

Apropos Of Nothing

VIII

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William and Rose were in the heap with their feelings, their anguish, utterly humorless - a pair of pangs. I'm inclined not to laugh, but to empathize, 'cause there isn't anything quite like LOVE - the love 'twixt the so-called 'opposites' especially when it appears to be evolving the way in which it is intended, despite what happened to Romeo and Juliet.

One feels obliged to marvel at the devisings of (Mother) Nature, in not investing all her reproductive power, Salmacis-like, by stuffing Hermes and Aphrodite into the same package. Just imagine how narcissistic things would have become. There are so many more interesting possibilities, if we accept the world the way we find it. Boy! (Girl!), you can say that again. "There are so many more interesting possibilities." Love triangles, abound (not to be trivialized).

These two were an ordinary pair, but highly romantic. They wanted to get together forever; really troth it up. No hit and run stuff - they had it bad. Mother Nature spread her sticky stuff all over them, a kind of taffy-spider-webby trappings, rendering them helpless. They became creatures without wills, without discipline, without cares, things in themselves; prey to the voyeur, and the private detectives, counselors, analysts, advisers, friends and enemies alike; the whole chorus - all, to absolutely no avail. It shows to go ya, LOVE sure is mighty powerful stuff. Insidious too.

I'm not laughing, I'm not belittling. I've been there, looking as helpless and hopeless. What ought to be a natural occurrence becomes an experience fraught with considerations and obstacles that lose their meaning; that is to say, our liaisons cannot operate outside of a tacit human society, as though human society was an unnatural acculturation. One is not allowed to become an amorphous blob within a state of being, or as a feeling or emotion, or some imaginary idealized love-shape, (at least not during working hours, and not on somebody else's time).

Their spouses had become some kind of rationalization, not objects of love or some 'object' invested with its own humanity. What one did feel for them was something shabby consisting of a retreat, if all else failed, someone for whom one felt sorry in their apparent pain, and towards whom one felt a guilt for having violated some kind of trust. What one might have felt least of all was a love; and guilt was not a very powerful contender once Cupid and Psyche had begun their frolics. But William's and Rose's quieter moments, subsiding moments, when they allowed a brief respite for reflection upon their circumstances, their image,

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they might think 'Whazzamattah, kaint you control yerself?' "Chasing a skirt?" or "Chasing a pair of pants?" The only way society will really exculpate one for contravening its conventions is if one sort of kills himself or herself in the process. There must be no survivors from broken social conventions. Society wants to be vindicated, "Ayatollah ya so!", while cathartically shedding a tear or two, recognizing the ennobling and purifying effect of sacrifice.

While Mother Nature might encourage the worst in us, perhaps eventuating in a whole new society, which might conceivably exist as a hopeful prospect - but somewhere else - if you please. So that's the real test, to throw it all up, going somewhere else. Just pack your suitcase with LOVE - to leave the planet!.

As the mother of a former girl friend had said to me (I wasn't much of a prospect for her daughter, being a n'er-do-well ART student) "You can't live on love, air and springwater" Another favorite of hers: "Next thing you know, you'll be winding up behind Spanish curtains."

Thou shalt not engage in criminal conversation. Burning was recommended by the Saxons; Cromwell considered it a matter worthy of death; Canute asked the ears and nose be cut off; and under the Law of Moses death was prescribed. THOU SHALT NOT COMMIT ADULTERY.

Adultery connotes: violation, uncleanness, impurity, defloration, defilement, unchasteness, cuckoldry, infidelity, disloyalty and betrayal.

In the Western world if you are caught with your pants down, or your skirt up or your clothes in general disarray by a compromised spouse or assumed partner of one of the participants you could be in for one helluva lot a trouble. In a Christian society it is assumed one would turn the other cheek, but if the WRONGED member discharges a fusillade into the WRONGEE and/or the WRONGETTE or both, society tends to sympathize with the WRONGED, even though they might chuckle a little "How Come?". But you really can't haul somebody into court charging them with unfaithfulness (unless there is a lot of money involved). In a Christian (albeit Biblical) society, it was discovered early on there wasn't any one available to throw the first stone. 'Cause why? Huh?. Tell me why. The object is not to get caught, otherwise adultery doesn't pay.

I am troubled by the Immaculate Conception. Was Joe cuckolded or was he not? One would never think these things of Mary. We suspect it must have taken place while she was asleep, and therefore she was not conscious of any enjoyment to be derived from the experience. She must have been some dish though, to get Gud to break his own covenant. Even so, you would have thought GUD could have picked on some other piece of crockery that didn't belong to somebody else. But I suppose it would not do to have a little bastard saving mankind. A very touchy and

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touching story - but it set a bad precedent. How does that guy above excuse his lustful action? You tell me.

Its a good thing Joseph had his hammer and nails? Perhaps he didn't know. Quite often they are the last to know. Its as though the whole episode was truly a Stage Play to which information only the audience was privy. Such a drama, such a drama!

Do not forsake me Oh my darlin'
How could you do this to me?
I wont do it again, I promise.
I don't know what got into me.
I'll tell ya what got into you.
It just sort of happened.
I'm not a slut.
And I'm no different than I was yesterday.
Its all in your imagination.
Of course I washed myself - like I always do.
UGH!!
Nothing's changed.
The hail it aint.
Do not forsake me Oh my darlin' OH!!!

Of course its no laughing matter.
Some of us are fortunate when the cheek gets turned.
I would not be inclined to strike the countenance thus presented - a second time.

Darlin'? Shit!!
Letch! Whore! Hustler! Chippy! Bitch! Bawd! Cod! Loose Fish!

Geeeeezzzzzuzzzzzz Keeeeerrriiistuuuhhh!! He struck his thumb with his hammer as Mary was signing the Manger's guest register; it served as an divine omen. Mary couldn't spell Geeeeezzzzzuzzzzzz Keeeeerrriiistuuuhhh, she therefore abbreviated the expression to the old familiar refrain which we all know so well, which a lotta people still can't get right, especially when they are cussing.

Joe probably told his young 'un to never trust a dame, perhaps that's why he spurned Mary Magdalene. It must have hurt Joe a lot. Its a pretty crushing blow. You mean to say she never told him?! How did everyone find it out? It must have been the kid that blabbed it all over. No, you nut - that stuff has all been made up. Its like Zeus on Mount Olympus, hurling his zig-zaggy lightening at the hapless critters below.

Do you suppose that's true? So ya mean, Joe aint been had after all? Well how come they never had no more kids?

Because she's a bachelor girl at heart, and inconceivably decent.

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You mean they abstained?

You might say. Its only the filthy mind, or the Media that would pry into such delicate matters.

Well, pardon my filth.

The only trouble is a lot of hokum rides on these confabulations.

No, it doesn't alter the teachin's 'tall, but teechin' is teechin' after all. Stick to the teechin' I say; forget the old Moo. Stop tryin' to sucker the masses with ballyhoo - and all that made-up stuff; fluff for the masses; propaganda iz whut. Talk about Madison Avenue - dare's plentee a promotin' goin' awn in dat Babble.

Well, either she was the arch adulteress or she wasn't. You can't have it both ways, being a conceiver and a virgin, and being married and being a virgin. Nope, just will not work, not on this planet anyway.

You can't get it through your numb skull that she wuz not a voigin, that she and Joe had a good relationship that nobody has a right to question or make a mockery of or insinuate anything about; and that includes that dadblasted critter in the sky and them followers of his son, who could be less interested in the truth of anything especially when it came to furthering their own paltry interests.

It is possible they abstained, but there are a lot of 'could bes' which do not get recorded because they would only louse up the story; some things just get overlooked, as a consequence are lost for posternity. Anyway as far as the Immaculate Conception goes I'd have to say I believe in a the three-dimensional protoplasmic quality of humanity with which I have become familiar, one that breathes, bleeds, bawls, belches, barts, barnicates, and - yep!, unfortunately - believes - a whole pile of shredded nonsense.

While all this might in fact be said to be apropos of nothing, I feel I must go another round with Mary, perhaps with a little less mockery. Although most specifically autobiographical [that literary sin] [not license], I need state that as a youngster enrolled in a Catholic boarding school I was UNFAIRLY (upon the pain of fahr if not heeded) subjected to a lotta Dogma concerning Mary, which at this late date prompts me to fight back. Mary, as the subject and victim of the Immaculate Conception and other anomalous attributions attendant to her aura, needs further cursory (perhaps that is all that is possible) examination. I wish to disturb, at least, the general belief in this area of hyperdulia, but realize that, without Mary, some magnificent Cathedrals would never have been constructed, and some moving sculptures never sculpted. The time and human effort concentrated upon and within this phenomenon of Mary quite boggles the mind.

Our brief terse reference to Mary found in Matt 1.25 bumbladedemumbling something about a first-born son, some might construe to infer Mary gave birth to more than one fledgling while others

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might also, for a lack of corroboration (something somewhat uncharacteristic of the New Testament), infer nothing, one becoming first in any case (even if she had miscarried or had subjected herself to an abortion previously). For the purposes of the dubious Immaculate Deception, one is sufficient,

Much is made of Mary's perpetual virginity. I must inquire "Why bother with Joe?" "Had they made Joe into a eunuch?" Obviously he was unique. The notion of virginity is itself only called into question if Mary belonged to a mortal species. If one grants her mortality, then one would be obliged to interpose morality into the equation. Christ's purporting to have asserted that Mary was by him preserved from all taint of sin is like Gerald Ford pardoning Richard Nixon. And the famed St. Thomas Aquinas said he would have none of it unless Mary could be redeemed by her son. For What? Come again!

Is not one bothered by the fact that Mary's consequentiality was of such little import as to find no account of her passing, including time and place, although 'pious opinion' relates the contrary, accusing those who do not go along with the gag, of 'insolent temerity'? I think there is a message in all of this; Mary, like the rest of us, don't count - as mere mortals, and in Mary's case, she may have been fighting an uphill battle against the male chauvinism of her times (and The Greatest Story Ever Tolt).

The Cathedrals, therefore, built in the name of the Blessed Virgin and Our (or his) Mother, were most likely constructed employing false premises. I do not imagine one would erect any such elegant structures to rabbit's feet, four leaf clovers, lucky pennies, or sundry phylacteric intercessions or mediations, much less a bawd. I would that Cathedrals were constructed in the name of MAN, who must necessarily come to terms with himself. Instead, we get skyscrapers, nuclear power plants, rocketships, cruise missiles, with little or no enthusiasm or participation of the affected or faithful. As beautiful and inspiring as are the Cathedrals, in the last analysis, they were a "dollars and cents" proposition, though divined, and as much a matter of an expression of spiritual exuberance; a marvel nonetheless.

Almost obviously, most of this has nothing to do with our smitten lovebirds; perhaps only obliquely. I wanted to say that we must appear as believable entities. This is not said to deny the unique happening, but lets not embellish it to the degree that it confounds our sense of the plausible, forcing us to balk at an otherwise engrossing story. A story is one thing - Truth is another!

William and Rose were their own unique happening. They, for themselves, had become the embodiment of a process and a force that stood outside convention, a force that could not be harnessed by

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convention. Intense selves, essentially egoless, seeking a union within each other, both in an active sense, and in a state of repose.

We speak in one breath of LOVE and in another of UNION. This does define the relationship of William and Rose. The truth of the matter reveals, our language, our laryngeal utterances, our syllabizing as wholly inadequate to describe, encapsulate, to embody, to postulate either the poetry or the purpose being served by these mille-millennial attractions. LOVE transcends; if it does not transcend, it at least ignores. It ignores all boundaries; it leaps all hurdles, real or imagined; it walks astride the smaller earth.

Love does not enter everyone's life; it does not come knocking on one's door inquiring politely if it would convenience you to partake, or to receive its ministrations; "Have you had your turn yet?" One must needs be attracted, and perhaps attractive in some way. One must venture something of himself. Of course a physical beauty (that skin deep phenomenon) does serve as a miraculous attractant that bridges all social barriers.

It is claimed: "LOVE is BLIND, and lovers cannot see the pretty follies they themselves commit"; and 'Faint heart n'er won fair lady' (my mother's favorite, she being a fair lady who had resisted all but one suave); nothing ventured, nothing gained.

We have depicted Love variously, as a mechanical happening, in our playful analogies involving the Birds and the Bees. In our rationalizations we are inclined to begin at the level of the spermatozoa and ova, as a construction; faceless, purposeful and vital. We are not hermaphrodites. Our formulations are simple $1 + 1 = 3$. Love or lust, or both, or one disguised as the other, or even some of the most bizarre, perhaps pathological, perversions (in sickness or health) of the essential combination, will potentially advance and verify the theorem. We have proven that beauty is not essential to the process through creating sperm-banks and in producing test-tube variants. In our depictions Cupid and Psyche meet only in the dark, perhaps all myrrhed to disguise the scent of the animal, Cupid's visage or shape, whether gargoyle, bat, griffin, troglodyte, or winged-boy, unknown to Psyche. The wondrous obfuscous inosculation.

Those of us who follow the prescribed formulation are inclined to wonder at the significance of the other liaisons or combinations that do not serve to verify the theorem. I do not suggest color combinations. I am (we are) at a loss to fully comprehend the permutations of the formula. We cannot explain everything in terms of the essential unity. Nature poses the problem. Boys (men) become lovers of boys (men); girls (women) become lovers of girls (women), $1 + (1) = 1$ (in computerese one reads: 'This file cannot be copied upon itself') There are abstract unities

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formed with deities or universes or special subliminal states represented as $1 + 1 = ?$. There are narcissistic unities ($1 + 0 = 1$)

There are unities based on 'love and understanding' which one might describe as 'enhanced unities', which incorporate certain 'extra-human' qualities as freedoms, trustings, amities, passions and intelligences; unities intended to survive, in Time. As we know many unities do not survive the day to day realities, such as sickness, poverty, the general animalities found in the ugliness of personality or corpus; they do not survive the strains placed upon them.

I have probed into the persevering commingling arrangements of mother nature without shedding much light upon them. We are designed as separatenesses with a certain open-ended extension longing for a unity. The act of unification we elect to syllabize simply as Love. It is thus we may observe the forms into which this need, or drive, or longing to become whole, will evolve, sometimes to our great amusement, at others to our great sorrow, and occasionally to our great satisfaction. And from out the Gulf of Unions emerges the Salutations from Dionysus; V.D., Herpes, and AIDS. Note: (AIDS has thrown a wet blanket upon the heaving bodies wherein V.D. and Herpes had failed.)

None of this has been written to construct a framework of excuses for justifying the apparent neglect or disregard for social conventions, or for other more rigid precepts. Social conventions are what they are, subject to modification and change, only to seemingly follow a pattern or cyclical order, or reappear in a previous form, as though to indicate it has not all been worked out (in computerese: Abort, Ignore, Retry?). Meanwhile our hearts may gambol wildly within the landscape, approaching what feels like a non-corporeality (near bodilessness); a transported entity. I am able to testify to this very feeling as having occurred to my very own self as though miraculously transformed from the dull clay of my own mired humanity into some golden-haired, white-robed figure (a naked sugar and spice and sanctity); a Transfiguration if you will; my impoverished being having transcended its hopelessness and haplessness to become elevated above kings, queens, princes and princesses; yes!, above royalty ("Base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures, more than is native to them"). And to compete, join, and equate with those fictional creatures inhabiting literature, the stage and screen, and even beyond into undescribed and unportrayed realms - but REAL within my Self - no mere actor or construction or words as these, or an imaginary super-royalty, but even the TRUER fabric of being.

Alas!, however, one is invested in and confined to this corpus, unluckily, or luckily, as 'fate would decree'. One atrophies because he has not eaten, one sacrifices his good looks and his ability to stand erect for lack of sleep. One hazards his health for lack of regard to social

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conventions, or for mere lack of awareness, thus exposing his very corporeality to the 'the anomalies and vicissitudes' of the elements, to the 'slings and arrows' of the avenging jealousies, and the generalized ROAR of humanity; and we must not forget in those desperate hours of longing, the contemplation of escape over the precipice. Yes!, I will testify to these.

Collisions; the more entities, the more collisions. 'Thou shalt not' becomes tested in its serenity. Myriad passions, myriad thwarts to passions; a myriad of callousnesses arising from the Too Much, and too many; the rat psychology. We encounter those who simply cannot bear-up under the strain, cannot sustain their end of the 'bargain', their share of responsibility in maintaining the social contract, and the contract made in heaven, amidst the Too Much and the too many, who seem not to care - in the least. Yes! Collisions.

There is no primeval forest for Adam and Eve, Romeo and Juliet or Mr. Abel and Rima, William and Rose, only a primitive agglomeration of humanity that appears not to understand and barely tolerates their blessed aberration.

Once upon a time... (As soon so kindle fire with snow, as to seek to quench the fire of love with words.).

Some put up with it, some enjoy it, some resent it.