Once, after Editor Bradley had accused him of being obsessed with death, Thomas had conducted a study of undertakers, and he understood them to be automatons in dark suits whose brains had been systematically rewired. Of course, he told himself, they were all necrophiles, who chuckled at the world's misconception that the worst thing they did was sleep with an occasional corpse. He imagined that, while still in puberty, they all attended a special school of necrophilia, where they were taught the diction of decay, the worship of technique, and the love of things with putrid smells which floated in quiet lakes. Speakers hidden in their pillows encouraged them to have dreams about clocks lodged in peoples’ spines, painless dismemberment, and electric transformers pumping cold blood through high-tension cables. Their only passions were the propaganda and paraphernalia of death.

— From “Wide Arcs and S Curves”