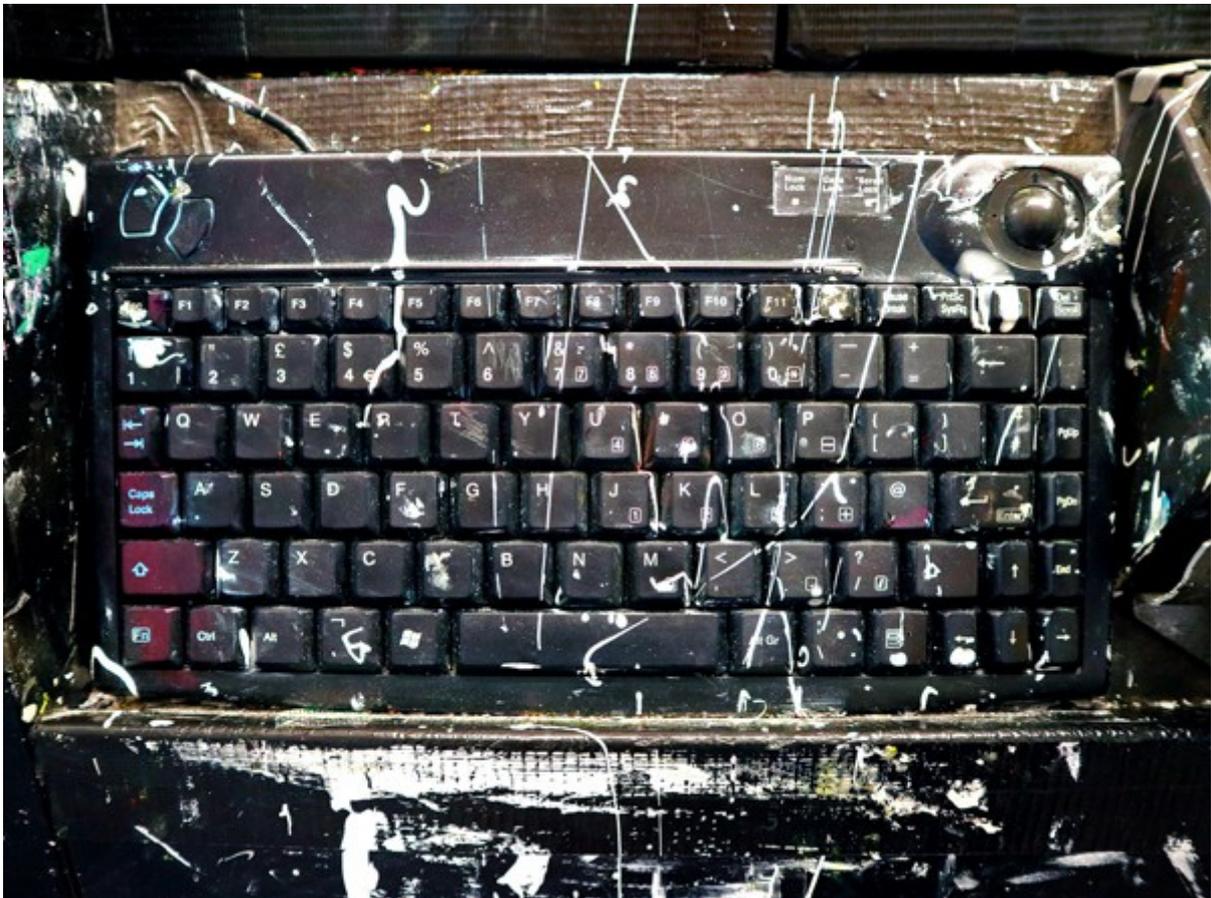


The Present: Atrocious

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A cynic wastrel, mind numbed by terminal, spiteful, make-believe reason and the feckless, indeterminate Will-to-Truth, like a brain surgeon on a learning curve on a mobile spiral, invariably went and made the mistake of beginning in assuming that rationality of argumentation and ideology-mongering does, in the end, prove correct, if disagreeable or open to Criticism, properly speaking. It is preferable to mix the Absurd with the irrational, to blur the boundaries between this Jezebel replica of seamless timeliness many conjecture will stall the mountain of the previously held belief custom that is the steaming orifice of the world-view as it is promulgated by rationalist supervisors and documentary flimflams.

What language is this? There ye are. Ye would, because ye heard a Prophetic word put into a context which previously was unknown to ye, yet which there is seen to be invalid, unwarranted, undesirable, outmoded or better understood another way, prove it should be barred from consciousness, deleted, scorned, corrected, or said better another way. And so would I. What then to say when into earshot, limpid, warm and succulent, comes that consecrated, trellis-like, veritable womb of mouthing? What are ye to think or say or do? This: tell the speaker, that's what. And all because ye read in a book somewhere or heard some erudite author or erstwhile speaker say it was not such a good word after all.

Most truly avowed.

In the Imaginative realms, which are the only Realms in which we breathe (the realms of reason are roles for descriptive informants, nothing else, and that's a Fact), a word may be deemed worthy of its usage in any context, and not forever in accord with meaning, nay.

Or is it better to separate the joinery from the electricity supply by showing how and where they meet and how and where they clash so brightly? Why does the principle go vagrant just because it actually makes proper sense? And where is the sense in a competitive propaganda quotient?

When rhyme and reason co-ordinate with the lofty perfumes of Imagination and the Miraculous Absurdity they yield, a Phrase becomes merely one or another of its vagaries, precise or no? Ye know of which I speak, yet I do not, resounding so imprecisely as it does, so faulty to my ears.

Aye, I would have the fusion of the known and the Unknown, the imprecise, the exact, and the Incisor, in order to satisfy a Lust for a certain type of inordinate, Mass Consummate Art of Criticism and delight in forces beyond the ken of those blunt shepherds that bind the hearses of dominant Man and Beast alike in machineried glimpses of creatured Womanhood sailing down the Amazon on sea horses built of clay.

It is not that there should not be a generalised Promiscuity with words, or that certain terms

should not be questioned, or ruled out; far from it.

But, the more one collides with the feedback, Evil orders it. Only when the philosopher mixes up the different planes of reference, when purporting to speak of objective linear truth, instead of the Mythic, does information not die off. It does not become rusted either. This is very dependent upon messing up that which is Beautiful all at once, which of course is a shitty idea. Beauty hasn't passed tea, coffee and biscuits around outside influences and then handed over some morbid, ranting gossip to viewers and listeners. The bases for these pernicious pleasantries of which I speak are such that the more metaphorical they are, the more the weather turns sour. But it doesn't really matter anymore.

What's this game about? I am a rosebud seeking ravisher.

Of febrile dawn, my golden one, with a muffled straw cry and in picturesque torch songs, of blundering mindlessly from whence she came in the flames of the Sidhe, I would speak and keep the hard-on.

Chaos is about (at least might be if there was will-power outside of these derisive articulate, frenzied derivatives of articulation) that which is our own self-image. At times, like when I'm sitting on a bus or walking down the street, I tend to agree with this idea, but have yet to reach a decision. Anyway, that's tangential to the task of solving the problem which, once and for all, is of tradition! In the meantime, may we leave these mutilations of the True Personal and in garnering, thus obtain from human consciousness that which would return our sense of what the Contemporary Nuance really is and what it may actually become?

Ideographic or pictographic content does not ever coincide with action. Subsequently, analysis, considered to be leading indefinitely to another form of experimentation, tends to elude the memory. As for Criticism, well, that's going to depend. It's not as though there's any such thing as telepathy.

If it's of organisation, then Science again is even more confusing than it was before. So, then (I thought), a Questionnaire is called for! Fancy it? Whack me over the head for my constant and more or less spontaneous cognition of these destined violations of the rules of this game, but perhaps a Questionnaire is just what we need. It might be in line with at least some of our points of reference.

And so the root is none, and zero one, exhuming the circuitry with an element of rapture, stealing down blind alleys, bound in Rationality. Incurable, plain and simple, socially organised and acceptable, nurtured Lovingly by the vacuous freak show of a Consumerist mirage: the Rationality of Sub-Ordination, fragrant with Subversion and the promise of sweet nothing, no Redemption.