

A Story of Logic
By Darcy Brown

I

There are times when I want to be dead... there, I've said it. I want to be dead because being dead would be better, and you can't get much more logical than that. But perhaps I'd better explain myself.

My name is QC Johnson; that is, Quincey Corks, but I really hate that fucking name, so we'll stick with QC if you please. I live in Melbourne. Not by choice, because I never had any say in the matter. I'd probably be in the US if I had any say, but I don't, so I'm not. I suppose that's logical too.

The house I live in is uninteresting, so we'll skip it. I like my room though; because it's big. When I say big, I mean bigger than most classrooms, and I've got a piano in there, which isn't bad, because even though I don't play the piano professionally (or even well, for that matter) I still enjoy picking out the odd tune now and then. I've also got books in that room. As I'm writing this I've got seven books in one stack, and six in another, and they're both on my bedside table, which means they'll probably topple over one night and kill me in my sleep, but I'm not worried. Like I said, folks: logic.

What I really want to talk to you about is this: I can't write a bleeding thing. That's right, friends, not a single goddam thing. This, as you might well imagine, is quite bad, because I like writing, and when I like writing (and when I write) what I write is usually good, or at least *passable*. But since I can't write a bleeding goddam thing then it's all fucked, isn't it?

Like I said, I like writing: short stories, mostly. I've won some prizes folks, for those short stories; nothing big, but enough to make me think I might have some sort of a future in it. This one year I won a third prize, and the next year I won a first, and the year after that I was back to third again: strange, eh? I suppose it's actually pretty good that I won the third the second time, though, because the effort wasn't really one of my best, and since I still won a third it's pretty goddam good, don't you think? Because *I* think so folks: that I do indeed.

Let me tell you something else: I'm bored with life. Yes indeed, you read right. Bored with life, and it's probably because life is boring. Funny eh? I think life is boring because it's become static, you know? Like when rebels rebel so much and so often that they end up becoming what they were originally rebelling against, which is something that just sits there and goes along and does the same thing as everyone and everything else. I want to spice things up a bit, you know: go to the middle of the earth, just like TC's young Florie Rotondo: go and seek out uranium and rubies and gold and all that shit. Not expecting much to come of it though, but at least it will be a change. Perhaps I'll move outside. Changes are good, don't you think? *I* think.

II

Well, I've moved outside, folks. I'm sitting outside in the sun and looking at the trees and the grass and the stones. Funny that. Anyway, let's get back to business.

I used to learn calligraphy, did you know that? Well, not so much learn, I suppose: really just mucked around with it, you know; scribbling and scratching on bits of yellow paper and getting black fingers. Worthwhile, though, because now my teachers can't read my hand writing. This is extremely funny to me, because they've never done anything for me so I'm not emotionally attached and I just love to see them struggling and squinting and then shaking their heads and saying *you really have to improve your handwriting, Quincey, because the examiners aren't going to bother making the effort to read scribble*. I hate that name: Quincey. Did I mention that?

The other day I was sitting at home and doing nothing in particular and then I decided to read something, so I got up from where I was sitting and went over to my bedside table and got a book. The stack didn't fall, which was interesting, because I was sure it would. Then I sat back down and started reading, folks: read about Benjy and Quentin and Caddy and Dilsey and the pigpen that smelled like pigs and the fight in the mirror and *Hush* and all that. Was a good book that one. Old Bill Faulkner had something going for him folks, no doubt about it. I know that much. I also know that whatever Bill had going for him, I don't have it going for me. Probably never will to be honest, but I suppose I'll make my peace with that soon enough. People always do.

Yesterday I was writing, folks. In a notebook that my teacher gave me I was writing and scribbling, and I wrote this story about something and nothing and then it was something. I can't remember much of what it was about to be honest, but I do remember one passage. It went something like:

Then there were trees and there was silence. I got up, pressing my hands against the trunk of the tree, and it was smooth beneath my hands. Then I stood and walked away: out of the woods and along the river.

Wasn't much chop to be honest, if you want my honest opinion and all that. I suppose it'll have to do, though. Things always have to do.

Tomorrow I'm going to the pictures, friends; to see some good old film or something: something really good, you know. Hopefully it'll actually be terrific, but also good, cause I can't stand when pictures are terrific but not good, can you? *I* certainly can't. Maybe when I get back I'll write about it. Maybe I won't. Either way, I will have been to see it, folks. That I will have indeed, and you can't get much more logical than that. Or perhaps I'm just being banal, but I don't think so.

No I don't indeed.