

memo

Tuesday, November 4, 2003

To: Slough

From: Slouch

Re: Excerpt from the novel in progress *Zen Arcade*, Chapter 3, "Never Talking to You Again."

[note: All excerpts are, and will remain, unedited until such time as the rough draft has been completed.]

There should also be some dust under the bed. There should be dust everywhere. Everywhere. He kept his room clean, but it was impossible to stop the body from its constant sloughing off of dead cells, impossible to stop decay, and there should be dust everywhere, but there would probably be more under the bed. Why was that? He had never spent any time under the bed, had never hidden there for any reason, and yet there was always more dust, more dead pieces of himself (and very likely others) under the bed than anywhere else. Perhaps the survival instinct is cellular, he thought. Perhaps those dead little pieces of us know it's safer under the bed. Perhaps they know, having been a part of us, and not having cleaned under the bed very often, that they can escape eradication there more easily than on the desk. And if that's the case, why not gravitate to the books? When was the last time the books were dusted?