, for distraction, construing the same as entertainment or 'culture', hardly distinguishing the one from the other. New York is an unrequited presence, an insatiable appetite (dare enter). Therein resides the N.Y. Review of Books.

You have suffered long enough.