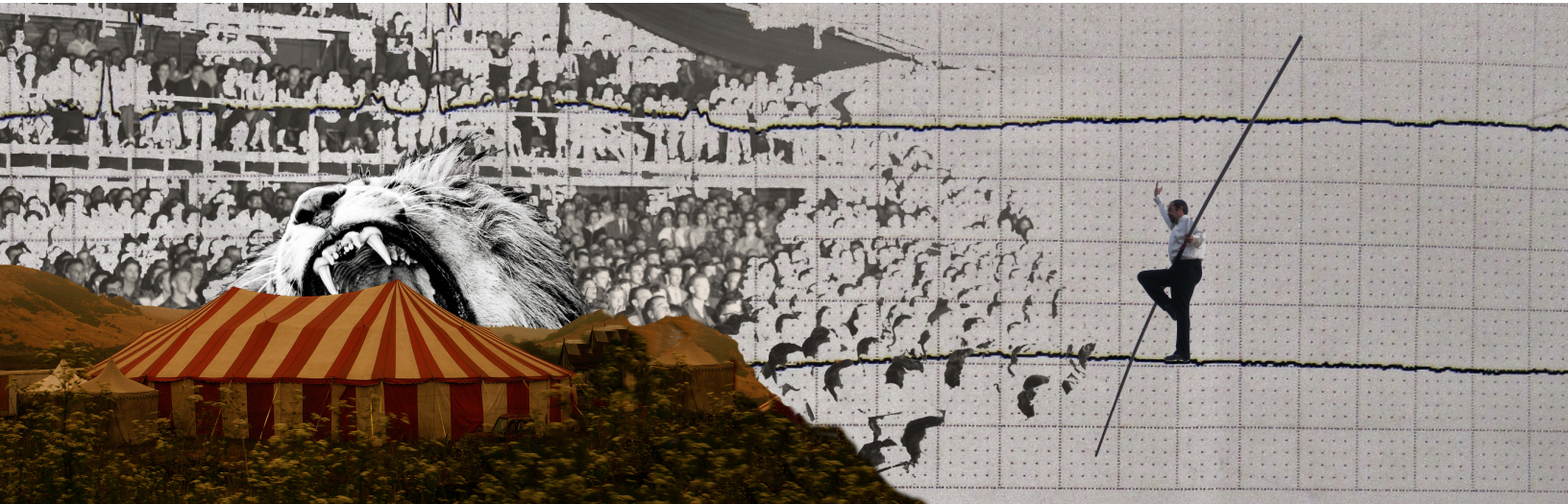
Acceleration of the Arbitrary

by Sacha Archer



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grey borders books, Niagara Falls, 2020

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ISBN 978-1-897180-81-5
online edition 2020
1st Edition 2017, 100 copies
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Cover Art "Circus Highwire" by Sacha Archer

Layout by Jordan Fry
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But our peaceful enjoyment was spoiled by the gloominess of "our host," who, having met a bicycle on the way, failed absolutely and entirely to recover his equanimity.[1]

Gloom and bicycles are so often found together due to the natural disposition of the upstanding citizen—and this is correct. Those who incline towards the view that bicycles deliver sunshine to the cities have lost their revolutionary footing and their proximity to common sense. On the other hand, the presence of failure is unacceptable in any situation where spoiling reins. That the enjoyment that was lost was peaceful and therefore lukewarm, inspires one to forgive, but such inspiration must be immediately smashed as it will not forward revolutionary goals.

1. *Wanderings Through Unknown Austria*, by Randolph Ll. Hodgson, Dec 18, 2013

I have before pointed out that in Freud's view four neuroses always result from previous sexual experiences; and two of these, hysteria and compulsion-neuroses (Zwangsneurose) are considered by him to depend upon sexual experiences during childhood.[ii]

> Childhood, abhorrent mode, is let fester only in those for whom there is no hope of ascension. Childhood, being a succession of permissions by silent ascent, can but horribly deform a revolutionary, leaving no road by which they can return, robbing them of all utility.
> Anyway, whatever size you are, and however much hope there is invested, the demarcations by which we can compartmentalize experience-types can only be identified on the frontiers of spare time—and there is no rest.

ii. *The Sexual Life of the Child*, by Albert Moll, Mar 25, 2009

But a church near by overlooks it, and whoever will take the fatigue to climb to the top, may look down into the forbidden place.[iii]

There is no leniency for those who show signs of public fatigue. Somnambulists haven't the will to crack the head of the sleeping world and search the enigma up to their elbows for the synaptic centres that need a good shake. No place is forbidden to the one who dives straight in.

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Overlook or look down into those who cannot rise. One is correct, the other, hazardous pedagogy. That said, any act performed in the vicinity of a church, without having taken the time to bask in the architecture emptied of fiction, is an act deprived of the opportunity for re-affirmation.

iii. *From the Lakes of Killarney to the Golden Horn*, Henry M. Field, Feb 13, 2012

I thought you liked him.[iv]

Whichever direction the mind changes, the fluctuation-event is of such a magnitude that it asserts itself flagrantly on the Richter scale of steadfast principles.

You liked Him and now You does not like Him. Who has changed, You or Him? If one asks this question they're baiting their hook to fish in the sink.

Here is the stench of a cesspit. Spit on such humanity.

iv. *A Little Journey in the World*, by Charles Dudley Warner, Oct 10, 2004

He would ask Bertha in so many words not to see Nigel again.[v]

Circumlocution is embraced and praised (linguistic acrobatics of the supple, high functioning revolutionary); request, not so:

> *an act of lowering, in which one acknowledges and submits themselves to the power of another*

When one, question on their lips, is caught red handed, applause, on the tip of the tongue, clicks. And the bull lights up. And there are no effective defensive manoeuvres.

v. *Bird of Paradise*, by Ada Leverson, Nov 24, 2008

Now, listen to that![vi]

The flippant joviality of the rural ass turns the stomach to face the ditch. How trust anyone—who's that honest? Simple means biting through whatever's in front of you at the moment that rage ignites:

screen door ⇨ child's head ⇨ beer can ⇨ cow ⇨ the Otonabee ⇨ TV ⇨ milk jug ⇨ light bulb ⇨steering wheel

It is reassuring to know when there is something of numbers behind tears—and any generosity.

VI. [UNKNOWN SOURCE]

Such an entry is one of the particular joys of the winter.[vii]

Entry is preferable to exit, but neither are ideal. It is mandated that one stay where they are. If one feels that they might, in entering, discover the joys of winter, let them be swiftly reminded that winter is the time of grief and heavy contemplation. It's colours are white and grey (neither technically colours).

vii. *The Lay of the Land*, by Dallas Lore Sharp, Dec 8, 2015

There she lies safe enough with the others.[viii]

Safety is a dream in hiding. Albino in the cellar, propped against the bodies of imaginary friends, pretends it's safe to say that turning grey faster than is usual has much to do with our roots in clay. Preserve and do not force the hand? I smell... the end.

viii. *Mass' George, A Boy's Adventures in the Old Savannah*, by George Manville Fenn, May 4, 2007

Oft is the door of Heaven opened for the blessed ones and the joy of its music known of them.[ix]

Heaven is opposed to dirt, a staple of the animal's diet. Heaven is opposed to life, a staple of the animal's diet. Eat life and live. Move forward, black maw the new brain. Tongue a thought unperturbed by conspiratorial noise, so arranged as to lead one back and back again. Surely you've heard that notes are pins? Surely you've heard the wheeze of deflation at the hands of acupuncturists at the oboe who harp?

ix. *Our Catholic Heritage in English Literature of Pre-Conquest Days*, by Emily Hickey, Oct 1, 2005

"That's a very original idea, and, I think, a good one," said Lady Alice.[x]

> *Personal Opinion* and the *Original Idea*, when misunderstood, or returned to (pre-revolution,) never cease to attempt to undermine the fat finger of radiant and ubiquitous ignorance. However, since the concepts of each have been clarified, they have been naturally subsumed by that self-same ignorance and can be considered under the categories of *Denial & Repression* (Personal Opinion) and *Genealogical Blind-Spots* (Original Idea).

x. *Toppleton's Client or, A Spirit in Exile*, by John Kendrick Bangs, Oct 30, 2010

To define zero by null, and null by no, is really to abuse the wealth of language.[xi]

Zero by null and null by no—to assert that positive denotation can inhabit any one of these is to lose your boot in the mud. Your lips have performed a misleading slapstick. To abuse the wealth of language is to use it as it is. Wealth in terms of quantity, bereft of value—it opens and closes on the "innocent" civilian who doesn't know what to make of it. The upside is that with prolonged and severe abuse, the language will, in time, find its grammar prolapsed, its syntax scalped, and the whole gory field of communication turned inside-out.

xi. *The Foundations of Science: Science and Hypothesis, The Value of Science, Science and Method*, by Henri Poincaré, May 16, 2012

"No sense," the woman said, wagging her head. "No sense."[xii]

If one didn't know any better it might be assumed that the speaker is finally coming to, scraping clear the blocked up pipe that's been exuding its rodent carcass stench in her skull since the days of mommy's-perfect-princess. And, in fact, she is! What irks one and triggers red flags is her disposition, that of the lowing cow—acceptably ignorant, but contemptible. To witness anyone grazing on guilt and shame...

xii. *Pipe of Peace*, by James McKimmey, Nov 1, 2009

But what if our instincts lead us to eat animal food?[xiii]

> Those who differentiate between animals and themselves have no instincts to speak of. They derive the greatest intellectual joy from sucker-punching each rising tide in the gut. Soaked to the bone by their mongoloid splashing, how could a call from their pneumatic lungs spread the revolution?

xiii. *Literary and General Lectures and Essays*, [from the essay Thoughts on Shelley and Byron] by Charles Kingsley, Feb 1, 2004

All during dinner the talk was of the short rations which must in future be the portion of the beleaguered city.[xiv]

The dinner bell rings and nobody comes. The abolishment of meals for grazing, the confiscation and destruction of all tables to decentralize the family unit (tearing at itself when we found it), the gutting of all restaurants for the curing of food aficionados slaughtered and hung—in short, the transgression of speaking while consuming, woos a tearing-apart that is only too happy to oblige. Hence, the city you cannot find, and the rations there, for the disappeared, that are plenty.

xiv. *A Sister of the Red Cross: A Tale of the South African War*, by L. T. Meade, Dec 19, 2014

The old East India Company was abolished, and its power transferred to the crown, which is represented in parliament by a secretary of state, and in India by a viceroy.[xv]

When a force is stopped dead, one thinks of evaporation, but does not then begin to play a game of catch with clouds, convinced it will rain applause.

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There is no game, and so no games are permitted—and not the other way around.

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The revolution is no different than the monarch butterfly that, landing on parliament, demolished it: every day of fighting, the world resembles, a little more, its innate, uninterrupted, flatness.

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Where is that convenient and conspicuous line announcing that we have entered India? As maps, burning, released their ashes into lifting currents, India dispersed, revealing surprising continuity.

xv. *Queen Victoria*, by Anonymous, Feb 1, 2006

A sinewy hand grasped his wrist and twisted his right arm free.[xvi]

Everything is free, open to vandalism, corruption, violence, desecration, decay, and inevitably, irrelevance; free to be manipulated, twisted, crushed, exploited, and tossed aside.

The ascent of the cult of freedom gains its zenith amid pink, foaming dogs snapping at ankles maddeningly, bred to fit comfortably in purses (and inherit the earth). The arm is free to move but only when bound to the torso by the shoulder. The arm, emancipated from the body, reads, in the *Contract of Absolute Freedom*, the frail fine print in braille (it crumbles).

The counter-revolutionary has no arms, but is incessantly suggesting a game of tennis.

xvi. *Creatures of Vibration*, by Harl Vincent, Jul 26, 2007

They fire half a dozen shots at a target, then look at the target through a telescope.[xvii]

But what is seen? And, more importantly, what is there, plainly observable, but missed? Magnified: the utter absence of essential assurance of which, further, five shots attested. When the mucus of doubt has thinned enough that stage-fright can be acceptably accommodated—the world has already been irrevocably altered.

xvii. *The Boy With the U.S. Census*, by Francis Rolt-Wheeler, Aug 15, 2004

Sacha Archer is a Canadian writer currently residing in Ontario. He was the recipient of the 2008 P.K. Page Irwin Prize for his poetry and visual art, and in 2010 he was chosen to participate in the Elise Partridge Mentor Program. His work has appeared in journals such as filling Station, ACTA Victoriana, h&, illiterature, N0D, and Experiment-O. He is the author of the chapbooks Dishwashing Event, Part One: Tianjin, China (no press, 2016), and Dishwashing Event, Part Two: Ontario (Puddles of Sky Press, 2016).