

The Intellectual (a novella)

A long meat-white rubber dildo sticks through my head like a trick Indian arrow. At the point where it enters and exits my temples white brain-ooze oozes out and down the side of my face, out of bone-black skull, out of nothingness, and into a world where babies litter dead sidewalks because God was too busy to...ohhhhh, eeeeeekkk...

Brain orgasm.
But wait, there are others.
I'm not the only one who enjoys wit-whacking.
Look, over there. A woman trepanned by a dildo just like mine, a Louisville-sluggo no less.

Ahhhh, she's in bliss and she can quote Kantian ethics in twelve different languages. Hell everybody can. This whole room is awash in one giant communal brain-fuck. Aerobics for the mind.

Okay girls, grab the rubber and yank. Here we go, and four, three, two, one, and begin, and pull, and pull.
Doesn't that feel good. Isn't thinking great. Learning is your best asset, darlings.

And I'm one of the girls, yanking furiously at my dildo, thinking about Saint Thomas of Aquinas.

My eyes watching "Moby Dick" passing behind them.
Those aren't eye exercises you see people doing, people are thinking.
To think, therefore I whack.
Soon, I will have a degree in whacking, and I still have my sight.

Oh, look over there, the woman with the beehive hairdo, smoking, french inhaling each time she pulls her "Texan Monster" out for a breather.

Must be one of those French Surrealists.
Oh, to be *tres elegant*, and think at the same time.

There's someone who's trying but not making much of a go at it.
He wears the latest in footwear, and his prick is pink.
Or rather his dildo is, and he calls it Vince.
Who nicknames their weenie?

He does, next week it'll be Trent.
Oh, the whims of youth and the wonders of...

Oh, oh, oh, over there, isn't it a famous Canadian authoress?
My, that's quite a wrench-tamer she's sporting.
Isn't Canadian literature the best?
It's a bit messy though, have to wear a lot of rubber when reading Northrop's work.
Is there a Canadian mythical dildo?

And how about the aerobics instructor?
My, what a big instrument he has.
It's been in his head so long it's petrified.
He's scratched "Micky loves Binky" onto it.
Oh well, true love triumphs over brain-sex everytime.

Okay girls, that'll be enough for today, make sure you stretch.
We don't want lactic acid build-up?

That's it? That's it? I was just getting started.

What about Sartre and Being and Nothingness?
What about Camus and absurdity?
What about God and the universe?
What about morality?
Yeah, what about that?
It's not moral to leave me like this, begging, pleading.
Oh, you're just like all the rest, a wink, a little wit, and it's over.
Well, I'm not satisfied.

But, it's too late.
The instructor has taken out his "widow-maker" and put it in his briefcase.
Everyone does the same.
Can't be seen in public with our dildoes sticking out of our heads.
Heavens, we'd be called intellectuals, oh no, can't have that.
Some leave them in anyway— "Neo-existentialists, Post-Post-Modernists".

by Warren Sulatycky




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