

Thursday, December 26, 2013

Morning Stream of Consciousness

Part Ten

If I can cut in here at this point? I hope you don't mind. This thing started up immediately, as soon as I opened my eyes. I tried to, you know, make generalizations unsafe. Make it legible--- it's the generalization paradox. I found I couldn't do it, you know, make generalizations unsafe, impossible to do, you can't make generalizations about generalizations. Make it legible, meaningful, full of meaning. Words refer to words. There ought to be thoughts, some thinking. A play on words, that's all it is, all. Refer back to the past, a dog biting its own tail, chasing its tail. Ludwig W., Wittgenstein the Great. Make it discernible, a wordman, a semanticist. That's it, semantics, the word, semantics means something. Stop. Hold it! See the light. It's not good enough. Orders from on High, yesterday. Make it discernible. Living in the past. Remember. Use your imagination. Ann the Great. There are very few great women. You can't say that. I, you, we they. There's no they. A generalization. Don't generalize if you can help it. A policy change, a change in policy. There should be some thoughts at least, some thinking. If I listen carefully, it doesn't take much effort, I can hear him. You have to be in a listening mode. The hollow voice, the voice of Who-Is-It? It starts right up. Early in the morning. Make it discernible, legible, write legibly. A song, a voice on the radio. The Voice of America, a real thing, not a hallucination. The world as my hallucination. Make it real. Use your memory, your imagination.

That'll do. That'll do it. Words give rise to other words. Words suggest other words. Words, words, words. You can quote me. Noblesse oblige. Whatever. Whatever wasn't good. In the past. During the Time of Insanity. Whatever wasn't good during the Time of Insanity. A certain urgency. Urgent! Urgent! as it says in the song, as it said in the book. I see it now. I remember. The song on the television, on the TV, on the set, Urgent! get it down on paper, put it in writing. Make it legible so others can read it, so I myself can read it. Him, you, it. Words on paper, put it on a disc, on a disk. Slow down, consider what you're doing, if you can. It really doesn't matter. One big cliché, a bunch of idioms marching off to the southwest. You're in the army now. Marching off to the southwest. New territory. Unfound land. I can't read this. Refer to the past. Take a history. Find out about him, me, them. Haste makes waste, totally useless. There's no doubt about its authenticity, about its originality, there is some doubt. Beauty beyond the Seas. No name, No one. Whatever, whatever at work, whatever is bad, stop to think, consider what you're saying, if you have the time. Where did it go? You're writing too fast. You are, I am. It sounds sour, am sour, bitter, sour. Slow down, speed up, try to be consistent, the hobgoblin of small minds. Inform the muscles, tell the muscles when to move. Move now. Stop. Start. Speed up. Slow down. The brakes froze. Contradictory commands. Central Command Center. The CCC.

Get going, start up---fire up the engine, heap on the coal. Pile it on. Have something to eat. Now! That's exactly what you're doing. A train of thought and you're the engineer. Fire up the engine. You're fired. You're tired. Get going. From the get-go. A

big cliché, words fail me, What? I don't understand. Bob the Great, the Great Bob. Hurry up, scurry along. It could be anyone. Ninety-nine percent effort, one percent inspiration. I forget. Refer back. Take a history. The meaning of words. Examine the influences. Choose! Take it apart. Analyse. THINK! Do you know what I'm saying? A semanticist. A priest of words. A holy task, a divine effort, I can't figure it out, figuring out is bad. Put it back together. Humpty Dump. He couldn't put it back together. They couldn't. He forgot. He got bored. You choose. Commit at this point. Wait a minute. Speed up. Get a ticket. Pay up. Pay it off. Get going, from the get-go. Americana, Adenturama, Eventurama, eventually, the VOA, the POV. That's all it is, you're entitled to your opinion, just an opinion. That's your POV. From my point of view, from where I sit. An acronym. Soon all words, all words in English, the English Language itself, English, will be resolved by acronyms. You missed the point the first time around. It makes things go faster, more smoothly. That's the idea behind it. A flat line. All one big cliché. The English language, so versatile. Say anything twice, a semanticist. Words have meaning. The meaning is in the moment, that's all there is, that is what it means. Objectivity and meaning. The one pays off the other, complements the other. Words taken out of context, concepts are generalizations, define your terms, "let's go to the the videotape." Before you say anything, before you speak, think about what you're going to say, put it in writing before you squeak. A voice from the past, the wishing well. I wish you well as you start out on life's path, upstart that you are, on life's past. A Freudian slip, the psychopathology, take a history, mark my

words, wise up. It's time to stop. I can still hear his words ringing in my ears. The hour is over. Get the vacuum cleaner, the sweeper or whatever it is called. Shortening bread. Mama's little something loves shortening bread. You cut me off, lightened my load, shortchanged me. Are you out of your head? I rimed, rhymed. How does it go? How do you spell that? I think it means frost in French. After that, an abbreviated game of pool, behind the eight ball, you sure do know how to something. I forget. I keep remembering the same thing. I can't forget such a thing. It's time to forget, time to remember. Thyme, ryhme, time, rime. That's not how you spell it. Total recall without the misspellings. Misspell, misspel. Mississippi. It's in there. It's all in there. Is this what I would have said? It takes another person to have a relationship. Yesterday and tomorrow. All there, all we've got, insert this, extract that. Unzip the file. A matter of course, taken for granted. Words and more words. When will it ever stop? You'd better sit down. I've got some bad news. A torrent of words. What does it all mean. Names, words, all words have equal value. They don't. As I've said in the past. Not worth putting down on paper, not worth remembering. You choose. Your name, that's it, the end. Unknown names, the Domesday Book, the Doomsday Book. A charlatan, a soothsayer, a wordman, A German philosopher. Snake oil. This has to be said. What's that smell? An unheard voice. See with your ears, get a hearing aid. Squeek, squawk, put it in words. Hear with your eyes, get some glasses. Technology is constantly improving, people change, you know. The Great Bill B., Bill the Great. This doesn't mean a damn thing. Somebody else's words. Reasoning correctly, logically. The logic is

bad, the doctor said. I will now refer back, refer back. A kind of voice, talking perfectly loud, loudly as it says. Get going, go with the flo, keep up with traffic, keep up with the crowd. A huge acronym, that'll do. This must be said, said this way, compelling logic, sound reasoning, perfectly loud, an unheard voice, clamoring for attention, a whole lot of them, a group of words, many different voices, all clamoring for attention, total insanity. Which one will the fountain bless? A parking ticket began the whole thing. A simple parking ticket and we're on our way. A broken meter. Isn't that ridiculous, absurd? The Great Barry, Gerry, Gary. Barry the Great. Fixed in stone, in marble, immortalized, up there with the immortals, from time immemorial, Beauty across the Seas, spell check, more sophisticated ugliness, as I've said in the past, this bears repeating, this bear is repeating. You choose, I'm leaving it all up to you. A reflection of reality. Reality is sad, dirty and ugly. Beauty beyond the Seas, utter nonsense, drivel. The patient is heading south, taking a turn for the worse, for the worst I want to say. Say it then, out with it. A big cliché. Foreign markets, a stranger in my own home. Words suggest other words, that's how it works, a process of association. Take a history. Eric Maria Remark. Sign on the dotted line. Come to a conclusion, if there is one. The end. That should do it. Physically impossible. If the mountain won't come to Mohammed, Mohammed will come to the mountain. You must say that, an inner voice, see with your ears. Will you listen to that? Totally incredible, ridiculous, meaningless drivel. I can't remember. It is futile to resist. Move the muscles, get out of bed. A clinical depression, the patient is brain dead. Too many pills. Downers, uppers, the underclass. This

will mean something in a minute. The enthusiasm of the moment! En-thus-i-asm---the god within. A period, an exclamation mark. Get this down on paper, a word play, a folding of the hands. As it says in the book, the Word of God. A big cliché, too trite to be put into words. It's all in there, repressed ideas. We have seen the Promised Land, a Pisgah sight. Character assassination, ass ass in Nation. A big ass, a big butt. Hidden meaning, I'm leaving it all up to you. You find it, words have meaning. Read, write, Random Only Memory. An emory board. What? You expect me to get out of here with an emory board? At least a file of some sort, Puhleeze! Put it in a cake, a file in a cake, a piece of cake with a file in it. The Great ROM !

Now, on to other things. Get to the good stuff. Humor is our best friend. Analyze that, take it apart, physically impossible, fast becoming impossible, physically impossible. Do you know what I'm saying? He was overcome with sorrow, the tears flowed down his cheeks, his buttocks, his big ass. She said: "You've got some cheek." A big cliché. Do you know what I'm saying? Break that down, cut it into pieces. She cut him to pieces with her sharp tongue, Woe from Wit, someone else's words. This bears repeating. I've got you now, I see what you mean. see with your ears, listen with your eyes. Fast becoming outmoded, utterly useless, defunct. I forget. I can't remember. It is useless to resist. Move your muscles, the command from on high, the command prompt. Can't stop right now, moving on, across the paper, toward the southwest. Westward Ho! Resistance is useless. Kill them all. A flash in the pan, recent history, the twentieth century, kill them all, the twentieth-first century, the command

prompt, what is that? Fast becoming obsolete, it must be pretty bad by now, planned obsolescence. A flash in the pan, tin pan alley. Dying or something. They don't really know what, what it is. Do you know what I'm saying? The whole picture, the big picture, the total view. I totaled my car, for what it's worth. Explain yourself. Planned recrudescence. Up in the morning and off to work, to school, wherever. Wherever is good, you choose, a victim of circumstances, that's all it is.

Follow your schedule and stick to it. Stick to your plan, consult your plan. Sticktoitiveness. The American Way, Man of La Mancha. Explain yourself, speaking perfectly loud, as it says, as I was saying. Exercise a little, don't overdo it. Slow down, go to work. Speed up. Work with your mouth. Say something. Famous last words. A jumbled up mess. Time to go. Time to go, get the Hell out of here. You haven't said anything yet. I'm just beginning to speak, to squawk, to talk. The still, small voice of Whom? Where's the humor in that? I just don't get it. What's he saying, do you know? Truncated speech, too convoluted, too complicated a sentence. What exactly are you saying? Precisez! A little French. Throw some words on the fire. Clarifiez! Up North, down South. French or Spanish, you choose. You have no choice. If I had my choice, I would choose. The Freudian slip, the unspoken word. You choose, choose your words carefully. You have no choice in the matter. The Heisenberg Principle, a big iceberg, the sinking of the Titanic. Seven-eighth's underwater, Ninety-Nine and forty-four Percent pure. Dishpan hands, handle him with kid gloves, a white tornado. Coming to an end. Concluding. Seize the day, carpe diem. Don't worry about it. Think positive, positively. A

question of influences, who said what? Do you see what I'm saying? Spell it out for me. Cross that out, mark it off, he made his mark, express yourself, spell it out. Put it down on paper, a question of influences; words suggest other words, there ought to be some thoughts, some thinking. Not just words, the doctor said not to do that. Bad for your health. Doctor, if I could just remember. It is useless to resist. A dog chasing his own tail, biting his tail. A useless characterization, a bum of words, a word bum, coming out of my ass, a lot of words, streaming out of my ass, verbal diarrhea. I have just the thing for it. Doctor Rotcod. Jimmy J. A play on words, A Greek tragedy. What is it? Do not ask. Ours is not to ask why, only to do or die. A man of action, the great contemplator, a life of contemplation, a life of action. Actions speak louder than words. So long. See you later! Where's the humor in that? No, I'm serious! Seriously ill, as healthy as a horse. Barely discernible, buck naked. Society frowns on that. A big cliché. See you later, as it's said. A month of Sundays. Shut the fuck up! Time to stop, the hour is over, concluded. Stop that, stop it, as the police say: Hold it right there! Bring it to a conclusion, if there is one. Arms in the air, as the police say, which they don't. Hold it right there. Bring it to a conclusion, if there is one. Put the paper to bed, as they say. Separated from my self, a time of alienation. Stop sign, red light, a word game, a German philosopher. Not any goal, a worthless individual, totally invalid, Les Invalides. A French poet, A German philosopher, narrowing down, coming to a conclusion. Hold it right there. Just stop talking, stop squawking. See you later. A different way of saying the same thing.