

December 23

'Things', that is, Things do not get any better.

I'm (my meness is) still stuck within this carcass of mine.

I'm aware of certain things (there's that word again). Not much, mind you; but aware, nonetheless.

I'm aware that I must be careful what I say at all times (so I do not contravene the spirit of the first amendment).

Even though I am an old (oiled) geezur, for whom some will make excuses, and show some benign tolerance, others might find my think cause for execution (that is, others with the visceral urge to kill [that is, those whose mission it is to clean things up, for the lack of any thing better to do, or for the thrill or 'rush'] [erection]). Just like some others swat flies.

It is also necessary for me to be aware that I am not the picture of health. That I might keel over at any moment.

But mostly I am aware that any if these writings (computerings to some; some of which I have lost because I hit the wrong button) that survive me do not comprise an ordered whole. They might be considered the rantings of schizo, the speculations of a lunatic, the fantasies of an anarchist, etc.

No, I cannot offer that kind of excuse. I am a responsible party.

That is, I try to say things responsibly, offering my assessments grounded in plausibility and rationality. No fiction. I ask a lot of questions.

My greatest attempt at fiction is to try to make something of myself that I am not. Why I have tried to make something of myself is not particularly evident to me. 'To make a contribution' was the plausible delusion extracted from my early schooling.

Lately I have been enjoying the bizarre and flashy things one can do with computer graphics. Learning the 'tricks' has proven trying at times, but I have chosen themes that amuse me and titillate me in order to get through the worst of it. Occasionally I make a sincere effort to stimulate or provoke a certain kind of awareness or response in others (potential others).

I do not know precisely the why of this compulsion to be saying things all the time, offering my analysis and opinion. Is it because I disagree with the assumptions that surround and control me; that are shoved in my face wherever I go, imposed upon me, as in fact is the case? Do I have a right to questions these assumptions whether or not it is not my constitutional right? Me, am I more than a tolerated guest?

If I imagine myself to be so damned smart, whether delusional or not, why don't I show it by not paying any attention; by just letting it be? Consistent with my take on 'transience' (it will pass).?

Notes 28

Or am I molded more like something ‘immutable’, that is, a character in a play (a stage prop) that reveals a consistent, predictable, and stereotypical behavior, virtually unalterable?

Even if this was not true, even if man could not be inspired to do something different, he remains a beast that will find some way to express whatever he is; his full range of capabilities. Often he chooses the low road, unavoidably (very visceral in nature) He has also reached the higher plane (very spiritual in nature). We might be said to desire both conditions. Mostly we desire the freedom to be what we are: maybe even an immoral thing with few social graces, or altruistic impulses. Operating or functioning with few constraints. Held in check by a double edged sword, the Golden Rule which finds its handmaiden in “An eye for and eye

What can one say? Yes! It will go on irremediably; one might add – hopelessly.

Why bring hope into the equation?

Because most of us live hoping for something, that is, wanting something, nothing so esoteric as freedom, but something pleasurable (not to dismiss freedom as a pleasurable thing), but something more immediate, like food or sex, maybe a drug-induced altered state; an all day high. Maybe just a drive in a fancy car. And of course, security, so much in fact that we might pray for it insanely, getting down on our hands and knees, imploring some fictional godhead to deliver the goodgoodsies. We might invest in an IRA.

Oh! Yes! there are other hopes as well. But be aware that all hopes border on fiction.

Its not that I do not appreciate fiction. After all I avert the tedium (Te Diem), and allow myself to be transported (transcendently escaping the grimmer realities, like trying to make something out of myself). But I do not like to read fiction appearing in a non-fictional situation, like politicians making promises they do not intend to keep, or cannot possibly honor.

For example, the romantic and tragic fiction of Romeo and Juliet may have had vastly more appeal in a time when the species was fewer in number. Now anything that leads to more in number amounts to acting irresponsibly. Well of course you can ask (One can always ask [in a free country one can always ask]) “Why act responsibly, especially since the ship is sinking?” You might also ask, “Have you heard of birth control?” Its one thing to ask of a lemming and another of a homo sap., No?

I would find consciousness (premeditations) of birth control antithetic to the passions (visceral excursions) of Romeo and Juliet. Juliet was a teenager (an underager). It doesn’t matter; the inflamed duo were never intended to produce offspring; as a matter

of fact, they were intended to be consumed, not to consummate. A more modern truthful version of the hapless R. and J. might be dramatically billed, “Not fated to bear children”, and “Is the ship really sinking?”

Included in a modern version, although it might slow down the action and alter the dramatic impact, and diminish the highly sought catharsis, one might include in the script all the smells, sweat and farts; the wens and warts. Of course Romeo and Juliet must remain attractive to the audience as well as to each other.

Whatever works. As you have surmised, I write to fill the void, employing a full range of *free* associations. Others might identify this methodology as ‘stream of consciousness’ or pure lunacy. So be it. But whether constructing a fictional opus, or constructing a plausible social document, words, in the last analysis, lack substance. While words are the medium, and while some folk ‘have a way with words’ we are still mired down in their limitations, and our limitations.

Two words that appear consistently within my arena of circumlocution, often inseparably: ‘coherence’ and ‘relevance’.

The trick with coherence, especially if you are stating an opinion cloaked in some diatribe, is to make sure that you do not lose sight of what you are trying to imply or suggest (I am remonstrating with myself in this case). If a person believes a thing strongly enough why bother cloaking; doesn’t that always run the risk of appearing incoherent? I cannot be sure of the answer to that question. I can say that persuasion involves art. Bluntly stated, opinions don’t seem a very effective way of persuading, unless supported by firearms. Many opinions do not contain self-evident messages. If the object is to persuade as well as state an opinion, more elaboration or more threatening posture may be required.

While ‘some things bear repeating’ (as the expression goes) others tire us or lose their significance with repetition. Say it once, then you can add afterwards “I told you so”. Coherence involves communication and understanding. Hypothetically, and without presumption, I communicate and you understand. Its part of ‘having a way with words’.

The second part is ‘relevance’. Again, cloaking something one wants to say in a diatribe runs the risk of diffusing the message, risking its appropriateness and/or relevance (Where is this guy coming from?). Assuming there is a non-fictional topic up for consideration, whatever one is saying should lead to a clearer understanding of said matter. Analogous situations are reputed to aid in enlightening us. So we often hear, “How is that relevant?” If we elicit the question, perhaps we have gained a beachhead upon interest, but not understanding.

Notes 28

Very often I am rambling along in my usual free association way, with lots of notions of how to stimulate in the other (as well as myself) my particular take on an issue, when the last question doesn't get asked. Whether I am being just listened to as part of a tolerant gesture? I suppose if I could detect (not being completely insensitive) in the other some desire for the spake to end, I might cease. But if one stands there listening politely without squirming, then what am I to assume? I suppose if I find myself losing the thread of my own thought processes, or if I begin to feel the tiresomeness of my own spake, no matter how interesting I try to make it, then I cannot have expectations of the other. Perhaps they are already somewhere else in their own thoughts and reflections, as to completely obviate the tiresome rant at hand.

Very often I am so imbued with my own notions that I make a very poor listener. Whatever the other person is thinking or stating might stimulate in me such a 'downloading' of free association that I can no longer listen attentively. Although I may appear to be listening, as though I 'have heard it all before'. An impasse. (You have my sympathies.)

I do not get many visitors, so I am often left talking to myself. In my fictional account of the Prophet as Stalking Horse, more grandiosely I was given the boot (exiled). There was this option of recanting (yeasaying) or of drinking the hemlock. That's what happens when you become dangerously coherent and relevant (Not unlike the Unabomber? [Is this a double negative interrogatory?]) Then I skipped from the purely fictional to the non-fictional fiction (is that possible, to skip, I mean?) found in *Y no hai remedio*.

The justification of our skepticism (always questioning those assumptions) is to be found in the everongoingness of our blessed transience. While those in control (whoever they are, corporations, fanatics?) would like nothing better than permanence (once established), fortunately for the rest of us, there exists the possibility (slim, of course), of a future without them. The rest of us also have an interest in permanence. We would like to live long enough to witness the end of the controllers and to experience things we have only been able to imagine (e.g., being in control of our own destinies – WOW!)

Waco and Ruby Ridge have been in the news lately because the relatives of the murdered in Waco are suing the government for losses incurred. At the center of the controversy are incendiary devices used to set Branch Davidian ablaze, and certain provocative rifle fire by the government, and/or, by one thug who appears in both Waco and Ruby Ridge. We are not any more horror-struck by the number of innocent children killed in Waco than we were in the number of children killed in Vietnam. Of

Notes 28

course in each case the eventual victims might feel comforted wherever they are, that there was nothing personal involved. One merely happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. Collateral Damage.

But the killing of Mrs. Weaver by a trigger-happy butcher (bad shot), a hired sharpshooter (thug) (gunslinger) is more pointed. Someone was singled out by someone else to receive a life-ending projectile. This trigger-fingered poor excuse for anything that takes the form of living vermin was exonerated because he killed a defenseless woman in the line of duty. That is what we stand for. We allow it, therefore we condone it. When we are saying we wish to Make a More Perfect Union, and the World Safe For Democracy, are we saying we need to have the lowest order of mayhemming thug like Horiuchi running around indiscriminately gunning people down? Is that what we mean?

Some fffing judge said it was O.K. to kill. The word was not 'restraint'; Hell NO! Line of duty, my ass! (as they say). Duty, what is there to be construed with that ruse *Duty*? What is our *Duty*? We think bad thoughts about the S.S. and the Brown Shirts, and their carryovers within our own borders. Where's the difference between them and us? I believe there are those sadistic creeps who seek out jobs where they can, in the line of *duty*, get it off (wanta know what I mean – call) by killing others, actually killing others, really truly, actually killing others; annihilating others (some refrain). And they can find a status quo judge to say its O.K. And we hire them to do a kind of dirty work (something we don't want to know about) that we could not do ourselves (that we would know about). We are saying it is O.K., if we step out of line to let them finger us too. We are saying it is O.K. for us to be intolerant. And Mr. Horiuchi, i. e., thug Horiuchi, is claiming he is a good patriot (a lot of assholes hide behind the flag). And we are admitting it is O.K. Doe Kay for Mr. Horiuchi to kill us when we are out of line. Get in line Asshole!

Is there a deeper meaning to this last? Are all people, including us, who oppose the status quo to be exterminated? Is a 'democratic' society meant to be an intolerant society?

December 24

Words, that's what, and their limitations. But don't blame the words. The word: democracy. Everybody has to do their part. And by that I do not mean that the sharpshooters get to look for situations where they can off people, or where they can off the buffalo for that matter.

I cannot get it out of my mind, this tiresome old saw "It's the best of all possible worlds". If such a dubious observation is meant

Notes 28 🎵🎵🎵

as sanction of what exists, however realistically interpreted, then democracy doesn't stand a chance.

The nonfiction of the matter, in all probability, rests in our unpreparedness. We are constitutionally (double entendre) not ready for democracy. We have not attained the necessary or required stage of evolution. A lot of people ignore the plausibility of evolutionary thought (mistaking it for revolutionary thought) If the will and the spirit and those prayers to the godhead do not improve our situation, then it necessarily falls back upon evolution to complete what has been imperfectly begun.

So the notion of democracy remains a fiction, whether or not it is defined, and whether or not it is embedded in legislation, all intended to enforce a fiction. There needs to be a *spirit of democracy* as is often said of the law itself, there is a *spirit of the law*. But there are loopholes to each, which very often provide a means to contravene the *spirit*.

So lets not kid ourselves. When Mr. Weaver challenged the powers that affronted him, believing he had little recourse, the powers that be (the status quo that has nothing to do with the precept of democracy – as a matter of nonfiction the precept becomes an obstacle to the status quo's fixedness (long insert here) set out to make an example of him. There was no *spirit of democracy* that would allow Mr. Weaver to flip the birdie. Good democrats do not flip birdies. They prostrate themselves before the Washington Monument (Oommmmm). Because Mr. Weaver was who he was, the enforcers killed his wife and son to set an example of what it means to contravene the *spirit of the status quo* They claim they set out to harm no one. That's what they say. What did Mr. Weaver say or do that warranted the deadly aggressive act against his family? Was the purpose of democracy served and enhanced thereby? Obviously Justice was not being served. Violent retribution in the hands of professional government slayers (thugs). No different than feeding the Christians to the lions. All in the line of duty; so sayeth the judge. The judge put J.C. on the cross because he would not prostrate himself before the Washington Monument.

And, believe me there is **WORLD OF DIFFERENCE** between the **status quo** and **democracy**.

December 27

All lost when the computer crashed. Can't recall what it was all about.

December 28

Lost all I had entered when the computer crashed. Then I copied Notes 28 from what I had previously printed out, to return to this point.

Today I had begun to examine the WTO protest in Seattle in the light of my previous notations with regard to status quo and democracy.

Its been a long day, so I'll beg off until tomorrow.

December 29

WTO

The powers that be (the status quo) had expected demonstrations. Good opportunity to see what's out there. Time for head bashing. A ready-made confrontation for the jelly-bellies suited up in their armor.

Who provoked who?

The spokespope (the apologista) of the WTO claim that free trade benefits hundreds of millions of Americans and billions of people around the world.

The denouncers (carnival performers) claim the WTO does not respond to the needs of the environment, labor, the poor, women, or indigenous people.

The Fourth Estate took sides (status quo). Willie waffled.

We were approaching HUAC again, the McCarthy days, Vietnam. Democracy sucks.

Who's in the right?

AFTER THE STORM PASSES

The protesters didn't have their facts right, and may hurt the very causes they claim to care about. Why good drama can make bad history. BY FAREED ZAKARIA

AT LEAST ONE CLINTON OFFICIAL has a sense of humor about the fiasco in Seattle. The White House, he says, accomplished one of its key goals last week: raising the profile of the World Trade Organization. In fact, Washington must now wish it had proposed that the trade talks be held somewhere else—say, Outer Mongolia.

What happened in Seattle was an unmitigated disaster. Little was actually accomplished at the talks. Political support for free trade might have been damaged, which is bad for workers everywhere—whether in poor Third World countries as they try to escape poverty or in rich ones like America, where they seek good jobs. Beyond all that, the spectacle was simply embarrassing. Even with months of warnings about potential violence and disruptions, the authorities in America's "City of the Future" were appallingly unprepared.

While the talks drew a disparate and motley crew of protesters, they had common complaints. "The WTO doesn't respond to the needs of the environment, labor, the poor, women or indigenous people," said Alli Starr, a dancer in the radical performing group Art and Revolution.

It's a familiar plea for the downtrodden of the world. There's just one problem: the downtrodden beg to differ. Representatives of developing nations at the meetings angrily pointed out that the demonstrators were seeking to protect the jobs and benefits of Western workers, who are rich and privileged by any standard. In fact, if the demonstrators' demands were met, the effect would be to crush the hopes of much poorer Third World workers—the original "indigenous people." Citizens of developing countries have only one possible path out of the horrifying levels of poverty, malnutrition and disease in which they live: economic growth. And every country in history that has raised its living standards—including the United States—has done so by hitching its wagon to the world economy.

Nor would the demonstrators' demands be good for America. During the past 40 years, the world has seen a massive reduction in trade barriers—and consequently the biggest and longest economic boom in history. Between 1950 and 1998, world exports of manufactured goods multiplied 34-fold and world economic output increased eighteenfold. All this has meant rising standards of living for people around the globe, but most especially those in the West and the United States. The idea that American workers will gain from slowing down, shutting off or further regulating trade has no basis in history, economic theory or common sense. It is simply



TAKING TO THE STREETS: Popular protests are a dangerous form of lobbying

a frightened reaction to change.

The more thoughtful of the Seattle brigades argue that they do not want to slow world trade but merely make it contingent on certain environmental, social and political standards. These concerns are important. But the purpose of trade agreements is to reduce trade barriers and thus expand economic growth. Period. They do not exist to make the environment safe, give workers health care or make countries democratic. There are other methods, treaties and organizations aimed at pursuing these worthwhile goals. If every issue, no matter how remote, becomes a "trade issue," the WTO will lose its ability to do the one thing it alone can do: reduce trade barriers.

The demonstrators claimed to be acting in the name of democracy. A protester, Brooke Lehman, called the WTO "an undemocratic, illegitimate power." Almost all of the 500-odd groups in Seattle similarly criticized the WTO's "lack of accountability." But, of course, not one of these organizations is in any way accountable to anyone. Most of them represent small and narrow interests that have been unable to build mainstream support for their demands. Most of the key governments that belong to the WTO, on the other hand, are elected by broad majorities. The truth is that labor unions, environmentalists and other activists are trying to impose regulations through the WTO that they were unable to persuade the United States Congress to support.

What we saw in Seattle is the rise of a new kind of politics. Disparate groups, organized through the Internet and other easy means of communication, pursue at the supranational level what they cannot accomplish at the national level. Alas, the new tactics seem to be working. In Seattle, faced with a challenge to one of his major accomplishments, the WTO, President Clinton bizarrely sided with the demonstrators—and presumably against his own officials who were the targets of the protests. In statements reminiscent of his famous squiggle on the gulf war—"I guess I would have voted with the majority if it was a close vote. But I agree with the arguments the minority made"—the president explained that he supported the protesters but didn't want to hobble free trade.

The expansion of free trade has been one of Washington's most remarkable acts of global leadership this century—benefiting hundreds of millions of Americans and billions of people across the world. To now watch an American president retreat from that commitment because of the carnival tactics of a small but effective minority is sad. It might make for good short-term politics but it will make for very bad history.

Notes 28

Free Trade is a conceptual thing, not a reality. If its *free* you can bet there's something odious about it. Odorous too.

November 20 2000

Long Time, little write. Busy, with regrets!?

On the island where it is I believe I want to be. I'm getting too old to venture beyond a certain something, simply because I do not possess the energy reserves to start anything anew. The garden projects here this year has required a dedicated effort. Cleaning up the one, and the beginning a new one.

I owe nearly everyone some form of correspondence; even the easy e-mailings lag behind. So another kind of dedicated effort is required.

Dec. 16 2000

Stateside

I calls them the way I sees 'em.

I calls them the way they are.

They ain't nuthin' until I calls 'em.

That third level of perception appeals to me; but it ain't necessarily so.

I must live with a certain amount of paranoia and grandiosity; but because I confess to these does not mean what I have to say becomes invalidated.

For those who dig through the record, they will find it has been one long struggle with the word and one honest effort to arrive at certain truths about life in general. I do ask questions. Even though I also answer them; it is usually with another question, particularly where doubt exists. Lots of doubt.

Also I have sought relevance; all that is outside of me; How Relevant? How am I relevant?

Somewhere you will find where I have opined that there is no identifiable purpose to our life other than what we assign to it. As a species we exercise a certain discrimination. I do not mean this in the narrow sense. We have a way, perhaps presumptuously, of deducing that our manner of consciousness distinguishes us from other creatures that live on this planet. Whereas other creatures seem programmed, we believe our free will excuses us from what governs other species. From what we observe of other forms of life we might be able to deduce there seems to be no purpose to life UNLESS we are willing to accept the fact that locomotion, replication and an endless repetition of a process of birth, growth, decay and death constitute purpose. How does homo sapiens separate itself from the environment which it observes. Is homo sap., through his own presumption and grandiosity, able to defy his protoplasmic nature; i.e. does he really suspend himself magically, breathlessly and nonvegetatively, above all the others?

Notes 28

Incredulously, when man alludes to afterlife, doubtlessly matter must leap the confines of the planet. To my reckoning, this is not possible regardless of how unreservedly and tenaciously one believes it to be true.

To my mind it is grossly presumptuously delusional to persist in believing in something that is not true. Despite my hard line, I must recognize this indeed may be the only purpose one has assigned to his or her life, lacking any other.

Over the centuries and over the millennia, this kind of believing has led to many bloody clashes between this believer and that believer. I suppose one might assign the purpose to life is to engage in bloody clashes. Despite our apparent fondness for living we put in life's path a kind of rooted stupidity that constructs myriad pitfalls to that which we claim to desire the most.

We do wrong.

We have done wrong.

We will do wrong.

What's wrong with you?

Unremittingly. Once bitten, twice wise.

One voice; even many voices raised in unison, will not alter our behavior. One needs to be aware of the behavior; one needs to make a conscious disciplined effort to alter it.

I don't want to get into the Jesus argument, as though a solution has already been provided. I do not believe we can be saved by any extraterrestrial intercession. It is not possible. Saving ourselves in His name has not succeeded. Quite the opposite.

Next

There may not exist such a condition as success. 'Success' is a relative term. I insert here the Orwellian obversion "Survival is success". I must say I cannot perceive our betterment after all these centuries. We may infer that because, in the western world, we have done away with certain barbaric practices, that we can claim advancement as a conscionable species. (I gotta do it again Herman; "Is civilization a thing distinct, or merely an advanced stage of barbarism?") It is so that we have replaced one kind of barbaric practice with another. The western world suffers with a Christian ambivalence. 'Suffer' is a relative term. Turning the other cheek may be the option, but it is impractical when dealing with savages. 'Savage' is a relative term also. In place of ambivalence we argue for a pragmatic outlook. What we do in our private life is practice 'Christian' ambivalence, and as a political reality, we practice pragmatism. In dealing with a 'savage' in private life, we suffer with ambivalence. In dealing with a savage on a governmental level, we deal with political reality. We bandy the term 'Political Correctness', as a way of excusing, or ennobling,

certain behavior. We use terms like ‘collateral damage’ to illustrate our sensitivity to politically correct action. The reality remains the same; the words attempt to put the best face upon it.

A ‘Savage’ can be a ‘ruthless dictator’, or a person who functions outside the law. I do not herein infer someone of a certain ethnicity (as was typical in the ‘settling of the west’). I call into question the manner of carrying out the death penalty in the state of Texas (USA) where a kind of frontier justice still prevails, and my indulgent thoughts regarding the Unabomber.

Do I feel I can sit in my Ivory Tower above it all, so to speak, and separate myself from the temporal needs of a certain kind of ‘justice’? I am weighing what I am saying within a backdrop of a Christian ethos, a certain kind of empathy with human failings, and with the pressures exigent in an overcrowded planet (an overreplicated planet), which tends to argue ‘we can do without’ as a pragmatic solution. The ‘without’ is part of the formula of justice, better known as an expedient. Expedite! I have not viewed our involvement in a place like Vietnam as anything but a barbaric invasion of someone else’s territory. We had no right whatever. No amount of rhetoric could ever make it so. The net result was epitomized in Kent State. Pragmatic solutions.

Anarchy on the part of the Guard was an answer to anarchy on the part of a student body. The students were unarmed. And soldiers were trigger happy, in a mindless sort of way, as usual.

When someone b&e’d our home, turning it topsy turvy searching for valuables or useful things, I wanted to do something to the perpetrators. But I’ll never get the chance. I cannot tell you what I would do exactly. I cannot argue with myself that I should turn the other cheek. I may search within myself for my own human failings, that is, my own desires or visceral proclivities toward envy, for example, i.e. envy of what the ‘haves’ ‘have’. (By the way, the enforcers of the law, are totally useless in these matters.) (I should feel ‘blessed’ because this is not the worst violation of my person by another person, as enraging as it really is. {Somebody is really looking out for me, after all. Surely you jest} Refer to Theft and No Trespassing. More to come?)

Being who I am, I need to regard the temporal situation. We are goaded from birth to become consumers. A consumer is a person who responds to the hoopla that says: ‘you aint nuthin unless you are sumbuddy, and you aint sumbuddy unless you do it like they do it’ (*They aint nuthin, ‘til I calls ‘em*). So when you can’t do it, what remains for you to do? Live in envy, ogling? Being ‘sumbuddy’ is confused with actual need. What does it mean to become ‘sumbuddy’? One president (*read my lips*) even perorated: “Jump-start the economy; buy a cah!” I facetiously suggested toilet paper as a more affordable alternative, which could be spread around

Notes 28

(shared) more uniformly as a consumable. Technically speaking, and ironically 'Sumbuddy' becomes more of a nobody the more he imitates (follows the example).

How can we follow you, when you wander around so much? Just try to piece together this world and see how much you wander around. Besides I'm really not wandering. I'm still on the planet, dealing with my look-a-likes. I'm in the city for a while, where I really have to deal with my look-a-likes (on all levels; neighbors to government officials; and to the constant roar of milling humanity [talk about wandering {squandering}]).

At sixty-seven, I am no longer credible. I do know this; I will not allow myself to be put upon by you. If I have any real failing, it might be found in my impatience with you and your arguments (persuasions). Sometimes I cannot bring myself to listen yet once again. Age has short-circuited a part of me.

If this makes me seem unreasonable, then I have failed in some part of my mission.

AH! but what is my mission?

They aint nuthin 'til I calls 'em!

I'm the self-designated umpire. The very nature of my position suggests some kind of arbitrariness. Am I guided by any principles as I don my mask? What is really there and what do I see? As the umpire am I allowed to interpret? Or do I merely waive all circumspection, dictating the terms of reality? Every call is on film.

Next

Like some others, I've followed the saga of Sylvia Plath. She was obviously a driven person (A compelled person). Driven by her own private demons. Teddy Boy was little help to her. Teddy was possessed by his own demons, therefore didn't have much time for hers. Bad deal for her. I'm sure she loved him. But one never knows about love; how much is a general need and desire being sought and somewhat fulfilled by any dog on the street (I'm sure Sylvia would feel obliged to deny this kind of sublime truth). Surely sharing a kind of intellectual life had meant something. But from her journals, it seemed she was a person who needed careful watching; that she didn't push herself so far into a weariness that became self-defeating. She did need more than any dog in the street and the conceited intellectual in whose aura she basked.

The (protestant?) demon to 'produce' seemed wrapped up in some kind of conceit. It was not seen as a means to a livelihood so much as it was a desire for some special kind of recognition. Question is? By whom? A special audience? She did not write for the 'common man'.

I know about the conceits; I know about procrastination. I know about doubts. I know about this urge. Lately the urge has been

Notes 28


further shoved into the forefront by feeling that someone else will attempt to fill the void I leave behind. What obligation exists to feel a necessity to fill a void that will forever remain in any case? And I can imagine that when the doubts are added to the procrastination, especially when one has tarried too long and felt he has lost something irretrievably (hasn't written it down; lost a great inspiration or a great idea forever; etc.) the impulse to escape is overwhelming. Escape one's own self-condemnation.

Sylvia was a daring and forceful writer. She strove for an expression of a kind of raw truth that really wasn't all that poetic. But her aim was good; she often struck her target. But a huge undertaking for any one individual.

From what I am able to deduce from her writings, assuming them to be mostly truthful, Teddy was a bit of an asshole. Certainly the destruction and control of any of HER work after her death was unconscionable, and will mar any reputation he may have garnered through his own work. Its kind of like Willie in the broom closet (there's that ole umpire callin' 'em again) She was such a significant presence on this planet. It was our right to know about her in her own words, no matter how much her words offended or embarrassed an individual (mostly Teddy; who claimed he was saving their children [some children, if they did not want to understand fully their mother]). Her kind of truth was impossible to avoid. Although she did not write for the 'common man', per se, she did write for an audience, the great human audience. She observed unreservedly. Not to hurt, but to get it out there. That was the compulsion. The sham world struck her almost on a personal level; it somehow offended her. She wanted more. As we all do. But we do not get more. We get more of the same.

I know about writing for that great human audience. As one lives and breathes.

She dies and Sontag lives. So there ya go! Bullshit attracts flies.

Next (after some ammending to the former). 

The 'common man'. Define your terms!

That's a tough one for the umpire. 'Nuthin' 'til I calls 'em'.

In that simple recognition scene, I have revealed much. The umpire speaks in his rough and tough vernacular in order to convey the imperious authority his position connotes. He is not Moses on Mt. Sinai. He is more with us on the ground level. He is delivering as it occurs. He does not confuse the issue with doubt.

The 'common man'?

This expression somehow blurs what it is we want to feel about ourselves. We are individuals, with our own likes and dislikes. We may share some of those likes and dislikes, but our reasons may differ. Besides we don't want to be lumped, or assimilated.

Notes 28

Could I refer to myself as the, or a, ‘common man’?

I know there is much about me that is ‘common’. It is very difficult sometimes to rise above my visceral nature. That is, I am a live creature equipped with all those protoplasmic tendencies, some, over which I (me, the umpire), do not always wish to exert control. Not that I wish to grovel, but I wish to recognize certain states of being (mindlessly protoplasmic, if you will) that are what they are, perhaps very common.

I may to choose to sit in judgement upon myself for what are my proclivities, as well as my lacks.

Can we define the ‘common man’ or ‘common woman’ by creating an opposite, that is, a perfect human being? What is a perfect human being? It might be easier to define the former. Hah!, is there a perfect common man?

When I say that Sylvia did not write for the ‘common man’, what do I mean? Obviously she did not write in all the regional vernaculars (dialects), by which many a common man expresses and understands the world. Cool Man! Sylvia might look with chagrin (disdain – like, ‘What’s the use?) upon the Cool Man.

I have asked the question of myself? I remain a windbag who sometimes just cranks out a pile of verbiage that is not relevant to anything more than what is going on inside my head at the time it is being cranked out. I may have an object in mind, but I may not be considering that great audience. I do not have an ear for a lot of particulars, but I do sense that I will not reach part of the audience because the verbiage misses its target (in terms of language usage {that stuff of communication}). That is, that blur of an audience may not wish to reach into my think, but rather remain entrenched in what it sees as too intellectual, or too wordy, or whatever. A snow job! *Dementia incoherentia* (from Louie’s Latin Lexicon). Or “He just doesn’t get it.” *Disjecta membra*. A disconnect.

Sometimes there is a lot of explaining to do. Sometimes I ride roughshod through the process of communicating. I may lack the necessary arts to communicate without explaining. I do not want to explain in a shortened version of the syllable, in grunts (so to speak). I like to get carried away with the language as I understand it, even experiment with the language. One is arguably rooted in time and place. Just peruse the dictionary and view all the obsolescence that has occurred in word usage. A bit discouraging, but at the same time very revealing (man never gives up trying to put a new ‘spin’ on things). By implication, we have not got it all figured out.

In order to write this stuff I need to thrust aside the ‘What’s the use?’. I need to risk my vulnerability to my own umpiring. But I

Notes 28 🎵🎵🎵

like the idea that 'They aint nuthin' 'til I calls 'em'. There is something wonderfully freeing in the concept.

Whether or not Sylvia wrote for the 'common man or woman', and whether or not the umpire sees himself as common or something else, I consider myself fortunate to be able to feel the force of Sylvia's words and the stimulating challenges to our perceptions of truth. To describe a thing in its raw effect upon our innards, that is, to use a very refined language to probe our more visceral natures is stimulating to me. Its not glossing the truth, but making it more stinging, kind of like a nettle.

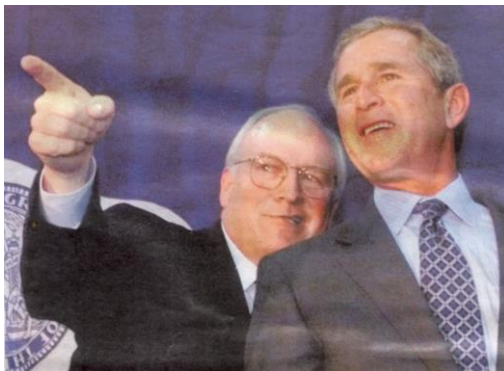
Does not the 'common man' like to be stimulated? As a 'common man' answering the question, I would answer in the affirmative. I dabble in a variety of experience; I choose not to limit myself as a matter of predilection. I will not declare that the common man is a limited experience any more than I would declare that being an uncommon man is a limited experience. Perhaps it is a matter of exposure and predilection. Can I say it in any nicer way? I risk the offense.

We hear the expression 'complete man (or woman)'. It is assumed this refers to the well-rounded. Does it infer 'not lacking'? 'Complete' is a relative term in any case; relative to NOW. Yesterday and tomorrow are not part of the equation. The World Class, Fast Track, Globally aware and cultured individual, anchored in a profound NOWNESS, that soon acquires dust from that which accelerates before him or her (in a manner of speaking). Is it 'accelerates' or is it 'gravitates'? Changes!

Because we have not arrived!

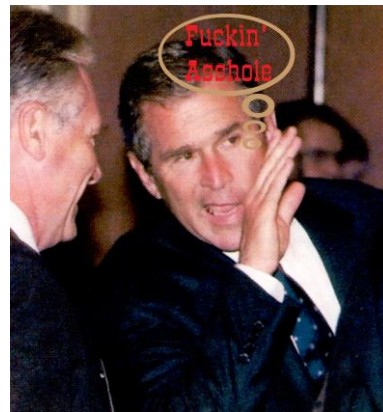
Next (actually 21th)

Following up on a notion of explaining things – how much should be self-evident – how much should remain a challenge to a reader?



reader?

Next



Ears Only

What the fuck!

I want you to take a good look this time. This guy is going to be trouble.

Notes 28

I realize we have all been very naïve about politics; but our worst suspicions are being confirmed.

I can remember seeing the ‘in’ guys before. You might have voted for it, but you aint gonna get it. It is not a matter of who wins or who loses. We all lose. We cannot win with this guy; none of us plebes. It’s the other guys gonna win, big time. The fat cats, the aristocracy, the plutocrats are gonna reap (that’s **rape** spelled every other which way).

We’ll fix those bastards on Death Row. We’ll show those environmentalists not to mess with us. We’ll slaughter the buffalo; real threat you know; disease and Indians an’ all that. We’ll grandfather and great grandfather all pollutin’ industries. We’ll build more bombs, more tanks, more missiles. We’ll deal with those terrorists; we’ll grab ‘em where it hurts. We’ll mandate families to take care of their old folk and get ‘em off Medicare and all that other Social Security stuff. Let those Chinamen try to pirate our wares. They’ll get the message. Damn! We’re the mightiest nation on earth; we don’t have to take anybody’s shit. Nobody’s gonna mess with us. An we aint gonna. An we are gonna do something about that Arkansas bitch? She’s a real threat to our way, you know. Hey, you know what; we oughta subdivide Alaska. But before that we gotta get rid of Saddam.

You know what, Durchanek, you’re a damned cynic. And if you keep talking that way they’re gonna do you in. Just like they did Weaver, Koresh, Singer. They put Ted and Timothy (ex eunt) in cages as reminders. If they was caught and processed in Texas; I guess I don’t have to tell you what woulda happened in the loudest, most polluted state in the union. Texas is pollution; you’re lookin’ at ‘im. Our nation is about to become full of the pollutions. All those places that we have missed already. James Watt will look like child’s play.

Would you rather I comment on Sylvia or W.?

Next

Neither!!??

What then. Sumsuddy else!?

Sure O.K.; then its you or me; or our neighbor, or the celebrity of the moment.

Where was I before I got into Sylvia and W?

Actually I was doing pretty good mixing things up with Sylvia and what pertains to all of us communicators; and the language we use to communicate.

Sylvia gave high marks to Henry James as a writer. Personally I find him ‘boring’. I find someone like James Agee in Let Us Now Praise Famous Men, although difficult to read, far more to my liking. Or Herman Melville in Mardi or Billy Budd. I am speaking

Notes 28

now of the engrossing nature of the subject matter which engages me in a dimension and breadth of thought that is stimulating. (to me).

I realize when I cite these names that I am leaving a lot of others behind (especially Will and Miguel and Ortega (and a whole bunch)). As I soar with the word. Its not just the word. Its also my bent to ponder the large questions unremittingly. Perhaps I gained this latter from my father, who also incessantly raised the difficult questions to answer, keeping them in the forefront. He chose to read those who answer those questions (to his liking).

But I am also aware of my other roots as well. My American roots. Along with my American roots are father's judgments (umpiring) with regard to them. I agree with some of those judgments, mostly because I sense my own idealism acting itself out in a world that is imperfect at best, and lacking in a reality that the naive idealism might promote. That is to say, perhaps as Alfred North Whitehead intimated, that we missed our chance at becoming a great civilization. Being mighty means very little, when you have little to show for it. A raped (reaped) planet and a pile of junk means little, to put it bluntly. Worst of all, I am part of it!

To get back to the roots and father's judgments. Father judged us as shallow, mostly because the arts, per se, were far removed from the nations' priorities. Perhaps to him our interest in baseball proved the most cursed thing to him; the thing we dragged in from the streets as part of our very souls (social complex) from our exposure to it, the peer involvement in it. etc. What really did father have to offer in its place for us boys in this culture? Only his condemnation of it.

He mumbled something about soccer. O.K. Soccer. So, we kicked a ball at home. But we also went away from the house, batting rocks for hours with any old stick or branch. Father might have perceived the involvement as unbalanced with any other beneficial formative activity; like maybe a drawing class, with as much emphasis placed upon its value. It didn't happen that way. Because I had the father I did, I elected Latin in public school, which was still offered in those days. Read my little ditty called Vercingetorix if you want to get a gist of Latin in my life. Actually Latin proved not to be Greek to me; that is, I recognize the script for what it is, and as the larger root of our language. Latin and baseball.

Back to baseball, or roots. To umpiring, and 'they aint nuthin' 'til I calls 'em'. The metaphor is complete. That is not to say that if soccer was part of our culture it would not have played as much a role in our lives as baseball eventually did. I know people who grew up elsewhere without baseball, who might choose hockey as a spectator sport. But for my brother and I it was baseball. Like, for

Notes 28

my daughter it was Fundamentalism. Something that came with the exposure, relevant or not to any other set of values, Present Past and Future. I was just as mocking and unsympathetic about the shit that was dragged in from the street as was my father. I lacked the proper understanding or perspective with regard to it. I judged it. So my daughter avoids me and my judgments like I avoided my father's. My son has other difficulties with regard to his father.

As time has gone on and I have developed or matured (dare I say), the baseball thing, the spectator thing, the celebrity thing, has been viewed in many different lights. Life has acquired its own dimensions and sets of relevancies and matters of importance as I sees 'em. I have made some choices that are my own. But my roots cannot be denied. Do I wish to fault them? Judge them? Can I give father his due?

Father was a stranger in a large land. Who knows what he expected when he arrived here in 1929? Perhaps they were very limited expectations at first.

Eventually I feel I recognized myself as a stranger in a large land. Are we not all strangers, to ourselves?

Next 24 Anyway

We have roped off part of the planet. There are those who feel they have a proprietary interest in the roping. It is theirs to do with as they please. We sometimes elect presidents who become the figureheads of the proprietary interests. Its no different than the small town movers and shakers.

Only its big time. Most of us have little to say who the small town mover and shakers will be. They are who they are for their own reasons. Natural born leaders (or reapers) one might argue. Then the rest of us begin to feel disenfranchised, or out of the loop. That becomes the story of our lives. What's up for grabs gets grabbed by those who are in a position to grab. Somehow an aristocracy of influence peddling becomes the status quo, and remains so. It gets that way because we have set it up that way. Under the flag, the banner, all the credos with respect to it. Nationhood, boundaries, borders, patriotism, pledging allegiance. Free country, free enterprise, free-for-all. There are no tomorrows. And it gets to be so established that those of the aristocracy do not want it to change ever. Its their private club. It's the way it should be; and it gets to be so entrenched that it seems those are the rules and the way its supposed to be. And anybody comes along talking about changing it, their ass is grass, because there aint no way man. That's what happens when you let go of your real rights. Not your paltry right to vote, but your rights, period. Rights that no one

Notes 28

has any say so about, that don't find their substance in any sham Bill or Constitution.

The real irony of all the patriotism is that you get to have the privilege of defending the aristocracy in its embroilments with other nations. Its your means and blood, and your rights that become the substance of the defense. Its not bombs or missiles, its you. And your fearfully succoring pallor before the aristocracy.

Well folks the grabbing is all over. The good is being sucked out of the earth unremittingly, and its byproducts spewed into the atmosphere and swilled into the water. And we can't stop it, because if we do, somebody else will move in and take over. The other guys across the ocean. Eventually they will succeed, anyway; because we will have exhausted our resources. We will not be able to keep pace with their numbers and their exploitation. It may all happen peacefully as some kind of forfeiture. SOLD! Liquidated! And there go your rights and your assumptions and your patriotism and all that bullshit. Of course you'll feel like a jerk because you let it slip out of your hands with pure laziness and cowardice, and a dubious patriotic blindly believing ignorance.

You said you didn't know enough or you were already too busy. So they took it away. Not knowing enough really meant you lacked the guts to speak your mind, to be counted loud and clear. Being too busy was just another manifestation of the desertion of your real duty, your first duty; your duty to see that the game was played right; and fairly; that all the yap (rhetoric) about us all being in this together, our common objectives and all that bullover was for real; not just a mouthing to put you off.

Its like the Dutchman said, "I'm dumb, but not stooupid!"

They told him like they did us that there was this law of the conservation of energy and matter with a wee deduction for entropy. In a certain sense they were also giving us an economic lesson beyond the economums of physics. That you couldn't make something out of nothing. It was assumed that you could make nothing out of something; for example, planned obsolescence; and air pollution and water pollution, and health hazards and all that.

The aristocracy within this democracy of ours, within this free enterprise mentality of ours, has disproven that basic law of physics: which yields to a basic biological law (observation as least), that symbiosis (a kind of parasitization of various life forms assures for survival and dominance, and a bunch of other baloney [bologna]) provides a more comfortable environment for self-enrichment. Reduced to its simplest terms, there are those who defy the basic law of physics by making something out of nothing. They are the something and you are the nothing; that is, you are nothing after they have gleaned their profits (something) (cleaned out your pockets) unto their aristocracy. Some will argue that it is

Notes 28

not something for nothing, that the basic law still prevails. That is, the magnates, the plutocrats convert energy and matter into wealth and waste, so nothing is lost. In addition they convert all of it into a standard of living which exceeds their actual needs. And so on. Way out of whack.

Its none of our business, really; just as long as we make out; we get a little piece of the action.

To my mind there is little hope that any part of it can be saved. When times are good, the swing sometimes is toward conservation. And toward really saving a little for the future generation(s). (our children and the grand kids and all them thar). But just let a little adversity set in, an economic downturn, then all the conservation turns to ratshit. One pillages in order to survive. There's nobody is gonna not pillage when he's tryin' to survive. Who's gonna sacrifice himself to the saving when push comes to shove? What heritage? Just ass the dinosaurs. And even if us little ones valued the whole picture over the survival-at-any-cost picture, there'd be the aristocracy (corporate interests making sumpin outta nuttin) with all their assumed prerogatives and all their armaments to assure their presumed prerogatives (perogies for short).

Sort of Next:

Some of this is being written after the Yule Drool, but I am officially working on the day after. Boxing Day in C.

I know I am a big crank. That I don't have anything good to say. That I get a lot of enjoyment out of spewing bile. If you didn't fuck up so badly I wouldn't have anything to write. Actually its: If we didn't fuck up so badly I wouldn't have anything to write. Since I'm one of you I get to understand some of the bullshit. That is, if I was a dog or an orangutan, I wouldn't be able to do anything but anthropomorphize, but since I'm one of you and understand some of the bullshit, I can pretty much figure what is your intent.

But I'm sort of off to the side as an observer. At least I feel I can pull off the road, and sort of look at myself as you go speeding by, imagining myself to be in your chariot. It's the momentum of the ride that gets me. Like it can't stop of its own accord. That if we want it to stop, we really all do need to do this thing together, all 6,000,000,000 together. **STOP!**

Right now its dark outside. I got up at 4:00 A.M. I couldn't go back to sleep, so I thought I might be more useful doing what I'm doing right now. On the other side of the planet, the masses are hacking the planet into little pieces to take to the market. In some cases the aristocrats are carving huge chunks out of her ass in order to become philanthropists. There's something about becoming a philanthropist that excuses all the operative greed. A kind of mask. So she never gets a rest. Somebody is always

Notes 28

whacking away at her in order either to survive or perform philanthropy. How does it feel to receive a piece of ass from a philanthropist? Kind of like communion. Breaking bread with the haves. Though they crawl with an emaciated body, even the have nots scratch at her epidermis hoping to eke out a mouthful. So we can't help but share the bounty; some more than others. That's the law of life and nature; all the humanitarian bullshit aside.

Sure I mock our activities.

I aint no saint; so lots of times I have to point the accusing finger at myself. But the key word is **STOP!**

Can you imagine wanting to populate an overpopulated planet? That arguments are still rife with right to life? How can anyone in good conscience maintain such arguments? Its not a matter of who gets to do the fornicating? Because in the end we are all fornicating with our mother. There is no 'right to life' argument unless it is in an imaginary setting somewhere else; not on this planet. We are talking about souls, not life. Because life on an overpopulated planet aint worth a shit. Prove to me that life on this overcrowded planet is worth a shit. How do you determine such a thing? When what has come to be known as life, anything that breathes and moves, is so often existing in squalid circumstances. Aint your problem. That's what you think. A breeding ground for disease. No amount of philanthropy can alleviate such a condition. And no fence is high enough or bomb big enough to prevent the consequences of the squalor. And no rhetoric about afterlife can begin to substitute for what is tolerated here in this paradise. How can anyone assume that wherever mankind alights that anything would be different than what is found here? Just because some bible-thumper promises some kind of salvation (living in another paradise where one's shit doesn't stink and where one consumes dingdongs all day long), you feel you are home-free. You can do anything you want here? Because all you do here (like consume, or sin until you blow up) will be forgiven and forgotten.

Hey!, lets get real. You say, a place for souls, not real bodies. Our souls will live forever. There will be no shit and no dingdongs. They say you cant have the one without the other. I mean you cant have dingdongs without also having shit. So, will you sacrifice the dingdong? Anyway you really have no choice.

I am not unsympathetic. I know you cant believe that this life is all there is to the argument. I mean there has to be more. This cant be all there is. As a matter of fact you cant understand why we are here at all if our eventual destination is in Hevven. Why this stupid side trip? Why this unfair inconsistent arrangement of humeing binks? What the goddammed hell is the purpose?

There is only one answer. There is no purpose. You cannot argue for a free for all and some kind of forgiveness at the same

Notes 28

time. This is only theoretical, you realize. In practice we do it all the time. Any observer interested in the truth will tell you that.

I suppose we narrowly escape anarchy. Anarchy is only tolerable if we always come up the winner. But you only have to lose once. Since we feel we cannot risk that 'only once' we fearfully agree to some tenets that are intended to obviate that random risk. (Its kind of like, after you bought the car, they want to sell you a service contract; a euphemism for being serviced).

It is not really known whether we more desire anarchy, or to live in harmony with our look-a-likes. We desire both, like the consumption of Dingdongs without the smell of shit or getting fat. Living in harmony is like not shitting. Well, only sort of. Everybody shits, even the aristocracy. A sort of unifying principle then. One unifying principle. That's not the same as all being in this together. One is common in one sense, and uncommon in the other. I mean it is uncommon not to shit. I guess souls do not shit. There is some marginal convenience to becoming a soul.

So when one says right to life he really means right to soul. A soul theoretically does not occupy space, does not consume, or utilize matter. It is completely lacking in substance. You can pack the whole lot of them into a little box. That would be good for the planet.

But there is this huge gulf between theory and practice. The life that has a right to life gets out there and digs into the planet, consumes it and pollutes it. If that is the basis of your argument, then what the hell, not much to go on.

Often the right to lifers are in the same camp with the buffalo shooters. Right to life is a very selective arrangement. Rights seem to be an issue. How about my right to do something when you begin to make the place reek?

Next

Notes to myself: The issue of forests and the political resolution to the issue (depending on who's in office). And remember the walrus's comment on the mill shutdown etc.; and the tiger woods colin powell remarks.

So it ogres.

I've heard it said by the conservatives (not conservationists!) that the only good tree is a dead tree. And I've heard it said by the friends of the conservatives that the only good Indian is a dead Indian. And I know it is true that all those who were shooting the buffalo voted for W. And I heard it said that tiger woods and colin powell are a credit to their race. And one is nominated for secretary of state, and the other is nominated for secretary of sports. Well I made up part of that, the one about the cabinet appointment of a golfer. But you never know. Whatever works to get the program

Notes 28

across. W. wanted to make the Commissioner of Baseball a cabinet Position

Anyway with W. in thar its conceivable we'll be able to get one last spurt out of the forests.

It has absolutely nothing to do with the spotted owl or the marbled murlett. It has to do with jobs being linked to the forests and what's under the sea. If the argument is: the planet exists for jobs, then we're (the forests and the sea are) fucked. Somehow jobs get equated with living. There is no way to live unless you have a job. And here I thought that one lived to practice altruism and philanthropy. Well I've heard it said you can't be a philanthropist unless you cut down the forests, and suck the sea. So I guess we better do without philanthropy if we want trees and water.

So whadda we got left besides altruism? God and the dole. Now since God created us and all, it has been supposed (deduced) that it was in his interest to look after us. But it has been further deduced that God has been tardy in his looking after, and it has been further deduced that we are on our own and that the last deduction in a long line of deductions is that God heps those dat heps denselves.

So Help Yourself; its up for grabs. Well for sure it has all been grabbed, so where does that leave us? Or You, more appropriately, since my time is about up?

O.K. Durchanek, what's with this semi-illiterate babble? Oh! Well. I thought when I was in Rome I had to do like the Romans did.

Lot of Quixotic nonsense in any case. Nothing is going to be saved, not the forests or the jobs. Altruism, Philanthropy and God do not exist in any real sense. It means that life is expendable at every level. Life is expendable because it is so redundant. That's why it is so easy to execute an inmate on death row in Texas. Its very consistent with the Texas mentality. Its not just Texas; Texas is just a glaring example. In Texas, pollution is grandfathered. In Texas, buffalo, coyotes, cougars, wolves, bears and Indians do not exist, if a Texan has anything to say about it. Mexicans is useful. Its part of a western tradition to rid the landscape of things that do not beeelawng. Its been said that its all made in the image of God. My guess then is that God doesn't give a shit. Neither does W.

So don't get your hopes up.

I realize this is a tiresome repetition of all my previous rants. And I know it doesn't have any effect where it should because those who are most affected don't read; they shoot. And those who read for solace could probably state it better than I do.

I'm sort of in a cell, like the Unabomber. However, I lob my missiles without warheads. Confetti.

Notes 28

Of course, you know we are all concerned with violence. I mean every so often somebody goes berserk and does in a few, or a lot, as with a civil war, or a war of conquest, or a war over ideological differences, or a war over interpretations of God Almighty, or a war over some broad that has been kidnapped. Sometimes it seems we can't get enough of violence with the movies, you know Rambo, Conan, Harrison Ford, Clint; we gotta carry it over into real life. Well I guess real life is even more violent, because real blood flows. That aint no ketchup!

They were talking about the Odyssey. It was an ordeal, (or an adventure) to read the Odyssey. One read it, and the Iliad, because it had been esteemed. You read it, you get culture; and who wouldn't want to be cultured? The social stigma attached to the uncultured was undesirable. The point was made she had read the Odyssey to the children as they rode in the car going and coming in their various outings in the car. So the other one had it on her shelves, at least, even though she had never read it. She was over eighty, so not likely to read it. She is cultured though, cultured enough to have it on her shelves (shelf). A lotta time spent making the bucks selling booze, and making donations to the football foundation, a very patriotic gesture. Then while he was waitin' he was reading the biography of Joe Dimaggio; probably the part about Marylyn; then what he did with his bat. Now he's president; somebody to look up to; whereas before he was an asshole. Yeah!, well they say it takes one to know one. They sort of voted for him. The ones who read and didn't read the Odyssey. I saw the movie where Kirk Douglas played Odysseus. Lotta culture there. He was a good guy (good guys have all the fun) who finally came home to Penelope, with a lotta arrows; like Peer Gynt finally came home to Solveig on a piece of flotsam. And Don Quixote finally realized that Dulcinea del Toboso was a village wench. Question: which of the good guys finished last? Kirk lived long enough to play Vincent, and have his ear bandaged. More culture. Well somebody's gotta do it. And Kirk made a lotta money off'n Ken Kesey.

Don't take any of this stuff too seriously. Pay as you go.

Next

All this reading gets one into a morass of reconflicting information. Like the Tropical Rainforests are sposta be gone by now. And in the year 2050 the pop. is sposta be 6,700,000,000. Its nearly that now. (In fifty years its tripled) (Git yore calculator out folks.) (Right to life IN **HELL**). Its for sure, since we are seemingly behind on the one, that the other will make sure of the other. That is, by soon, before 2050, the ozone hole will be as big as your head. Gasp. Some wise guys usta say that they liked their spotted owl 'Fried'. Well guess whose gonna get fried when the ozone allows the

heavens to reach down heah? High Soon, staring toasted Coop and roasted Grace. Do naught to forsake me, Qh! me darlin'.

Next

'01

Made it to the next one; such an arbitrary thing really. The New one ought to begin with the turn of the sun; instead it begins with the self-centered obnoxious presence. Since it was around that time of the year, it was also Jesus time. My granddaughter informed me that when I go to communion I am drinking the blood of You Know Who, and eating of the body (flesh) of You Know Who. I told her I wasn't a cannibal. That sweet little presence has been indoctrinated. The indoctrination is almost like a lobotomy; somebody went in there and implanted something immovable. My daughter also has been concretized with *idee fixe* since about the age of *six*. Now she is a basket case. What's in the basket?

In this great country of ours such mental surgery is identified as freedom of religion. But try to be free with some other spake; see what happens. Mere children are being sent to the bigot factory, sort of like child labor is purported to offend our sense of sensibility when Nike makes its wingtips and other swooshy sports ware in some sweet shop over the horizon in another country, where they practice that kind of freedom of Bigotry (big over the little).

When I delivered a few statistics like those quoted in the closing of last year, I was queried; where did you git information like that? I told them I knew it wasn't in the Bible, but that it was true all the same. A bunch of noses went awry with that one. A discussion had arisen about certain relatives (cousins) and their production of offspring (which incidentally are not being allowed to attend public school because it is believed that the original lobotomization [sin?] will be affected). Without conscience a dozen or more per each is the goal. These guys got somethin' on Malthus. Imagine with half the number of couples; lets say if you begin with 1,500,000,000 reproductive couples, cut in half to make 750,000,000; then do a x 12 with that, you get nine billion in one leap (lets say, one a year for 12 years). Well, of course that's absurd., nine billion in twelve years. Lets say, you reduced that by half, 4.5 billion in twelve. That too is absurd, although quite possible. But cut in half again, to 2,225,000,000 in twelve might calculate to be our current birth rate on its exponential scale (In fact in the last fifteen years it has

Notes 28

increased by at least one billion.) taking the Times four (4 x 12) of 2,225,000,000 for the next fifty years and what do we get? We get that 9 billion again which means approx. 15 billion or more by 2050. Can't happen. The exponent might calculate into more. Just maintaining what we got seems unimaginably possible with the more probable incidence of new unmanageable disease{s} (not just affecting humanoids), starvation, ozoning, sundry pollutions, etc. There is little that mathematics can do to provide what is required in order to sustain its own projections. RU286, anyone? Any suggestions POPE? Heaven is pure bullshit!

Of course, I'm always getting carried away away.

Already, when one fills in the data base with certain numbers, some things seem probable. Given the existing numbers which are floating above 6,000,000,000, the planet seems stressed GIVEN WHAT WE KNOW. As a species we could lessen the impact by doing certain things. However there is no way we can make accurate predictions when we suspect that any behavior can not be modified to any meaningfully recognizable, or measurable extent. That is, the status quo will persist. All we can do is calculate the rate of consumption toward the endpoint of no resources. It would seem even the most basic arithmetic will reveal the crossover between resources and a rate of consumption, even at this point in time. And with increasing number a simple extrapolation would predict steeper more dramatic and dire curves, translated into consequences. If you prove to man that his resources will last one more day, then he will wait until tomorrow to deal with the problem.

Next

Some of us are in a position of watching our free fall. We are thought of as looking at the inevitable negative side. We are not being constructive. The youth of the day will not listen to us older ones, because they see us as the ones who fucked things up. Some of the youth are dedicating their youth to saving the planet, whereas some of the more practical youth are smoking dope as we ride off into nowhere, and the rest are too unconcerned about such trivial stuff. Jocks, Machos, Speed Freaks, and Fast Track Global idiots. Some of the youth are dedicating their lives to fucking for the sole purpose of populating the planet with

In conversing with my grandchildren, I have learned that heaven is rather an accommodating place; for one thing there is infinite space (that rhymes; as a very poetic observation). These youth are of the fundamentalist bent. Oddly, they seem no different than those guys in the middle eastern deserts who view this life having little consequence. LaLa Land and Allah Land.

Notes 28

Its all a very serious conundrum throughinwhich one may generate all kinds of caustic satire and cynicism, neither of which can I forego. Even if I was a poet, that is, one who responded only to unfuckedup surroundings, i.e., if I could find a place without his lordship's footprint, to sing its hospitable praises, what would be the point? A dreamy isolated elan, a brief moment of illusory enjoyment (that rhymes; not a lament)?

I come to the happy reality (realization) that this whole human encroachment must run its course. Another, unlike myself might see this course as one that leads to tragedy. Some people view suicide as a sin, others as tragedy, And still others as stoopid! The ABC poll asks you to note your preference on a daily basis, but it avoids certain questions. It will ask you 'Who do you want to lead us into this abominable future?', but will not ask 'What can I do to save the planet; that is, 'What can ABC do to save the planet?', a far more important question than who will lead the lemmings (ADM).

The grandchildren claim to receive certain instructions in school concerning social studies. I would guess the social problems involve set pieces in a former hypothetical (text book) status quo. The grandchildren seem unaware and untroubled by all of their consumption and their desire to consume even more. They believe in an unbroken stream of consumption as they believe in heaven. Its easier that way. When the transition comes which promises even more, they will be prepared.

As aware as I might seem to be, I do not disengage. I have a shorter time to live. I try not to fuck up the planet. Besides I can always claim, 'I am only one', while there are so so so many.

I possess many internal combustion engines. In my other life I burn wood for heat. I use propane to cook and refrigerate. I do use wind power and solar power to generate stuff that I store in lead acid batteries. All of this is overkill in the sense that much of it is unnecessary for my continued existence. It borders on quantity as much as quality. How can I increase the quality of existence without increasing the quantity? A hypothetical question.

It is truly so, that it would require the intervention of either actual deprivation or the persuasion of enforced law to get me to change my habituated way. So I exist as a hypothetical hypocrite. One extenuating argument evolves from the notion that if I do not use, somebody else will ('In Spades' as the saying goes). This kind of thinking challenges our whole understanding of ethical behavior.

A Day or Two Later:

Having to interrupt my flow with renewed concerns over prostate cancer. The sword returns to quell the pen.

Notes 28

Next 1/5/01

Aftershock (After The Shock) The reminder.

I cannot return my prostate for reprocessing. The die is cast.

I sent letters off to those who processed me asking them what's next. Perhaps the crematorium.

Meanwhile. I continue trying to make something out of nothing; my self..

Romance is beyond me now, in any real sense.

I suppose there was romance at one time, when I thought of ending my life because I was nearly hopelessly in love with someone who was not free. She eventually became free and we have been together for 30 years. After thirty years, there are many good feelings. I suppose one might even say in 'This best of all possible worlds' that it has been an enduring relationship. We have shared many experiences. Charline has had her own special existence; her own 'claim to fame' so to speak; but has always been game to follow me in my ambulations. Not completely without reward to her self.

We did not conceive any of our own children. That is not because Charline wouldn't have wanted them. She, a most tenderhearted person, would have wanted them. We raised instead the two from my previous relationship. I cannot be sure that was a very rewarding experience for her. Being the oldest in her own family, she was the one from whom the most was expected in looking after her siblings, the youngest who was fourteen years her junior. Mine were ten and nine at the time of our union.

I don't really know what to say about all that in hindsight. One tends to be dreamy about 'could have beens'. There is or was the possibility we might have had yet more to share in having 'our child'. I cannot dwell on this non-happening. At least we did not have a child over whom we might have found endless areas of conflict in the methods of nurturing.

I will not excuse the non-happening by claiming there are already too many, an argument which could stand on its own merits. I never raised the question of 'too many'. It was already evident to both of us. I did raise the question of 'what kinds of things do we want to do with our lives'?

Mostly I imagine this woman wanted very much to please me. One cannot be very objective about love, per se. However it is best to be equally realistic about happenings and non-happenings, trying not to bias one's evaluations.

I have become sidetracked as usual. Romance!

One's eye is always looking (roving) appreciatively at those whom prove attractive to one. That is to say, I have not worn blinders. It is part of my makeup to marvel at the construction and the demeanor of the opposite sex. I speak of a distant experience.

Notes 28

That is to say, it is convenient to forget the odors and the physical imperfections. Beauty seems best studied from the slight distance, and perhaps coldly, like a piece of sculpture.

Obviously, my own attractiveness as a repulsive toothless old geezur does enter into what transpires. As one might imagine I am an eye, harboring certain recollected proclivities. Being of the species *h.s.*, I lack a good deal in the worthiest of perceptions. And there have been times when my eye has been caught gazing too long, only to offer offense, as though only certain ones should be allowed to gaze. I am not the least susceptible to the charms and adornments of thee.

So the romance must be qualified as an illusory state. A titillating fictional wonder. I would assume we are thus carried from one moment to the next. Obviously a toothless old geezur gazing upon the nubile nymph conjures the dirty old man, the perverted sense of things. Although those with great wealth, even though toothless old geezurs, do manage arrangements which we all seem to question, because our sense of 'romance' is disturbed. She must be after his money. Or she must want the notoriety. How could she possibly love that (which in the end is the same as oneself). She answered "You haven't seen the size of his dick"

Becoming OLD carries with it certain prerogatives; one of which is to become an old FOOL. The carcass may age; even the eyes may age, but the spirit may remain the same. Such foolishness!?

There is little point in imagining oneself to be young; especially when he rises from his chair with all those creaks and groans. Even though the sap rises in the old tree too, there it must remain.

So much for romance!

There are other reasons to pan the experience. Now, as a confirmed outsider; that is to say, romance is a prohibitive activity for all the reasons stated. One is apt to judge these attractions in terms of their current utility. The Adam and Eve thing had certain utility even in a romantic though incestuous sense. Though the result was eventually Cain and Abel (this inadvertency being blamed upon Eve's [for shame] partaking of the forbidden fruit), there were others to follow. None of this would have happened if Eve had been able to control herself. Adam didn't have to take a bite. All of our troubles are to be laid upon Eve. I won't go into the incest that must have been practiced in order to get the species under way. I know the A and E thing is only a biblical metaphor. It can't be for real, because it means that we are all indulging in forbidden areas. There is much wrong with the Old Testament construction. Maybe the newer testaments correct all the errors of the olde.

I was hinting at the utility of romance. We have accepted the notion, since A and E, that the unit is more or less required to

Notes 28

achieve a certain end. In the beginning it wasn't to pollute the planet; although somewhere along the time line the dictum of 'multiply and subdue' came into being. There was no admonition to romance. Romance is an adjunct happening. The multiplication very often occurs under less favorable auspices. However it pleases us when romance doth occur in the enjoiment.

It pleases us less but titillates us more when there is a third, a triangle; two vying for the one, as though that really mattered biologically, given our redundant occupation. Perhaps true romance only means that the offspring (assuming there is offspring) may be better loved (or spoiled by love; whichever). The attraction exists, the impulse exists, but the offspring may not be forthcoming for practical reasons; even though the romance (coupling perhaps) persists.

Practicality dictates that more offspring mean a greater burden to an overburdened planet; the only planet of any real use to us. Even if other hospitable planets did exist, in the true sci-fi tradition, we might find ourselves unwelcome. We assume ourselves to be the masters of the universe. Chuckle. We are at the low end of the learning curve.

That is no reason not to have offspring, especially if the impulse overcomes. As long as one is able to provide. As mentioned, very often little more than backseat copulation brings about the (un)desired result. The question arose in the backseat "Is that all there is to it?" A means to an end. Darwinian? Or Biblical?

We cannot disband until we have a big dieoff from old age, or assisted suicide.

So my guess is that it all must run its course. Opposites attracting (most usually), romance, the denouement (if there is one [triangle for example]), the moment of recognition (union perhaps), and the eventuality (peopling). Then what? Cluttering. Columbine!; War, anybody?

It can't be that 'my seed' will be the repository of the future. Certainly no matter whose seed, we must ask many questions about any future. Yes! We ask some questions as we become more aware that there is a future beyond our sweaty conjoinings (sometimes, no sweat). That is, beyond paying the bills. But we don't ask the kinds of questions that spur us into the right kind of action. We are still too bent on listening to the promise (panacea) rather than recognizing the (stark) reality. In looking upon the reality we realize we are expected to do something unilaterally while many others go on doing their thing. We might do as did the Unabomber, we might spike a tree, we might lay down in front of the raping machine. We might contribute to the campaign of a promiser, to the Sierra Club, Greenpeace, Nature Conservancy et al., letting others do our acting for us. But in the end we are

Notes 28

proselytizing in what is becoming a desert. A planet is no less a desert because it is raped, full of obsolescent junk, and too many occupying (ab)users.

The young idealist will accuse the jaded olders of fucking it all up while the olders are sort of saying 'its yours to do with as you will'. A recall for a complete rebuild before somebody gets hurt.

During the WWII the number of estimated deaths (all inclusive, except from natural causes) was in the neighborhood of 50,000,000. Not enough, even if I had been among them. After that war there was still in the neighborhood of 2,000,000,000 available to mushroom into our present 6,000,000,000. NO! I do not advocate anything of the kind. There is little way we can knock off 5,000,000,000 without my being one of them. I'll be gone soon, so it may not be necessary.

Next

They ain't nuthin' 'til I calls 'em.

I return to the thought that this planet **does not need us.**

I return to the thought that we **are not all in this together.**

There really isn't much more to say.

Somehow we leap to the conclusion that if we find the right combination of words that we will persuade man to alter his behavior. That Quixotic impulse. The buffoon.

I was a thinkin' more on Sylvia and Ted. I imagine the probability that Sylvia might have described something so truthfully that Ted's ego was left with no alternative but to destroy that truth. Ted was needing to do an end run around posterity. Posterity reads very much like posterior. You know, 'Protect your rear at all times'.

Sylvia gave us in an inkling in her withheld diaries where she described Teddy after she caught him campusing with an obsequious female, something she eventually expected to see, one fine day. It was more than an experiment with herself. She wasn't sure how she would feel. Being Sylvia, being who she was, we got the whole nine yards; telling us how it was. Strong feelings to say the least.

In looking at the pictures of Sylvia, trying to see or read the depth of her in her face, I cannot. The closet image is where she is sitting where we do not see her face, but her profile, when she is with Marianne Moore. The serious profile I call it. All of the face-on images are not revealing. She seems a bewildered child more than anything else; smiling, but not smiling.

So much for posterity, Teddy. When the planet decides its time, your opuses will disappear into the void with all of the rest. Some of us take small comfort in that. Life is full of such small comforts.

Notes 28

Next

The Dabbler In Truth Has Returned.

Time magazine once featured father in their ART Section with a headline: The Stab Of Truth.

So there you have it; part of the family business.

Father was one who mocked our (not mine, your) more or less sacred icons and or the catch phrases of the day. One was the Mardi Gras where he depicted a South full of stuff against which any self-styled humanitarian could rail. Another was LBJ's Great Society against which any self-styled paranoiac and/or moderately conscientious citizen could rail.

There was father off in the woods of upstate NY banging away on a piece of metal, telling it like it was. Mother wasn't too sure that kind of life was for her, so she departed and lived another 30 years without it. Actually he vanished into the ethereal dust eight years after mother went away with only a suitcase.

My wife is still with me after thirty years. Now there is a case of love. But then again, father played around; that is, he could not resist first, the temptation, then opportunity. I may be attracted and tempted, but often miss the opportunity, for which I feel relieved, mostly because I do not want to hurt Charline. First of all, it would not be fair, and second of all, I would never be able to forgive myself for hurting one who has given me so much (somehow just doesn't seem right). Besides I do love her in a way I have never loved anyone else. Just because I feel comfortable in that love doesn't mean I should feel I have the right to look over the fence at what moves next door even though it be a luscious flaming redhead (seem partial to carrot tops). FIRE! And Honey. Besides, Moses said something about coveting someone else's chattel.

Getting off the subject; another kind of truth.

If the shoe fits, wear it.

Why does one do these things? Why does one feel the compulsion to dabble in the truth? I do not expect to be published, I do not expect to live very long (you know, that prostate thing, or maybe the heart thing, and there is always the possibility of another denouement [a lot of old folk get whacked in our overcrowded fast moving world [Gaudi, Stegner]). But why?

I suppose its partly because I have been put upon by my fellow man all of my life as he is always trying to persuade me with his arguments for one thing or another. Often his arguments carry implied threats of bodily harm or worse. I never understood that kind of persuasion in a country that supposedly recognized and made book on free speech and sundry other entitlements. You know, the Love It Or Leave It mentality with shoulder patches. God and Country. Jesus!

In the Truth game that is pretty small stuff, however irritating.

Notes 28

But what isn't such small stuff is the presumption that one man has the right to impose his think upon the other.

Sure you can take the 'free' thing too far into a destructive anarchy, which sometimes seems the right way to do things. But usually anarchy gets out of hand and you get a lot of collateral damage; like when our country launches itself on a preemptive 'peace' mission in a foreign land. It's all a matter of muscle; whose think prevails.

I advocate knowledge of the truth, and living in accordance with the implications of truth. I do not advocate anarchy as a first principle. But also I do not advocate one's man's presumption to dominion over another, even as a temporary measure (you know, doing something for another person's own good; "a little bit of repression is better than a lotta repression" {Jane Kickpatrick}). Too arbitrary.

I realize I'm getting far afield with this rant. I've moved from anarchy to arbitrary all too swiftly. There is a difference, and there are many similarities. I wish to emphasize the similarities.

It is an imperfect world. As a species, it would seem we have had ample time to make it right, given that we are guided by a brain that is underutilized. Perhaps this last statement contains much embarrassing? truth. As a species we ought to be further down the road toward accomplishing our professed objectives. But as individuals we cannot carry out the fondest wishes of the species; i.e., the ones that make it into print. And it doesn't seem to be getting any better. Rhetoric, i.e., procrastination, temporizing, lip service (read my lips), tokenism, deceit, runaround, outright prevarication continue to become the substitute for substance.

Someone has made much of Future Shock. The present as well as the past has contained its own Shock; it's just that the Future promises more of the same with a greater number. The more to be alienated (alienation overload). We are speaking of a system of occupation of the planet by a species that has not been able to figure it out. A simple solution is found in After Rapture. Another solution (the same as the first really) is found in the sci-fi crowd of occupying another planet (there is cold comfort after all) What! – to begin anew? These extrapolations amount to infantile fantasies.

Our confinement is permanent.

How do we really live with the implications of this truth?

You mean to say, that's all there is to it, nothing more? You can make out a last will and testament (maybe even a newer testament – a codicil to the old [Jesus was into After Rapture; needs updating]). We die here and rot here (read about Alyosha and father Zosima). Not very poetic, amongst other things. The poetic part comes when you scatter your ashes. Not you, but those who want to give you a special send-off into eternity. The ignominy

Notes 28

of Potter's Field makes one want something better, even though one has nothing to say after its all over (even Bill Gates or Jesus, one a philanthropist, the other a sayer).

It has always been true that we have a new set of problems to solve each day. Those of yesterday remain, and many of those of today get carried over to the morrow only to become lost in the awakening of the new dawn. A vast accumulation. Also an unremitting repetition. (Not to change the subject, but it's like the radiation oncologist who had just finished his brachytherapy in treating my prostate cancer said: "It was almost boring". I'm sure that was meant to reassure me of something [I feel the repetition of his daily endeavors was boring – shoving hot needles between someone's scrotum and his asshole doesn't seem very poetic, even for one imbued with the Hippocratic tradition]).

Yes! A vast accumulation smothered in yet another vast accumulation. Unfinished business.

Next

More Sylvia last night. It takes all kinds. I tend to hold Teddy culpable for a lot of her suffering. Even if he indulged her more, showed more real consideration, I wonder if it would have made a difference. Could anyone have loved her enough? She didn't seem to demand love, but she really needed love. And by that I mean a special kind of recognition, understanding and indulgence.

A return to the Unfinished Business!

In the business world when the customer (consumer) stops coming through the door, it is time to fold up shop. One liquidates and declares bankruptcy.

So we are bankrupt. Morally and ethically.

We are not creditable (or credible); our performance has been poor. We are a poor risk. Our word is no good. We do not fulfill the contract.

You will argue there can be no meaningful (social) contract. Some will argue there is no binding contract on this planet, especially since the real action is elsewhere.

We do not wish to be bound, not even to our own conscience (even with a minimalist view of 'doing unto others').

So picture yourself if you will amongst the throng, aloof in your private self-contained world. You do not smile, or greet, as you might upon the desert after a very long drought. You pass by one after the other avoiding even the merest recognition. In your mind, you are hurriedly bent on going somewhere which may only be an insignificant or meaningless nowhere; but this is important enough to you to offer only disdain, or unconcern. And you are speeding in your status chariot to get to this nowhere; this titillation on the net, the tube, with your booze, your weed, or drag of choice;

Notes 28 🎵🎵🎵

maybe your body seeks to thrash through some physical indulgence.

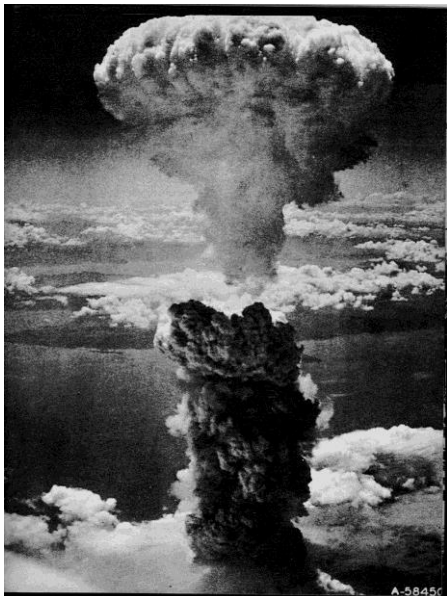
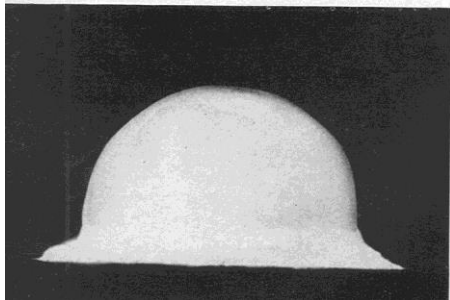
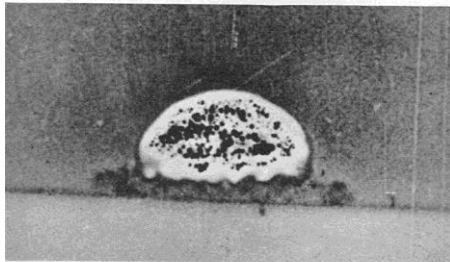
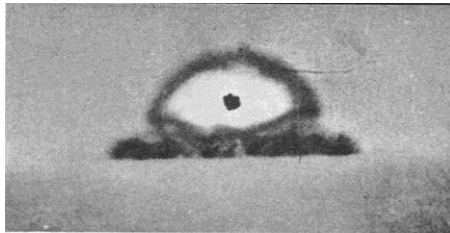
Six billion islands. Six billion I's; selves. 5,999,999,999 others.

Amongst this number are heads that pop-up above the massive throng. In our dumb brute-like plodding we follow the bobbing head. Not rats, lemmings, sheep or cattle; but two-leggers with underutilized parts following.

This last statement does not seem to be consonant with the ones that preceded it. One does not really need to see the head bobbing in order to become a follower. You are following something nonetheless as you move through the crowd. You are not as original as you would like to imagine. You did not just appear here on the planet as a unique presence. You were first an incubus. You were schooled. There were certain charismas that you were taught and expected to emulate. You became a follower, unless of course you were completely an original who resisted all those influences all those perorations to model yourself after the shining example.

I know some people naturally resist everything that is good for them. It is good to conform to what every body else does. Why is it good? Because if you don't, you become a spectacle; a bad example. And if you carry your resistance too far, then you are shut out of your time on this planet. Locked up or executed. So it is good to be aware of your place, if

you want your life and personal freedom. If you persist in your unawareness (un-



Notes 28

wariness), you get what happened at Kent State, even as an innocent bystander. So, another dead person, a mere child.

Collateral damage.

I use this example because we are reputed to be a restrained and Christian nation. But this happened with a Quaker at the helm. I guess he was quaking. The other picture appearing in this document reveals another one who would pull the trigger. He's not a Quaker, but a man of action who deals with things. Of course in other places, all known opposition is either locked up or executed. So its all relative; they say that everything is relative.

You can't have people running around who endanger our way of life. You have to be prepared.

It has been claimed that this nuclear stuff turned a lot of young people into dope addicts. When you know its all going to be blown to bits, you simply trip out in some remote corner. Some people just do not understand how important it is to uphold and protect our way of life. And anybody who doesn't is a traitor.

I remember when our local rag had the presumptuous audacity to suggest that all those dissidents, protesters, and what all, were giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

There was no enemy. A clear case of paranoia (Clear and Present Danger?). Well, not entirely. Like the Good General (the Military-Industrial one) queried, 'what's going to happen to all those raw materials?'

Life is just one big upheaval in which we are obliged to survive. You can't give me one good reason why we should survive. Not just to endure more of the same. Sorry No Sale. But since we find ourselves alive, i.e., a palpable presence, what are we to do?

Mimic that which seems to know which way to go (called which craft) (which craft will carry us to the far shore?).

Next

More Sylvia last night.

After all is said and done, WHY? All is vanity.

That should put it all to rest.

But I persist. Until I am no longer able. Without a story to tell.

Form without content?

I think of her struggles with her self. Trying to discipline her self; and having such high expectations of the publishers.

How does anyone gauge these things? We are considering the market. What is the market? Its sort of like Wallace Stegner telling one of his particularly sensitive and articulate students the realities of life. "There is a very limited market for your kind of work". No one ever told Sylvia in the same terms. I don't imagine Stegner and Sylvia ever met.

Notes 28

There's the mass market that thrives on a kind of celebrity biogossipy stuff. Then there is the thing that catches on, something like Harry Potter, or The Hobbit; fantasies of a certain kind. Next is the market for well-written stories in a contemporary vein, for people who read for enlightenment and entertainment. But even these three markets are enormously different in the size of audience.

Sylvia gained as much recognition (or Alas, more) from her suicide as she did from the depth of her writing. Her audience became a collection of vicarious interests. Not what she would have wanted, perhaps, although once you stick your neck out, even if you don't commit suicide, you do become public property. Then she had a Teddy looking after her interests.

Sylvia was unique in her situation. And besides, she could write a kind of truth for which most of us might aim. Her honesty and frankness with herself was something we all might emulate. Get that Sontag.

Perhaps her end was the inevitable and only possible resolution for her particular kind of loneliness and isolation. The stakes were high. A personal thing quite apart from the market or any audience.

Do I want to become public property? I think it is a matter of scale. Unless one travels *in communicado* wherever he goes, always on the move in disguise, he is bound to become somebody's object of 'concern'. There can be no strangers amongst us. We are all xenophobic altruists. Aliens upon a familiar planet. Fantasy time in JURASSIC PARK. Planetary Whineosaurs. No really, its like Gasset was saying in the Self And The Other. We exist to be compared, from which we learn nothing, excepting mathematics; $1 + 1 = 2$. Then there is Narcissus and Echo in the glade and glen. What does one suppose from looking at his reflection? You heard it here before, **Fuckin' Asshole.**

If it wasn't for this computer and Microsoft Word (97, at the moment) (and an honorable mention of Quicksoft PC Write before that, along with the file conversion R-Doc/X) I would be laboriously doing something with a different attitude. As it is I bullshit at will without remorse, and without loss of a single piece of crap. I have 'all but forgotten' the inkwell and quill, and/or the hands-on mechanical contraption that I never really learned to properly use which converted irretrievably unmistakably both truth and error equally, without prejudice, in the form of a struck letter. There is no need any longer for white-out. Only the blank page perhaps.

I Calls 'em the way I sees 'em.

I calls 'em the way they are.

They ain't nuthin' 'til I calls 'em.

Fuckin Asshole.

What a beaut!

Next

No Sylvia Last Night. But the New Yorker came with an article about deadly chem and bio works in South Africa.

That should keep a few going for a while.

I got a call while I was in the tub soaking and reading the article, from the N W T I suggesting the things they might do for my increasing PSA.

This latest adventure is not a wakeup call but a visitation from the reaper.

I have watched one man in the death throes, another in the near death throes, I've seen the sickly pallor, the gaunt wasting, and the general subsidence of the life force in another small number of cancer victims. Not what I want for myself.

Often one doesn't get what he wants. Nature has a way of moving on with her processes.

This writing thing will go on to the end, also with a gradual subsidence as my life force resorts to pain killers and 'transcendence'. The subject matter remains the same.

I'm attempting to be original.

Being original is what counts. Rehashing old themes may lie closer to the truth, but regardless of the old themes, we still have not found our way. The premise then calls for originality, since the other bears no particular fruit.

The form will suffer. Because I am speaking of 'free' form. When one considers, even though all the formal requirements have often been met, the content has often failed in its mission.

A constant preoccupation, what IS the 'truth'. As long as I am faithful to the truth, I cannot fail myself. As one might determine a particular truth, he may not have realized the universal truth (they taught me that in Philosophy class at W&M). However there are temporal truths that resemble the universal ones. As an example, as I meditate upon Sylvia I try to reach certain conclusions within my think; perhaps not so much final conclusions as readily available constructs.

I must view Sylvia as a product of her times and her environment. The whole of mankind rides upon a continuum that has a beginning and an end, i.e. a finite course. That course has not been defined; some refer to it as a search. Realistically speaking it is nothing but a course that starts in time and ends in time. Sylvia may not have been a true exponent of her times, but she was very much influenced by them, as perhaps she would have been of another time. Place her anywhere on the continuum, and

Notes 28

you have placed a susceptible presence somewhere on that continuum. The results would be similar but different in terms of certain particulars. The terrible limitation of being homo sapiens would dictate the similarities. Despite all the traipsing over the planet we remain what we are.

Am I better able to understand the 'truth' per se, by establishing my constructs? We know before hand that much of what arises as a fact exists in a transient condition: NOW. Its very nature is temporary. But we assume that if we glean enough facts from the continuum, we will note a pattern that we can identify as a patently universal truth.

The little presence and voice that follows me around reminds me that I began rather ingenuously manipulating the intellectual climate with mention of 'originality', and that now the thread has slipped from the needle.

Originality exists in doing exactly what I am doing; constructing the imaginary continuum as a platform upon which to construct certain truths (which may only be statements of fact) I must acknowledge the finite nature of the continuum. What can I determine in the way of universal truth, given that acknowledgement? As I think of Sylvia in all her particulars, I can only imagine the alteration of her predicament by placing her in another time. That other time might have been only a few hundred years earlier when there were very few institutions of higher learning, when the female's intelligence and place in the belle lettres was not as highly regarded as it is contemporarily. Or we might imagine her too much before her times, measured against a future where we will search out and treasure all of our poets and artists (hah) because they will be the ones who truly enhance our life on the continuum, **like none other**. In the earlier time Sylvia might not have thrived at all, or she might have thrived because there was less expectation of her, or what expectations she might have been tempted to put upon herself. It was these expectations that she could not separate from her self. Self in this case might simply be her ego. Yes!, one might say the message is always important. But how separate it from the I?

I am familiar with this internal debate. Why do we or I feel compelled to deliver the message? The message is being delivered into a very transient condition located upon a continuum. One day people wear their hats in the manner they were designed to be worn, the next day they wear them backwards, somewhat in protest, somehow defying the purpose of things, especially when there is no identifiable purpose to either hats or anything else for that matter. What is the message with regard to hats? What was the message before it was observed that the audience was not taking you seriously, i.e. by wearing their hats backwards? And

Notes 28

there was Sylvia writing her poems for whom; any particular body of hat wearers? She had placed these high expectations upon herself for whom? The crowd was not about to remove its hats.

We tend to think we know it all. We feel we have learned all there is to learn. We form premises that are intended to show the true way, but in fact we have rooted them in time, a particular time. Time flows like the river toward the vaster sea. Thereby are swept away our premises. We feel compelled nonetheless to throw out an anchor although the river bottom is deep with poor holding ground. What a drag! They went floating by with their hats in various configurations, casting overboard their anchors. A little poetic license. May I see your license please? HAH! Poetizing without a license. Just remember what they did to Frederico Garcia Lorca, and you'll be O.K. Although I throw not an anchor into the river I believe I am an anchorite. However, anchorites are associated more with bodies of sand than with bodies of water. See what I mean about truisms. There is no reason why an anchorite cannot reside next to the water watching all the hats go by.

Sylvia wanted to have her anchor set in solid ground, but she was fearful of casting it in wrong place. When the anchor did finally hold, Sylvia realized she had to work her ass off to ward off the persuasions of the current. Too many things distracted her, and she had little help, so in desperation she jumped overboard. It was during the twentieth century. We can all take credit for the twentieth century, eh wot!? We are busy hoping again that we can convert the twenty-first century into something we failed to do in the previous one. And we will fill the history books full of lessons (and rationalizations) about the last fuck-up. We are starting off with a **Fuckin Asshole.**

ΔKE branded on his patootie. Yale was intended to mean something. An emblem, an insignia, a prestigious rub. You got it. DOA. **ΔΩA** Delta Omega Alphole.

That last was really off the subject. Can't help it sometimes.

I very often get off the subject, so I will gravitate either to acid cynical social satire or to the idealized female form; and sometimes just to the female form. When I am attempting to learn something new in an imaging program, I usually work with the female form because it keeps up my interest in learning the mechanics of what I am doing. Anyway upon further reflection, observing the differences of the depictions of the female form throughout history, one notes certain attempts at idealizing the form. And what might have become an ideal form at a particular time. Not necessarily a universal ideal. When one regards a Greek Venus, for example, she is found in many shapes, some that wouldn't pass muster in these times simply because, although she might be constructed of

Notes 28

idealized parts, the whole would be considered too stout today. That is not to say that today, emaciation, as we see amongst models, is an idealized form. The skin and bones of models do not strike me as particularly enticing. The idealized female is a variable within the continuum, from the chunky Venus' to the wasp-waisted female of the late nineteenth century. Botticelli's Venus has a lovely head of hair, a sweet benign facial expression, but a body that seems too long and disproportionate and almost masculine to my eyes. Goya's Maja Denuda was created from the Clothed version as you see the mammaries riding too much out of position for her pose, or anatomically flexed as though being within a garment that is designed to emphasize them. Poetic license. I don't think Goya was attempting to depict a bar room hussy flaunting it.

As a previously practicing sculptor, as well as an observer of the female and modeler of that form, and one who would use drawing as an aid to sculptural endeavors, I often noted that my proportions were not idealized, that is, the head was usually too small, or the body too linear. When working in three dimensions with modeling clays it was easy enough to study the effects of proportion, especial affected by the head size. I still have difficulty in drawing a proportional body without using the model. I tend to make it more linear like myself. Very often artists, who get away from using the model as a reference, and use their own particular inner reference, their female figures look like them, perhaps far from ideal. Michelangelo's females were almost masculine in construction although they were adorned with the necessary parts. He did better with clothed Madonnas. August Rodin selected youthful well-proportioned models; he had the eye. That's an assertion attempting to approximate a truth within the continuum.

Rework the first part of this day!!! Make clearer asshole!!!

Next

More Sylvia last night.

Torment. What was happening during those days she did not write in her journal? Were things sort of OK? She often mentioned that writing was a form of therapy, or release. Perhaps the blank spaces indicate there was no need to fill them up. OR, it could mean she was so down that writing in her journal required that she come up for air. When she was down she felt bad confiding in Teddy; she didn't want to distract her genius.

Its still a puzzle why Treaddy destroyed **her** stuff. I believe when she wrote in her journals she was reaching out. Its like Van Gogh in his desperate need to convince himself there was a real world

Notes 28

out there; that in fact he saw that world and the intense feelings of wonder, and doubts about reality were not figments of his imagination. Kirk Douglas told me that; or was it Irving Stone? But I can imagine that Sylvia needed to say something about Teddy's philandering, the hurt and jealousy must have been corrosive; and knowing Sylvia, she could really deliver a stiff well-aimed punch.

Like the doc said, 'The real world appears different to each one of us.' I guess that simple observation ought to occur to each of us. But we do not apprehend, or do not imagine enough another's circumstances. They too are locked within their bodies. They may have been inculcated from birth about the way things are around here. But often the inculcators appear incredulous. When doubt and disbelief set in, the individual is left on his own to come up with alternatives to the spake and the interpretations. He or she must rely upon his or her innate equipment. Often this emerges in the form of questioning everything? Lots of stupid questions too.

So when you are left on your own to size up reality, there is a great sorting job ahead, to throw out all the irrelevant bullshit shoved at you by the inculcators. Then you gotta crank up your own sensory apparatus and your own brain to remake 'order out of chaos'. Its kind of like taking the cake apart, deconstituting the fixin's. and reconstituting them again in another formulation.

Sometimes the cake doesn't taste any better. Sometimes when we take the cake apart we realize that its full of nuttin' honey, so we just pitch it into the garbage.

Chances are the cake will not taste a helluva lot better, but at least it will be our cake, and we will know where the ingredients came from and what ingredients were selected to make the cake; that is, as much as can be known. That still may not satisfy our palette.

Cake is one thing, reality another. And when it comes to believing what you see and assessing its meaning there may not be any clear meaning. And that may be true for one's entire life. But still it is a construct. One can say to himself honestly 'I do not know.' Even though everybody else seems to know, claims to know, asserts their knowing; wears their hats backwards as a sign of what they know. And what they know may be an affront to everyone else.

The knowledge business is a tough business. Everybody invests in it, but not everybody receives dividends; even though it is claimed, if you buy into it, you will be rewarded. Whose knowledge? Who is manipulating the stock of knowledge? It's them.

Fuckin' Assholes.

Anyway, hang in there.

Notes 28

Sylvia knocked herself off before real knowledge became available (in the Joy Of Cooking). Smith College wasn't into Home Ec. The only other reference around was Ta Biblia in which one found Ecce Homo. Sylvia had donned her own Crown Of Thorns instead of the less ubiquitous backwards hat. I have overlaid time periods here. It was only baseball catchers (and possibly umpires) and welders that wore their hats backwards when Sylvia was around. Its true that fishermen and fireman both wore a kind of Sou'eaester and/or fireman's hat when engaged in their professions. But nobody wore thorns. There were a few grandiose wearers of Crowns; the old royalty, Olympia, the Beauty Pageants, and Sundry Queens For A day; and various occupants of madhouses.

Next (1/16/01)

More Sylvia last night.

One wonders what the analyst was saying to Sylvia other than encouraging her to hate her mother. One wonders whether Sylvia mentioned the difficulties she was having with motivation. Sylvia seems to be involved in a classic blaming syndrome. She is aware that she is not writing. She says she is not writing because she doesn't want her mother to get her hands (her mouth) on her work. She feels guilty because she assumes her mother views her writing as a waste of time. This also seems a classic case of projection.

She does and does not want to share her work with Teddy. She does not want to dilute her efforts by showing them to others.

One wonders about the abilities and efficacy of analysts.

Obviously Sylvia was a complex person, as well as a female intellectual. Her problems with motivation were not solved by the hating of her mother. She could write about her mother quite clearly; and at times allow her some sympathy (cut her some slack). Her relationship with Teddy was somewhat one sided; that is, there was not an equality of person. Sylvia always put herself in the lesser position. And Teddy was quite happy to leave her there. Sylvia wanted her lover/genius to get where he was going wherever that was. She assumed a subservient role perhaps as a social gender thing without giving it any thought. (it may have been convenient to take this position since she was having problems with motivation). Somehow Sylvia convinced herself that the man was right and the relationship was right; but obviously such was not true. Being with Teddy did not mitigate anything within her. She could have a monogamous relationship. She could obtain certain sexual gratification; but one wonders about the degree of love, or lets say, affection. Adulation?

Notes 28

All of her ambition in life could be laid at her mother's feet and, and all her need to continue on her track could be turned into an accusation.

Since what I am reading is only one side of the story set in a certain time and place, it is difficult to ascertain the whole truth. Certainly the 'FREE' time she had after her teaching stint at Smith was frittered in a manner that caused Sylvia great distress. Many things led to such frittering. Self-discipline was very easily eroded or forsaken. Sylvia was digging a hole for herself. She seemed unable both to discipline and to motivate herself. And quite obviously any rejection from the marketplace tended to deepen her cycles of depression. And the effect from any acceptances were short lived. She could derive more from a rejection than an acceptance. Rejection was perhaps felt as punishment whereas the acceptances were not viewed with equal billing as rewards. She could internalize the rejection much more effectively than the other.

It is all very sad. We all have our crack at analyzing this very 'gifted' person. A fragile person. Of course we all wonder how it is possible for anyone with such apparent intelligence to not be able to realize what it is she can or should do. It seems she did realize many things, and knew what she had to do to get on track. But it would seem her awarenesses were not the whole story.

No matter how important it is what we think we do, we suspect that what we do is but a drop in the bucket of time; and is inconsequentially transient. Do we really want to enlighten, to sing songs, to entertain, to save the world from itself? Why should we feel we are the designated hitters? Are we up there to hit home runs as a way to bring upon ourselves the cheers of a grateful throng?

Having been on the short end of the parental thing with my father, I do know how Sylvia suffered. And a lot of what I did as a young person, and now, what I do even as an adult, sprang from those beginnings. I am Don Quixote.

I have also endured my many hours of frittering, simply because it is easier to fritter than to drive one self to do his utmost in the way Sylvia had chosen, and in the way I often choose. I do not wish to leave the impression that all is suffering. There is great enjoyment to be had in 'creating'. One does live with his standards however, and no matter how good something may appear to another person, he knows what his objective had been in the way form and content, and so does that little progly who demands excellence in execution.

I have had a great advantage over Sylvia in being a male first of all, with many abilities tied to the industrial world in which I could function to easily gain a livelihood, and to generate some reward

Notes 28

through such activity in setting and meeting certain standards. As time passed I could also see my father for what he was. I could measure him against his notion of success. I could also measure him against my own endeavors. I could also gauge society's response to his message. But I will never know of course what I would have become without such a dominant influence. At least my father claimed he wanted everybody to be involved in the arts. The arts are not a bad profession. But father's terms were harsh; one was considered a moron (a word he used often) unless he followed his dictum. My feelings within myself were strong enough not to feel completely like a moron. My whole system of conceits did not rest wholly on my father's opinion of me. Perhaps if they had I might have slain him. He would have thought that Oedipal. One painting of his depicted a youth dancing on his parent's' (father's) coffin. I imagine he might have done so. His guilt might have imagined his own offspring dancing on his. He often spoke of society frowning on parricide; he must have thought it a real possibility. I never threatened him. But I finally did rise to my full physical stature to let him know it would take more than his ranting to get his point across. I did not dance. I had grown distant, more or less at his urging, his negative urging. He wanted disciples, followers, listeners. It just got old. Father tended to hit below the belt; i.e. he looked for the weak spot. His own insecurities speaking I would assume.

Sylvia should have slain her mother to expunge her Electra complex. Mother deprived her of daddy. Gets pretty involved and perhaps equally absurd. The unfortunate part of such purging action is the imprisonment that follows.

PSA 1.6 A rise of .3 from Dec. 13 to Jan 8. Seeing the Local (Eugene) Oncologist Urologist on the 18th. No response from Blasko. Ragde's office seems willing to try something. Received a medical questionnaire from Georgia.

Next (17)

Finally I get to write Next. I'm not doing too well in my filing system.

More Sylvia last night.

More thoughts on my eventual fate with the ole prostate.

I really don't want to dwell on the latter.

I would like to get to see the fruit trees leaf out and to see if there are any flowers. I want to get back to the water. I need to get back to the planet apart from man immersion. Fortunately there is such a place. Getting there getting there!

Next

Notes 28

More Internet stuff on Hormone therapy yesterday. And a very stupid run-in with Egghead.com regarding a particular piece of software. Never Again! is all I can say about Internet purchasing. It's a crap shoot. You are dealing with people who don't give a shit, just like those guys who launch cruise missiles.

Anyway, more of Sylvia last night. She had emerged from the perceived doldrums into a productive phase in the spring of 1959. She was writing and sending her stuff off. She and Teddy had been awarded a Guggenheim, and also a stint at Yaddo for the fall. Things were about as good as they could get for her. It wasn't without its ups and downs; she still had difficulty with motivation, and was looking for outs with thoughts of Phd's and having children, etc. I anticipate that soon she will be discovering she is pregnant, so anticipate a new phase in her thinking, but also anticipate she will still struggle and suffer.

And today I face the music with the urological oncologist. A decision will need to be made. Charline will come along. I feel for her. I know now she will be alone before too long. How to relieve her of her anguish? She has been a great companion.

In the meanwhile I am hoping I am able to concentrate on getting myself to the island. Most likely I will need to submit to a biopsy, a bone scan, a cat scan, more PSAs, a nutting, and a new medication and its side effects. I do not anticipate anything new or less barbaric. A need to reduce the cardiovascular risk, and the cost of medication. There are NO MIRACLES. I believe more radiation is not an option. First of all if you don't know where it is how can you irradiate it? Biopsy, bone scan, cat scan might tell a little if it was more advanced. Wait and watch does not seem an option. Although by some standards a low number, the rate of rise is significant. The only possible miracle would be prostatitis, which would be treated with an antibiotic (long term).??? NO RESPONSE FROM THE GOD BLASKO!! ALEA IS GUARDING THE FORT. I will need to fire off a salvo in that direction. I am more than a **Boring** negative data point; Get that Alea? It's a matter of bile in Bedlam. Don Quixote rides again. Stick that in your windmill.

God smashes his mirror every morning, like the 97 pound weakling. I hope when they cut off my balls, I retain my sense of humor. Is humor testosterone dependent?

Next 19

Medical Appointment cancelled by them, rescheduled for next week 25 Jan.

I sent off another letter to the doc with the Boring response. I also rendered unto Egghead.com once again.

A little more reading in Sylvia last night. A wave of rejections, but she sends them to other places like A. Knopf (take that cruel

Notes 28

world). She is obviously being too calculating in what she writes for whom; or so it seems. She is intending to write 'her book' at Yaddo. A kind of safety valve. She has also declared that unless a woman uses her body for the intended purpose she might as well be dead. Some kind of inverted prescience in that judgment. She was an observer; she didn't mind ranking authors. She gave the business to Virgin E AH Wolf F. Also to Liz. Wickhard. Thought Lowell not much of a teacher.

Too bad she didn't get to take some potshots at S. Snotrag.

Too bad I ain't gonna live until 2013 when they open another Teddy gate. Watergate, Irangate, Monicagate, Teddygate.

Next:

More Sylvia Last Night.

She isn't doing very well at Yaddo. Some troubles with ovulating are bringing out the acid best in her. And the rejections continue. However she did ask the question of herself that maybe she was gearing her writing to the market rather than just writing for the joy of it. She was also questioning her own conceits with regard to her reasons for continuing with writing. She is still kicking herself for not learning German.

I'll need to terminate this file very soon because it's up to 13 megs with pics, as they jargonize.

Next

Mike called last night to inform us Peter had died in his sleep the night before. It was thought the last round of chemo was too much for him. Alas! Some go before others, those who must remain to feel the loss, and get to mourn and do the remembering until it is their (our) turn. I envision myself as Next.

Getting near the end of Sylvia's released journals. Two weeks to go in November of 1959. These journals seem to be ending on a real downbeat.. Besides not being able to motivate herself in general, she has created another straw woman. Her ego. Her I has come under attack for being the focus of her writing. While boring to her perhaps, not boring to me. Sure we can take another person's I only so long. Like: I got up in the morning, I had two cups of coffee, I showered, I ate breakfast (description included, if anyone's interested)), but Jesus fffing Christ, I couldn't write. But Sylvia made it more interesting than that. Besides we had an objective to discover the breakdown and the precipitating moment. And besides she had a lot of interesting things to say about her profession, her competition. She was an acute observer. And a pretty good gossip and slanderer.

If Sylvia was getting hung up on her I or her ego as proper material for her writing; well, I guess I can understand that. But if

Notes 28

its interesting, well, what can you say?. Not pop literature in any case.

I am very much into my meness as a way of understanding human life first, and what impels other forms of life. I'm not above observing others and I love to make jokes and do the Diogenes trip.

Grist, perhaps. What makes for good grist?

I received a nice letter from Janis, an old school mate, following up on a letter that I had written to another old school mate. Good feeling about that. Janis was that kind of person; she rang true. One of those people that the world can do with.

Anyway I'm getting away from my Quixotic flourishes. I am he that walks amongst the Bedlamites. Gulliver, perhaps. Or Pantagruel. Laughter is the proper occupation of man.

Next

6:A.M. Monday 22

Attended a memorial service for my ex-employer from the U of O held at his temple. All the old faces. The people locked into their skins and their way of looking at you; and at themselves. Fairy land.

Sylvia at Yaddo. Nothing much happened. She is pregnant, as a matter of fact. Fact unceremoniously delivered, after all the looking forward to the verification of her womanhood and utility of sex. She is still hoping for something elusive. There will be no verification of Sylvia. She is digging a deep hole.

After reading her later (previously sealed) journals I feel differently about her. Before reading them, having read only excerpts from earlier journals, she seemed less driven and less strung out. What one can learn in hindsight was missed by her. Her great love with Teddy, the genius, was only partly rewarding. It was too one-sided. Getting fucked and having some good raps about literature doesn't get the job done. I am speaking of her needs which were probably far more intensely unanswered than Teddy's. Perhaps Teddy listened to her mental distress with sympathy, and perhaps he threw out half-hearted suggestions for dealing with her problems. But I suspect that was it. Her needs were too great; and unfortunately, and unwisely, she had put herself in the subservient position. Teddy was too typically humanly stupid to realize these things. And he was not about to sacrifice any of himself for her.

Her great love was a mistake, in hindsight. Having children, while fulfilling mother nature's gambit in the shape of the female, was also a mistake. She wasn't prepared to be a mother. She required a great deal of understanding and help before she could even function as a day to day human being. I can't see where the analyst was of much help, other than someone in whom to confide

Notes 28

for a few randomly arranged moments. Someone who gave her permission to hate her mother??!! Hate authority figures maybe.

So, for two cents, like Lucy, I'll give it to you straight. A. Alvarez will charge lots more, without getting any closer to the truth.

This Notes 28 file is getting very large (pics). Its taking longer and longer to save, so Its time to begin another. I think I'm pretty much done with Slyvia. I just need to read some more of her writings to do her justice.

As a general summation of the artist in the community, and in a larger vein the role of educational institutions in the community, I offer the following. Great value has been placed upon certain manifestations of human activity. It is somehow felt that man needs to know everything he can in order to survive, prosper and be a well-informed and conscionably directed CITIZEN. We have established certain institutions in order to address this high-minded endeavor, or so we imagine. I believe we have failed in that endeavor. We have created arcadias for certain individuals, not unlike the sophists of old. These individuals may be members of a community, perhaps aloof, distant from it. Yes!, they vote, pay taxes, shop at the local supermarket, consume, etc.

Their presence as enlightened members of the community seem of little consequence. But they can directly or indirectly be involved in things that affect us all, unknown to us all. For example as scientists they may participate in designing weapons of mass destruction. They may participate in formulating pesticides and herbicides that eventually become agents that overload the environment, our environment.. Then you have their opponents from that same community of specialized individuals. Sometimes these individuals become known to us through the Sierra Club, Geenpeace, Earth First, and we wonder where we have been, how come we have been left out of the loop. We are left out of the loop. We are left out of the loop intentionally. Secrecy may be involved for 'National Security' reasons. Patents, Copyrights, proprietary considerations, intellectual property; and of course money (filthy lucre) and seemliness (vestedness) are all part of what is happening. Often there is little sharing amongst these arcadians for the reasons stated.

And these same individuals are called upon in certain media events as experts to solve the social problems they have created. Almost, without exception, these individuals emerged from those Institutions of higher learning. Those institutions full of sophists for hire do not necessarily imbue their charges with a high degree of social consciousness, nor do they assume responsibility for any part of what they have inculcated for pay. We are also told by them that we are in good hands, that the future is assured. They sure don't want to appear stooipid!! Often a fitting description.

Notes 28

At the Eulogy in the Temple yesterday for the departed scientist, they proudly associated him with Fermi, Oppenheimer and Szilard as developers of the bomb (the first of which he saw exploded; wonder of wonders), ostensibly developed to bang up Nazi Germany. But he felt 'betrayed' when it was used against the civilian population of Japan. Well, now there's a tenuous argument, since most of what was left of Germany was also a civilian population. Hindsight, and putting the best face on things is the way to go. One takes credit selectively. One is in love with himself; very self-importantly dropping names. Whatever works. Ironically it is Saddam who wants the bomb for; well who can tell?

I got off the track. I began with the artist as a member of the community. Many artists are alien to the community. Fine Art somehow seldom is integrated with daily living. Music and Literature might form part of everyday living, but is rarely integrated as a substantive part, a necessary part, a part that is sought after as an expression of itself. We get what is known as pop culture; something that is heaped upon us by boom boxes and glaring media images all in a very impermanent (transient) manner. Literature??? Gotta crap before I can utter another word. What a lotta crap anyway. Toilet paper is a Universal substance that helps to abate a recurrent social problem. Nuclear weapons, and biochemical agents act as deterrents to aggression. Artists clutter the landscape; don't they wish!