I'm Sitting With Solipsists Thinking How*

John Barlow

I'm sitting with solipsists thinking how
they really do cling to each other, and need.
I'm seeing how they cling to language
sorting it sorting with it and seeking to
have their sorting consonant with each other,
to make you consonant with their sorting.
I'm sitting thinking I'd like to write a
short story in which I could use real names.
Watching solipsists pin the tail on the
donkey with their myths watching them seek to
broadcast their myths and press immensely
in this cause. creates all the noise in the room.
But whenever one of them has been speaking
for more than a single piece of information
they blur into their voices and my head
starts to drift out into their head
and I'm listening to the person's fundamental
buzzing and seeing what they want unable to
hear what they're saying. But whenever one of them
has been speaking for more than a single piece of
information they blur into their voices
and my head starts to drift into their head
(and starts to drift into their head)
and I'm listening to the person's fundamental
buzzing and seeing what they want and
seeing what they want and unable to
hear what they're saying. The more
pressure they put on me personally
to hear what they're saying the less
I can even begin to identify
words in the darkness of the sound
impressing me. a nonstop aggression.
But there is a difference between
friendly and disturbing aggression
in the amount of internal echo, how
much the solipsist is trapping his
own voice and what he is saying
in his foremirrors. how much they’re
conscious of their solipsism, perhaps.
None of them are conscious of their solipsism,
because none of them are literally conscious of
their solipsism, the least solipsistic
being generally the most conscious of
his solipsism, and vice versa,
and I find myself with no end of time to consider it.
(Solipsism’s a bit of a disgrace but if you’re
conscious of it you look about periodically
or even with some obsessive concern.
Solipsism’s a bit of a disgrace but if you’re
conscious of it you sometimes come to a full stop.
Since we’re swimming in a sea of poisonous money.
Since our heads fall apart and drift in the room.

(You’re nothing more than my equal.
You’re nothing more than her equal.
You’re nothing more than equal
and nothing is happening.)

As this is a relatively comfortable community
of solipsists ultimately I am always able
to pull out of the head of the other solipsist
to pull out of the head of the other solipsist
and the residual effect I find is that while
they continue to speak I am able to see the
room around me in the film of their speech.
in the film of their breath as one speaks
of the galaxy as flying saliva in the breath of God.
A powerful metaphor can silence what it states.
The room becomes saturated in the film of their voice.
A simple mimicking of social, convivial,
cliches of familiarity can work wonders,
an application of conventional novelistic or
filmic or cultural history helps
define a fine room gloss. In-
tense discussion of religion and terror
is invigorating as it is likely one of the
building blocks of the common culture
in a way that pop icons cannot be,
due to the habitually ironic and after the fact
notion of being hip common in everyone. which will be
easily painted in whomever are in the room, usually
a bar or a party. Manipulative, insistent, domineering
solipsists unless one is extremely bored or
feeling a surplus of energy.
But virtually all things all
energized life forms tap your energy
leaving you withering fruit on the vine
contemplating the collapse of civilization
with some fear, and groping for freedom.
The Happy Idea

John Barlow

Human beings are through and through, crippled with remorse, corrupt, evil, possessive, slandering, ill, warped, cut into shreds, despairing, helpless, heartless, vicious, unthinking, uncaring, unweaned and self-centered and blind... Human beings are bleak sheep and sheep stink and dying, dying of spiritual starvation, and they are and they are and they are forever in a moral dilemma over it forever concealing it sinking into it letting it crush their experience and joy of life into misery and mine, mine, mine...

Letting it crush us in months of depression decades of disease hours of failure moments of hell, I... love... you... anyway Letting it kill and go on killing besieging it to kill defending its right to kill while forever moralizing whimsically about it indecisively pandering to it rationalizing it reconstituting it in delusive and formal life-denuded breath-denuded empty, stricken, language

...while the weak and the vulnerable are punished and the sweet and the innocent are entered by death o snakes o greyskins o scum, why dont you just shoot yourselves in the heart in the head or in the stomach instead of shooting your wives that know the truth about you, and claiming temporary insanity instead of shooting your brains near numb and nearer worthless and pretending it doesnt matter instead of shooting yourselves in the sexual organs and then, o summer, denying it hurts o you sick dullards you businessmen you beefing asshole boors o gods

Let me tell you of a place i went to in a dream.

It was a good dream... but as with many dreams, as with dreams in life, it started poorly. i was outside, nervous, frightened and alone and black tadpoles, black tadpoles which became eels, black and lascivious and entwining, were all about me
swimming in my eyes, as i stood within, with my heart gulping for air, an upright, glass, coffin. such that i, when the glass coffin vanished, but the eels did not, fell into a ditch. Somewhat ashamed, entirely defenseless, i remember falling and asking a woman whom intuitively i did not distrust, for help, and she helped me, helped me get out, with as little prolongment, as little embarrassment as possibly i could have hoped.

it was wonderful it was wonderful o joy o goddess

And this then was the crazy winter i had met a whole new generation of friends of the family who had invited me with familiar voices to swim and fish in their complicated backyards with the waterworks and to run—gallop—between narrow fences over mud quickly.

The year was 1998 I presume as the flooding was not yet so accustomed, whole garden parties consisted of little more than the marvel at so much water. There was a freshness of amusement in the air such as i long for, even now. That night in the cool dark of their glassy den they had let me to myself to enjoy freely their supersonic tv and to

... gather
recollections
of an earthly
community...

A celebrity drug addict was being interviewed on his own terms in the bleachers of the ballpark, the game on, it Friday night, relaxed television broadcast being diverted by curiosity to the patrons in the stands he was telling how and when and why it had started finally growing angry, child-like, demanding his drug and there was no moral underline only the friendly and benign tolerance one so easily forgets can occur in the annals ...of...man...
The Happy Idea

o kind race o kind kind possibility
We Had Open State The Planet Of America A Coldless Winter
Everyone Happy And Honest And Guilty
A group of businessmen on the train
invited me into their cabin
to read pamphlets on tax and insurance fraud
put out by the government
which encouraged short-lived wealth as a means
to psychological prosperity
and to join with them in happy fraternity
concocting correlated madhatch stories
with which to blame the fire at the well
on the one man who was there and smiling along
with shameless depravity of confidence in his jurors’
forgiveness, not for the money but for the glee of it!
There was much free laughter and champagne
it was wonderful.

But as i woke Christ said No! Interpret it differently
but it was too late i was loving it too much
i was actually loving humanity
beautiful young playful humanity
everything overwhelmed with water
...the landfill clogged lakes dancing like jellybeans
on my table and everything else
giddy during the earthquake

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