



# PRINTER'S DEVIL REVIEW

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## **Autoventriloquism**

F stares at the pill. F takes the pill. Look, look. F's in his right mind again. And I'm sure we are all very grateful to the medical-pharmaceutical complex, and I'd like you to join me in giving it a big hand. Just hold on there a minute you. Rather, please pause for a moment, take a deep breath, and take a minute to think about what you are doing; devote a brief period of fair and objective consideration to what you have done. It's still just conceivable, is it not, that for the time being and many hours to come, there will be no turning back from having unlocked and opened wide the door to your wrong mind. My God, I think you're right! Maybe we should opt for staying right where we are. Next time, I mean. Next time we should really try to put our heads together. We should also stay in tonight. I mean the next time it's night. Will it soon begin to brighten, or has darkness fallen for good: is it evening or morning, to put it in more elemental terms. What do you say, we'll relinquish the reins, turn over the wheel, what matter to whom! What matter if the driver be unlicensed, high, and making a stop now and then to relieve convenience store kids of the cash in their registers. What matter if we are lovers who only yesterday were children, writhing and entwined around each other like the slender caducean serpents, never wondering to what purpose we're so weirdly being wielded, or by what. But that was then. Why quit now, we've come this far. The world's a beautiful thing. Dark as it is there. Blind as we are.