

PLANNED GROWTH

William Bricken

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Prologue

They take away my thoughts. I submit to their environment. They ask of me to change things. I reply the best I can. Then they tell me I have been deceived. And thank me for my time.

I cooperate and try to please, while they poke and tease. And when they are done, they assume themselves that they have been learned. I tell them of the knowledge. When it fits their preference, they listen. Tomorrow I will shout.

Growth

There are many many beginnings and only one end. I stand at the door, a subject but not until I turn the handle. My last declaration and I enter.

They greet me as though invisible. We mutually acknowledge our pact of non-involvement. But today will be different. My last subjugation, the end of my humility, today I will be deciphered and they will tell me their story. It comes as no surprise; my colleagues have warned me that the debrief is short. They will keep the pact of randomness and will not trespass upon my serenity. I in turn am expected to honor their status only by attending.

Not I! Not today! So long have I so bottled the truth that it spills its rim, it flows outside. I will tell them rather than reply. I will, I must, step outside of the forced choice, be uncodable, violate the hypothesis, and undermine the agreement.

Yes. Yes. No. I answer their questions. Today they probe particularly deep. Colorless green ideas wait furiously. Yes. Fat people eat accumulates. No. Wait, yes I think. Another few seconds please. The schedule cannot be stopped? Is it me or them?

Interrogative, oh, it must be me. Sorry, no. Fruit flies like an arrow. Yes. They are frightening monkeys. Yes. Make that yes for both. The French bottle smells. Yes. The child seems sleeping. No. The editor the authors the newspaper hired liked laughed.

Oh, it is time. I have tried. I give you your precious knowledge. You have added me to your statistic. There is another world! I stood to explain. They told me I do not understand, that the question dwells at another level. The contract we share with knowledge of ourselves is sealed. We look where

we can see, they assume me. But our tools and our constraints are still severe.

We must know everything if we are to have any knowledge at all. Please just a few more. No! I swallowed myself. John put in the garage. No. That is all. Yes.

Without delay they served their position upon me. You have cooperated in disambiguating psycholinguistics. We are sorry to have deceived you. Do you have any questions? What is the hypothesis?

I shouted. Randomness determines thought. Yes, they knew the answers, and I could only furnish more questions. They thanked me. As I turned the handle, I came home. Damn! Maybe next time they will find it.