

Apropos Of Nothing

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Rose.

The Die Is Cast.

When William and Rose had been introduced, he was serving as one of those functionaries (proles) she would need to know in order to carry out her research duties in the laboratory at the Center For Excellence. William had noted and was taken with her loveliness; he was apt to observe loveliness in women, when and wherever it presented itself. She was a married lady in her mid-twenties who had come to the Institution to work while her husband, matriculated in another department, had hoped to obtain a Doctorate in Theoretical Science. To round out the surface statistics, William entered the Lists in his mid-thirties with a wife and two children.

Theirs was not an immediate involvement. They had known each other for nearly a year and half before any kind of attachment had begun to form. Their relationship had begun to grow in those moments when one or the other lingered as some fascination or attraction would not release them after the apparent cause for their encounter had lapsed. It began with ordinary innocuously trivial questions; what one might label 'pretexts' for continuing the moments together. "Where do you come from?", "How many in your family?" "Where did you go to school?" The social occasions at the Institution offered other opportunities to converse and expound, to exchange feelings on a variety of matters, all conducted in an engaging manner giving all due recognition to propriety. It was not difficult to become engaged in a lengthy dispute regarding the War in Southeast Asia. Another girl in her laboratory defended 'our' actions in Vietnam, as a true patriot, mostly because her brother was on the front lines; to do any less, she felt, was to deny and imperil her brother. Rose's sister's husband had also been in the war, coming home with a mutilated body. William always participated heatedly in these discussions, condemning rancorously the preposterous righteousness of our government and the day to day gross deceptions being perpetrated on the general public in order to string them along, hoping to maintain their support; and when that failed and the people protested, they tried to impugn the people with treason. William had expounded on other matters, revealing that he was active in fighting City Hall as a neighborhood leader. Perhaps part of these tirades and impassioned discussions were meant to impress the lovely Rose; and perhaps they did after all.

Eventually Rose and William began to find and devote more time towards being together, obviously growing more attached to one another

upon each occasion.

To an outsider who might know their circumstances, one could have predicted each of these players was vulnerable to the attentions and indulgences of another, even in an impossibly romantic way. Both were raised in a society which taught respect for the married state, even though it constantly challenged and violated its own precepts and standards. Yes, even though that great propagandistic organ in Southern California often produced confabulations on the Screen where love triumphed - even over marriage - indeed, sometimes with great sacrifice; and at other times with a naiveté that presented life as a simple-minded symmetrically arranged contrivance. Even though the older generation agonized over the social verities, the Sexual Revolution had arrived, with 'trojans' and diaphragms beneath baggy pants and long skirts, giving way to estrogen, short skirts and tight britches. Societal mores had undergone a loosening, an unbinding, finally achieving its total unbridlement and heights of abandonment in hippie communes. Victorianism, like some other famous imprisoning doctrines, was DEAD.

Perhaps, in the end, it may be said this liberating effect may have provided some fertile environment for a continuance of William's and Rose's relationship. Some might condemn society for the failure of some of its individuals to conform to its fictitious models. However, in all great dramas, or love tragedies, LOVE, that devious conspiracy between Cupid and Psyche, requires more than mere scruples and formal barriers to restrain the effects of her dynamic duo, quite often disregarding and dashing the hopes of all the ancillary players, and not always to the joy of the principles, often to the sorrow of the whole world.

Romeo, Tristan, Paolo; Juliet, Iseult, Francesca. Heathcliff, Taji, Mr. Abel; Catherine, Yillah, Rima. Paris, Antony, Edward; Helen, Cleopatra, Wallis. Dante, August, Soren; Beatrice, Siri, Regine. Orpheus and Eurydice; Jesus and Mary Magdalene; Etienne and Catherine; Werther and Charlotte. And how keenly we feel the edge of Fate in Blood Wedding; The Chronicle of a Death Foretold; Carmen. What of those insatiable ones, Don Juan, Casanova; Circe, Salome, Lelia. And let us not overlook our fairy tale Cinderella; Samson and Delilah; Jason and Medea; Adam and Eve.

How we agonize and swoon as we relive these hopeless troths. Nowadays, the Omniscient media is replete in the baggage it provides to quite fill the whole dull day with Soaps and unending melodramas that seek to fulfill their own nagging promise of some illusory and clandestine mingling.

All these polarities and triangulations are brought into an almost amusing light when viewed from a scientific perspective. While not necessarily an unbridled urge towards the act and function of procreation, the bringing forth of the new generation, Mother Nature is

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not to be denied. Like magnets, drawn, without remorse, into a union of welded forces, the stronger the pull, the more likely the desired effect. Even if Love does not burn in the breast, lust, the search for pleasure, and the compulsion towards companionship will serve the prescribed end of continuance. Sigmund and his followers have pointed out to us the thwarting of Mother Nature leads to the harming of the psyche, the damage of the personality, inveighing against social fitness, and sometimes, to the permanent destruction of the individual.

Mother Nature has deemed and has evolved the 'unholy' mechanism of the mating of two halves to achieve a whole as the simplest and most direct means of accomplishing her ends. Through the weight of the millennia she has confirmed and verified the practice. The Priests, Ministers, Shamans, Ayatollahs, Moralists, Prudes, Prunes, and Prigs have all spewed their rhetoric, erecting obstacles, taboos, barriers and punishments to ward off and prevent man's licentiousness, man's awful filthy habits. Priests, Ministers, Shamans, Ayatollahs, Moralists, Prudes, Prunes, and Prigs were born of turnips conceived by worms that creepeth and crawleth about beneath the earthen sod.

Thou Shalt Not! What a knot in the groin! Before you screw up your face or put up your truly feeble hand, please realize it is already too late; it is always too late. One cannot help but mock thee, even though it seem blasphemous. Go then proselytize in the outback, or within the dungheap. Eve has been here before thee.

Do not misconstrue what has been said; there is no advocacy for acts that would detract from the greater health of the species. Cleanliness and the prevention of disease must not be forsaken in the moment; but these are not cudgels to stay man's passions; more, a concern beyond a mere act, or a mere union, whether it transpire between a prince and his lady or become the ordinary co-mingling of the proles. And truly there is no advocacy for the mere union, nor for its prevention. Life is not so simple to sustain an advocacy one way or the other; but alas, once the purpose has been served, let all misery end.

William had eventually suggested they have lunch together in the cafeteria, an event which appealed to Rose in her relative innocence. In reaching this decision to ask Rose, he had overcome many personal inhibitions as well as societal appearances of impropriety. Their relationship had progressed to the point where he could feel confident of an accepting response, otherwise he would not have been so forward, risking the embarrassment of rejection. This lunch was followed by others, longer conversations, longer lingering periods after working hours, confiding more of their feelings and thoughts upon and within the myriad aspects of the world. William had become smitten; surely Rose

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must have detected something of this truth in his expressions. She did not discourage his 'attentions'; indeed she seemed to await them.

A day arrived, during a coffee-break in the cafeteria, as they had approached a near *tête-a-tête*, whence he confided to her his most personal self. He confided his feelings for her, revealing the lack of good feelings within his marriage. Rose did not respond in kind, but encouraged his outpouring nonetheless. Doubtlessly and impossibly entranced he groped for coherence. She listened sympathetically and intently, resting her chin in one hand, her elbow propped upon the table. Rose was dressed in a white blouse, her long reddish hair flowing and resting upon her shoulders; her skirt, a plaid of pastel lavender and white ending just above the knees, her legs encased in a tan of hose. A tallish, lithe woman, shapely, without exaggeration, excepting, perhaps, a slight self-conscious thrust of the bosom, Rose not feeling herself adequate to fit some imaginary mould. The knell of the hour interfered to break the spell; already they had overstayed their allotted time. As they parted she stood erect, moving gracefully without a swaying motion. Often she wore sandals equipped with little metal rings that sounded together as she walked, announcing, musically to him, her comings and goings.

After this outpouring, upon returning to the empty laboratory, they stood silently, sensing the nearness of the time of departure for the day. William, now self-conscious after his confessions wherein he had revealed to Rose he was impossibly enamored of her and was becoming attached to her; Rose having responded that she too had discovered herself under a similar spell. The moments seemed long in their awkwardness, held in a state of suspension, wanting, yet denying something more. The moment pressed insistently upon their attraction; it was time to part. From out their shyness and reticence the restraints, the obstacles, the barriers, prodded by the impending, as he turned to leave, he managed to reach for her hand; the moment of sweet sorrow, their hands embracing affirmatively, their voices dry, almost inaudible as they said 'goodbye', and 'goodnight'. Now they must descend from their rapture to wend their way, taking their separate paths into their separate, naked clamoring, realities, to that tangible aspect, perhaps relieved for the moment, enabling them to catch their breaths, allowing themselves a chance to assess what was happening.

One might rightly say this meeting had marked the beginning of their troth. To the outsider this pair might have appeared foolishly, selfishly seeking some kind of thrill, perhaps some outsider who had taken some pleasure in observing, disinterestedly, Man's behavior. To the more immediate outsider who might know them, one could not so easily dismiss their sincerity or their inherent seriousness; theirs was not a casual contravention of the social order.

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William had confided to me a dream, one he judged most apropos, momentous and significant; one that had recalled a young woman he had known and courted while he was attending Art School in New York. She appeared as a young lady he had 'placed on a pedestal' and by whom he was tormented through her seeming affairs with others, by her taunts ("Don't you desire me?", all the while pulling away, pulling away) creating some unbridgeable, unfathomable distance between them. She had indirectly accused him of being 'possessive', a contradiction he was unable to resolve with her taunts and escapades with others. After a time he could no longer bear the hurt he felt in her presence; he took flight, never to return. The dream recalled her countenance, of a German extraction, somewhat resembling 'Marlene', after whom she had received her middle name, surrounded in blond with sad dark brown eyes somewhat concealed beneath a slightly protruding brow. In the dream her visage merged with that of 'Roses', the images superimposed upon one another. They had become synonymous with one another. One speaks of revelations; ay!, even miracles, without understanding what they are; but perhaps now, after a lapse of fifteen years Psyche dared once again to invade and prevail, against the defenses of William's innermost crypt.

That evening William had written a brief outpouring to Rose, which he handed to her the next morning:

I begin one more time to wrestle with the word in order to give shape and dimension to my feelings and thoughts, those that you awaken in me. Perhaps the word fails me as the courage fails, and perhaps words fail in themselves to express fully and truly what touches one deeply.

Deeply, yes, and almost as though struck by some hidden force, an 'arrow' as it were, delivered through one's awkward defenses and shabby pretenses.

Yes, delivered at what one is, not what one seems.

To say one 'loves' is to say nothing, for perhaps one has uttered that sound too casually often enough, only to cast doubt upon its meaning.

To say one feels an overwhelming stir within, one both uplifting and ominous, if one dare not suppress and heeds not caution, if one would breath rather than choke; yes, one says, clumsily, that he stirs within.

What I feel is beyond the word. What has been a phantom throughout my life, a conjuration created from endless strings of dreams and soul states confided to my pillow, as it were, suddenly becomes real, almost too real. One trembles, one is afraid - yet one soars.

One could ask "Why?"

One cannot answer.

I ask myself, why can we not just continue to exchange mundane pleasantries? Why not just let the earth beat out its daily commonplace

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rhythms? Why not? Why organisms with souls and spirits and such things? Why eyes that smile and beckon and beauty that commands attention? Why a loveliness and a motion as though born of every creature come together? Why a heart that beats the faster at the sight of her? Why the longing to hear her voice?

Questions, a myriad of questions thrown up like a barricade and still others harder to ask and impossible to answer.

And to think, to imagine, to feel and to know, even, that she too exults a similar refrain.

How I grope and grope after the appropriate sounds of words to embody the response inside.

Alas!, lovely woman, I am smitten, I can say no less, but desire to say much, much more.

Please forgive me if I intrude upon your feelings; please do not allow me to impose upon those feelings. I would not want to jeopardize what either of us feels towards the other with any clumsiness on my part. I do so desire to preserve and engender yet further what we are discovering in each other. To me, what I find is beautiful.

A few days later, after awaiting and receiving a favorable response to his missive, the inflamed William wrote a second:

I wish to speak to you of love and beautiful feelings, but seem only to find torment. Yes, and I sadden you with my mournful love-sick self. I really should not speak at all.

And if I were to speak of love and beautiful feelings where should I begin? Should I say that I know not of such things?

Should I speak as though addressing my pillow under a cloud of covers hidden and protected from the mocking eyes of a world that jealously guards all the love that it finds.

Should one say, as he lay himself down to sleep, that a beautiful lady appeared to caress one's lost and hungry soul, to absolve it of all sin, guilt and pain?

Should I speak of the agony of the real love that caught me without my pillow, caught me in the open air, unprepared? There was no refuge then, and there seems to be none now.

You are the precious warmth that one knows only in his heart at long intervals; you are the shore one espies when he would feel himself drowning; you are the sun when the cold has all but stiffened us; you are sleep when the cares of this earth have gleaned the body's last; you are reassurance when fear has found us beyond our safer haven you are the most welcome visitor when we have triumphed and seek to exude; you

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are the everlasting salvation when the heart despairs; you are the very motion when the eyes have grown still upon this earth. You lead the way for you train us to this earth where we have been engendered and where our finiteness must be reconciled.

Life is a darkness with a little red vein fused therein.

Every lilt and toss of your head, every sign that emanates from your eyes, your lips, your cheeks; every sweeping gesture of your hands and hair; every turn and twist of your self is keenly felt. Every intonation of your voice is caught and read with eager anticipation and dread, all at once.

Your smile is like a beacon that lights the way.

In turn Rose answered briefly:

Words that are hard to express are still shy on paper. Patience - I will learn.

Our love is beautiful and cruel in what it is doing to us.

My life and mind have expanded and deepened in knowing you - a poet so difficult to know. My body responds to your presence with a new urgency that is natural.

But, God!! What am I doing to you! The agony and utter frustration you must feel in this trap. I want to share this part of you too - don't hide those feelings you think might hurt me.

Your written expression does rather overwhelm me. I take in only a little at a time because it seems like a dream. Please don't make an "Irene" out of me. I am a woman - human - subject to all the mistakes of my kind. Trust that I would never want to hurt you.

I want to let our relationship grow, relying on each other for strength, into something meaningful in our lives.

The Lord came down upon mount Sinai, on top of the mount: and the Lord called Moses up to the top of the mount; and Moses went up.

Gud (the Lord) spake a pile; pretty tough stuff, to be engraved on tablets of stone. Tough Stuff Number Ten:

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

In Moses time a wife belonged in pretty select company. The Lord (God) appears to have been 'chauvinistically' inclined. Nowadays a woman has to have fairly low opinion of herself to allow herself to be viewed as

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chattel. The Lord was most likely afraid of woman. With her he could not become involved without being compromised. As Will of late has postulated "Woman is thy frailty." It would not enhance The Lord's image to appear to be invested with weakness.

Such admonishment is intended to keep us in line, erecting barriers to our wantonness. These precepts somehow being fashioned by the hand of the Almighty lends them a wee bit more clout, at least that's what all the Shazams and Spakes atop Mounts are all about. TO PUT THE FEAR OF GOD INTO US. The Lord does not like to be crossed. However these barriers probably prove more effective with statues, which otherwise might be recognized as given to morality, or given to some kind of stoicism.

I am able to see all those faces that frown at these blasphemies; 'not only are they blasphemies, they are not true'. 'We have loved our Lord; we have been loyal to our spouses from out of love and devotion, without heeding the admonition. Perhaps we are righteous in our feelings, but you are insensitive and unkind, and would strip us of our dignity.'

I stand chastised, but unrepentant. It is perhaps not proper to demean others.

I would imagine Tough Stuff Number Ten is meant to infer that one shall not covet his neighbor's husband as well. To be included as Article Number One when we institute the Equal Rights Amendment. It is up to us you know. There are no more Shazams remaining in His arsenal.

For sure, LOVE and DEVOTION cut a mighty swath. May those qualities always exist without the encouragement of admonishments; may they invade and take over the earth and the society of man; may they endure forever.

But, of course one does covet; however, its not a dirty word. Desire and torment; if only!

William and Rose had struggled.

William, writing to Rose Again:

The words you have written soothe this unmerciful heart of mine. I shall believe every word and shall trust in you. If I seem to doubt, it is perhaps my own great self-doubt emerging to whet its appetite.

It is difficult for me now to be so near your loveliness; I tremble, I fumble around like some child preparing to ask his mother for some special privilege.

Though I am overjoyed to be near you, I must not look too long or touch; I must not make your life more difficult than it is.

It is as you say - we are trapped, confined; if only we would be permitted a chance to be together for a long while, not in little jerks and bits that rive one inside as we part.

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We went into the mountains on Sunday. I carried my love to the hill top and down again. I searched and searched everywhere for your form. I waited for you to spring from behind a tree or boulder; a lady grouse flew up. I longed to be walking hand in hand with you feeling your very spirit next to mine.

I sat upon a rocky outcropping overlooking a valley floor and stretching upward were the straight, tall conifers from below, their spires almost very very still. Every so often, the sun shone warmly accompanied by a gentle breeze, or was it your breath, dearest one?

Every mountain sound, every new sight, every wooded smell, every bubbling freshet, gave my heart the sweet and fatal twinge "you were not there".

Life is so fleeting, so elusive. We reach out to grasp our own feelings; they slip away, abandoned to some strange hollow mourning.

Yes, love, we are in a trap.

We are willing adherents to our pitifully precious covenants. One day we shall perish, and these things with us. I say this, not to hew away at your resolves, but to rankle in my own bitterness. We should raise our hands in protest, but lo!, we are conditioned otherwise. We lead lives as though following a physician's prescription.

Who can say that we should not love one another and share the infinities of our spirits, as though reading a plain language, it being so natural to us, or so it seems.

We are not so trapped as we think, are we; somehow we manage to communicate what is important to us.

On an opposite hilltop there were some lone trees set in the open, surrounded and emphasized by the snow beneath and behind them. They cast their mute shadows upon one another as the earth and sun journeyed along their accustomed avenues.

William had written much more, of course; I am supplying you with only some of the highlights. Again he wrote:

Your embrace is all wonder to me. Your sweetness towards me is incredible. You leave me warm, gentle and tender inside.

There is now in me some special happiness. You have come from afar to warm my life, but as I have revealed to you, I have so dreamed. The reality startles one, yet your delicate person, wonderful womanliness, and deep regard for my feelings leads me into a confident, loving relationship. Yes!, I am somewhat led, but my heart so desires. My life has been a nightmare of overcoming a bashfulness, which I hope you do not find

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annoying. I have all my life desired a relaxed, free, intimate relationship with someone very special, kindred, affined.

Friday came, and with it much dream-like wonder wherein the moments floated by one-by-one filling our hearts. The walk that transpired wherein we earned our badges, wherein we viewed the inviting vestibule of the Godhead, where the aged wheezed a sharp snort, while the other stared into the passage of time. And all the nice young people in a marked array of quarters and dizzy slogans. The girl and the guy with the music that we both began to... and their scrawny dog. The water laden lilac bowers and sniffing about the flowered shrubs, and the slipping of your hand about my arm, and other happy nudges.

'Til finally, our badge earned, we wended our sorrowful way to the harsh structure of our lives; or so it seemed.

And Oh! Love!, to bury our hearts in each others embrace.

And to tell each other those infinities of inner worlds never to be expressed in any other way. And to hear you say, that amidst all the strife and tumult, that our love is beautiful and that you would call my name a hundred times. How poignantly your words echoed in my deepest labyrinth.

Now, alone, away from you, I sit here rather benumbed, longing only to be by your side. Yes, that is my fondest wish; sharing every moment of your only too wonderful life; I too, desiring to share all of my life. That our hearts and hands could be linked forever is plain and natural enough to desire - But Alas!, you say this can never be. A cruel deprivation.

Are we destined only to cast our shadows upon one another, brushing lone spiritual ends together so briefly? And to think that if others so willed it, we should part tomorrow to see one another never again.

Yes - that too!?

Are we never to share all the wonderful experiences that we have so often alluded to, that have made us what we are? Will we never walk hand in hand through the earthen verdure, Yes!, as children and lovers? Are we never to play together? Are we never to read to one another, to listen to the strains of poets and musicians together, and yes!, Dance together in our own special way? Are we never to spend a whole day together?

Yes! sweet love, we have come together in this night of life, essentially as bound spirits, now, somehow, seeking freedoms, unbindings. Perhaps we shall yet, inadvertently, be freer; we shall not be able to bear the restraints, real or imagined, and will begin to cut away at them.

Rose followed with her own:

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Love, I am waiting to see you with breathless anticipation.

Please come soon!

When we are together - walking - talking of ourselves - quietly, looking into each others eyes - I feel a peace and inner happiness which turns to yearning and turmoil when we are apart. I look upon the damn clock which I've learned to resent because when we are together it races and when we are apart it hardly moves.

Then thoughts of the world situation come to mind - Cambodia - Kent State - Children dying - Nixon - Agnew - so much hate and killing. Does all this not make our love all the more beautiful by contrast? Society has created morals and set standards, but look what a mess our social order is in. Still, we have been molded and shaped by the Puritan ethic - like it or not. Understanding this, and being mercifully honest, perhaps we together can keep our sanity during the hard times.

You asked me what you are that I should love you. That is a difficult question because there are so many answers. As time goes on I shall try to express my feelings for you as a person. For a beginning I'll just say I love you.

Iacta alea est!

Will they withstand the hazard of the crossing?

To covet or not to covet; perhaps it is all as it appears; so simple.

William was not a 'make-out artist'. As a matter of fact he had not felt a concupiscent attraction toward Rose, whether stemming from a more involved, all encompassing passion, or from some conditioning, or some general unthinkableness. Perhaps the 'Thou Shalt Nots, or some towering morality, or basic fear of the unknown, an anticipation of a feeling of inadequacy, not unknown to him; all may have contributed to the suppression of certain lusty contemplations. Perhaps his own tender regard for Rose rendered such contemplation an incongruity to his consciousness, something hidden and inaccessible.

Surely he was arouseable. Every look, every gesture, every adornment, or lack thereof, every perfumed presence emanating from the mysterious Universe of the female was meant to unfrock his male Cosmos. We would construe him amiss if we did not view him in his ordinariness.

I would not attempt to defend him against the admonishments of Moses, not because I view Moses as a piker or as a go-between, but because coveting in itself, even if an absolutely demonstrable human fault and foil, is also an ordinary occurrence in our lives. In our Western Civilization there is hardly a neighbor's wife who wears a veil, hardly a neighbor's wife who would not wish to respond to the call of her

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femaleness as it is constantly elicited from her by the promoters and champions of the marketplace. These considerations of tacit immodesty, albeit of another social origin, render Moses an anachronism. Moses ought be presented with an opportunity to modify the spake: Look Ye, But Touch Ye Not! Looking affirms the world in which we live.

Yang-Ying, Animus/Anima.

When the time had arrived for the pubescent Rose to learn of the Birds and the Bees, The Coming of Age, The Circumspection, Rose's father had shown remarkable indulgence, admonishing his daughter to enjoy sex. He thought it unfortunate, and sad, when one merely endured this union of man and woman, feeling the enjoyment of the passion conferred the mark of animality, some unnecessary emotion. Perhaps her father spoke from the wisdom of his own experience. One is often influenced by their upbringing; perhaps Rose might have learned as much from her peers in the disencumbering Sixties. And perhaps her very own mother might have counseled the opposite to her father. We thus might imagine Rose as a liberated woman, confident in her feelings, in her 'raw' emotions.

It was Rose who opined the Citizen of the United States of America harbors an immense guilt concerning the American Indian (despite the spake of the TEXT, and the antics of John Wayne). Perhaps Rose was speaking for herself, a sensitive person who greatly admired the crafts of the Native American (savages). She eventually learned the techniques of weaving, and became a teacher of the weaving techniques of the Navajo.

Rose empathized and wept over the plight of the remaining Navajo whose Reservation harbored huge deposits of Coal and, more significantly, Uranium. That presumption of guilt evidenced itself by the surreptitious activity of the Department of the Interior to relocate them (drive off by breaking up family groups, and by denying the use of the land through the decimation and limitation of number in the flocks of sheep - in the end, hoping to group the Native into government-dole-dependent enclaves). The corporation and military lobbyists were carrying the assault to Congress attempting to pass legislation forcing the relocation of the Navajo through the exploitation of their differences with the Hopi which had always existed, but had only become the concern of Government since the advent of the discovery of the Uranium deposits.

Perhaps this manner of dealing with 'them' reflects guilt; I think not. The Native Americans have existed as a burden; and as something that gets in the way of progress, to wit our juggling of their status ever since they were finally enclaved upon Reservations. Sure we Quucked-up when we failed to kill them all. Its not guilt that keeps us from wiping them out now; its the flak we would have to endure. We would be regarded as

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no better than the (savages) we were attempting to eliminate (Its an image problem). Besides, Guddammit, they are part of our heritage (and they are a curious study group; real live subjects for anthropologists; behaviorists who study the effects of prolonged captivity on motivation [get up and go]; and other people [alcoholologists] engaged in the study of fire-water upon the native). Who would have guessed? Its not so much guilt as it is an ambivalence toward life in general; we are both violent and indulgent toward life, as though we cannot make up our minds whether the life that ought to be lived is really worth living, and as long as it appears we will be able to maintain an artificial life, one of our own devising and fabrication, as though we were thing instead of life, then, as thing, its O.K. to keep it going. If we were to totally destroy everything that reminded us of our past, then we might be able to adequately test our own theoretical possibilities without any - alas! is it - compunction?

I should not encumber the impression of Rose with diatribes that are not stated in her own words. Rose is not an Activist in the purest sense; while she might march in dissent against one of many obtuse governmental blunderings, she has neither the time nor the energy to accommodate every instance of such failure. She does expect her representatives in government to do something besides sit on their duffs, forever calculating how they can continue to get reelected and remain in office (becoming a fox like all the others guarding the chickens). While initially a candidate may have obtained his or her office because he promised to provide a different voting record than an incumbent, it is soon learned that the whole involvement of politics is more invested in the 'craft' than in the thing a person is purported to be and do as a representative. The Law requires there be a Representative and a Senator, so that's what you get, and because they are there, you get what you get; and since the fox guards the chicken, its only a matter of time before you get eaten i.e., go to war, make nuclear warheads, lose your Uranium, and probably lose your ass. Such is your privilege to be a chicken and a member of a nation in whose interest you are enslaved by the mere fact of your existence.

Poor Rose; if she could only hear me ranting. Usually she agrees with my ideas, but takes exception to my expressing anything in her name. Rose is believer in the system; she votes regularly. While she is seldom happy with a particular candidate, she may do as most people, by casting a negative vote, i.e., by voting for the one, although ye like him not, ye deny the other whom ye like even less. In this way we generally arrive with a Congress constituted mostly of bums. A bum lamb is one that none other thought worthy to nurture. So we as voters nurture a system that ought be overhauled, but since its up to the foxes to overhaul it....

Rose

Rose can become angered over injustice, but does not feel comfortable with the feelings that anger evokes within her; often her anger results in tears of frustration. Very often, however, her tears are a lament for that which has suffered at the hands of man.