The Great God Pavlov

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And Pavlov said, "Simon, do you love me?"
He said, "Yea, Lord."
"Feed the parrots," said Pavlov.
And the Great God Pavlov said a second time, "Simon, do you love me?"
Simon answered, "Yea, Lord."
And Pavlov said, "Feed my parrots."
Then Pavlov asked a third time, "Simon, do you love me?"
And Simon said, "C'mon, man, don't bug me. You know I like your course doc."
Pavlov said, "Feed the parrots."

And I saw the angel of the Lord descend and he opened his briefcase and arranged piles of books each according to color. And I asked and was told this was the curriculum and this meeting would be devoted to a study of it, with the refreshments courtesy of the Future Citizens' Club.
And I saw a column of marchers shackled to one another with twisted football jerseys, and whirling dervishes rode 'round them on Post Office scooters beating them with used film strips. And I asked who these might be and I was told they were members of a strange cult claiming that out of the heart are the issues of life. Their unique creed considered faith, hope and love important, and they had beseeched Binet to concern himself with Home Economics. I was assured there was no injustice intended the prisoners for they had been duly selected and all stanine scores were below four. And they had been caught celebrating the annual Yom Pogo at which they held aloft boxes of Tide and chanted:

"Yes, to the spirit of the flesh;  
And yes to life in all of its tawdriness,  
sudden beauty  
unfulfilled longing,  
and rare consummations."

And I enquired as to the dispensation of these throwbacks and I was told they were to spend eternity at a parent-teacher's conference.

The creaking anatomy and strain of bearing the burdens infinitum of the pull between tears breath smell sweat, and starched skirt standing 'round all around marking the scrubbed area ruled by the technical manual containing an indexed count of the blood

The student of Botany prepared three unit plans. One was from the point of ecology, one from taxonomy, and another from the consumer approach. And on the first Tuesday after the third Monday of the fourth Friday before Ash Wednesday, Ernie, IQ 79, drew an apple on the flyleaf of his Driver Education book and labeled the picture: Birth of an Orchard. The curriculum director, who had majored in Derivatives from Peanut Oil, was called in. Ernie was given a hearing test. The Assistant Supervisor in Charge of Personnel was consulted. He took Ernie off the hot lunch list. The school diagnostician alerted the Principal in Charge of Transportation. A volunteer committee was appointed to study the case of Ernie. The report read: extreme retardation of gonad development has caused a perforated occipital lobe. It was recommended that the school Eugenics Department take immediate steps to spay the mother of client 379628. It was further suggested that the drawing of the apple be removed from the flyleaf of the Driver Education textbook and included as part of the school's exhibit accompanying the paper on Vestigal Artifacts to be presented at the Rectologist's conference at the Conrad Hilton.
please check the college catalog for the time section room and professor of the course of your choice

And the Angel of the Lord opened the seal called Music. And a sophomore with four hours in Music for Squat Tag gave a talk on the contrapuntal patterns in Prokofiev. He demonstrated with a five-string kumquat. The lecture was without flaw and the information presented would fill out any multiple-choice test. But where or where are your blue-eyed Beethovens now, Pavlov? The Index of Contemporary Musicians of Genius comes on a three-by-five card this year.

(Meanwhile, the sons and daughters of the stimulus-response boys, the rat-maze crowd, the auto-erotic mob, the regression equation fellows: these sons and daughters flock to the offices of counselors and teachers and social workers, and cops and Y leaders and community centers and Youth for Christ and anywhere they might find just plain people in place of the idols to the Great God Pavlov.)

but life is chess, not a quest; and your guess is as good as mine; but the best guess gets the cheez on the other side of the door at the end of the maze while the lesser guess gets further morass, clinging caterpillars, sundry snakes, and

buried
fossil
bones

“And I don’t dig that harmony stuff, man but beat me some atonality in a cool, twelve-nine thump.”

The psychology student bit his fingernails, lit his pipe, hit his desk and referred to the Rorschach. The science of the Swiss sahib defined the dimensions of the personality of the kindergarten pupil. And the Hydramatic Affirmation Test concurred in placing the child in a small skinner box with warm pablum twice a week, with diced pomegranate on high holidays. The chart at the foot of the box read: Inverted Endomorph.

science is the reality of time and the reality of space and the reality of matter and it is amoral and judges nothing. And I pondered the men of Zen and then the pre-western Eastern Indian intoned reality irrespective of man unbounded, undifferentiated, and timeless; matter, relationships, essence and quality are all given by men
imposing temporary shape to the temporality and limits
impinging on his consciousness. Limits are open to ques-
tion and though perhaps true for that moment the moment
moves on and with it the configuration unique to it.

And in the light of a great candle I saw two camps. And the more
prosperous camp was enlightened by its own ten-billion kilowatt nu-
clear lamp. And each gargoyle of the merry-go-round was heated by a
solar reflector, while out of the mouths of the riders thereon came a con-
tinual braying which resonated to some sort of a rhythm. Therefore
I stepped closer to the many-splendored laminated whirli-gig and was
able to grasp the meaning of the braying which was done in Esperanto.
And the voice of that multitude was a great thundering: read this
book, that chapter, and none other. Come to this place, at this time
and none other. Fill in the blank, match the columns, decide the truth,
select wisely, and don’t think: recall.

The rotating hi-fi spun faster and faster, like a Tibetan prayer wheel.
And seated on the jackass was a huge eggplant with a coiled condom
for a hat. And his diploma promised world adjustment with his inter-
pretation of test scores. Alas for the world; when the jackass had
spun threescore times and ten the eggplant choked on a glob of wax
from a milk carton out of which he drank metracal. The carbonated
industries held a three-day celebration with free air bubbles to all.

And the heavens opened and a white horse descended bearing the
ribbon of the Order of the Orange Garter around its organ. And on
the ribbon was written in Gregg shorthand, being translated: all
behavior is caused. And typed beneath, in pica type: as goes the
stimulus, so goes the man. And the name of the horse was given in
the school dossier as Predictability.

Abiding in a far country there were three shepherds, tending their
flocks. And all around them it was dark. But within the flocks a peace
reigned that was unaccounted for by cross filing. And there was a
genuine concern for every created thing which is in the heaven, and
on the earth, and under the earth, and on the sea, and all things that
are in them. And from these there came the sound of a song, the first
verse of which was: out of the heart are the issues of life. And the voice
of the bellwether led the singing and added the coda: heart first, head
last. And in this camp was a host of saints, each one of which held
fast to his membership card. And on the cards were the words: Re-
verence for Life. There was a continual stir and rustle of changing
movement in all directions. But each man looked at his brother and
said, “Worthy art thou.” And I saw a white kangaroo with an aard-
vark in its pouch, and the aardvark carried a sign saying: alien. And
the name given the kangaroo was Creativity, and that of the aardvark was Compassion.

And suddenly there was a great roaring. And I saw the white horse scatter the flocks of the three shepherds, and the kangaroo and the aardvark were separated. Moreover the aardvark died of asphyxiation at a school board meeting, while the kangaroo was drawn and quartered at the annual meeting of the Psychological Association. And all who came to behold were charged a pimple, and these did go into Petty Cash.

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth. And the streets of heaven were paved with 14-karat, guilt-edged Kuder Preference Records. And as each soul entered the gates he stood on his record. Thus was fulfilled that which was written: every man shall be given his place and made to stand there-on. At the end of the street running from the temple marked Dean’s courtyard, a stairway ascended until it disappeared into a cloud. And at each seventh step there stood a booth surrounded by champagne bubbles.

Inside each booth was a one-armed bald professor who had attained some eminence while on earth. New arrivals wishing to pledge as angels turned in their IQ scores at these booths and if any three champagne bubbles lined themselves in a straight row of ten cubits they received a Stanford Achievement Test grade placement two points above average. This signified the pledge was to take an extension course in occupations at each succeeding booth until he disappeared into the clouds.

And I saw and beheld at regular intervals the registrar of heaven hurry down from the clouds to organize the Procession of Pledges. Across his shoulders was a huge yoke made of polyethylene and dacron. In the one balance was a used IBM machine and in the other a book of maxims. And a voice said, “Read.” And I turned the pages of the book and found each of them blank and as white as the fleece of the clouds. But on page twenty-nine, which is four sevens plus one, I found, “Please answer the following questions: do unto others as ye would be done?”

Now did the harried heaven hustler disappear into the clouds and immediately a hush fell upon all those assembled there. Then the cloud at the upper end of the stairs darkened, and forked' flashes of lightening were seen coming from within it, accompanied by low rumblings and the sound of the tossing of Stanford-Binet Form Boards. Suddenly a voice issued from the cloud, saying, “Students, do you love me?”
And the assemblage quivered and great was the shaking thereof. But soon one named Simon sprang to his feet, crying, “Yes, Pavlov, we love thee.” And immediately the rumblings ceased and a contented burp was heard to reverberate through the cloud. Then did the entire company fling to its feet, and they danced with one another with great abandon and soon a national orgy was pronounced in commemoration of the Certification of the Normal Curve. And I saw and I did believe.

Meanwhile, back at Route 66 on earth, Simon Gunn was talking to the lieutenant. And the court clerk opened the seal called Creative Writing. The University of the Interior reported their study of the creative mind and showed slides of poets on water skis. At first Simon wouldn’t talk but they called in a graduate student and he wore dark glasses and sat on a cushion on the floor, and he smoked a turkish pipe filled with hashish. Somebody offered him a beer and he began talking about parallel structure and iambic pentameter and synecdoches and rhymed couplets and onomatopoeia and metaphor and Singapore and whothe-hellarewefor. And at about the eighth hour he produced a poem which was given as a door prize with each bottle of Schenley’s sold, thus fixing him firmly at the top of the bestseller list. His poem was then the current selection of the Bottle-of-the-Month Club.

All of this encouraged Simon, who now called for his sodium pentothal. The lieutenant located a court secretary whose speciality was rhythm and together they got a sonnet from Si. He stood on the water cooler and talked about bathos, sprung rhythm, and Eddie Guest. Then he straddled a file cabinet and described free verse, free meals, and free love. Then he straddled the secretary and gave an analysis of Dos Passos, Aeschylus, and Rudolph Flesch. When Simon finished, the lieutenant asked him to leave a sample of his skill. Si fished in his plastic Zippy case and left his grade point average.

There are always lost souls in search of a shepherd.
today the ninety and nine bleat at the feet of the Reaction Teat. the button on the left gives homogenized correlations while the little red middle plug dispenses skimmed coefficients of fetal equations

Moreover the archaeologists of the humanities dug beneath the seventh stratum of Queen Mab’s whorehouses and managed to preserve intact the bones of the Heraclein Survey Course. Clearchos was sent round the campus with a notice: one talent reward for information on who let the ass lose in the camp. Failure to convict led to a contract with the Educational Testing Bureau. When a sufficient number of woolies
were gathered Eli Whitney stepped to the platform. He rapped for
attention with a femur bone and when all heads were properly bowed
he brought out his gin and sifted for gyp notes. Then he began:

Where?
yes lord
What?
yes lord
Who?
yes lord
How?
yes lord

How much?
ten pesos, Joe, but never on Sunday.

Albeit Eli gathered the punched peg boards and posted them Express
Collect to the House Un-American Activities Committee.

sequence: tongue, sung, bung

And I saw another sign in heaven, great and marvelous, seven special-
ists having the seven last plagues; for in them is filled up the wrath
of god. And I saw a sea of committee members, each with a calorie
counter. And the noise of their stirring and shifting caused a rustle
among the milkweeds. And I saw one by one that each raised his
hand, and when he did so the angel of Pavlov descended and hung
therefrom a rare vellum. Moreover the inscription was in Sanskrit and
it carried the Great Seal of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

And the angel ascended back up into the cloud and soon a voice
was heard to ask, “Members, lovest thou me?” And the upraised
arms waved wildly and they did interlock until the whole resembled
one vast pretzel, and then combined voices groaned, “Yes Pavlov,” in
ecstasy. And from the cloud came the ring of a cash register, and a
sign appeared on which it was written: unanimous.

And at about the wee hour a hush fell over the land. Moreover the
sky darkened and the sun was seen to hide behind Echo, while its
chariot was commandeered by one Ben Hur, an agent for MGM. Then
did great drops of blood proceed out of the cloud and a sound of
weeping was heard. And down the stairway came a procession of audio-
visual supervisors. Each held aloft a transistor torch which was
mounted on a samsonite tape recorder. And at the bottom of the
stairs the group gathered around a slide projector the beam of which
was focused on the drops of blood. Now the sight was too terrible to
behold and the assemblage did disperse, each to his phone booth. And
a great ringing of alarm bells was heard and the valedictorian magna cum laude was seen himself to descend the stairs. When he reached the street he placed one foot on Mr. Chips and the other on the Ampro projector. And in a loud voice he asked, “Where is he who believest not in me?” And even the silence was golden. Then he cried again and the mountains shook, “Where is he who spoke of love?” And again there was a void and only the vestal virgins were heard to sigh over the pronunciation of “love” and the renunciation of “he.” And yet again a third time the voice rang out, this time to the accompaniment of Lawrence Welk, “Where is the screwball who still speaks of the heart?” And a small voice was heard to whisper, “Yeah, man.” And the angel with the honorary doctorate thundered, “Who are you and where are you and why?” And the small voice gathered momentum and it said, “I am Eric Fromm and I’m in Uruguay to pick up a copy of TROPIC OF CAPRICORN.” Then was there such a shaking and thundering as has not been heard outside the United Nations. And the voice cried out, “You have not been certified by the Food and Drug Act. And in addition, no pornography has been found in you. Box office pittance closed your peephole on the heart long ago.” And a great arm was seen to swoop down out of the cloud. And it bore the insignia of the American Medical Association and in its fingers was an invitation to the banquet of Belshazzar. And the inscription thereon read: mene mene tinkle u-farce-im. Then did Simon return to the street of the Laughing Camel and he strapped the renegade into a nose cone and he was not seen from that day in the heavens above the earth nor the water that is beneath the earth.

Now these are the generations of the sons of Pavlov: Stimulus, Reflex, and Condition, and unto them were born all manner and shapes of sons.

and the whole earth was of one language, and of one speech.

and the place of the temple was called Babel