On bad days I seek a theoretical basis for my actions, a point of origin, a strategy, a thread to pull me through, family tree, concentric circles, dates of birth and death, lists. Because meaning is not so much in things as in the story the thing implies, like melody implies harmony, a setting that makes the pattern perceptible, lets the tune make sense. Because being challenged is not the same as being thwarted, and the progression from classical to whatever comes after classical has to do with sympathy—familiarity with and fundamental acceptance of the implied organizing structure—making departures from an implied standard without rejecting the standard on principle. Our overriding impulse is toward resolution—this subsumes both the pleasure principle and the death wish—coming and going. When we behave radically, or irrationally, it is because we do not perceive ourselves in meaningful relation to the field, and this is very distressing, even terrifying.
This is chaos—the inability to perceive the ordering principle at work. And so I say on bad days I seek a theoretical basis for my actions, or else I seek experience, drink experience, as if by sucking and swallowing I could replenish some heart center, something I did not even know was empty.