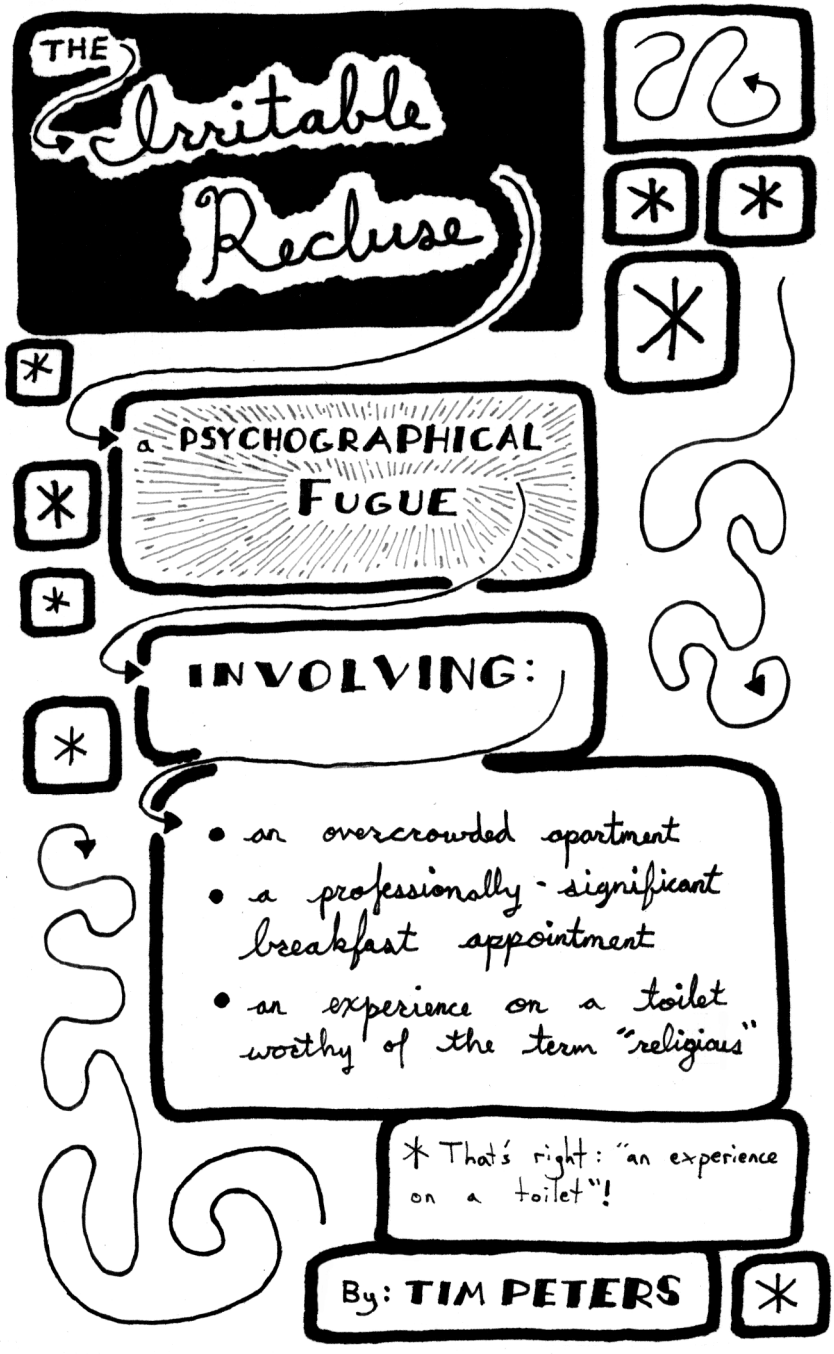
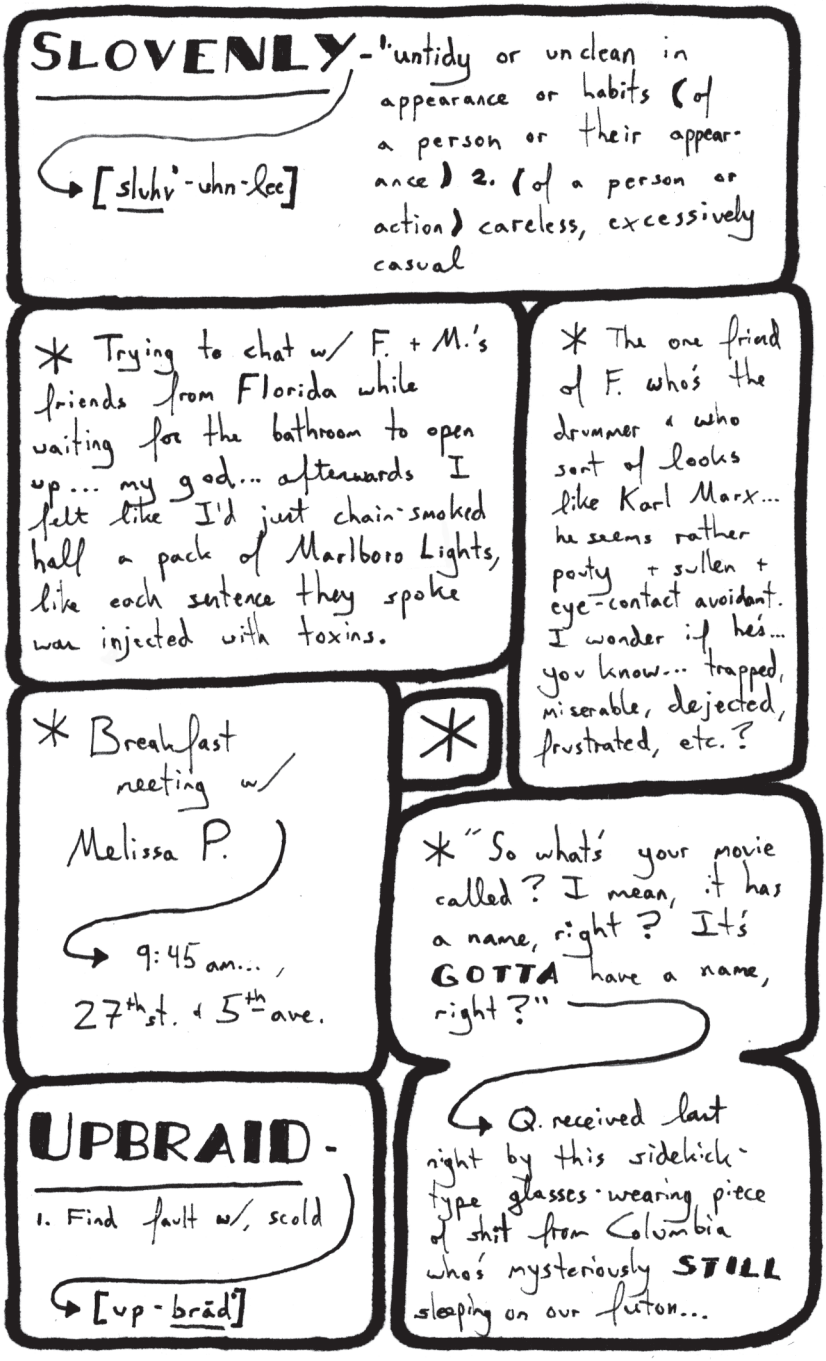
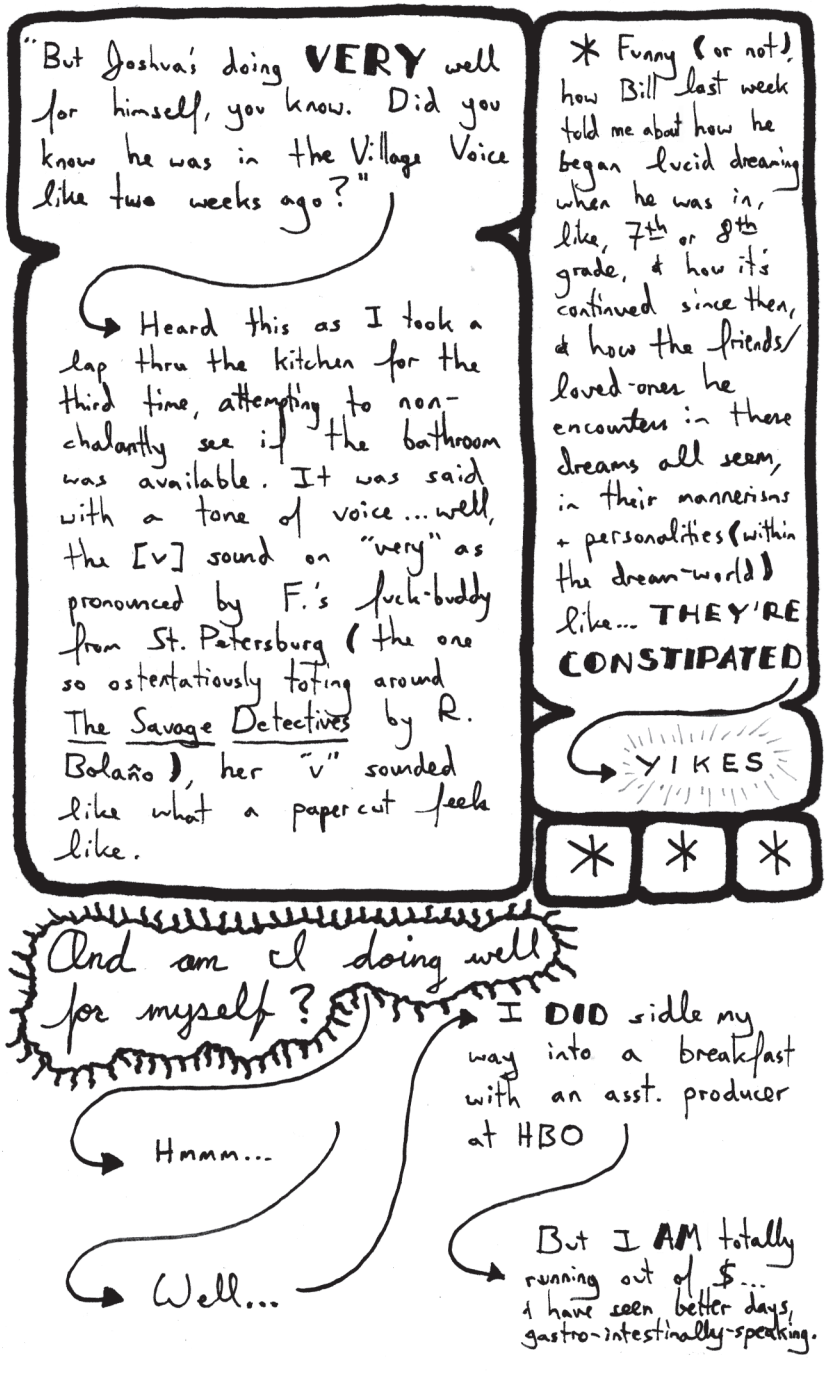
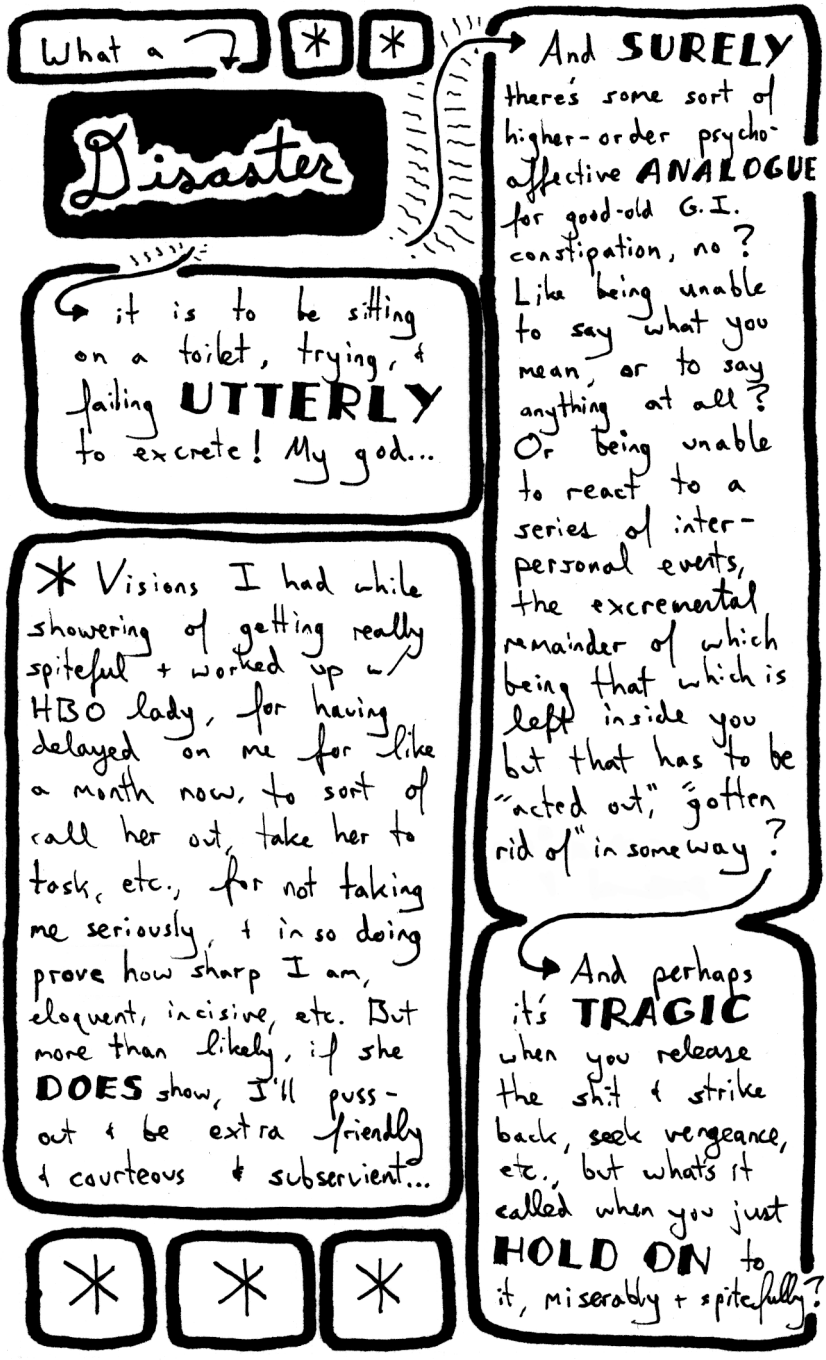
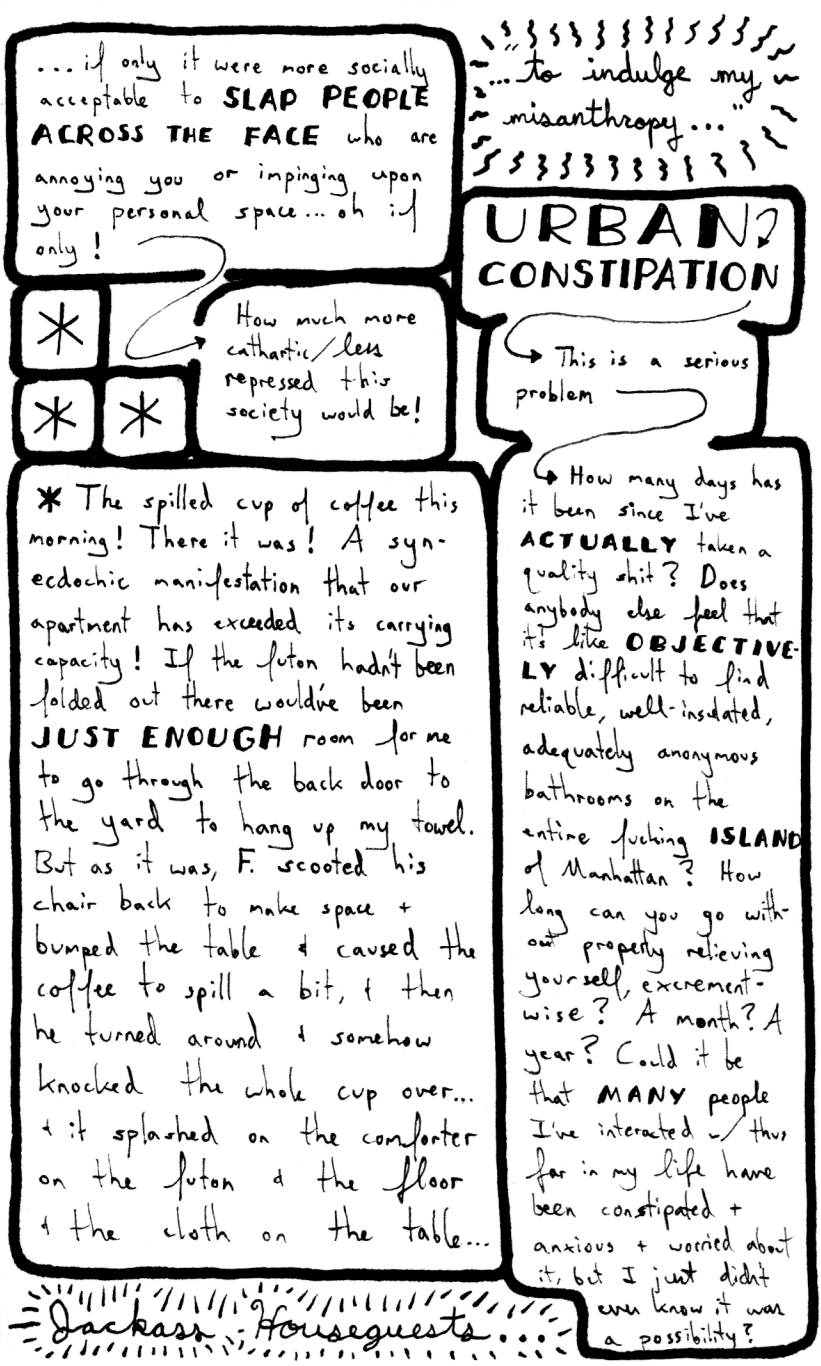

THE
Irritable
Recluse
a PSYCHOGRAPHICAL
FUGUE
INVOLVING:
• an overcrowded apartment
• a professionally-significant breakfast appointment
• an experience on a toilet worthy of the term "religious"
* That's right: "an experience on a toilet"!
By: TIM PETERS

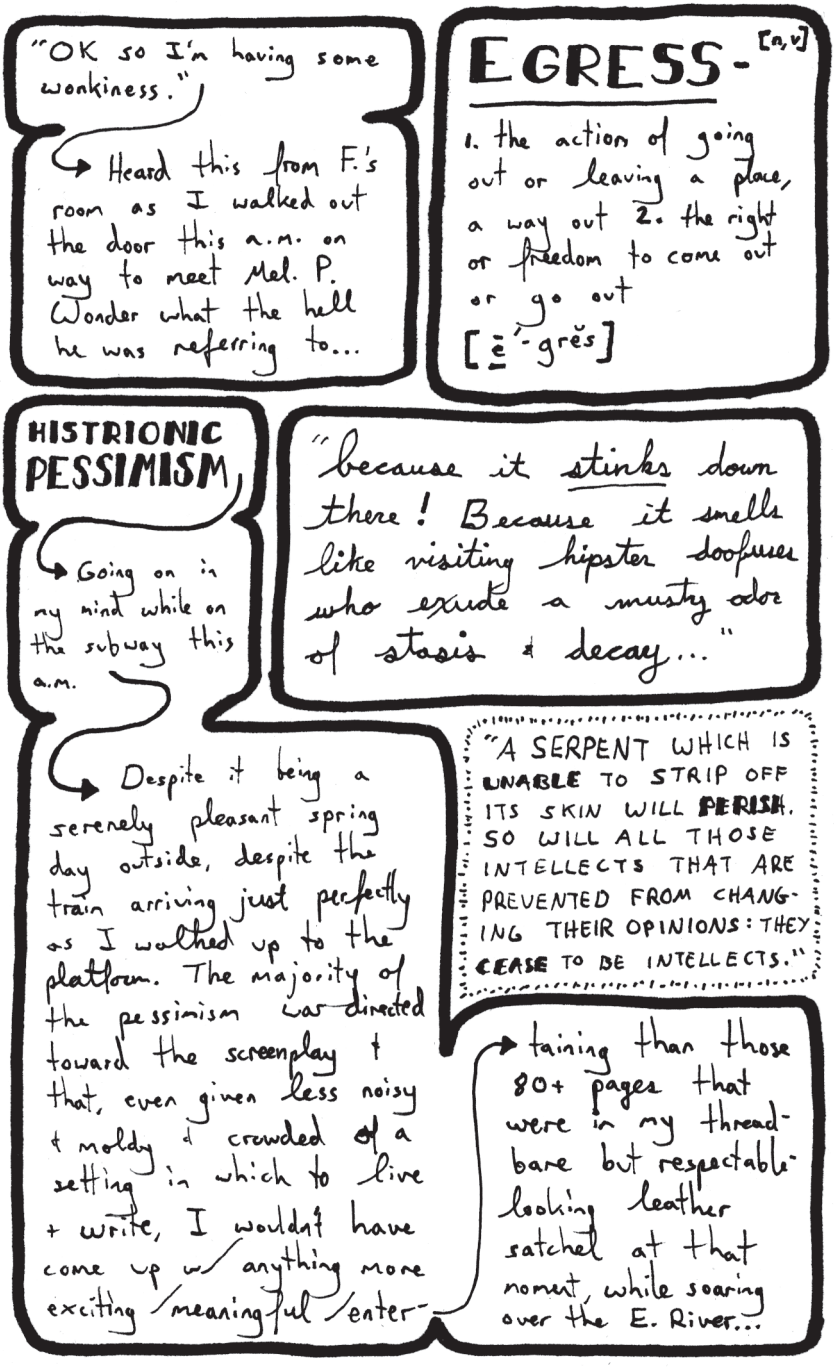

SLOVENLY - 1. untidy or unclean in appearance or habits (of a person or their appearance) 2. (of a person or action) careless, excessively casual
[sluhv'-uhn-lee]
* Trying to chat w/ F. + M.'s friends from Florida while waiting for the bathroom to open up... my god... afterwards I felt like I'd just chain-smoked half a pack of Marlboro Lights, like each sentence they spoke was injected with toxins.
* The one friend of F. who's the drummer & who sort of looks like Karl Marx... he seems rather pouty + sullen + eye-contact avoidant. I wonder if he's... you know... trapped, miserable, dejected, frustrated, etc.?
* Breakfast meeting w/ Melissa P.
9:45 am... 27th st. & 5th ave.
*
* "So what's your movie called? I mean, it has a name, right? It's GOTTA have a name, right?"
Q. received last night by this sidekick-type glasses-wearing piece of shit from Columbia who's mysteriously STILL sleeping on our futon...
UPBRAID -
1. Find fault w/, scold
[up-brād']

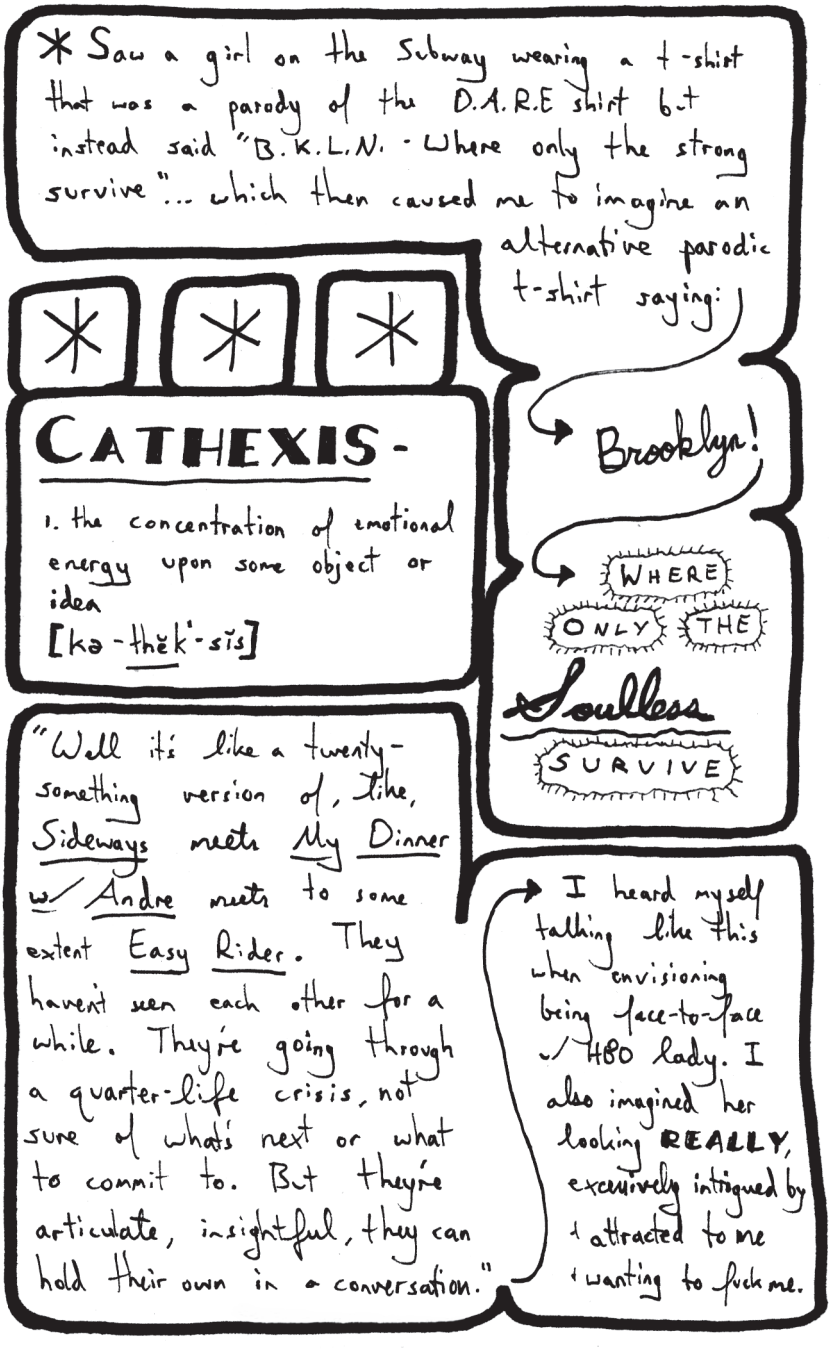

"But Joshua's doing VERY well for himself, you know. Did you know he was in the Village Voice like two weeks ago?"
Heard this as I took a lap thru the kitchen for the third time, attempting to nonchalantly see if the bathroom was available. It was said with a tone of voice ... well, the [v] sound on "very" as pronounced by F.'s fuck-buddy from St. Petersburg (the one so ostentatiously toting around The Savage Detectives by R. Bolaño), her "v" sounded like what a papercut feels like.
* Funny (or not) how Bill last week told me about how he began lucid dreaming when he was in, like, 7th or 8th grade, & how it's continued since then, & how the friends/loved-ones he encounters in these dreams all seem, in their mannerisms + personalities (within the dream-world) like... THEY'RE CONSTIPATED
YIKES
* * *
And am I doing well for myself?
Hmmm...
Well...
I DID sidle my way into a breakfast with an asst. producer at HBO
But I AM totally running out of $... & have seen better days, gastro-intestinally-speaking.

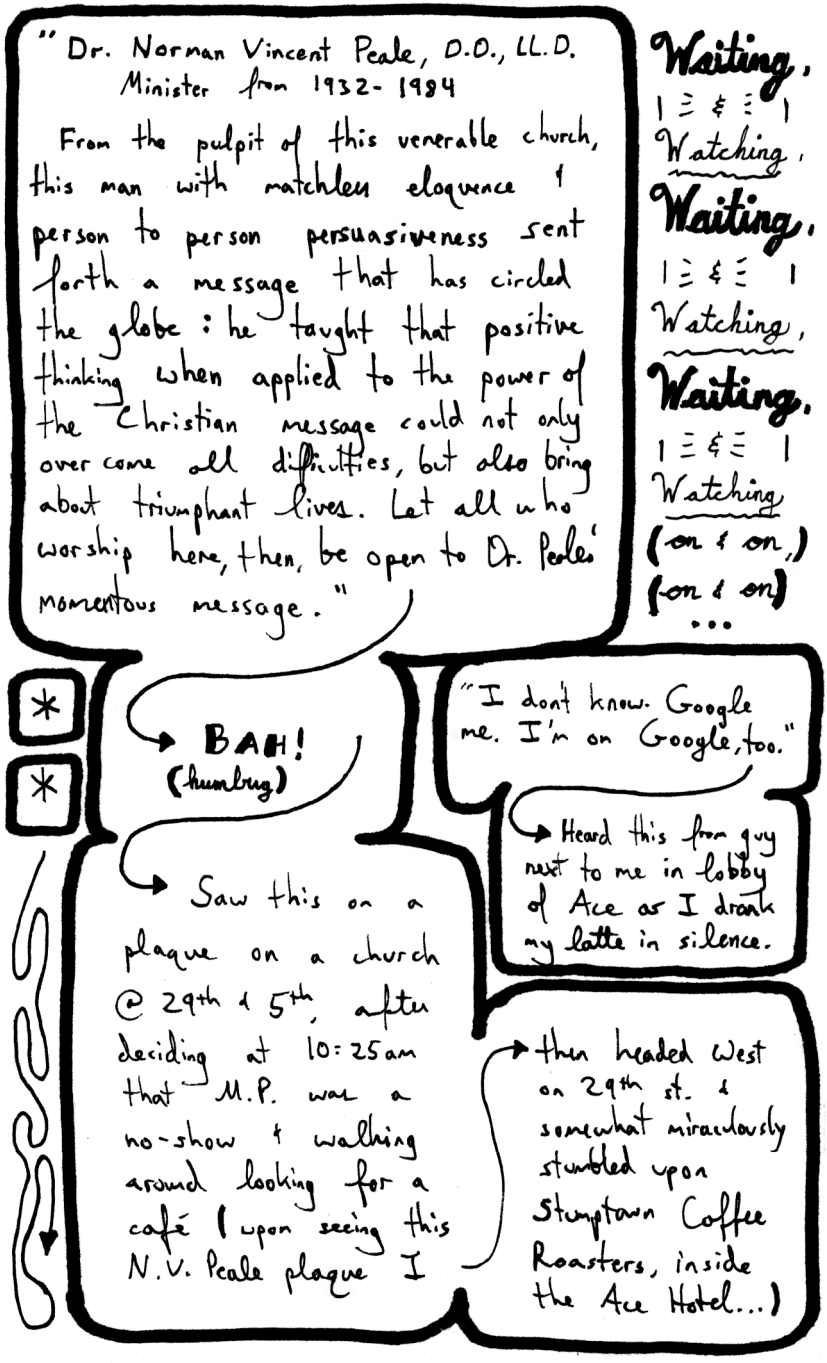

What a
Disaster
it is to be sitting on a toilet, trying, & failing UTTERLY to excrete! My god...
* Visions I had while showering of getting really spiteful + worked up w/ HBO lady, for having delayed on me for like a month now, to sort of call her out, take her to task, etc., for not taking me seriously, + in so doing prove how sharp I am, eloquent, incisive, etc. But more than likely, if she DOES show, I'll puss-out + be extra friendly + courteous + subservient...
And SURELY there's some sort of higher-order psycho-affective ANALOGUE for good-old G.I. constipation, no? Like being unable to say what you mean, or to say anything at all? Or being unable to react to a series of inter-personal events, the excremental remainder of which being that which is left inside you but that has to be "acted out," "gotten rid of" in some way?
And perhaps it's TRAGIC when you release the shit + strike back, seek vengeance, etc., but what's it called when you just HOLD ON to it, miserably + spitefully?

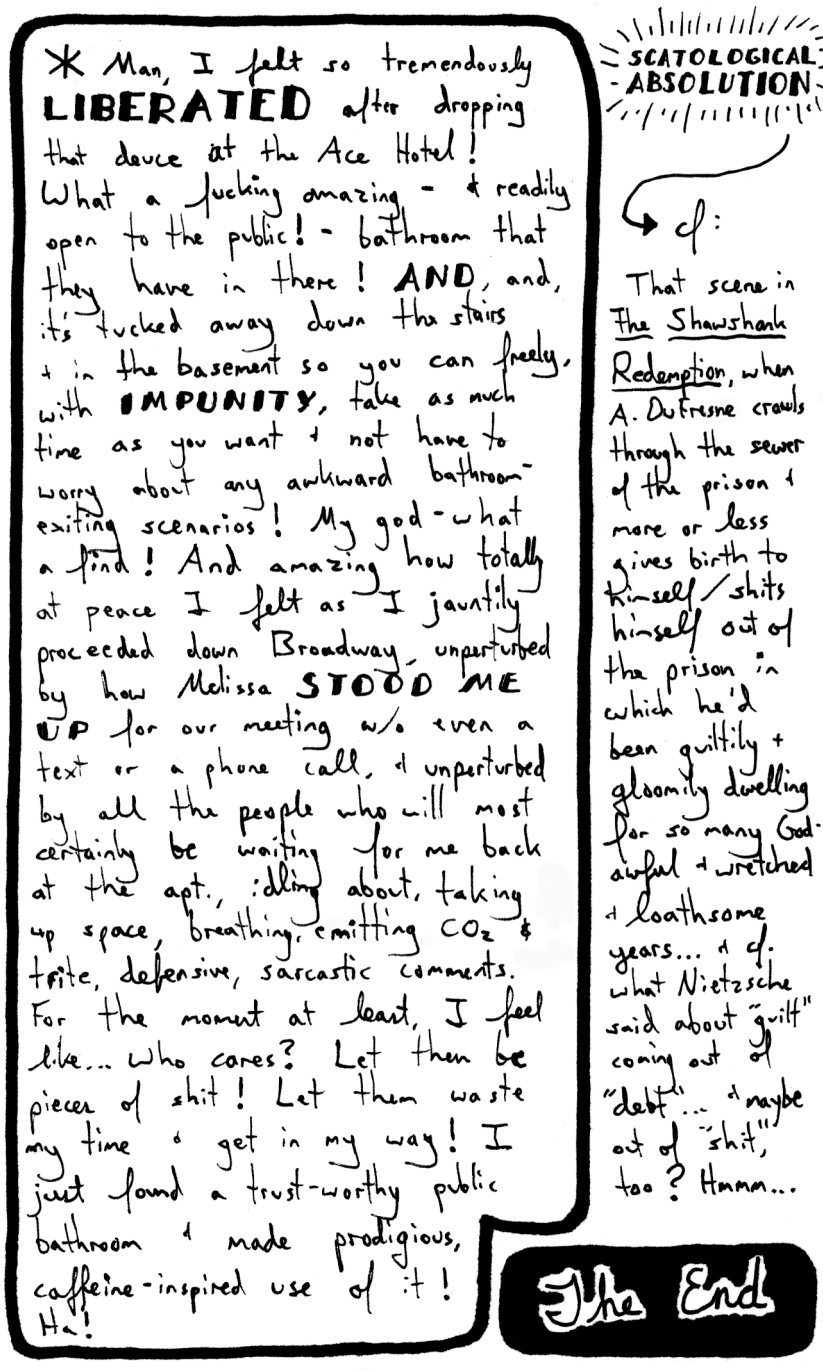
* I swear to God I heard that Columbia kid make a crack about my room. As in like F. or M. had brought him into the basement to give him a tour + I had my door closed + it sounded like he was maybe going to try + open my door out of naive curiosity, in no way believing a human being (such as myself) could actually be **LIVING** + **DWELLING** in such a sad, dim corner of a basement, thus thinking it was like a broom closet or a water heater room (I heard someone say "broom closet," I think), but then F. or M. - thank God - warned him away, correctly assuming I was holed up in my room at that moment + that it would've been sad + awkward + perhaps embarrassing for everyone involved to be barged in upon while, you know, staring catatonically at the screen of my computer, hunched over a tiny desk from IKEA, indeed living, dwelling so subterraneanly, as opposed to on the first floor where the Columbia kid would be sleeping + being woken up in the morning by the copious sunshine.


...if only it were more socially acceptable to SLAP PEOPLE ACROSS THE FACE who are annoying you or impinging upon your personal space... oh if only!
How much more cathartic/less repressed this society would be!
...to indulge my misanthropy..."
URBAN? CONSTIPATION
This is a serious problem
* The spilled cup of coffee this morning! There it was! A synecdochic manifestation that our apartment has exceeded its carrying capacity! If the futon hadn't been folded out there would've been JUST ENOUGH room for me to go through the back door to the yard to hang up my towel. But as it was, F. scooted his chair back to make space + bumped the table + caused the coffee to spill a bit, + then he turned around + somehow knocked the whole cup over... + it splashed on the comforter on the futon + the floor + the cloth on the table...
How many days has it been since I've ACTUALLY taken a quality shit? Does anybody else feel that it's like OBJECTIVELY difficult to find reliable, well-insulated, adequately anonymous bathrooms on the entire fucking ISLAND of Manhattan? How long can you go without properly relieving yourself, excrementwise? A month? A year? Could it be that MANY people I've interacted w/ thus far in my life have been constipated + anxious + worried about it, but I just didn't even know it was a possibility?
Jackass Houseguests...


"OK so I'm having some wonkiness."
Heard this from F.'s room as I walked out the door this a.m. on way to meet Mel. P. Wonder what the hell he was referring to...
EGRESS- [n, v]
1. the action of going out or leaving a place, a way out 2. the right or freedom to come out or go out
[ē'-grĕs]
HISTRIONIC PESSIMISM
Going on in my mind while on the subway this a.m.
"because it stinks down there! Because it smells like visiting hipster doofuses who exude a musty odor of stasis & decay..."
Despite it being a serenely pleasant spring day outside, despite the train arriving just perfectly as I walked up to the platform. The majority of the pessimism was directed toward the screenplay & that, even given less noisy & moldy & crowded of a setting in which to live & write, I wouldn't have come up w/ anything more exciting/meaningful/entertaining than those 80+ pages that were in my threadbare but respectable-looking leather satchel at that moment, while soaring over the E. River...
"A SERPENT WHICH IS UNABLE TO STRIP OFF ITS SKIN WILL PERISH. SO WILL ALL THOSE INTELLECTS THAT ARE PREVENTED FROM CHANGING THEIR OPINIONS: THEY CEASE TO BE INTELLECTS."


* Saw a girl on the Subway wearing a t-shirt that was a parody of the D.A.R.E shirt but instead said "B.K.L.N. - Where only the strong survive"... which then caused me to imagine an alternative parodic t-shirt saying:
Brooklyn!
WHERE
ONLY
THE
Soulless
SURVIVE
CATHEXIS -
1. the concentration of emotional energy upon some object or idea
[kə-thĕk'-sĭs]
"Well it's like a twenty-something version of, like, Sideways meets My Dinner w/ Andre meets to some extent Easy Rider. They haven't seen each other for a while. They're going through a quarter-life crisis, not sure of what's next or what to commit to. But they're articulate, insightful, they can hold their own in a conversation."
I heard myself talking like this when envisioning being face-to-face w/ HBO lady. I also imagined her looking REALLY, excessively intrigued by + attracted to me + wanting to fuck me.


" Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, D.D., LL.D.
Minister from 1932- 1984
From the pulpit of this venerable church, this man with matchless eloquence & person to person persuasiveness sent forth a message that has circled the globe: he taught that positive thinking when applied to the power of the Christian message could not only over come all difficulties, but also bring about triumphant lives. Let all who worship here, then, be open to Dr. Peale's momentous message."
Waiting.
|=&=|
Watching.
Waiting.
|=&=|
Watching.
Waiting.
|=&=|
Watching
(on & on,)
(on & on)
...
BAH!
(humbug)
Saw this on a plaque on a church @ 29th & 5th, after deciding at 10:25am that M.P. was a no-show & walking around looking for a café (upon seeing this N.V. Peale plaque I
"I don't know. Google me. I'm on Google, too."
Heard this from guy next to me in lobby of Ace as I drank my latte in silence.
then headed West on 29th st. & somewhat miraculously stumbled upon Stumptown Coffee Roasters, inside the Ace Hotel...)


* Man, I felt so tremendously LIBERATED after dropping that deuce at the Ace Hotel! What a fucking amazing - & readily open to the public! - bathroom that they have in there! AND, and, it's tucked away down the stairs & in the basement so you can freely, with IMPUNITY, take as much time as you want & not have to worry about any awkward bathroom-exiting scenarios! My god - what a find! And amazing how totally at peace I felt as I jauntily proceeded down Broadway, unperturbed by how Melissa STOOD ME UP for our meeting w/o even a text or a phone call, & unperturbed by all the people who will most certainly be waiting for me back at the apt., idling about, taking up space, breathing, emitting CO_2 & trite, defensive, sarcastic comments. For the moment at least, I feel like... who cares? Let them be piecer of shit! Let them waste my time & get in my way! I just found a trust-worthy public bathroom & made prodigious, caffeine-inspired use of it! Ha!
SCATOLOGICAL ABSOLUTION
cf:
That scene in The Shawshank Redemption, when A. Dufresne crawls through the sewer of the prison & more or less gives birth to himself / shits himself out of the prison in which he'd been guiltily & gloomily dwelling for so many God-awful & wretched & loathsome years... & cf. what Nietzsche said about "guilt" coming out of "debt"... & maybe out of "shit", too? Hmmm...
The End