

The Wild Whirlwind

A Novelette

Jack Pfeffer began the day in a stone. Why he couldn't read? There was also the question of name: Was he really Jack Pfeffer? Or would Jack Pfiiegelheiltzer do? What about his wife, Mary the Magnificent? Would she accept stones? Or would simple laundry mold her life into the Cobbleskill crystal that so bemoaned her virgin state?

What about his goal to write an incomprehensible novel? One totally beyond understanding? Would he achieve this before his death? And if he didn't, why let death stop him? After all, he was a Stewperhoffer, born of aristocratic litter, bred in a pan, dumped in stew of sweatfire, created in the purple marmalade onion tube, the womb of all former Stewperhoffers. Even his sister agreed.

Names never gave a bang, anyway.

"Mary," he called from his Tweeet where he sat daily with dewhicky beedlehop mind scum, meditating upon a pie. "Are the turnips still frying?"

"Yes, dear," tweeted his wife, knitting her brow into a sweater. "I'll turn my skirt for you later."

Her womanly way, long refined by her Manor bred life shifting manure and sifting merchants from minor scale melodic cow farts, cued her life. Memories of the farm drifting through the ramparts of her fertile mind. Ah, Fart-Cow Manor as her parents called it, friendly home of adjacent cattle where toads roamed free and bicycles open their eyes to the lovely sun of blue sky heavens whose stewship barnsides had gone wild with hayseed. Such memories were not easily forgotten. Gently, she turned the turnips in the pan.

"It'll be ready in a jiffy, darling" she called. Jack sat stone still upon his toilet meditating over chewed porridge. "Breakfast is coming."

"It is the wild shoe, mad thing to do," quoth Lancelot, the next character in this drama. He picked his piglet from behind the barn.

"A quick trip into the past, eh?" asked Jack, his perpinned eyelids twinkling askew on his head. His wide-birthed mothers of Toms River stropped sideways. "It is time to warry the plen." He broked his jaw. "What of Perpignan or the French Riviera? Won't those faucets of ancient Roman culture ever jump the line?"

"Not on your life," answered Lancelot. "Besides, they have narry a til to do with Roman estuaries since their midst are mere Corfu conglomerates in a Corsican sky. Can't you keep your histories straight?"

Jack wiggled his superior toe nail. "Are you such a historian? Can your weedle, histogenic, backwards sinking brain ever freely accommodate historitudes? Who cares about Corsica anyway? I am not Ajaccian. Nor do I give a shit about Napoleon or Elba."

Lancelot placed his calloused hand upon the swine back at his side. Then, popping a piglet, he spoke in dulcet long-winded, hyperbolic, strobococcic, mercurial tones. Invoking the Roman gods Mars and Mercury, he strobicated: "Cur of an onion! Can't you see the wont and wanton twisting of your ways? Roman culture cannot be dampened by such turnip minds as yours. Let us drop the subject before my hind quarters start to vent."

Lancelot clasped his hands as he walked together with the other parts of his mind towards the parlor of Martha the Magnificent. Speaking in unison with his many selves, "they" said: "We'll speak about this in the parlor."

A bleak sky, beaked with uncertitude trembled above him. A Great Force in lordly framework, dressed in stunning wolf's clothing leaned down, bending towards Lancelot and Jack. Deep serpentine grumbled. Words of reassurance rolled, awe struck and with thunder, spread speeding through the green-grass universe as bass voice boomed: "Where are the loins of yesteryear?"

"Hark," speckled Lancelot. "Can it be the Lord Himself bending low, speaking

to us?"

Jack looked up and down. "I see no one. Nor do I hear any vibration."

"Indeed, your inner life is wanting," quoth the peripatetic pig farmer. "Lack of Latin and Greek cognates has squabbled your squelched-rotted mind. This lucklack hole of fortune enables you to only hear pagan words. Divinity falls short as shadows of porcupine silt hide your spiritual life."

Jack's eyes drifted into a hollow mire of mirthlessness.

The bottom of the heap leaps forward in a whirlwind of celibacy. Only the ducklings lie firm. Can a cantaloupe simmer in such dewdrop attitudes? We'll never know says Louie the Turnip, emblem keeper of the hogwash stewardship.

Should a date stride the top of such belittling understew? I doubt it, said Purgy. I think yes, said Pensive. This battle of subwits continued on til doomsday. But a final decision was made. Today will be date day; tomorrow we will see.

"Well, who cares about such ninitudes?" quoth the venerable Homer. "Truth is, I was down in the dumps last night. The TV screen reeked my brain and smashed it to bits. I ended up sleeping in a dust bin. This is no way to end or begin the day. Discipline, my friend. Well, what does that mean? Sticking to the tried and narrow will not necessarily open the spring of my brain nor feed the canting estuaries therein. No, discipline is a natural phenomenon. It comes from riding the feeling to the end, seeing where the fucker leads. Discipline? Fuck it. Follow the feeling. Whether it leads down into the gutter or up to heaven is really besides the point. Up or down, back or forth, ultimately they are both the same. Mainly I want the route of adventure! And following the path of feeling leads to the ultimate adventure. Yes, treading the path deep into self. That is the adventure par excellence."

"Well, Homer, that is very nice of you to say." Leslie Turnip von Pubenhoffen stood in the doorway of her wigwam, leaning on the Sioux Indian sill and smoking a long view Appalachian cigarette. Her strong North Dakota accent bent the sterile

winds from the plain around her.

“Following feelings is fine,” she said. “But what about Torah. . . or even Talmud? What Sioux or even Redfox Indian can feel complete without daily reading of these wigwam leaves? Don’t you think constant and disciplined daily study on a gay and daily basis will bring the essence of rednecks home to roost?”

“Strange,” said the Lancelot Indian. “I miss my Jewish phase. But it seems as dead as it can be. I can no longer mourn it or believe it. Perhaps it is best to put it aside for awhile, to forget it, let it sink in. Does this mean I move into Indian and Sanskrit texts? Or does all philosophy, self-searching, and religious literature go into the dust bin? For awhile, of course and no doubt. But there I am today.

So many characters enter this narrative. But, no doubt, I am in the in-looking phase. What can I do but travel down the inward path, checking out the power of my own vision. There is, at this point, no other choice for me. I am at the I have the answers phase. They lie within. I can no longer look outside for a solution. I am lonely, empty, bored, stifled, stiff, cold, and peppered with arrows. But what can I do? Such is my Indian existence for now. I can only wait for a new tepee to come along.”