

Interregnum Thirteenth Week's Summary

We have a place, all of us, in a story we continue, but whose end we will not see . . . This work continues. This story goes on. And the angel still rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.

Speech writers of George W. Bush,
a.k.a., the Republican Egregore,
Inauguration 2001

New Haven, Nov. 7 — A Yale fraternity accused by the student newspaper of burning its initiates with a brand will have its fate decided Friday by student fraternity leaders. {}

The charges against Delta Kappa Epsilon were made last Friday in a Yale Daily News article that accused campus fraternities of carrying on “sadistic and obscene” initiation procedures.

The charge that caused the most controversy on the Yale campus is that Delta Kappa Epsilon applied a “hot branding iron to the small of the back (a euphemism?) of its 40 new members in the shape of the Greek letter Delta, approximately a half inch wide, appeared in the article.

A former president of Delta that {sic} the branding is done with a hot coat hanger. But the former president, George Bush, a Yale senior, said that the resulting wound is “only a cigarette burn.”

New York Times,
November 8th, 1967

In these thirteen weeks of Rock Gazing (A quarter of a year already! It seems like kind of a milestone.), I have been treated to (subjected to?) a whirling ride through a maelstrom. During this spin, I have been bombarded with certain of the solute's particulates, and some of them, being more gummy than others, or sharper, or more magnetic, have found unprotected recesses in my poor — if I still have one — brain. Oh they have definitely glommed on to my thought processes. In brief, I have developed certain abilities or disabilities that might be characterized as feral talents. For example, the destruction of my television set has not really deprived me of the pleasures and pains of vicarious viewing. (Although the term vicarious might be over-reaching.) But the programming now takes place inside the jumpy little arena of my head and not on the jumpy little proscenium of the boob box. I see things, and not only see them, but sense them, become them. “What things?” you, whoever you are, might well ask. Well, I saw the inauguration of the Shrub on January 20th, (a.k.a., to that little nagging voice inside my head, E.G. Day — E.G. standing for “End Game”). “You mean,” you might ask again, “that you *imagined* it?” My response to your query would be “yes,” but with several caveats that would differentiate what happens to me from the consensus definition

of “imagination.” The encephalosis that seizes me during these episodes is a little more complex, a little more immediate and a whole lot scarier. Here, lie down on this couch, relax. Perhaps you will find your eyelids feeling heavy, and longing to close. Let them close. Yes. That’s right. What a relief, not to have to think, to simply let yourself drift on the sound of this voice. So soothing. So comforting. Yes. That’s right. You, whoever you are, or whoever you may be, haven’t you worked enough, thought enough, suffered enough? Why not rest, just for a moment. Let them take over. They’re the authorities, are they not? You can trust them. They know what they’re doing. Besides, you are so comfortable here, on the couch, drifting, drifting down, down and down to where it is always warm and comfortable and so, so wondrously safe . . .

Is it raining where you are? Yes? No? Well, no matter, it was raining in Washington on End Game Day. The moon was waning, bleeding out its last quarter of white light, but hidden by day and clouds, and soon to disappear in the Earth’s round shadow. The tides were pulling away, siphoning down the cold Potomac, tugging at the old vestiges of the swamped earth that was drained to build this capitol. And you can smell all this, and smell the rain, can you not, cold, an odor perhaps flecked here and there with a salt edge of ice, dampened dust, dander, wet humans or petrol fumes? These details are important, and you may perhaps remember them, when the time comes for you to turn cold, to liquefy and to fall. The air bristles with excitement, or is it anger? You can sense a bitterness corroding the edges of your tongue. This taste conscripts crystalline armies of pseudopodia, and these furious Myrmidons seep down into your lungs and at last stain the quickening chamber of your heart. These are the first, innocuous drops of the flood which will later inundate you — you, whoever you are, or will be then, when the stormtides of evil premonitions manifest into evil events. Your skin puckers with cold, with wet, with that indefinable thing that humans, and humans alone, of all God’s creatures, sense as deceit. Deceit is riding in a long, black, bulletproof limo. If its tires were your skin, and they are, you could feel them crushing the slush on the pavement as you crept along the parade route. It is an odd sensation: rubber and ice and asphalt. Pause, and feel it now. Yes, that’s right. The ebony metals of your body would be beading across their waxed surfaces with innumerable little gobular mirrors, each one reflecting in its sphere the larger sphere of the sky’s darkness and some fleeting portion of the jumble that slips by you — the soft blurs of public buildings, of destitute people, of twisted, naked trees. Cold hands of men in black running beside you lay on palms and fingertips that have and will caress the steel of weapons. These chafe your polished skin. You cannot withdraw from them, but you long to. Do you not? Just as you long to disgorge the men inside you, also the paramours of instruments of destruction. Mud is accumulating along your sides now, behind the wheel wells, against the doors, and an evil air is being pulled through the hard-wired grill of your smile. This is the air of the future. In it are two tall mirrored towers exploding in billows of orange flame and black smoke, falling in slow-motion splendor, just as they do in the movies. Yes, that’s right. You feel it now, don’t you? You feel this as you breathe, carrying your load of arrogance to the podium of stolen power. A slight pop and crush as of the membranes of thin

shells burst against your tinted glass and black steel torso, and a viscous, living substance splashes against you, running sideways, crossways, running down and down. Egged by demonstrators, despised, you are gassed to speed up. You speed up. You go fast. Faster. Almost fast enough to awaken. Yes, almost, almost. But not quite. Not quite yet. The globular raindrop-mirrors elongate and fly and feed the wind. That's right. When you stop, you, whoever your are, you feel that you have two feet now, and you feel leather against them. Cowhides. Creatures killed for your comfort. Yes, that's right. Now you take human shape, but not yet fully human. Beneath you is hard, cold pavement, and the weight and wetness of wool stoops your mean shoulders — inanimate objects rubbing their textures together. Yes, you can feel them. Can you not? That's right. So many feelings, and all so meaningless. Cameras snap and roll, carefully framing you as separate from the context of these people, these many who hate you and who falsely protect you. You smile and wave to the nearly empty streets, and stand before the judge to take your oath. Yes, you can do that. Now raise your hand. No, not that one, the right one. Solemnly swear. That's right. Solemnly. Try not to smirk or sneer. Parade floats, broken and wet, limp listlessly by. The horns of the band instruments fill with rain, but not with sound. You taste words forming sweetly in your mouth, words that are not your own, but which, like all things else, you have appropriated. Ah, yes, that's right: lies, lies. Your taste papillae wallow in this luxury. But beyond your lips, however, the words must suffer. The cold rain dashes them to the street. Yes. They flow into stormsewers almost the instant they are born. Ah, there they go, collecting more dirt, more oil as they slide with the soiled waters through the gutters. That's right. And yet your media wizards have hoarded their revenants into microphones, so that the words, that's right, go forth to infest the citizenry, who are not now, nor every will be, present. TV. Radio. Newsprint. Anthrax. Contagion. Disease. Disease. Yes. Yes. That's right. This is what you always, always wanted. Ah, the sweet nectar. Ah, the foretaste of violence. It reminds you of the good ole days at Yale, branding Δ's into the bare buttocks of your fraternity initiates with a hot coat hanger. Yes, it smells good, burning flesh. And torture is amusing, is it not? Yes. It is. It is. The citizens that are present, not many, and mostly disgusted, assemble before you, below you, and eat your offal. You see the puddles you stalked as a boy, shooting the skulls of frogs, and the fields you stalk as a man on canned hunts shooting inedible doves. These are your people, and you loathe them. Yes. That's right. Yes. From the collapsing towers of the future you can see hands and legs and wedding rings and shoes and genitals falling among tons of micro-sized gray-white ash: a politically nourishing rain. And you stand below it, blessed by Death's three Gods. Yes. Yes. Yes. It is a pretty picture, this wicker man aflame, a pretty, pretty picture, which has taken you safely through the mire of much contempt. That's right. It is as pleasant as stock options, as fine as oozing blood from the snout of a murdered deer. Yes. Yes. Isn't this calming? You are quite comfortable now? Are you not? You breathe salt air, triumphant, sucking, along with it, a black, crude death that has been crushed and waiting for this moment, for, oh, these many millennia. Far underground the ancient corpses stir. Yes. The reaction occurs. Yes. The explosions. Soon it will not matter that

these others regard you as stupid or dishonest or cruel. You will have what you want: their lives, and the power to end them. Yes. Yes. That's right.

See, it is hypnotic, is it not? And this, dear reader or listener, (Ah, the diarist's, the soliloquist's only confidant, the persona of the diary itself, with the eyes of a fantasized posterity peeping over his shoulder.) isn't it all sliding along the smooth passageways of the psychode, so many here together, yet only one. No longer the dupe of advertising slogans. No longer the wayward believer in politics. Only the receptor. The reader. The listener. The rock gazer. The discoverer of entities whose awarenesses take you to other times, to other places. Yes. That's right. You are waking up now, but only as much and as fast as you want to awaken. You are back in your own body. The one. The only. But parts of you are left behind in these others. Parts of you have escaped from your slot in the grid. That's right. Yes. You are awake.