

**Memories and thoughts regarding the Muse;  
and other irrelevant and irreverent speculations;  
and observations regarding posterity and Archetypes.**

***The Purple Passion : Paquita, Margarita, Monica, Delores,  
Candelaria, Demetria, Paquita.***

**Nosetick: (Gnostic)** When I was in the usNavy, stationed in Florida, I met an attractive young woman at a Navy friend's place. This friend lived off the military base with his wife. They rented from the people who lived in the house up front facing the street. The young woman was the daughter-in-law of the people up front. She was also married to another sailor, who lived there as well. They had two young very lovely blond daughters. Occasionally the attractive young woman would visit the wife of my Navy friend, in this rental house out back, usually without her children, leaving them in the care of the grandparents. The young woman was trim, and well made, sort of like our Constitution. Actually she was what we called 'pretty', with no disfiguring or lopsided features, and silky, blond, shoulder-length hair. She seemed shorter than taller, and she was the same age as myself. In all respects she adequately fulfilled the description of the female of the species. It seemed after we had met that she would appear often when I was visiting my friends. I think we were appraising each other in the way young people of the opposite sex often do; first noting the attractions, and whether there is a reciprocal attention to such detail. Having found each other acceptable, further opportunity was sought to find ourselves in each other's company. Eventually we became involved in one of those conversations that lead to more intimacy. Left alone at times on the back veranda, out of sight of others, but carrying on a conversation with the hostess inside the house, the subject gravitated to backaches, and back rubbing, where upon the young woman complained of nobody rubbing her back. Being the gallant I with complicity offered to do so. At first it was a light stroking of the back through her dress, while sitting up next to her. Then the next time, a few days later, feeling more comfortable and less constrained, she lay down on the chaise with her back facing upwards, to me an obvious invitation, allowing me more freedom to stroke and rub her back. The dress was buttoned along her spine. Of course in these situations the blood becomes heated, leading one to do more daring things. Subsequently I unfastened a few buttons, inserting my fingers and then my hand upon her flesh sensually stroking her gently and soothingly, all the while becoming rather excited. She was not wearing a brassiere;

clearly she had given this meeting and its anticipated result some thought. I cannot remember whether this meeting was also the occasion of the first kiss. But subsequent meetings found us kissing and embracing passionately on the back veranda. A great deal of hot blood was flowing between us, and a great desire was mounting within me. Our involvement was anything but intellectual. This was followed by the group beach outing with the Navy friend, his wife, and some other friends of theirs, along with the young woman, without her children again. I arrived separately in my own, what was referred in those days as, 'cunt wagon', a two tone green 1952 Pontiac Catalina with sunshield and whitewalls. After a while, in our bathing suits (yummy), the young woman and I worked our separate way down the immense Florida beach which was a broad sandy place with hundreds of people, to unleash our passionate embraces while swimming and standing in the ocean, most of it in the ocean because it was only too obvious through my scant tight fitting apparel that certain anatomic manifestations might prove embarrassing to some, and laughable to others, who so viewed them, although such was not the intention. It seemed our entwining went on for some time, until it became apparent from various signals departure was eminent; whereupon the young woman persuaded her escorts to allow me to drive her home where we would all meet up at their place. On the return, we found a place to stop at a park to continue the unleashing of passion, lying outside the 'wagon' on mother earth, kissing fervently, and with urgency, at least on my part. There was some rolling around, she on top of me kissing with purpose and without distraction; or wild abandon, as they say. But it went nowhere, because it was already late, dark even, and she was beginning to get worried. In seeking a direction for my persistent member, I was not relieved at her suggestion that we had to go, before 'we get into some serious trouble'. Even recalling and imagining this long ago episode in my life taxes my reserves. We did arrive at my friend's place to receive an angry scolding from my friend's wife for having taken advantage of her, and forcing her to cover for our aberrations. She indicated she would not tolerate being used in this manner. She knew we had the hots for each other, but did not want to be the go between any longer. Thus the young woman and I were left to continue our relationship in an even more clandestine manner. I received a call from her at the Navy base asking me if I would come to her place on a certain night. She indicated her husband was on duty that night, and the grandparents would be taking the children to a movie. Could I come over, and all that; we would have the place to ourselves for a couple of hours etc. I was apprehensive, but I went anyway, my desire overcoming all caution. I didn't know what to

expect, and didn't expect what eventually happened. At first there were the questions about privacy, and not being discovered or found out. She assured me there was no problem. Before too long we were in the bedroom, and upon the bed, she disrobed down to her brassiere and panties, and me to my skivvies. As before, with increased fervor and intense desire, a lot of fervid kissing and embracing ensued, at least on my part, and not doubting her sincerity. I had mentioned something about her being a lovely woman, whereupon she mentioned her husband often called her a bitch. I could not refrain from fondling her very lovely well formed mounds that distinguished her sex, whereupon she made some rather cool comment about my wanting a feel. Being a complete novice in lovemaking, I wasn't receiving the import of her remarks. Eventually she allowed me to touch her firmly rounded glands with more abandon while, with her hand, she explored the contents of my shorts, which damned near caused me to explode. Then she dropped her bomb, that I could not enter her because she had an 'erosion' long standing since the birth of her second child, who was now around five years old. I might say I was disappointed, if that describes my feelings correctly, but certainly did not lose my 'hard on'. She realized my disappointment and frustration, so began to caress what she had discovered within my shorts with some definite purpose in mind; very shortly realized, I might add. If I only knew what I know now, things would have been different. But shortly after this abortive bed scene the apprehension grew for me to get the hell out of there, lest we be discovered together in the proverbial bedroom, with something less than consummation; not an especially attractive trade-off. That was the last time I saw the young woman. I never visited my friend's place again; and I resisted all the young woman's entreaties to meet her, suggesting several places. She claimed she wanted to return some coins that had drooped from my pockets during our truncated evening together. Eventually she came to the base, outside my barracks, asking to see me. I can remember the occasion because I was watching the McCarthy hearings on TV. I refused to see her, even though my shipmates were urging me to do so. This was followed by letters confessing her passionate love for me, and suggestions where we could meet. That she wanted a divorce, and that everything could be worked out. A few more such letters arrived; then I was sent to a new duty station, greatly relieved to be away from the scene. At my new duty station I received one more letter informing me that she had filed for divorce, and would probably be going to Chicago with the children to live with her parents. She cited 'irreconcilable differences' as the cause for the request for the divorce. She sadly regretted what happened that night, and

professed once again her love for me. I cannot say truthfully I was totally relieved to be so far away. She was a lovely woman, although in her whining way, I could imagine why her husband might have referred her as a bitch, although at the time it would never have occurred to me to think such a thing. I did imagine our getting together, and being the step father to her two lovely children, but the lack of proximity dulled the throb. And life went on. If she had been so bold as to come to my new duty station, I might have yielded to the pressures of the throb. But what I have come to know of myself now, and my behavior during that phase of my life, I have come to realize that I did not love her in a way that one should, for a life-time commitment. It might have ended in the same disaster as indeed my first marriage with two children of my own, with another woman I did not truly love. The old hot throb again leading one astray; what a friend summarizes succinctly with 'a stiff prick has no conscience'. I don't know if one ever gets over the hot throb, and what makes one hot throb better than another. It has not always been the throb, although one can feel a great attraction to a particular member of the opposite sex without it. This has happened to me on three occasions where I have actually entered into a relationship with a young woman, without having the great urge to pursue her anatomical persuasions for the purposes of sexual gratification, at least not at the outset. With hindsight I have come to distinguish these from all other attractions as being smitten by forces beyond my comprehension. Most of my high school attractions might be considered a kind of puppy love; even Marie would fall in that category, although Marie is a symbol as well as a real person. The first, that I would fairly assess as my very first true love, was a girl still in her late teens, whom I met after leaving the military, while working and attending art school in the Big City. I do believe that I had placed her out of reach of carnal desires, in that grand Platonic tradition. The relationship was more or less a one-sided affair, mine anew, and hers on the rebound, even though others might have opined she led me on to disaster. The second affair involved another young lady from the same Big City two years later. The degree of smittenness was devoid of the carnal, and although again I was not in control of the situation, I proceeded with caution. This young woman was very much educated, also an aspiring artist. Her intellectual accomplishments were formidable, putting my meager store of bullshit to shame. We met on two occasions in the Big City, and carried on a correspondence for some time, at various times renewed throughout our life time. I had met her once more during my second marriage, while she was traveling with her second husband. From the beginning, the relationship was always

friendly and warm, but in her presence I felt rather diminished by her education and lively intellect. There was a time I might have explored more this relationship, if what I had interpreted as her invitation to do so had been pursued. But I was already involved in a relationship with my first wife. The third began in a similar manner to the first, much later in life, without carnal desires, smitten as I was for the third time. The third of these young women was married, and ten years younger than myself, with whom I became involved to a degree of smittenness similar to the first. This new relationship evolved into my second marriage; its carnal aspects developing slowly over time; however, before the marriage actually took place. While this change in my life was occurring, and while separated from the first partner, but not living with the second, who was still living within her marriage, yet another experience of a kind came my way. As I was taking up residence in one of the many temporary places of friends or associates, and suffering the pangs of love and doubt, guilt and many other heightened manifestations of a human proportion, one of the other occupants, a young female, mother, recently divorced, yet the unmarried consort of another, to whom I might have been attracted had I not already been in the throes, and who was obviously attracted to me, a fact in itself which falls into the realm of life's mysteries and missed opportunities, indeed clearly offered herself to me, which under most any other circumstance, I could not imagine refusing, but which indeed I did refuse. Many years later, upon a special occasion, and after several years of marriage to her consort, and mine in my second, she reminded me of her previous offering, wondering if I had recalled it, which indeed I have never forgotten, as I have never forgotten the smitten and unrequited affair of the Big City. But the second marriage has endured, despite other temptations to stray, if but only momentarily (that unconscionable organ again). I do not know what makes love work, but, fortunately, in my second marriage I have done nothing to violate our vows, sometimes breathing a sigh of relief from some narrow escape, promoted by proximity and an unconscionable member. I do believe I love my wife, probably loving her as much as I am able to love anyone. The young Florida woman's thwarting of what I had assumed was a most natural inclination, to enter her, with her tale of an erosion, seems worthy of a Pantyhose magazine, but, in fact, brings to mind the erosion of the first amendment to the constitution of the untied states of america, wherein the 'Under God' thing in the pledge is found constitutionally, by the SC, as not a truly representative case of the state enforcing religion. Of course the two are not entirely analogous, the young woman and the constitution. But since I am

now more disturbed by the erosion of the constitution than by the young woman's, now old woman's, erosion, I need to proceed with some questions about assumptions, which is also my natural inclination, propelled by a different kind of throb. The first assumption involves what are the expectations when a young woman leads a young man to her bed? The second involves the pledge, and its enforced conforming obligation which is nowhere mentioned in the declaration or the constitution. Every usofa school child is forced through several coercive means to recite the pledge, as well, 'Under God', as part of its verbiage. I wish every young woman who leads a young man to her bed would also make some form of pledge, whether 'Under God' or under the young man; whether as part of her declaration or her constitution, that when so lead to bed, a fervor of commitment to honor, flag and form, would be observed. It is not only the vaginal erosion, but the erosion of form and expectations, like the form of democracy and our expectations with respect to them. When I get in bed with a young woman at her urging, not requiring much urging, but when in fact urged, it is not unlike getting in bed with the form of democracy and my expectations with regard to it. I certainly do not want the politically, morally, patriotically and religiously bigoted supreme court in bed with me, whether to hold court of how to proceed with the question of erosion, although a little bit of friendly diddling advice would have been appreciated, or how to interpret the intent of the first amendment to the constitution of the united states of america with regard to democracy. Like Punchy of olde has said, when I want to get laid whether by a young woman or by democracy, I want it to be a fulfilling experience, as is my natural right. I do not want to be perceived as a fuck-up if I do not fulfill somebody else's expectations. I know the subject of erosion has dire implications, the least of which is a woman's vaginal erosion. She is to be pitied if it interferes with the normal fulfillment of her natural inclinations. However, if it had been kindly pointed out to me, by her even, that she was still able to enjoy virtual sex through masturbation, I swear Under God I would have complied. I do not know if we are still able to enjoy democracy through any such comparably parallel activity; (virtual democracy, can you imagine it; I mean masturbatory democracy instead of the real thing?) it has not been pointed out to me in any manner that I find acceptable; democracy is different than sex. Like the young woman, perhaps I am to be pitied in my yearning for true democracy, which we all know is unattainable, like perhaps a perfect orgasm is unattainable, or if attainable, requires a lot of practice. If the SC is forever tinkering with the auspices under which we may enjoy either involvement, then we are being deprived

unnecessarily of our rights. Whether sex or democracy is ‘Under God’, or under the bed, under the table, under the roof, or under the open sky is immaterial. The old crones on the bench have lost a penchant for democracy as well that other activity. Those organs between their ears and those other organs between other parts of their anatomies have ceased to function in the manner intended. If the SC had been in that long ago bedroom they might have harped on that ages old Golden Rule by intimating that if one expects pleasure he needs do unto the other as well. Although my parents, teachers, and peers always remonstrated upon the Golden Rule they never explained this in terms of what happens in the bedroom. As a matriculate in a catholic convent boarding school one heard a great deal about the golden rule, about god, albeit INRI, but nothing about democracy and sex. I knew nothing about the realistic and imperative nature of the mechanics of the female, although my father did advise, ‘find, ‘em, fuck ‘em and forget ‘em’. He promised to inform me of the three ‘c’s when I grew into manhood, but never did; I guess because we had a strained relationship, he kept me in the dark; but it is equally possible that dad didn’t give shit about a woman’s pleasure one way or the other (its possible I never grew into manhood in my father’s eyes). I would have gladly, deriving a great deal of pleasure from giving pleasure, without invoking the golden rule, as it has turned out, attempted to give pleasure to the young woman, if I had only known it was there to be had and to be given. I have only regrets for my ignorance, and feel now that if I had known and had a chance to practice the golden rule, that the whole concern over erosion would have become moot, and that perhaps I would have been bereft of an analogy as pertains to the erosion of democracy. It was later, through the tutelage of another young woman, located on the opposite end of the country, who knew what she wanted from a man, young or old, that I learned the secrets of the golden rule. She belonged to a group of older students at the University, pursuing advanced degrees. Although not a student seeking an advanced degree, I often found myself included in their company. The young woman seemed circumspect in every regard, not flaunting her sex, and most usually wearing her hair in a manner that suggested a school marm. A casual conversation developed into an invitation that led to a drive to the lake in her sports car to drink a toast to the sunset over the water, hah!, accompanied by a very tempestuous physical encounter and otherwise invigorating and engorging activity, and a further invitation to her little, built like a brick shithouse, place in town to pursue yet other dimensions and ramifications to this suddenly overwhelmingly trembling enthrallment. There was no discussion of erosion, only

some booze, seductively letting her hair down, and disrobing, followed by a night of diddling and various fulfillments largely directed by the young woman, who was full of 'not yet's' and 'there', 'right there' and when it was all over the next morning asking if I loved her, and what would we do if she got pregnant. Now that last word is different than erosion, but it certainly arose and was proposed as another golden rule dilemma. And because of her questions, I found myself avoiding her, which was a very unkind thing to do, but again, since I did not love her, and certainly did not want to get into a pregnant situation; imagining a pregnant constitution had little appeal. But god was not mentioned at all, and no pledges were forthcoming. I fulfilled many things that night, and despite my reluctance to continue with more of the same, I am really grateful to that young woman for instructing me in the fine points of the golden rule. She was in turn followed by another of the previously mentioned group, another young woman, very long blond hair, and seemingly very shy, whom I had used as a model in artistic pursuits. We spent some time together, without physical contact, until one day we ended up in a more or less vacant and furnished house being looked after by my employer. Without discussing it as a possible thing to do, we found ourselves in a bedroom, on the bed, involved in a lot of physical stuff. Since there were others in the building we did not feel the inclination to disrobe; but we were in the midst of something nevertheless, whereupon I found myself on top of her, between her legs, and before I could think of what to do next, my gun went off. Whereupon she said unto me: 'You haven't been with a woman for a while, have you'. For some reason or another she and I never did become physical again; not from any real lack of desire. The shy young woman had surprised me with her comment, somehow altering my impression of her. And still, during this institutional phase, another, a very beautiful young dancer that I had met at the local ballet studio where I would go to sketch the practicing dancers, became part of my life. I was very much attracted to her, but she seemed very remote, although we did see each other often, both at the dance studio and in the campus student union building. Again, with nightfall this time, we found ourselves going to the apartment where my brother and I lived (it was his apartment). My brother was not there. This elusive and distant young woman, wanted to perform some dance steps, asking if I would act in the capacity of male dancer who would somehow provide a prop for some of her pirouettes, and some of her swooning or falling movements. I had begun to do as she requested, this being our first physical contact, which suddenly became very electrifying for me. But before the electricity could



lead to more severe entanglement that had little to do with dancing, my brother appeared, and for some reason did not like the situation, angrily requesting our departure. Indeed a very awkward and embarrassing moment for me. As we walked back to the dorm where she was living she said nothing about my brother's behavior, but rather told me of feeling good in my company and that she trusted me. At a later meeting in the student union, feeling closer to this, to me, enigmatic girl, I began to query her about her family, and herself, whereupon she began to withdraw from me, and began to avoid me. Soon thereafter I learned from one of the other young female dancers at the studio, who had taken an interest in some of the sketches, and to whom I mentioned the sudden strained relationship with her compatriot, informed me she had been in a mental institution for a while after a nervous breakdown. It thus dawned upon me that I had violated the trust of the young dancer by asking too many questions. It was a blow to my ego, whereas if our relationship had continued it would have pleased me greatly. A prematurely ended denouement. During this same period I came to know also my employer's sixteen year old daughter, whose head I modeled in modeling clay, while engaged in my head modeling phase. During her posing sessions we became rather friendly, which eventually led to tentative closeness of a kind that would have horrified her mother if she had known. There was never any touching of an explicitly sexual nature, but there was desire by both of us to touch, by sitting next to each other with warm bodies somewhat pressing; on one occasion I remember placing my head upon her bosom while we were reading. She did not withdraw from this gesture, but seemed to blush with excitement. But she was underage; and I was aware of the implications; also the suspicions of my intentions emanating from the mother. I liked the girl, found her pretty, sweet, and tender. It would have taken much courage and thwarting of convention by both of us, to pursue this relationship where it might have led. I cautiously distanced myself. Anyway, in chronological terms, these young women came in between my first non-carnal unfulfilled enpedestalled affair and the second. The first such affair, to which I have alluded as my first truelove, found me following around an eighteen year old with my heart bleeding upon my sleeve, without remorse or remedy. This young woman was in control, perhaps not purposely dangling me on the proverbial string, but approximating closely enough the dangle to be aware of my predicament, which she did nothing to alleviate, except to draw me deeper into the relationship, somehow deriving pleasure from my obsequiousness, and the obvious panged agitation, derived from her somewhat merciless teasing. There was

no kissing or any passionate exchange, only an occasional hand holding; and attempts by her to get me interested in one of her girl friends. She seemed to have many boy friends. This very elusive girl was tall, long blond haired, with a Marlene-like countenance, graced by a very beautiful smile. She encouraged the mooning relationship beyond what she was prepared to give to it, somehow basking in the attention, which came without any obligation or pressure to fulfill in any way. She was in full control, and I was at her disposal until I could no longer bear her method of keeping me entranced and her method of pushing me away at any advance. I was smitten, and essentially helpless in the presence of this young lynx. Instinctively I pulled up stakes, leaving the Big City for more distant places, never to see her again. But correspondence did ensue where she continued with her enticements, which distance prevented from easy access, and from further subsequent overt turgid turmoil. Even though the young woman who educated me in the fine points of lovemaking (the golden rule) did reassure me that woman was indeed an instrument whose strings I could now pluck with more refinement and sure golden rule indulgence, it was not a universal rule that the same results would always be obtained, as indeed was true of my first partner, where the mechanics of fucking produced children, but did nothing to reassure me of my prowess, or the arts of lovemaking; as a matter of fact they greatly diminished my perceptions of my own abilities, propensities, desirability and other manifestations of maleness, manhood etc. To put it bluntly, although my organ still functioned normally, it seemed I had been castrated, where perhaps I had become a dysfunctional dildo. I realize I am straying away from the declaration, the constitution, the supreme court and the pledge of allegiance 'Under God', which has become the concern of our absolutely manifestly decadent and tawdry nation, where erosion of the precepts of the founding fathers has resulted in a narrow mindedness that is characterized by malevolent bigotry, acrimonious intolerance, brutal inhumanity, gross stupidity, all permitted under the constitution, but evidence of the chosen path to decay of a once, well, sort of, great nation. We have lost our way in menacing and detrimental prejudices and colossal and wretched debilitating pettiness. We are despised abroad, deservedly so, for all manner of self-righteous bullshit, that emerges from the lowest forms of life. What is lacking that we need this, this pledging allegiance, 'Under God', that we feel a need to enforce, and then a need to be intolerant of those who do not agree? What indeed are we lacking? What great insecurity or guilt resides in this nation that requires such conformity to a blatantly defective model? In fact the Under God thing suggests to me the resolute pursuit of the

least common denominator. Listen up and hear the dangers. “The Justice Department will defend the ability of our nation’s children to pledge allegiance to the American flag.” ‘The Under God part doesn’t signify anything, it is primarily a ceremonial gesture that has nothing whatever to do with religion’. (Yeah!, like the cross is a war memorial, not a religious symbol). ‘People do not complain one whit about In God We Trust appearing on the coin of the realm’. Hey!, but can you imagine those innocent lovely girl children Under God, or, in these days of pedophiles, innocent boys Under God (remember what the man said about stiffness having no conscience). That’s assuming that God, per se, is sexed, and sexual. Better be careful to what and to whom and the wording in one’s pledges. These rhetorical nuances about ceremonial gestures, since they have absolutely nothing to do with religion, might provide a blanket approval of a carnal violation of our sweet innocent young american children, by YOU KNOW WHO, who, judging by the condition of the world, has no conscience. In these days of ‘collateral damage’ our clever rhetorical nuances may lead us into very compromising situations. You may perceive me as unpatriotic, even treasonable; and unblessed with a filthy mind. Even if that was true, which it may very well may be at certain times of the day, depending upon the occasion or the stimulus, whether hair-brained, or perfectly reasonable, it does not for one fraction of a moment excuse the erosion of our constitution, which has become pregnant with monsters.

It seems we tend to take many things for granted. I am not entirely sure of the origins of this behavior, but assume we learn things as youths, accept them without question because they seem plausible on the one hand, and because those around us nod their heads in agreement. Lacking that, a little physical intimidation sometimes proves effective in getting the message across. Sometimes the withholding of affection, or the Hostess Twinkie, proves effective. Obviously I had made some assumptions with regard to the female of the species that were based on hearsay because that was the only readily available path to true knowledge, and because I accepted the hearsay as facts not in evidence, for the lack of any real knowledge. My parents, my teachers, and my government, in their ‘wisdom’, were either ignorant of the true facts or were reluctant to divulge them for reasons of propriety, or judgments with regard to their appropriateness for young minds, or some such equally evasive scruple. Its like the quandary facing the conscionable teacher whose task it is to teach the meaning of 911.

We took most things for granted because it was convenient to do so. We substituted assumptions in the place of truth because

there was no apparent truth readily available. What applies to the opposite sex also applies to the declaration, the constitution, and various civilizational umbrellas that we believe make it possible for us to safely pass our time on this earth while we try to figure out what is the real purpose to our life.

Not only did we accede to habits based on convenience, but we also felt some social imperative to do so. One such pressure came from the reciting of the pledge at the beginning of each school day, and the singing of the anthem upon most any pretext. We were intoned with our exemplary status as a great and good nation. We were expected to salute ourselves as the acknowledged apex of civilization, and to carry forth with God and Country as the salvation of mankind.

If indeed we were all so indoctrinated and imbued with such inviolable principles, with a declaration and constitution to guide us, along with Moses tenets, and the Golden Rule thrown into the bargain, how was it possible for the erosion to occur, and for our civilization to decay into the violent, corrupt, and self-serving fortress it is today, having to defend our evil ways as a matter of survival, setting aside all the principles we have espoused? Comparing ourselves to Adolph, Josef, Mao, Ho, Saddam, Osama, Idi, Mugabe, and sundry others does not make us look better, but merely illustrates our desperate position. As part of this survival methodology we pay lip service to every conceivable thing that smacks of humanity (human rights), that observes political correctness (all minorities, including women, have the same rights as us), that finds consensus with a massive ignorant and brutish constituency. There is no other way to describe the righteous Under God and Love It Or Leave It mentality.

911 is the wake-up call. More of the same is not the solution.

If you are to wear the mantle of God, you have to be God, not some fucking self-serving hypocrite. Otherwise your presumptive association with You Know Who becomes a delusion that truly finds you in bed with Mammon (Now, there's a hussy!); which indeed the WTC, fragiley symbolized. A message was delivered while we were being screwed by our seductive consort.

It is not fair to blame the other guy for our failures with regard to him. Because he plays by his rules instead of what we perceive or profess to be ours, and by which everybody else should play, does not mean he is unethical, or fights dirty, or is evil. We have chosen not to apply an even hand with others upon the planet, but have taken sides as serves our interests, whether they be those of a perceived God, or for political purposes that have to do with control of the globe, mostly for economic reasons. Just what in hell

kind of response do we or did we expect for such self-serving behavior? Surely not a cowering recognition of our goodness!

In the battle of ideas we might win several rounds with the breadth and scope of our reason, but may lose several because of poor delivery. Arrogance instead of humility loses for our side most of the rounds, that might otherwise have won for themselves. Guns and bombs don't help; merely punctuation for stupidity.

Ostensibly I write as I advise. This writing is for my grandchildren, who all live under lock and key Under God and under the flag, flag of drivel. With their young years they know things they are able to assert with, what they identify as, knowledge of the way things are Under God, and under the flag. They did not receive this knowledge through osmosis, or through recollection, but through parents, other grandparents, teachers and peers, and ministers of God, albeit bible-thumpers, who claim that everything written in Ta Biblia is a self-evident truth, gospel, oracle, vision etc; and politicians. What a fucking pile of hogwash!

My grandchildren do not know me, nor will they ever know me. They have already judged me as being judgeable under their system and hierarchy of values which are not of their own making; only mimicking the ideas and behavior of those who enforce their ideas upon them. These ideas are enforced through fear, alienation and shame. They cannot perceive this grandfather as an intelligent person who asks intelligent questions, from a sound logical basis founded upon his own living experience. He does not make assertions with respect to God. He questions God, which is sacrilegious and blasphemous. He also questions the claims a nation makes with respect to its own goodness and practice of democracy which it holds up to rest of the world as the exemplary. This is unpatriotic and treasonable. Neither God nor the nation want to be held up to the mirror, yet they demand that everyone mirror them. Dick All, Bugger All, Fuck All! An appropriate conjugation, if ever there was one.

So grandchildren, it is incumbent upon you to rise to the occasion, to learn the things that this grandfather learned, to accept his challenge to reach beyond. To question everything! Although there may be no answers. Although there may be neither money nor salvation in such an endeavor, it will have its rewards; if even you do not understand this grandfather, you might, through such a searching journey, discover and begin to understand yourselves. Rest assured, without that search, you will arrive at your final destination no wiser than when you began. Do not seek and ye shall not find.

I had not such luxury in grandparents who might have or might not have taken an interest in me whether to influence or to share a life. At my birth three of them were dead, and another died before I was old enough even to remember her face. None of them left behind any record of their life that I might begin to understand them in their own words. With a rotten father and a distant mother, I was on my own. I did not take up God, I did not take up crime, I did not take up drugs, I did not take up nationalism. I felt alienated and angry, and have remained so most of my life. I do not belong to a readily identifiable family, I do not belong to God, I do not belong to a nation, until death do me caput, and departed.

Alas!, we are each of us limited by our species, our abilities, and what it is that can be known of life and its purpose, and what we can act upon to alter our position within the continuum.

There will be a record left by this grandfather until those who deem it so will dispose of it. You will discover an interesting fellow. After a while, you will grow accustomed to his manner of thinking, and will begin to anticipate what he is about to say next. At that point, it might be said you have arrived at an understanding that surpasses grandfather's own understanding of himself.

I do follow a pattern or method in my thinking. I often repeat myself; recognizing this, I seek nuances in the rhetoric which are intended to refine the often debated. Life is not a fixed idea; life itself remains the perfect fluid mystery. When you come to appreciate this very important realization, life will indeed begin to flow. Visualize a river; or go seat yourself by one, then you will begin to see. Eventually this grandfather will float by upon a leaf. You might arrest and retrieve the leaf, with the hope of rescuing grandfather from his passage and journey to an unknown destination. But grandpa is but an illusion generated and preserved in his words, not a reality upon a leaf flowing through space/time. All of life is but an illusion created from what is communicated to us through our senses, and constructed from the myriad opinions of others; and occasionally through our very own flashes of insight. But there is no such thing as an absolute illusion. We must suffer reality.

Your grandfather may seem to be insincere in his writings, always looking for an opportunity to be facetious, to poke a joke into the script. Such may be a manifestation of his true cynicism, his lack of faith in the ability of the language to persuade others to do what is right. So it matters not which kind of erosion he uses to illustrate a point. If he can stimulate thought in another toward his given objective, whether through humor or invective, perhaps he can be said to have succeeded. Although we live in a continuum, or in an always transient world, which is forever reshaping itself, and

reshaping human institutions, it is indeed most difficult to formulate absolutes that will carry us consistently and reassuringly into the future.

After a while, you will realize grandpa is a man of reason, a man who appreciates life and the living in its many manifestations, that he is not an advocate of violence toward any form of life. Since grandpa is not perfect even in his own system of values, that is, he may seem to be inconsistent in applying his advocacy in dealing with what he considers pests, i.e., creatures that will sting, bite or attempt to harm or poison him, or flora or fauna that will jeopardize his cultivations, do not be too eager to condemn him. He does not believe in violence as a means to solve problems within the human community, but is not oblivious to the threats emanating from self-serving, and even mad, look-a-likes, who choose the path of brutal righteous violence. He is perplexed when such individuals are loose cannons within the society of men (and women), and is always relieved when they are offed or disappear from the landscape. He is an advocate of human rights, civil rights and civil liberties. He is hard pressed to support in any way the suppression of these basic precepts, which may eventually lead to the violence which he fears. He is very conscious of his seeming hypocrisy when he becomes selective in his rhetorical nuances. He would prefer that true reason would prevail over rhetoric, lip service, temporizing, and expediency. He knows as much as he knows anything that reason must become and remain the arbiter in the affairs of men (and women). He knows also, that without reason, mankind will move from violent upheaval to violent upheaval, slaughter to slaughter, destruction to destruction; and that all of the striving of all the generations of mankind, and all of the strivings of all the other forms of life for generation after generation will have been wasted in the onslaught. He must forever return to his two often repeated, not repeated often enough, summary declarations: 1.) That no man shall have dominion over another. 2.) That any system of government that does not account the least amongst us, must be deemed a failure.

Having said that, it might be said I have finally made a most concise statement. If you would carry forth only those two precepts for the remainder of your life, you could never be said to be wanting.

It seems I moved all too freely from one kind of an erosion to another, perhaps in a rather tasteless and scandalous manner. I may be losing it at 69, or I may never have had it. Whichever the case may be, going public is a risky business.

I continue to notice the movements of the other half of our species. At times I find one or the other of them particularly noticeable. I find that I want to know them, say things to them.

I realize the absurdity of such engagement; not absurd from the standpoint of being impossible, or unlikely, or unnatural, but because I am already joined to another who is sensitive to my elsewhere lookings. It may be impossible for other reasons as well.

How much difference is there between a Muse, and the appeal of a member of the other half? These appealing other halves do not enter one's life as Sirens or intentional flirtations. They simply appear. One suddenly wants to draw close without particularly knowing why. I find myself wanting to stare and study. I want to understand the mystery of the attraction. I want to give in to the urge to pursue the mystery. Closeness means being given the assent to stare and study, to scrutinize; perhaps something too uncomfortable for the other.

Jung might refer to this process as seeking or yearning to fulfill some aspect of the anima. A forever torment and pleasure.

The suddenness of the simultaneity of noticing and the appeal, the attraction, the wanting to draw close, even to touch. This envelop of me nears the envelop of thee. I have observed that not all meet an exacting standard of anima, that is an archetypical standard, Aphroditian standard; although an aesthetic is a necessary part of the happening. I want to use the word 'beauty', but am aware that beauty, not only being in the eyes of the beholder, is a projection composed of many different elements.

For a 69 year old to be speaking of beauty in this context may hint of the dirty old man syndrome as much as anything. But this dirty old man legitimizes because he has spent some portion of his life engaged in the business of aesthetics, a visual preoccupation. I know that the aesthetic has changed somewhat with age. For me I always found a certain absorbing facial expression was as important as the beauty of the countenance, the one enhancing the other.

To make this all clearer, I need to make a few declarations regarding my notion of aesthetic, which indeed harbors a great deal of the appreciation of 'beauty', per se. As Jackson Pollack said of Peggy Guggenheim, 'I'd have to put a sack over her face in order to screw her'. Perhaps this gets us to the meat of the opus. But not entirely. My own experience shows that one can become entangled without the manifestation of carnal desires, that is, become smitten without contemplating the eventualities that might ensue.

Perhaps Jackson Pollack was always looking for something to screw. Perhaps I am underneath it all always looking for something to screw, deceiving myself about the carnal eventuality (Jackson



perhaps had too many, hence was too jaded to appreciate Peggy). In the relationships that have meant the most to me, the carnal desire was absent in the beginning. There might be an explanation for this occurrence.

When I was younger, perhaps in the Marie (High School 1946-1950) phase of my life, Sex, per se, was a remote thing, because of cultural taboos; not that it was forbidden, but because chastity (virginity) was an important ingredient in a female's feeling of worth, of cleanliness, of purity as pertained to the marriage bed. Any interaction with a male would require commitment. Of course there were females to whom this did not appear so overwhelmingly important, evidenced by their reputation, and sometimes by their out-of-wedlock pregnancies.

I didn't have much to do with girls of dubious reputations, mostly for fear of diseases of the day, and because I did not feel anything for them. To approach these girls, however available, would have been difficult for me, since I had felt I was as uninteresting to them as I had been to the more desirable girls.

But my feelings involved the untouchable, like Marie. If I had wooed and won Marie she would have been a virgin in the nuptial bed. At that time of my life, such a state of affairs might have meant disaster. The change from the mooning smitten thing to the actual physical act of penetration, perhaps bloody, perhaps painful, perhaps seemingly violent, organic, wet, smelly, and sweaty; perhaps accompanied by dismal dissatisfaction. Of course I had never such thoughts regarding Marie. As I did not with regard to Sonja, several years later, and Charline, a marriage later. The latter two were not virgins, but as such were not less pure in my mind; perhaps because the concern about physicality was absent, but more, times had changed in the Make Love Not War world.

There was always the possibility of failure in any relationship when it finally made its way to the bed, with or without a sack over the head.

Is every muse and every aesthetic, every attraction destined for a concupiscent resolution? In my experience, this outcome has seldom been rewarding, or fulfilling. But then I was not a predatory male animal seeking a place to put my unconscionable thingie, all desires notwithstanding.

When I speak of beauty, of facial (or body) expression, or archetype, of standard, much of this necessarily involves imperfection that is masked by mobility. When I speak of these certain aspects of the other, some are 'automatically' excluded, certain revolting aspects, one to do with the corpus, another to do with the cosmetic, classed perhaps as unattractive; in real terms,

one's 'needs' not circumventing the requirement of a less exacting aesthetic.

The imperfections might stem from natural asymmetries, or from too exacting an aesthetic, which in itself may only constitute a never attainable ideal.

Most of these considerations come about after long study upon the subject, and seldom come into play when one is taken unawares by that sudden presence of the attraction.

Louie has become a cache machine! (RCWD).

I do not discredit the idea of archetypes; that is, an animus that responds more to one anima than another. Marie is partly a construction from my youth. Yes, she was real, as real as myself, and as real as any other. Puppy love? Drawn nonetheless, however classified. But she did not become an archetype as much as did Sonja. No longer puppy love, but a severe pang or yearning for love, yes, yet undefined. And unconsummated, not just in the physical sense, although the physical aspect may mean more than one imagines. In the end a relationship unrequited in one sense, and unfinished in another. That is, if she had reappeared or reentered my life, I imagine the continuation of a relationship toward some kind of resolution; requition, or finality of rejection (I departed rather than force a resolution). Such was the power of her attraction. Because of the intensity, and the unresolved nature of the relationship, she might have become a symbol, or an obsessive desire transformed into what might become an archetype, someone I would look for in others in order to remedy the pang.

From this came also a distrust in the power of my own love, or in what another might find unacceptable within my animus; a condition one might describe as a feeling of inadequacy. It would seem the experience taught me to be careful, that is, not to expose myself again to such woundings. I would not give of myself again so readily. Hence I entered into relationships where I would give only so much, and ones that required less risk. Or so it seems with hindsight.

To return to the idea of an archetype. When I did 'fall in love' again, that is, risk my vulnerability to a high degree, in a dream the face of Sonja was evoked, somehow transposed upon the face of my newly beloved, with remarkable intensity. I cannot know their similarities or their differences without seeing them side by side. Perhaps such a viewing would only enhance the mystery of life, revealing little of what one supposed he wanted to know, or to learn.

Whatever it is that we are seeking in the other, a joining of the two halves as part of nature's design, was accomplished through the third 'falling', and all the emotional trauma and overcoming

associated with it. That is, my being ventured something, endured the trials necessary to the process, although extremely vulnerable, even to the point of contemplating suicide in the event of failure. I must not discount the love emanating from the other half, which in its power, perhaps a power beyond my very own, was bound to me in ways that have been beyond belief. The relationship has endured. We are companions; we are friends. After the act of lovemaking, her face becomes a glowing serenity, and remarkably beautiful. This condition may or may not have anything to do with me as her lover; I believe it is her nature to be so disposed, so much is she invested in and attuned to her own body.

The old Sonja archetype has reappeared at times, in seeing others who resemble her. These others haunt me for a time. Usually young women, tall, with long hair, not prominently bosomed, but what I would identify as modestly proportional to an existing archetype, not so much suggesting fecundity as an aesthetic line pleasing to me. The overdone anatomical persuasion appears unattractive, and sometimes revolting. Sonja's hair was of a 'dishwater' blonde hue, beyond shoulder length. She might have been 5 feet 10 inches tall, small breasted, big boned; however, in truth, the physical details almost escape me; although her whole body, particularly her upper torso, seemed very feminine. Her face was her most remarkable feature, and her smile was devastatingly beautiful; and this latter is what usually first catches my eye. The shape of her face was of the Germanic Marlene type, but somewhat softer in demeanor. And there was a touch of sadness to her, perhaps bearing the cross of her own unrequited archetype.

I have seen smiles and demeanors along with other resemblances to Sonja that quicken my gaze, finding them fascinating, attractive, and full of a mystery that still beckons me.

The others who have been part of my life have not resembled Sonja. It would be fair to say I did not love them, that is, they did not awake a particular passion in me. However, I do not discount the effect a beautiful woman, not of the original imaginary archetype, has upon me. 'Shall loveliness not always be loved?'

From what I am declaring here it seems there is some support for an archetype formed by one's earliest intense emotional attachment to the other sex, excluding mother, but not entirely. One might be said to be falling in love with himself, or the memory of a previous intense emotional experience, at once indescribable, but with no less fatalism.

One imagines a series of 'ifs'. If Sonja had fallen under my spell, what would have been the consequences? Like all connected to her, the answer remains a mystery. In the short term, most likely I would have remained in the Big City which was really not the place

for me, just to be near her. If a union had been agreed upon, that is, if she found me a loveable prospect, how long might it have endured? At the time she informed me she had 'other' suitors, none of which seemed a great preoccupation, but more some kind of ego-building flirtation. When I had met her she had been suffering the break-up of an affair with a married cellist in her Symphony Orchestra, where she played the viola. I imagine there was sex involved although she did not confess to it. Although I was studying the guitar and piano during our relationship I was not a musician.

If I had remained in the Big City doing as I was doing, I might have become a sculptor very much in love with my 'muse'. My military time was behind me, I had a skill that made me mostly employable at a living wage, but with a dubious future. I cannot imagine Sonja being in love with a factory worker. She seemed keen on accomplished artists. She was studying painting and drawing. Her painting seemed undisciplined, dashed off quickly, with little color; her drawing, sketchy. Upon meeting my father, the artist, she immediately set out to paint a sketchy portrait of him. Much later, he announced to my first wife that he had screwed Sonja (time frame undeclared). Like the man said: 'A stiff prick has no conscience'. And daddy might have been an imaginary conquistador, demoniacally pursuing an inverted Oedipal thrill.

I may have left the Big City after a breakup of our union. Somehow I suspect any union with Sonja was fraught with emotional peril. Her own doubts about herself would have driven her into other relationships. And living with me and my self-doubts, especially if I had failed to successfully consummate our union (satisfy the other half), is probably not what Sonja was looking for.

My instinct was to flee instead of pursue with my mother's dictum "Faint heart n'er won fair lady!" I may not have been courting a fair lady, but a wily city slicker, looking for thrills of a kind that must have made me seem utterly dull; puppy dog dull.

The only way to know the truth is to find Sonja at this late date to find out what she did with her life, as I did with some of my school mates, namely Marie.

Marie was uncomplicated. She married a schoolmate in the Catholic faith a few years after they had left school. He pursued the dairy farming with which he was raised. She became secretary, as she had aspired, in the school system. After eighteen years of a childless marriage, during which she became wacked out (mentally disturbed), requiring medications, she ended Offed her life at age 39, CO. Uncomplicated?

I titled this particular writing *Erosion* as a kind of 'whereitsat' with me and my catalogue of exploits, subtitling it with the *Purple Passion*, a list of the names of fantastic flirtations with comely women described in *The Purple Land* by W.H. Hudson.

Necessarily the opposite member must be attractive in some way, and usually is. Making love to a perfect nose, as well as a perfect rear or perfect front. Or a fetish-like attachment to a long silky head of hair. Deodorant and perfume help things along. Father seemed to favor relationships with other 'artistic' types who had nice looking female counterparts. And it seemed that the partners of male artists were always in competition with the artist's muse. They were sort of stranded as second class citizens; ripe for the picking. Father being predatory made his moves, partly in conquest, partly as a form of amusement. Whenever I was around he would introduce me to some of these people. Many of the females were very desirable. Once I did provide father with some titillation by making moves of my own, being somewhat emboldened by too much brew, and the obvious flirtation of one writer's spouse. Some pretext was invented for the flaming red-head, mother of two, to guide me, accompanying me, to the nearest grocery store for something one might as easily have done without. It was a rainy evening and dark outside. When in the automobile, almost immediately there was body heat brought to bear, body pressed against body. After the sojourn to the market, while sitting in the auto in the dark, I began to make moves. The flaming red head seemed eager for the attention which was growing rather tempestuous, creating a lot of heat. My hands were all over her exploring all the wonders of the female. Suddenly she became aware of where she was, becoming very cautious, however heated. She insisted we desist at once, leaving the auto to go into the house. However the remainder of that evening, which grew into the night well past midnight, we were conversing, ogling, bumping into each other, imbibing more and more, as were father and the writer, who were holding up the intellectual part of the fornication while the flaming red head and I were running at a high pitch. She was playing some very rhythmical music, all the while gyrating her body, perhaps not unlike Salome. Her husband seemed aware of her behavior, but said nothing. I imagined we would outlast the intellectuals, eventually ending up in each others arms in a passionate embrace. The fizzle occurred naturally enough, worn down by booze, weariness, and some dim conscience as well as the watchful eye. A rather tolerant fellow, perhaps accustomed to his wife's excursions into wanton behavior. The next morning found us all sitting at the breakfast table as though nothing untoward had occurred the evening before. The table was graced by their two

lovely charming daughters, perhaps aged 9 and 11. Soon the children and their mother would be off to church, and we would be departing from whence we came. A few years later, the flaming redhead was trying to contact me in the big city; I did not respond. And many years later, from a distant location, she was trying to contact me through my mother. My mother had told me the redhead's husband had committed suicide.

In reflecting upon this woman, I sense an unfulfilled life. Her husband was a writer. She imagined herself to be a writer, mostly of tempestuously lurid romances. Of course I wonder what happened to the lovely children, whether they survived their parent's torments. Further reflection finds me imagining that the heat of that night became a burning memory for her, some kind of a promise of passionate entanglements that would soothe the savage heart. It was one occasion where I was going beyond myself, taking the lead, booze and all. But by the time she found a way to free herself for an extracurricular wandering, I was deeply immersed in Sonja, the blonde fatale.

There have been times when I viewed my involvements in Dostoyevskiesk terms, and at other times as worthy of Penthouse magazine. Find 'em, Fuck 'em and Forget 'em was the hand-me-down wisdom, which its promoter seemed to fulfill in his life. I never even attempted to adopt this philosophy. While there seems to be a certain excitement to the Don Juan life style, it also seems conquest for its own sake diminishes one's perception of the higher animal, lower than a goose, equivalent to mice, rabbits, dogs, cats and rats. A place to put it.