

Understanding Toroidals

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Donut 2000

Dee “Di” Rector is sitting enormously on a very small chair, rather squatting, as far as the affector's concerned, rather flattening already flat soles, by the way flat-sole-shoe-outline-imprinting the soft clay ground. There you are too, your head hovering somewhere behind the Director's left ear, and from this privileged vantage point you're able to see:

1-almost nothing at all, it being hard to see right through building-size directors without the aid of X-ray vision glasses, which you didn't bring;

2-the Director, predominantly (who is now shouting something at the assemblage at roughly 10 o'clock of him, but the affector still is not aware of this assemblage, even though you now are);

3-a 1.5m X 20 cm table, dimensions of which you are certain of due to the fact that (visible from your location) the long edge is labeled “l<-----1.5m----->l” and the short one “l<-.20m->l” with hot-neon-yellow chalk so intensely bright that you see the edges of the dimension text crisply even through the gleaming white, not-yet-crimson-hued-gray-matter-splattered tablecloth, and you somehow trust that these are not fortuitous labels,

4-some Perfectly Formed Creaturethat looks rather like a doughnut to the affector (the Director's lips are still moving as he speaks in the direction of the assemblage, but the affector cannot make out any words yet, but then the affector doesn't know of any words being spoken by the Director yet), but the thing looks more like an odd biologic box to you, but it's no more than a hardbody, and whether this designation meant in the attractive-fit-female sense, or rather in the ootheca-of-invertebrate sense, the thing on the clear-pink-goo-glistening 1.5m x 20cm next to the Director is now looking to you like a shiny giant roach-egg, and this hazel impression grosses you out momentarily enough to

make you spasm once and the affector is reminded of his recurring syringomyelic hypochondriases.

Donut 1689

On that Tisch is the center. Pinwheeled about is the rest.

THE DIRECTOR: “The anus.”

The assemblage noisily pans along the creature’s surface, now stopping at what looks to it like a closed mouth.

THE DIRECTOR: “Oh, motherfucking sweet Jesus fucking STUPID

SONOFABITCH!! THE A!! NOOOS!! Keep the fucking thing centered on the asshole, and it's a *close-up*, goddammit, fill the damn frame!!!”

The assemblage noisily re-centers and re-focuses, is silent again. On that *Tisch* is the center. The Center, now the common vertex of four identical virtual quadrants on screen. Surrounding it, atop the table, and ranging in hue from light-cinnamon to creamy yellow and glistening, is the P.F.C.

And then the Director cocks his head to the right, as if whispering to an invisible assistant, and says, “Keep on the circum...”

In a split second: the affector is resolute in the assumption that the word the Director had started was “circumference,” and even though “circumstances,” initially started to crystallize in your mind, “circumference” quickly replaces it, as, you reckon, “circumference” is, after all, probably more akin conceptually to the round anal “ring” – excuse the double redundancy - of which interest the Director did, after all, make quite vocal, more akin to that anyway than “circumstances,” and so agree with the affector (though neither of you is aware of being in agreement) that “circumference” *is* the word the Director was in the process of saying the instant he was so brutally cut off.

(Note: The affector's understanding of the inherent continuity of toroidals equalizes hierarchically the creature's polar opposites. The affector would tie any mention of “ring” in this context rather to a description of the entire cat-body itself.)

Donut 1409

Having laid perfectly still this whole time, the cat on the table now moves. It takes you a moment to realize just *how* it’s moving – and you never fathomed that any animal could pull this trick off, have it with outside help or on its own – *at least not* a four-legged vertebrate.

The cat is turning inside-out.

(Note: inside out adv (ca. 1600) 1: in such a manner that the inner surface becomes the outer. (from Webster's tenth edition).

Basically, the cat's fur is pulling into its ass, while, as part of the same gluey flow, its alimentary canal walls are exuding off of its mouth, the longitudinal conduit through the animal uninterrupted, the dermal and the epithelial a heterogeneous continuity.)

Donut 1288

The affector, who's colossal late-eighteenth-century proposal for a dairy-building in the shape of a tremendous robed milking cow - complete with giant, operable “cowbell” and a milk-jug watchtower balanced on its hump - never got built, idly wonders what's your best, or most important, or more coveted-by-your-peers physical feature.

(Note: For more information about the affector, see: Lemagny, J. C., Visionary Architects, Boullée, Ledoux, Lequeu (1968).)

The affector zeroes-in on your naked flesh, regardless of any clothes you might be wearing. Disregarding the others (the Director, who's rather *absent-minded* at the moment, but with us nonetheless, so what if he's going into rigor mortis as we speak; and the assemblage and the, um, exposed digestive system (EDS), I guess, which is looking reeeeaalllly weird like right now, by the way), the affector looks at you, and wonders. To him you're naked, and he's scanning your naked body from head to toe, searching, seeking, inquiring every square inch for any feature that could possibly make you a hero.

The affector has often possessed particular somato-formal qualities rooted in either function or aesthetics. Her thirteen-inch waist, the result of much self-sacrifice and flagellation as a young girl in a nineteenth-century French "home for young ladies," once made the affector famous.

(Note: A portrait of the affector with the caption, "The 13 inch waist of the famous Mlle. Polaire" appears on page 6 of volume 3 of John Willie's Bizarre Magazine, 1946.)

In her case, societal pressures resulted in an artificial deformation of the given body for purely aesthetic purposes. Contrary to this, the affector's invaluable travel experience as an 18-cross-ridge, half-meter long Caribbean remora attached to the hull of the Santa María in late September, 1492, was made possible by a natural adaptation phenomenon that came into effect for purely functional reasons. The gradual evolution of the spiny first dorsal fin resulted in the sucking disk that makes the Echeneididae family stand out in the fish realm.

individual-artificial-aesthetic-heroic vs collective-natural-functional-unheroic

Donut 960

As I walked down the infamous North High Street of Columbus City five or six hours ago, before getting here and starting to do this, I tried to conciliate my own thoughts about you. This required me to reconstruct the memories of you that I've gathered over time, whether of the numerous occasions that I've stalkingly walked so closely behind you or of the more intimate times I've had you right in the palm of my hand... or of watching your face close-up from remote as you're enrapturedly hanging to each little word I say.

In order to soothe me and relax my mind enough that I can go through with the effort, I unzip my Jansport knapsack and take out my ultra small portable Sony MiniDisc Player MZ-E30, and set it to repeat track 3 of my recently purchased Vienna Boy's Choir mini disc, Mozart's "Sancta Maria, mater Dei," conducted by Uwe Christian Harrer. Not that the engaged earphones or my disguise - Oakleys rather than my usual Calvin Klein sunglasses - kept people from approaching me and thus breaking my train of thought. While I successfully ignored everyone's cheering and waving at me as I passed in front of the Flying Tomato on my way down from the House - which was a real accomplishment, really, the streetfront deck was its typical late-spring-late-sunny-afternoon totally packed - this guy I know from Sammy that was tossing the football at another Sammy guy from across the street on the Long's side decided to toss it to me and so I was not only forced to halt my concentration in order to concentrate on catching it, but I had to toss it back, an image thing, nothing more, and then that wasn't all, since I had to even take my earphones off too because the guy on this side was saying something to me, which turned out to be something about was I coming to the cookout tonight at the Delta's, that the 6-pack 'phos would be there, to which I responded "You bet, dude" and humored him by doing the elaborate little handshake-greeting ritual thing with him. Then a homeless individual I guess took advantage of my unshielded ears to ask me if I could spare some change, to which I responded: "Why yeah. As a matter of fact I can. Yourself?" and I left him standing there with this like totally puzzled look on his face and put the earphones back on

and the track is still running but the music inexplicably continues from the exact same point where I had left it a minute or so ago, right where that little kid hits the high C - *very* weird, as I never hit pause or rewind and MD's aren't supposed to skip. Pondering this odd occurrence stole a good 6 to 7 additional minutes from my thinkings of you. Then this really cute Hindu-American chick, Poonam, whom I had sex with the other day and is wearing oversized Jackeline Kennedy style Chanel sunglasses, recognized me from a block away – it's official now, this disguise effectively sucks, maybe I should get Carreras and see if that way I can at least throw *some* people off - but to its credit, though, she *did* need to make sure and raise the Oakleys off the bridge of my nose from the frames with both hands using thumb and forefinger as we stood face to face, to see my eyes, which by the way I had a hard time prying away from her naked legs to acknowledge her beautiful smiling face with the polite and appropriate eye-contact. I also even smiled during the regular “Hi, what's up, so how you been” crap, but not really at her - rather at my own reflection on her Chanel and I puckered my lips at my reflection and winked at it, congratulating myself internally on how good I looked, and of course she puckered her own lips and winked back as she (the dumb bitch) thought all that was directed at her, which I thought was pretty funny and laughed loudly about.

...by now a serious several hours later...

...having ultimately surrendered any further thoughts of you...

...in order to finish this...part III of Jeff Kipnis' seminar's “final exam”...

...the part III instructions reading, write a narrative...

...exactly 2,000 words...

...on anything...

...that pops into your head...

...grading criteria: don't justify the paragraphs if you wanna pass this course...

...so I made good...

...my ass has long since given up screaming 'uncle' from my being sitting on it this long, however busy typing, for the goal, pass this seminar, my VERY...LAST...COURSE, and get the *heck* out of C.C., OH...

...fat and bald Hank Giorlando will be collecting the papers in the box by "Yellow-6" at 2 A.M., or in exactly...

...22 minutes...

...lone cursor had been blinking annoyingly in the upper left corner of the blank 13.3" XGA active matrix (TFT) screen I'd been staring dumbly at, 'till it came...

locution. Locution's right, Mr. "Dee" Rector, sure, and especially circumlocution, to get me through this task:

Keep on the circumlocution, and now so close I can taste it.

Yes I *can* taste the snack I'll treat myself to when I'm done allright, a really scrumptious-looking, perfectly formed, light cinnamon to creamy yellow, glistening, and glazed 22-F-NJ donut of equally glazed hazel eyes that seldom blink of late, 36-25-38 but or long mascara'd lashes that seem to flutter in slow-mo during alternate periods of sporadic excitement, 5'10" I've left laying atop my extremely well lit rectangular dinner table at home. Donna. No, seriously. Furry pussycat, smooth cat pussy. It'll be big fish eat little fish time, baby, or have you Chinese boxes time in the end.

Donut 0 (Bonus donut)

From one of the classrooms that flank the Ives Hall central space, up above, I started to hear someone speak. It sounded like a professor lecturing, but this late? I took a big bite off of my donut - so big a bite, that my incisors just missed the donut hole, and so a precarious sourdough thread was left connecting the "C" as the unfinished donut still clung desperately to its nearly erased identity. Which didn't last too long anyway - damn, that

hole'd one was good! As I chew, I reckoned the 'lecturer' sounded just like actor James Earl Jones. Ives Hall had seemed totally deserted and pretty dark, what the hell was anyone doing up there anyway? I leaned back, and, simultaneously, it seemed that the classroom door swung open some more, for the voice was all of a sudden much louder and clearer: "...back when, after our Lord had modeled us in His shape and image ... He stuck his Holy finger cleanly through that clay, in one side and out the other, to create that one distinguishing feature that brands us mortal.

She complains to you, during an argument: "I need someone who makes me feel whole, someone who makes me feel complete!" Well, sodomize her rectally while she eats a hot dog. The one thing that makes *her* indistinguishable from *you*, or Mademoiselle Polaire, or fat and bald Hank Giorlando, is the emptiness that we all surround, the void we all carry around, the zero.

It's the void alone that makes us one with the outside and in turn with each other, its lining homogenizing us all like a uniform. It's the void alone that's the singular common denominator. It's The Hole alone that makes us all, one."

"We would all look pretty much the same were we reversed."