

The Reading Conspiracy

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You could not write because you did not read. You hated to read. You knew that if anyone were reading this now, they would know in advance the boredom they would have to endure, and then pass on by. But they were accustomed to that. Reading was a very boring and monotonous activity. Yet the act of reading, explanation and storytelling throughout time gained some kind a degree of credibility which went unquestioned. Writing was identified as a more riskless measurement of expression because everybody possessed the same paper pad you did. If anything as lifeless as reading moved you, then you supposed that the writer must be of some worth. Wasn't it really that you were just easily deceived? C'mon, admit it, you joked. What really was the point? And you weren't talking about getting laid or making more money or power tripping: you were just simply sitting there and reading something one day, and said to yourself, "this all sucks."

They'll say you did not believe in anything, that there's something wrong with you. Over and over again, the repetition of their judgements would be written, which was kind of ironic. They wrote about something that had meaning to them, but had no meaning to anyone else. But wasn't this a well-known fact? Did writing have to have meaning to everyone? No, of course not. So why was something meaningless any worse than someone trying to convey meaning? Wasn't a belief in nothing an ironic belief in not reading? If readers were deceived that when they read someone else's words they only read someone else's mirror of their own understanding, did any real reading take place? Or did they merely give you a mirror?

It was funny that the last thing you remembered was that the history of your life was more significant than all of Kreation, for it was Your Life, not All of Kreation that was happening. But that's not what they taught you in school, right? But that's all you could remember of school. No matter how hard you tried to concentrate on the reading that was given to you, it was you who ultimately decided how much worth it contained, sort of like dumpster diving in the

library. If you found something you liked, you took it. But when your life was ending, you threw out everything, even the things you believed in, even that one final thought of something or someone, that thing in the back of your mind that you could never face. It was worthless. Your satisfaction did not stop there. You openly indicated to other writers how bored and tired you found their expressions to be. You didn't want someone fancy. You wanted to read something worthless. But you never could find someone who hated reading writing like you did. It was even worse when you read someone else's garbage, and discovered they weren't done. They kept repeating themselves over and over again. In the end, the last words that were to come to your mind when you were through reading this was "this sucks."

All these words blurred. Determining which words meant something was like trying to figure out why you listened in the first place. Most people lived life putting the world into words. It only took a couple of stooges to do the reverse. Nothing in a word was that important to put them into worlds. It was a whirl. You sometimes made a mental note who was writing the words, as if that helped any, right? Why were they conveyed? What was the reasoning behind them? Any political agenda? How about emotions? Bad family? You knew the story. If you had to find something out, you had to ask questions, right? But this only yielded more words; more of the same kind of dialogues you sought to avoid. Throughout your life, when you listened to someone talking, you were trained into believing that what you were about to hear was in some way relevant. Yet, after the ordeal was over with, after the passage of text was read to you, after the drone of poets and songwriters pushed you effortlessly towards numbness, after the paperweight of philosophers was rolled over you, after the line upon line of reasoning was explained, after the instructions were detailed, the words dispatched, you got up from your computer screen, your books and magazines, your office window, rose up, looked at the ceiling, at your hands, went away from where you were, saying the same thing to yourself over and over again, the same exact emotion leaked into the deskpan of your brain, and it was this sameness which you understood, not what was said to you (or of you) or what you read, it was the same, unmovable terrain that each aged day you grew weary of, that made

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your day uncomfortable, aware that the only conclusion was how much waste your attention generated. You knew there were hungry mouths out there needing the food of recognition that their words were living inside of you, growing the crops, so that they may feed in the future. And when harvest came, this little piggy went to market - the market where reasons were sold through language and prices declined ever since.

And so it went. You kept on reading. You kept on writing. All with no purpose until you were to die. And you said "Death would be good for me, because I would shut up." But maybe if someone read what you wrote, they would remember you and carry your name on forever. It was kind of ironic that you lived in death more than in life. But that's what being a writer was like. Death itself was more or less an inconvenient metaphor one used to describe reading. At least Death was a way out. Not so when reading. It sucked.

You knew that when you wrote this that it would be unread by millions of people all like you, and that if one's reading of this mess(age) was realized to the end, it would merely measure a length of time and nothing else. •