

Bartelby
Saturday Looms As Salvation

S A T U R D A Y

Saturday: An Apologue.
All-too Bartelby.
Screw Hamlet. After Hours.
The Man Who Quit His Job.
Stavrogin Unbound.
One For Charlie.
Kudos. So Many Atta Boys.
A Look Inside The Palace. Tacky Friendships.

The author does not return from an encounter with some overwhelming natural force. Perhaps all would be better if such were the case. He has thought occasionally of throwing himself into some imaginary fray whether it be upon the ocean, or as a volunteer in some mythical Foreign Legion. He has even imagined himself in some Messianic capacity, saving mankind from both known and unknown evils (Man Eating Monsters). Being mindful of both the real life, and fictional models, one's mind combines facets of each into yet other imaginary, bigger than life models.

Yet, what else is he to do with these Slocums, Lord Jims, Don Quixotes and Schweitzers, besides fantasize? He resorts to this stylus each day from out some need to be intellectually active, to stave off that 'self and the other' from its incredibly nervous boredom; all to labor with this clay of his self, to probe with the language for inventive and fresh ways to express feelings yet unexpressed, and others that arise through the very act of participating as scribe, immersed in the very milieu and stimuli, as it were.

Not long after leaving his place of employment where he performed as cog for nigh unto twenty, having foundered therein, plagued and devastated by all too familiar and reverberating realities, unable to effect or discover any motivation within, unable to avail himself of his own reason-to-be, or his own needs, not long afterwards he had begun to scribble. Such activity had been an 'on again, off again' enterprise of his for some time; and could not be more aptly described than such as he has chosen to label it. As the inevitability of age (not maturation) and the consciousness of his own perishableness began to occupy more of his waking hours, he was overcome by a greater and greater compulsion to pursue a more active role as scribe if only to challenge the tyranny of the Gregorian Calendar, the Biblical Week as the enumerator, and charting of his life, to rebel against the number and perception of years. Easily imagined, easily said, easily promised. As preliminary to this presumptive endeavor the author had thought to construct a space in

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which he might secretly house myself, perhaps favoring a monastic (cellular) circumstance rather than some place accessible to the public (and family). In conjunction with this notion he found it intolerable to be situated on the level plain; it suited his peculiar personality to create the illusion of being above, as though situated upon Mt. Olympus, comfortably ensconced with the Gods.

It was thus he constructed a 'cardboard' tower upon the roof of his home, during the summer of 1978. This place had promised to become his garret, his 'ivory' tower, which, in fact, was fashioned of very ordinary materials, lined with one half inch thick cardboard, innocuously neutral in color, and suggestive of a minimum of pretense, like a monastic cell. Its most dominant feature however, finds it resembling somewhat a forest lookout tower, in that it is completely surrounded in windows from about waist height. While situated upon the roof and resembling a lookout, it is also somewhat reminiscent of a tree house, since it is nearly embraced and shrouded in Douglas fir bowers, their tips only inches away. Yet on two sides, the tower is angled to confront a view of the local hills, the larger foothills and the Cascades, graced with an occasional appearance of the Whiteness of the North Sister on a clear winter's day.

An act of Intent completed. However, as part of being who he is and what he is, somewhat delusional, somewhat inclined to procrastination, somewhat escapist, somewhat uncontained, somewhat unmanageable, he allowed other imaginings and taunts to occupy his life. One receives an impetus from he knows not where, perhaps through a premonition of Death. When his father died in 1976, it served notice to his inner being, more succinctly than at any time previously, that life was indeed finite. "What in hell was I doing with MY LIFE?", he queried the Gods.

Sometimes it seems everything happens at once. The author had really felt very strongly the urge to engage full time in writing, and with the creation of his 'crow's nest', felt as though he had made the necessary preparations. Well, as luck, or fate, would have it, while he and his wife were engaged in their annual 'cruise' into Canada, during the month of September, they (he, most likely) had begun seriously to contemplate a boating adventure to Southeast Alaska. Such an adventure would require some modifications to their sailing vessel, which in turn would require moving the craft to their front yard in order to facilitate their task of refurbishing. Once the idea was born, all else became secondary to it.

Upon returning from the aforementioned annual cruise, it had been the author's intent to concentrate upon writing within the confines of the tower. However, after returning from their cruise he had begun, instead, to make preparations for accommodating the boat for the eight months it would be in the front yard; and once the boat arrived, his life became 'the job and the boat', with 'little time for much else'.

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While still 'on' the job, after father's passing, he had asked his employer if it would be possible for him to work only four days per week, an idea which seemed to meet with disfavor. This was followed by the author privately giving more serious consideration to a permanent departure from that particular way of life. The 'job' had ceased to be a rewarding involvement, even though his employer occasionally cast kudos his way, "the place could not run without you". Surely he had put out some feelers, tentative, yet significant, his employer (as well as he, perhaps) having no true notion of their final implications.

Needless to say, with the vessel in the front yard, he did not engage in any creative efforts during this period. After 'She' was returned to the water in the summer of 1979, he and his wife became involved, once again, in their annual 'cruise', this time, becoming a shakedown cruise as well, assuring themselves that our craft was in readiness for their proposed sojourn to Alaska, and it indeed proved to be so; thus, they had begun to plan in earnest. The first mate needed to complete her Master's thesis in "The Induction of Germ Line Mutations by gamma-irradiation of Zebra Fish Embryos", while maintaining her full time employment as well. The author needed to maintain his 'cool' on the job until the spring of 1980, already having abandoned the place in spirit. Some inner divinings had informed him, he would not be returning at the completion of their journey, for which they had both requested leaves-of-absence.

And, yes, the end of the adventure did transpire along with the reality of reentry into civilization, their urban domicile, and the first mate, to her place of employment, and the author, to his 'new' life, in which most others believed he could not successfully engage.

In *fits and starts*, he began this 'newer' career of scribe, in his 'ivory' tower. He also dabbled as 'creative' person in another preoccupation of his more youthful years: sculpting. Whatever activity he had sought in those months between the fall of 1980 and their next annual cruise in September of 1981 seemed truly uninspired. Doubtlessly there had been a slackening in oneself after the long trance-like journey into Southeast Alaska which one imagines he might never have wanted to end. Others have experienced this same feeling upon returning from the sea, whether or not their objective was to engage in some high-minded activity or to resume their former way of life. It may best be described as a form of lethargy. He supposed, in his case, this lethargy became a heightened experience, although he cannot imagine a heightened, (what he would call, a) long overdue depression, flowing naturally enough from an almost daily recognition scene, as one peered at himself in his inner mirror, sounding his depths, searching for substantiality, for significance, for meaning, for purpose, for sustainability, these last becoming crucial to a continued healthful existence. Not only unto Hamlet doth fall dire soliloquies.

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At least there were no regrets for having abandoned the 'job'. There was no remorse for the loss of income. There were perhaps regrets and losses of another kind, all too human; one had left behind the semblances of friendships, however illusory.

He was no latter-day Stavrogin unbound. (Death to Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday during January February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, December, during the Millennia. Bite Your Ear! He was a dreamer, turned idler, but one not yet destined to shrivel and atrophy on the vine.

Alas!, no Bold Adventurer, he; only some chance thing that would secret itself in the folds of other men's mantles. He must reveal this all too human self because he is not a segmented being to be hacked into tasty morsels only, but a whole being. Why disguise this other; why hide what one truly is, somewhat dog-eared and soiled? He was not attempting to affect taste, or make of himself some exemplary model. He did not seek sympathy, nor could he hope to inspire or 'shock' anyone.

And, as scribe, in March of 1981, he attempted to exhume and examine this, 'One who had quit his job'.

During a time when others were being discharged from their employment because of the failing economies; during a time when others dare not mention their disenchantments with their laboring lot in life, or their feeling of disenfranchisement, through the devaluation of their labor, dreading the repercussions; during a time when the guidelines, that had been the mainstays of one's earlier matriculations were being undermined, usurped and molested by the avaricious corporate entities within the nation, fostering a festering rampant income inequality; during a time when everything that life could mean was being called into question under the umbrella of Mutually Assured Destruction, he deserted his place of employment; he quit his job; he bugged out; he dropped out; he fell down; he crashed; he abandoned the good ship "Tried and True".

One had nearly attained that crushing impasse of Bartelby's "I'd prefer not to".

What is it that propels a man or motivates him? Is it love for one's family, one's country, of labor ('If we did not work these world's would perish'), of growth, acquisition, prestige; or is merely the force of habit, or chance, or some innate programming; or some conscious attempt at a linear commitment in the face of some other truer arc until Death do us part?

What happens when these, as if any of this paraphernalia of the 'True Way' (Our Way Of Life) appear as naught but illusion, simply disappear from one's worldly surround? What happens if one is simply abandoned to himself as the source of his own motivation, wherein he can find nothing to propel him? Is respiration enough to sustain him?

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Our protagonist could - no longer. Because he could - no longer, he did - no longer, as exemplified by Bartelby.

Something had been extinguished within him; or was it a belated rebellion, A Stavrogin Unbound?

Had he, in truth, perceived himself as that innocuously proverbial cog; an indeterminacy? How was it possible for a rebellion to evolve from a cog; now, a worn cog, to be melted down, or pitched upon the slag heap, to become buried in some midden, another added to the increasing mountain of inconsequential numbers.

His progeny had grown beyond him, thumbing their noses; even so, he might have stayed a while longer to live, or do, more for them. She, his spouse, was somewhere still at his side. These parts of his life could not wield his tremendous inertia or commend him to action.

Was it all over then, or had an incipient rebellion begun, at last?

Surely, he had always alluded to this high-minded goal of self-fulfillment in his conversations with others. Some had challenged, "You wouldn't dare; you're chicken; put your something or other where your mouth is". Was this 'abandonment', this 'quitting', this 'rebellion' the necessary first step towards self-fulfillment?

Why had he waited for so long?

Was it fear, or timidity, or uncertainty? Did he fear the rebuke of his look-a-likes for abandoning his assigned place? Had he been the innocuous cog for so long as to feel wholly inadequate, to feel he had nothing of value to offer beyond this mere metallic engagement?

Yes!, to observe him in the performance of his duties, laboring, and serving, you would have deduced he was "dedicated, conscientious and responsible" and you would have assumed he had found his niche in life.

Had someone, his father perhaps, imposed, or inculcated, some obligatory 'duty' within him, haunting him inexorably, forcing this withdrawal, culminating in this inability to countenance himself in this world, despite his abject obedient labors, that strained for relevance?

To observe him now, you would hardly believe him to be the same person. It is surprising others had not noticed; or perhaps they had, saying nothing (leave the sleeping dog [cog] lie). He admits, during the last few years, he had only been mimicking his previous motions, that he had made no conscious contribution.

Surely he had spoken innumerable times of being fed up with the Institutional faldral and its lord high executioners, tired of dealing with the inevitable failing of the machinery, dispirited by the eroding value of his labor, all culminating, in a last analysis, into an irretrievable loss; a loss of energy, irreclaimable; a loss of forever-time, the arc descending downwards. Surely, even without these he had grown OLD in the 'job' after twenty years, where the number of people auguring for his service never diminished, but quadrupled since he had been hired, their age remaining forever the same, and ever younger by contrast,

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demanding, not toilet-trained, precocious, 'smart-assed', and pampered. The Institution housed other types with whom he necessarily interacted, those who had chosen this mode of existence, of rotting in their Institutional troughs, all the while counting and recounting their retirement benefits. DIE WITH DIGNITY!. All the while he had become the diminished specter of his former self, anabolism having deserted him, never to return.

Was there ever a spirit in his being beyond that anabolic, and perhaps libidinous self? He had imagined so; but that spirit had all seemed to belong to some 'long ago'. Was that it; had he become merely separated from his real spiritual reservoir? If one uses up his life in the service of others, is it possible that anything remains in the reservoir?

Had his life been spent as some feeble applause for the Established Orthodoxy? Was this some necessary corralling, herding along, upholding, furtherance, continuance, already destined and impressed into his, (and everyone's) ambulations?

What now, during this irreversible trend, pursuing the inevitable catabolic state? What great tragedy unfold? Remorse for the annihilation of one's youth, for role playing? With what pretensions of that bony crypt would one dare to burden his last days, that he had not, during his burgeoning anabolic, and so-called 'productive' years.

Now!, strike the bargain with a Mephistopheles? Hah, with what do you presume to bargain. The soul? In limbo? Even if ye were sitting on His right hand, ye are no Faust.

He could still hear his father's voice, which he had wished someone would have silenced long, long ago.

"You aint nothin' unless you're an artist".

"Art and wimen don't mix".

"Moron".

"Your brains are in your pee pee!".

"You're the poorest fuck I ever had".

"Find 'em, fuck 'em and 'forget 'em".

What in hell was the matter with father?

Could he not just tune out this tyrant? Could he not just laugh at him?

No, he could not. Neither could he converse with him. Why could he not?

To the youngster the makeup of his father was above him, or beyond his comprehension. But the father's artistic achievements: the paintings and the carvings, the endless attempts at aesthetic embellishment to the physical world, could not easily be dismissed from one's consideration of the tyrant. Despite all the apparent denigration and disparagement delivered in this tyranny, which the youngster absorbed utterly into his soul, what had existed as his father's

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accomplishments were offered as redemption for whatever else he might have been.

It was not redeeming to the youngster; he felt unloved; he could not hope to be much more than a moron, although he tried. "A tough act to follow", some have succinctly stated. But the son attempted to follow in his own way, with whatever meager shapeable talents were invested in his being.

Inevitably, for the youth, being conjoined to woman, engendering progeny of his own, he was summoned into that ordinary existence, one of convention and convenience, one, wherein poverty was held at bay by the pittance one received for his labors, endless labors, for others, for one's family, and lastly, for oneself. Poverty was an uncompromising dictator; one utilized his only commodity in his service, his youthful body. His aesthetic endeavors were marred by his own limitations and by the anomalies of the market place, somehow repeating and confirming the experiences of the father.

What had begun as convention and convenience had become, also, the habituated way of coping with the Nemesis of poverty, or 'reality', as others might declare; this acquiescent activity also mirrored and abided the immediate society's role playing image. One eventually acquired some meagerness, a house (perhaps also serving as a home), some things, and when time permitted, an artistic endeavor that could pretend to achievement. One astute and cruel observer was heard to say "he just isn't good enough".

For whatever reasons, or non-reasons, answering whatever needs, motivated by a multitude of urges, from the libidinous to the transcendental, and equally flawed to become a slave, a servant, a person who felt worthless, a cowed entity, he persisted in 'his' role for twenty years, declining as one does (as all empires do), declining naturally from waning juvenescence, and from a loss of the vital elan.

Yes, he felt sure the time would come; his desperation foretold the event. Many times, when the spirit rose high within him, (Stavrogin) would say "Fuck it, I'm quitting!". It caused him to feel good to utter these words. Perhaps, then, is when he should have taken his leave; but terror would stalk him, the terror of poverty; but even more, the terror of having to make a decision for himself, and to begin to live the part he had imagined he wanted to play.

Until he could no longer rise within himself, until, with that awful demonstration of self-laceration, and self-destruction, and self-effacement of the martyr, he created the most pitiful exit.

Alas!, martyred in spirit, he could feel that Bartelby's very own had invaded his being. He sensed that Death was somewhere nearby; a spiritual death had exhaled its rank breath upon him.

Any longer in the stirrups would have resulted in the full actuality of reliving Bartelby, doubtlessly a pitiful humanity, from which all ought

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be spared. Yes!, if anyone did, he felt he understood Bartelby, as perhaps many would not. Instead, he might be perceived as a quitter, an indolent, a contemplator of the navel, a 'no good' to be discharged.

He was truly afraid of becoming a Bartelby. While he pitied Bartelby, he did not wish to carry his desperation and his need for unattainable warmth quite so far. Bartelby could no longer recognize the pity; he could not avail himself; pity was useless to him; a ghastly irony not to be repeated. Anyway, why compromise oneself; why expose oneself to the pride or pain that rejects pity - and the ridicule of the pitiless?

Thus in his desperate state of near-Bartelbyness, in catching a whiff of the rank breath of spiritual death, our Hero departed his daily rounds of twenty years standing.

Marooned nonetheless, or all the same, he went away in his little ark for a journey upon the sea, but the laggard soul refused to be deceived. All well and good, sayeth those inner realms; your transcendence is not mine. The day of reckoning must come.

The day did indeed come; the very day. Today is the day. Everyday is the day. Shakespeare made great issue of such an event soliloquizing "to be or not to be", but alas our protagonist is not a Prince.

Our hero could barely formulate the o' erfamed and oft repeated proposition.

Do you wonder what he is doing now? Do you suppose the nihilist Stavrogin would slay poor Bartelby in an act of human kindness?

Now that we have painted a bleak picture of an individual, the author purportedly, attempting to find himself, and free himself, for some kind of activity that would result eventually in a repose for 'the self and the other', let us set aside these whatever we ares, descending into the rectitude of a sea-aromaed interior of any sailing vessel where we may further discuss these matters of import. Let us observe a 'sea change' in action.

What follows constitutes some of what was discussed; it will do some of you good to read what follows. As we descended into that aforementioned vessel, we abandoned our distinguishing marks and donned an innocuous uniform. It was decided that to gain admittance thereto we ought assess one another as compatible entities, rather than their opposite, since we would be reposed in a confining space. But more still it was into a holy place we had entered. The Sea is all-encompassing and all-embracing, holding all to its bosom; we were to recognize the Sea as a 'forgiving' indifference that advances no judgments, and moralizes not. We exist on our merits in this environment; formalities, circumspections, pecking-orders, social differences serve no purpose in these environs. We had loosed the tongue with spirits and elixirs; we all emerged somewhat dog-eared and soiled. We found it difficult to be

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something we were not. While we might pretend to high-minded, serious, thoughtful and thought-provoking metaphor and language, we were not wholly committed to those means and ends. Ordinarily we were supportive of a wholesome language in a wholesome society, but resorted to an earthy style when we recognized the need to grovel in the dirt, where it may be deemed a goodly part of homo sapiens periodically resides, despite avowed good intentions, avowals of innocence, and denials of personal responsibility, and sundry other high-minded assertions and defensive protestations to the contrary. You, as reader, and he as author, may engage in a dispute over our choice of language in a particular instance; however, as neutrals examining momentous topics aboard this fabled vessel, we would allow ourselves liberties that might violate some other order of propriety, and would unnaturally separate us in a more straightbacked, stratified, social circumstance (*stratus quo*) where we might not utter a single epithet to enhance or disgrace our tongue. Yet, in this other place, we were said to be true to the complex and disturbing nature of the issue at hand, quite often forgetting our more subtle politenesses. In fact we had discovered we were unable to effect a proper degree of expression, regardless of which particular tongues, vernaculars, fricatives, or series of grunts, or other sounds, arm wavings, facial contortions, pantomimes, charades and still other significant gestures invented at the time, were used to elicit them. We had agreed no purpose was to be served in whitewashing and temporizing. We felt to misjudge in foul language was no worse than to misjudge in polite.

Thus, if you are inclined to apprehend with an open mind, you will soon realize we do not appeal to any baser sense in you, even though we may abuse your ears with a language that has sprung from 'Satan' himself.

We had spoken of Saturday rather frequently, as one might expect, in that freer atmosphere of the sea-aromaed boat. Thus we had begun by declaring "Screw Hamlet, and give us more Saturdays" Thus the author shall also begin with Saturday; the rest is pointless.

Saturday is nominally a day wherein man is 'given dominion over the fish of the sea, over fowl of the air, and over cattle, and over all the earth, and every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth'. Pretty creepy, Huh?

All jokes aside, Saturday often finds the LOWER classes Still turning the wheel, but surely on Sunday, the Seventh Day, the LOWER classes are permitted to rest, as has the Great Moses admonished, is this not so? These very souls were included in our discussion of Saturday. Those who never have relief from their labors are in one hell of a pickle.

For the most part, however, it has been so arranged, ye rest when ye are given to rest. Although beset by weariness on Monday, ye will rest only upon the appointed hour.

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You may begin to perceive that for which the author aims, aint no joke. Although theoretically 'we' comprise a well-organized, coherent, cohesive, and abiding society, with our computers controlling our inventories (our little piles) and the related issue of supply and demand (the more demand, the better), trickling this way and that, and all the other stuff that comprises the Tried and the True (Our Way Of Life), we somehow nosedive into depressions or black holes; that is, the whole economic, or economaterialistic or materioeconomic or materioconsumer-economy becomes obedient to the LAW of Gravity. "NO!", you say, "all your consumermaterioconomy tends, as all rearranged matter, to return to its former state. The energy of gravity only controls the disposition of the Bullshit required to sustain the materioconsumer-conomical stablishedorthodoxy"

The failure of devising an effective means of metering the latter (Bullshit) has repeatedly resulted in an oversupply, in which the total stablishedorthodoxy becomes submerged, the stench of which ultimately produces a depression.

Since the LOWER classes, literally on the bottom, of course, are completely mired in bullmatter, their survival (or its opposite - death by asphyxiation) depends upon its removal (or retention). Bring on the FU FUs.

It has never been ascertained conclusively why any amount of bullmatter is required at all; it has been determined the LOWER classes cannot obtain any sustenance therefrom; it has only been ascertained that the LOWER classes become infected with some debilitating malady which results in severe depressions.

When there is a severe depression, the UPPER classes go their merry way, having received inoculations against all bovine excretions. (they while their time reading the Decameron and Play With It, or Pent-Up Magazines). All the good folks do is fornicate and read newspapers (Camus).

While reading this out loud I heard some rankling voices in the quarter berth.

"Now what kind of crap is he giving us?"

"He is an inveterate digresser; he doesn't take himself seriously; he doesn't take us seriously; he thinks we couldn't possibly be interested in solving our problems; he imagines we are armored, and the only way to penetrate our thick hides and thick skulls is to soak us in this adulterated humanism, as if we couldn't take it between the eyes."

"Does he not reflect disbelief; and, if so, why does he become so involved in this messianism?" "He claims he is given a VISION; I suppose that means he is necessarily fanatical; I would imagine he is a FANATIC." "He would argue that you indulge in name calling and that

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name calling is a natural reaction to the discomfort felt in the presence of TRUTH".

The author had continued nonetheless '... 'whereas there is some purpose for Bullshit, there is no purpose for humanity ...' "There he goes again".

'... unless it is for the LOWER classes to shovel, or to choke upon ... Hamlet thought he had it tough ...Screw Hamlet.' "We should've gone to the movies."

"Then we would have been accused of acedia."

"What's that?"

"Oh, its rare and obsolete; a private joke."

Originally the author had hoped to recall something that had not been fresh in any of our minds any longer. Having departed the SEVEN-DAY WEEK syndrome we had forgotten the significance and importance of Saturday. However, his spouse, who is still subjected to this weekly stuff, often mentions to him how much she awaits Saturday, and hates Monday. There are times when she awakes in the middle of the week believing it is Saturday, and at other times, wishing it was Saturday. For her the week begins with Saturday, ending upon Monday.

It was during one of these wishing-it-was-Saturday episodes, whereupon he could perceive her distress and weariness, that he had occasion to reflect upon his own perception of Saturday; something he should never really forget.

While it is true Saturday follows the Sun, truly making of the day a progressive happening, rather than a sudden shock to the Universe; from Old Greenwich then, all 7,000,000,000 (adjustable) rise like levitating Dominoes to this weekly miracle; lest they be some no account savage, or dead-beat bum, who reckons no absolute time sense (he rises all-right, but to the 'sound of a different drummer', like the rest of us with no visible means of support).

The author does not wish to yield to the levity in this issue, just yet. His spouse has every right to be eulogized as one who rather stoically endures this exterior organization and regulation of her life, to the extent that, weary or not, inspired or not, sometimes even sickly, she must wait until Saturday.

The author had followed along in the same manner for years; he was many times foolish enough to carry Friday over into Saturday. He was possessed by the sense that the world did not stop at five o'clock on Friday afternoon, Pacific Standard Time, and while this terrific urge to drop everything lingers within him at all times, regardless of the day of the week, or the time of day, as it often does in the midst of Thankless Pursuits, there were many times, the urge, though officially sanctioned at Five on Friday, failed him at Five on Friday. While extending Friday past five sometimes resolved the Thankless Matter at hand, Saturday,

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many times, became dedicated to the continuation of Friday, the enactment and pursuance of which would earn him KUDOS "very dedicated, extremely conscientious, and responsible", plus a 'shitload' of checkmarks in the "Performance Far Exceeds Normal Expectations" column, and a bunch of assorted 'ATTA BOYS'. Eventually the KUDOS and checkmarks were converted into monetary rewards (well this latter is irrelevant, and comprises a story in itself) until that 'distant drummer' (boomity, boom. boom) became louder and louder (boomITY, BOOM!, B O O M ! !); he wanted every day to be Saturday; he wanted the whole year to become Saturday: he wanted the rest of his life to become Saturday. Why Saturday??

Why Saturday?? !!

There's this little Demon, this little monster, this little Child of a self within us that seeks to become something or someone in its own right. It is the fortunate person, indeed, who is able to find some situation in life wherein his little demon is allowed to grow, flourish and achieve some fulfillment, while at the same time earn his livelihood and more, and perhaps be awarded the Nobel Prize. He hasn't access to the statistics which would reveal the percentage of fulfilled and simultaneously admirably sustained humanity to be found in this category, but he suspects its a very small number. And one would hope these were amongst the most humble of humans (One tends to clutch, even at straws).

When one is young, early mornings, evenings, Saturdays, Sundays, and Holidays are all special times, but as the years accrue unremittingly, and when larger and larger doses of Geritol fail, one yields his early mornings and evenings, gradually to the exigencies of catabolism.

SATURDAY LOOMS AS SALVATION. Gud (Flumdum) only knows why he had remained there so long. What follows was discussed at length in the womb of our nautical den, the chambered nautilus, where doth even the 'sea change'. It had become a story in itself; an arpeggio for Saturday; a filler for this otherwise dull narrative.

The author supposes the place was typical of Institutions everywhere. Despite the fact that "The place could not run without him", he was not the holder of degrees, what one would be obliged to label 'uneducated', as adduced by the Institution whose business it was to provide education in exchange for money, in the long-standing tradition of the Sophists. Well, in general, if you are uneducated, i.e., exist without portfolio or curriculum vitae, certain assumptions are made with regard to what you are; this qualifies you for an attack of snobbery, and some kind of disdainful feedback from the other kind, nominally regarded as 'educated'. By educated one is meant to construe those who fulfill the stereotype of that breed, those whom have

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jumped through the Institutional hoops, having acquired FIDS as rewards and marks of distinction. The author does not really wish to belittle their efforts, but often question their motivation for having aspired to and sold out to the Order of the Sophists.

His initial error had been to seek employment at one of these Institutions; the appeasement of hunger quite often robs one of his better sense (one might conjecture upon other forms of robbery that would accomplish a similar purpose). The fact that he had had only diverse exposure to knowledge, beyond the obligatory 'stuff', did not seem to hinder his being accepted as worthy of employment. As a matter of fact, the less formal the education, and the more diverse the practical experience, the more valuable he had become, for it was in these very areas that those in possession of FIDS were most lacking; in addition, the FIDS had such a high opinion of themselves and the way they ought use their time, it was beneath them to have to learn how to cope with their ancillary needs and services. Most of the Institutional FIDS were lacking in diversity, and in the practical aspects of their profession, especially in the sciences, where there was a heavy reliance upon the material world and all its attendant sophisticated machinery.

When formal education results in Degrees, one's status with respect to the Institution assumes an hierarchical posture. Degrees enhance one's position in terms of Institutional privileges, and generally require some commitment on the part of the Institution in order for them to remain there; the advanced Degrees (FIDS) require the larger commitment, and those with accomplishments in his or her field, thus enhancing their positions even more, require the largest commitments, etc.

When they hired him there was no commitment, and he received no privileges. He was assured of some kind of job security if he performed his duties as expected. With time, and an inherent willingness, and with the application of some conscientiousness in conducting his affairs, the diversity of his experience became fully utilized to his employer's advantage, for which he was nominally rewarded.

One learns that he must have no great expectations and make no assumptions with regard to 'Educational' Institutions, even if one hears the words like Humanities, Liberalism, Enlightenment used almost as talismans. Within the Institution, there exist planes, upon which, as the world sifts people, as it would its dusts, metals, and gems, one settles out in his level of finings. Sometimes its rather amusing; for instance, amongst the professors, most of whom have acquired FIDS at some other Institution, incest being discouraged, they will have staffed Professors of Chemistry and Professors of Physical Education, and each will have been awarded a FID, a Doctor of Philosophy (a carry over from Aristotle; Doc Aristotle), the former, for having conducted a thesis project

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involving the convolutions of the Benzene Ring, and the latter, for some thesis project involving the Role of the Deltoid Muscle in the Passing Quarterback; and LO!, there the author is, with more diverse exposure to Philosophy than either of these two - Well!. A moot point really; each to his own. Sift On; Sift On and On.

What is not so moot is the importance of being a Professor (FID type); a few ordinary people, informally educated, become ranked (like making queens from workers) as outcroppings of political infighting between departments; but everybody who counts in the hierarchy knows who they are.). As he was saying ... being a Professor "ON CAMPUS" as one is inclined to express it, entitles one to some considerations of which ordinary people in this world would only dream; Professors are not people, but GUDS in the Campus Arcadia.

The author acknowledges credit where credit is due; some know that one human lording it over another just-aint-right (perhaps being liberally imbued with a concept of Human Rights [WEqualitarianism, et alia]); accordingly they make an effort to conceal their Institutional Superiority; they dispense with a titled formality and willingly respond to Tom, Dick, and Harry, amongst their co-workers, however, usually insisting upon the hierarchal prerogative from others within the Institution, and most certainly amongst the aspiring, and for all practical purposes, obsequious student population.

Once you get to know some of them, anyone addressing them as Doctor (what the hell is that) or in any DEFERENTIAL way, seems silly, and, in many cases, idiotic. For example, can you imagine some poor old Institutional fixture, a plumber, let's say, in his sixties, addressing some thirty year old Professor whose sole claim to fame is the manipulation of the Benzene Ring; 'DOCTOR BENZO'. Really, the plumber should be grateful one would condescend to recognize him.

Again, that's the Institution; actually some of these DOCTOR BENZOS are 'Oucking bastards" (Bozzos) who need to have a few of their fixtures worked over by the plumber.

This whole scheme of things leads to an episode which his own personal experience validates. He knows of several other cases where some of the professors who have acquired positions of "POWER" within the Institution have caused others within that setting some 'inhuman' grief. Now, whereas his employer, who inherited him from his original employer (he was one of the furnishings that came with the Castle), would normally hail him familiarly, and confide and entrust aspects of his Institutional purview unto him (perhaps a wise decision since 'the place could not run without him'), he would, through these actions, encourage a like familiarity and trust, not in his purview, since he had none that interested him; but in his humanity, which put them on equal footing (while asleep at least), but in which arena he never really knew, as he was left to discover. It is conceivable the

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author had made some incorrect assumptions which one should always be cautious not to make, especially in the arena where any seeming disarming conviviality involves Royalty and a loyalty to Royalty, as the following will eventually elucidate.

The author speaks now of the introduction of Doctor Benzo into the Institution, and his appearance as a member of the Royal Palace. While the author had been at this Concrete Palace for some fifteen years, and whereas Benzo had only just arrived in the previous year, his stature as a Doctor of Philosophy, and the author's, as Institutional Doorknob, placed him exceedingly higher than the author in the Palace hierarchy. Benzo was clearly a 'Quacking bastard' of a precocious sort, who was pampered and coddled into his distasteful self, by overindulgence on the part of his parents, teachers, professors, and this employer of the author (of course the author is assuming a bushel; he doubts that you will convince him that his behavior originates through neglect). His interactions with Benzo can only be described as negative; they were awkward as well, because this 'Doctor' 'Professor' crap was getting in the way of establishing any grounds for communication, if any possibility of communication existed in the first place (it became apparent he was very uncommunicative with everyone, a condition his employer temporized as being 'casual'). Unfortunately for the author, his resentments of arbitrary use of authority did not make it any easier to deal with this rapscallion. This condition existed only because he permitted it to exist, i.e., a FID Ω-----g B-----d as some kind of implicit superiority [Hear me! Hear me!, don't let anybody do it to yuh!]). Thus, the author was obliged and compelled to breach the hierarchal planes in speaking to Harry Professor, his employer, 'giving him the low-down' on Benzo, his precocious charge.

Harry vacillated between friend (the place couldn't run without you) (and a few troubled thoughts regarding Fairness, which occasionally slips past the Palace Guard); but, in the end, after an admirable struggle, Harry became an Institutional Doctor, maybe even an Ego Doctor. He had, as a Friend, informed the author that he had already apprised Benzo for his treatment of Students (Students are Money; without Students, no Money; no pay for Doctors [Sophists]; no hierarchy; no Palace; no use for Royalty; no Ego). So he informed him (as Doctor) he could not 'chew out' Benzo for his treatment of Doorknobs; well, he did not say it that way precisely, but a sweet fact becomes all the more a sour reality when delivered by a friendly Harry. In the end Harry did nothing, so 'tis on his Conscience for there is NO justification for his doing nothing - NONE!. He was afraid the 'Quacking bastard' would go to another Institution, which he was trying to do anyway - and eventually did (an unrequited love for Harry).

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Within the Institution, as one finds in the Palaces, it is very difficult to cross barriers, that is to become elevated without the proper credentials (there are some exceptions, as the author has mentioned, when interdepartmental rivalries become involved, not in education, but in politics [the politics of education - its all very convoluted and rife with human foibles]) but ordinarily one remains where his credentials say he ought, despite his abilities and performance (and 'humanity', that great afterthought). (Extending Humanitarianism to real humans would jeopardize the SYSTEM.)

Harry managed to arrange monetary rewards for his employee until these rewards excited ENVY in the author's co-workers (other Institutional Doorknobs - some who have earned the right to be handled) and until it was pointed out to him (by these Doorknobs - no love lost amongst Institutional Doorknobs) that the author was being paid more than some of the precious Junior Professors. For some reason, friendly Harry became uncomfortable to the degree that he felt pressure to arrange for the author to be given a different status. Although his credentials would not support this arrangement, his tenure as a person, who 'performed far in excess of normal expectations' with consistency, and without whom 'the place could not run', would certainly warrant some 'honorary' distinction, without causing unnecessary embarrassment to the Institutional faldral. Not to be unsympathetic, you are able to appreciate how Harry was presented with a touchy problem, the very kind with which he did not wish to cope. He did not wish to excite the envy of the other Doorknobs; he did begin to wonder if it was a bit unseemly for a Doorknob to be receiving 'more' than any of the ranks of Professor. He had tried obtaining a reclassification within the hierarchy of Doorknobs; but since he was obliged to work through other Doorknobs (those very same envious ones) and the hierarchy of Doorknobs which was JEALOUSLY guarded by the State watcher-over of Doorknobs, his task became rife with a Bureaucracy unmatched even by the Palace Bureaucracy which had been established for the professorial ranks.

In short, Harry, the ambivalent friend-Professor, was forced to think like a DOCTOR PROFESSOR once again. The author chided him by informing him, it was all irrelevant; he shrugged. The author's impression of the whole affair, and the take-home lesson is that one must not be possessed of an exaggerated sense of self-esteem in this life, i.e. if one wishes to get along with his 'superiors'.

In the end he had had enough of all the Doctor stuff and the Benzos, and the aspiring Benzos, and all the Institutional crap, and tacky friendships. He was never really cut from their cloth anyway; besides he had fallen in love with Saturday; THEY, therefore, had become IRRELEVANT.

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As the author stated earlier, when it is discovered you are uneducated in the traditional, or Institutional or Stablished Orthodoxal sense (through Sophistry), then you are forced to remain stupid (you are officially confined to stupidity) or inadequate, through means that have nothing to do with education. Hang in thar Baby!

Ivan Illich understands; there's a lot of hierarchal, tenured, and otherwise vested types, from ye olde Institutions that would like to refute Ivan Illich; but they have a hard time refuting the Truth. Bullshit attracts flies.

Perhaps what is most RELEVANT in this minor epistle consists in acknowledging:

S A T U R D A Y
L O O M S
A S
S A L V A T I O N

And the remainder of ones life aught become SATURDAY-time.