

HOW TO "SHOUT SOUTH"

Every morning, before going out for the day, I always greet my internal organs—I shout a “hello”; only instead of shouting out, I shout in. How do you shout in? Don’t ask me, you just have to start doing it, you just have to let yourself go and begin to “shout south.” And once you’ve done it, believe me, you’ll know how to do it. Soon you’ll be an expert at “shouting south”; in fact, pretty soon, perhaps you won’t be able to stop. What I imagine happening is the voice descending into the great body cavities like some kind of intrepid explorer, suspended from solid silence only by a rope of thin sine waves . . . a rope braided of vibration, so supple, so delicate, that it resembles the pigtails of sound’s smaller sister, Little Miss Whisper. Meanwhile, the explorer reaches the floor of the body cavity, thanks to body gravity. Hello, hello, anybody there? Isn’t this supposed to be the place where the kidney, heart and liver live? But they aren’t here, or home, at the moment; they must have fallen down into the leg, which is of course hollow. Maybe that’s where the other organs have gone, too; or else they’ve left for the lungs, along with the Haschich smoke. And so it was that we came to understand that all speech is a way of exploring the human interior for remorseful organs.