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Tyranny Of The Ellipsis ... *...

According to Webster, the ellipsis is, ... *an omission from speech or writing of a word or words that are superfluous or able to be understood from contextual clues* ... Those twenty-two seemingly benign words stand as conventional wisdom's definition of the ellipsis: The shameless three dot conundrum that passively allows the reader to think beyond an author's assumed thoughts to begin with, or those to follow. Talk about chutzpa? An offhanded acceptance of this assassin of absolute truth is no different than granting it the absolute power for the elimination of freedom of expression itself. For example, consider this: In the interest of fair-minded communication and absolute fair play with readers, as writers, we try our best to restrict that 'mind-dagger' of the exclamation point to one per thousand words, if only to lessen the screaming. On the other hand, from the beginning to the end of all that has ever been set to print, the authoritarian shape-shifter, that is the ellipsis, stakes infinite claim of all literary works from cave dweller to future armed raiders of what Einstein presumed to make our universe. It's existence in print can be an admission that there were not only words in the publication that were deliberately left out, but the same may go for the rest of the piece itself. As hard as it may seem to believe, there's so much more beyond that. To begin with, in setting words to print, who in hell has the right to decide what is, has been or may come to be as being meaningless or superfluous? Is the goal of democracy itself to govern, without unnecessary influence,

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and then set limits on what may explode from the MindSpring of a writer's inspirational domain? Aside from the passage of time itself, who or what has the right to lay claim to being the central influencer of past, present or future determinations of what was or what it may come to be? Should it be altered or expanded at the will or whim of a three tiny dot master or, possibly it's publication-worthy just as it's been envisioned? Please forgive me if I come off as a conspiracy theorist but: Perhaps those ostensibly benign dots will grant license to megalomaniac literary tyrants of the future. And pardon my allowing digression to be my new book's opener, but I have good ol' Webster open on the other half of my monitor and I may have to use it to keep the page before me appropriately overseen. That said, with the 'gravity is calling me' lights going off in my ever wandering thoughts, I should be getting back to the task of laying out my unexpectedly elusive storyline for my next paperback after I state just a few closing remarks about the you know '...! As a result of allowing it's profound presence to take root in one's inner darkness, that three dotted autocrat leaves this or any author stranded at the curb of a narrative when trying to break through its confining tiny dots at either end of what had no fucking opening nor end to begin with! Anyway, if a wayward ellipsis's ostensibly open-endedness appears at the wrong place and time, it can grant license to a desperate novelist to use seemingly appropriate word choices that can lead him into attempting to explain away audacious notions such as, '*... the ever-ongoing now ... or, '...as is a speck of sand, as is The Universe...*' pretentious, interstellar bullshit!

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Setting that unfathomable, mind spring killing demon aside, here I sit, with those above mentioned anecdotes, visions and beliefs having taken flight from what's left of my 'til recently, easily inspired word-brush. And so, I' m back where I always sit, doing my rolling finger-tapping on my 'lucky' desk, eager to settle countless scores with ellipsis delineated words that relentlessly galumph in the shadows of my creativity and, in a blinding flash, find their way into my awareness as I ask my housefly associate upon the wall: "And so Chuckie, we should write about... what?" Damn! Now ain't this just great, there goes that same bullshit again! Write about what, goddammit? Okay, in the interest of preventing a total cranial collapse, I'd better calm my dumb ass the hell on down! By the way, thank y'all for listening! Task in hand, after counting out those one to ten numbers, I place my fingers at the keyboard and shout to that blank page before me, "Let's get this shit the hell on, ya bitch! We meet again, you and your overly critical curser piece of shit friend!" Having made my stand totally clear; the task before me seems easy since, again, I've Michael Corleoned all scores with my three dotted dark passenger, and I'm all that's left standing! Finally, I can allow the innovative forces within me to bang out those ever elusive pages. So here's hoping that whatever leaves my fingertips will take a legendary form and become something God's offerings as literary critics haven't seen before. Damn right! Surely what's bubbling inside of me must be exactly that! Yeah, what comes from those ever so nimble extensions of my soul, and then on to the page before them, will be that totally exclusive storyline just lying in wait

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for these hands of love and fury to bring forth! And so, after countless window to window sun ups and downs taking their place in my ever-growing (rhymes with flocked) authoring career, just one more *'Eureka! I've found it: The ever elusive maidenhead of that one and only literary piece!'* moment plops into what's left of my pumped up psyche. After too many tic-tocs, and to my chagrin, I discover that a hundred pages later, Webster himself may have used my brilliant muses as the model for the word *hackneyed* itself! Damn! So here my sorry, arrogant ass sits: One more lost for words indie-novelist with one more chewed up pencil getting ever closer to that metal band surrounding what's left of its crutch of an eraser. Hundreds of cleansing breaths later, and moving on from the one and done apparitions of my writing past, I sit before that incessantly-blinking curse of a cursor! Lastly, in desperation, I draw upon my all too often dreaded; *'hoping for the first words to come'* dark visitor. Upon mistaking overall panic for it, I realize, perhaps the only thing left for my beaten down ass to do in my quest for that unrivaled narrative is to, randomly scatter every one of the haphazard thoughts that may come to mind on to a page and hope for something to at least take on an outline of some fucking kind of introduction! Or better yet, a running dialogue with an alter ego to challenge my go-to protagonist. On the other hand, I might consider something else like a long hoped for creative brainstorm bug to buzz about in my recently acquired stimuli-deadness. Finding a bright side, perhaps there may already be a spectral impetus begging for definition in what's left of the storyteller in me to

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drag into print. With hope and too many pages of choice four letter words pitched into the trash bin ten feet away, here my ass sits: Much like a can of vegan alphabet soup, filled with vital organic whole grain and leafy inspirational elements just waiting to be spilled out before its expiration date. Now ain't that just fucking great! When have I not used that one? Having had enough of my *'just go-to the ol' can of soup analogy'* filling me with false hope and delusions, I order my outer author's countenance to take on its recurrently called upon self-assured, snake-eyed, optimistic expression that, once again, will allow my insight to cause the words within me to take on a proper and unique order. With my symbolic letters scattered before me, a thumping sound of my inner ellipsis dots taking form is quickly followed by, *"... hey sucker! Let's just get this shit the hell over with and grab on to, that one ..."* And I reply, "Shit yeah! That one seems totally cool with me too. Yeah, that'll sure as shit do!" With words shielded by that deific three dot galvanizer locked and loaded at both ends of my mindfulness spectrum, while setting aside all inorganic plot thickeners, an army of more than willing letters and punctuation marks lay in wait for my inner wordsmith to bring forth their literary potential! *"Shit! And then, there's what Chuckie may have to say about this, from his thousand eye judgementalism!"* I shout as I stare at the unfluttering wings of my housefly of a mentor perched upon the wall; just showing off his defiance of gravity, conventional wisdom and assumed insect values. Boldly, I whisper, *"Fuckin' A-right, ya fuckin' bug! Once a stinkin' fly, always a stinkin' fly! Trust this human, 'cause, Kenny Boy's got*

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this one!” If you’re asking yourself if those are the thoughts that besieged me and caused me to create what I’m setting to the page right now, in lieu of again yielding to that feared b--ck word, you’re without question totally wrong! But thanks for nibbling at the bait while I try to seek, hopefully unmix and then reorganize my metaphors ... iron them out ... then put them into some kind of coherent storyline and ... done! Rather than spilling my allegoric, non-artificially laced word-gumbo on the table and creating a mess, I’ll re-claim its canned lexicon with some damned good metaphors at a time when the expiration date of both grows more chillingly closer. Moving on, I begin to write: “... the ever-ongoing now can be easily explained by: If the ... *‘as is a speck of sand, so is The Universe ...’* maxim has any merit at all, then this ball of rock, water and assholes that we agonize upon’s ellipsis ... thingy is nothing but, three specks of punctuation bullshit, awaiting the pressing of a flush handle by someone, somewhere out there, to let the world realize that ... dammit to Hell, here it comes yet again, “... according to Webster, the ellipsis is... *an omission from speech or writing of a word or words that are superfluous or able to be understood from contextual clues ...*



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