

## Notes 12

Beholden? After A Valve Job. NO WARRANTY

Try not to think about it!

Recalling from another, earlier time. Identified by place; New York State, barely. We lived just five miles inside the boundry between New York State and Connecticut.

There had been an even earlier time located in the State of Massachusettes. We moved to New York State when I was eleven.

These scantlings will suffice as to placement. Time; toward the end of the Great Good War; sometime around D-Day

Aspiration: Before I hadd hadd the surgery, the thought was to finish the cabin by the sea, and then to be able to cock my feet up for a few minutes watching the sun set through the live and dead arbutus branches, overlooking the water; and so and and on. If death hadd come to me during such a moment, that would be O.K. since there really wasn't anything I could do with my life to improve upon that singular experience, lest it was to partake of such an event somewhere it appealed even more; perhaps some place where the sun would appear colorfully immense upon the horizon, as in the desert. Its all so momentary, it probably wouldn't matter. Since, upon the Island, we are not able to view the sunrise in the same manner as the sunset, we must settle for the sunset; I'm in the sunset phase of my life anyway.

I feel ultimately confirmed in escaping to this seemingly singularly good-feeling world. The world of man has been destroyed beyond redemption; it is possible the species will go, dinosaur-like, with its explosion of wretchedness. Yes!, of course, individuals may somehow avoid the worst by escaping to islands where the interaction and the dependence is less. One chooses to diminish his expectations and his dependence. One attempts to make his peace with the planet and the Universe, without any conditions.

Don't try to dissuade me concerning the redemption thing; its all a gut feeling; reverse messianism, or reverse grandiosity, perhaps. There is little point to existence, other than to satisfy certain urges which wane the older and sicker one becomes; Alas! to the point of wishing it were over; the last urgency. It is thought, if we are given to feel pleasure we must expect also to feel pain. I cannot

fathom why this must be so, unless as some kind of intellectual prejudice to do with opposites being defined vis ... vis thereby.

I do not believe hugs and kisses would substantially alter the sunset thing. The sunset thing as almost as fleeting, but somehow more enduring; after all it is an everyday happening. Perhaps the two together

## Notes 12

do create an especially dreamy state. But one is able to rely more upon the daily rhythms than the hugs and kisses. Perhaps if one could prolong a hug and kiss beyond the sunset into some kind of benign expiration, all would achieve a plausible ending. Its probably a lot more agonizing wish fulfillment than I depict.

This depiction is intended to convey an immense feeling of freedom; freedom to think anything one chooses; or freedom to feel anything one chooses. Once one has passed that last grandiose milestone, he is free, although one needs be on remittance, in the manner of the 'hidalgo' Don Quixote; not much is required, just enough to luxuriate in thoughts and feelings without the usual 'unholy compulsion to survive' encumbrance.

Dont get me wrong; from the force of habit doubtlessly I'll conjure solutions, without believing there are any. After so many years of listening to and propounding reasonable plausibilities to problems, I have become convinced that only a truly indifferent and Wrathful Deity could end this strife. What this portends with regard to man's continued rationality must be clear. While that rationality devises machines of questionable utility (since only selected ones benefit), little can be said of rationality as a reliable instrument to be employed in the betterment of the human community. Rationality, at best, is something that can be ignored, and at the worst is self-

serving. Whereas the Wrath of an Omnipotent would keep us all on track; an unappeasable one; no supplications, no prayerful prostrations would avail. Only Retribution. Perhaps with the indifference of this Omnipotence would come seeming arbitrariness; something we would have to endure in a state of abject fear. But perhaps if we did behave ourselves this would seem less likely. Necessarily, all the power of retribution would be removed from the purview of the 'bishops' and sundry shamans; and the greater invented bureaucracies.

Reflecting upon the annihilation of yesterday; upon Ivan Illich's notion that yesterday isn't good enough; that somehow today is better or that tomorrow will be even better. How is it possible for any transience to be better? Successive transiences; toward some escape from boredom?; toward some undiscovered satiation?

Hugs and Kisses in perpetuity.

The question arose: How to avoid infection?

Otherwise one might fancifully depart into another piece of grandiosity, well-supported with rationality. Initially one would declare the flaw in the Golden Rule; its mere convenience, without scruple. Both an implicit and explicit proposition that can be easily violated by wantonness. Some will argue it is the best construct we have devised, in terms of its simplicity. Bureaucracies, like Supreme Courts, mean very little if one ignores the

## Notes 12

basic precept. If Supreme Courts could become devoid of prejudice, and only fortified with rationality and logic - but we know that is impossible. We attempt to put the best front upon things, a token assent to something unclear in the many ends it is purported to serve. One uses terms like 'Justice' as attainable ends, when 'prejudice' is the reality. It must be obvious why all fanciful departures appear as grandiosities.

While 'reality' may appear different to everyone, there is no question that 'reality' is not completely in the eyes of the beholder; there are those of us who are deceived by appearances. So while a certain containment reality may exist as part of the Golden Rule, it is our expectation that colors the reality. If it is true, we would do as we would be done by, that becoming the denominator, instead of the obverse, to do as one had been done by, then we do have expectations, even though these expectations fly in the face of the greater 'reality', of not trusting to expectations; instead awaiting the surprise; good or bad.

The obviation of the Golden Rule reached 100 Megatons (more is possible) . The NRA believes the Second Amendment to the Constitution of the United States Of America should not be abridged, simply because the Golden Rule has its hitches. The Armed Camp is the legacy of Homo Sap., despite his other fond wishes. Even if we did away with all the hardware, presumptive issuances might emerge as a self-ordained prerogative of size. Then comes the equalizer, all the way to 100 megatons+. Inescapable? Yes! given the makeup of the Beast. The Best Bestiality known to Man. All other Beasts seem tame (and predictable [without expectations] by comparison. There is no other bestiality that quite equals ours in its imaginative departures. Objectionable to some viewers.

There is such a yearning for the Jesus component, or Jesus factor; with some measure of ambivalence, if one is able to judge by all the factions dedicated to "its" obsessively desired presence.

There seems to be a tendency to monopolize or personalize the invented part, or the poorly documented or remembered part. The documentation would have been far more easily accomplished if the FATHER had waited a couple millennia before springing Jesus upon our feeble machinations (our feeble what?). Could anything have been more to the point than the inquisitions, and the burning of the heretics? Obviously mankind was not ready for something. Heathenism; paganism may have been a bit more earthy than otherworldly; but hey!?

Next: An Appraisal: This is the afterlife. After Surgery. So I am living on Borrowed time. Well, not exactly; I will be living on borrowed time after I pass an indistinct station in the future. If I Pass. I guess the point is 'not to vegetate' I imagine the corollary is 'to animate'.

I'm free to say anything I like, while pretending not to care. In many ways I do not care, as has always been true of me. But feeling so near the end, it must be truer than ever. One's ineffectuality is guaranteed, so why

## Notes 12

be cautious? Why attempt to create an image that is so easily effaced? The only way to disarm the besmirchers is to let it all hang out; don't give them an image. If one projects nothing, then nothing can be said. By nothing I mean 'constructive solutions'. A constructive solution is something that calls upon each individual to become something other than he/she is, which creates a good deal of discomfort; hence the tendency ( or urge) to discredit. Some will argue, if the constructive solution speaks for itself there will be no criticism. I say not on this planet and during this hominid lifetime. So LAUGH! HOPE is out of the question; not up for consideration.

This may be construed as beforedeath, or afterdeath (next life), but not 'born again'. Whatever it is, one may assess a freeing. Not a freeing from the corpus, of course, or the limitations of the encephalon, or the experiences attendant to the myriad of corporeal entities (the collective); the limitations are easily recognized. I am mindful of what has happened when we have embarked in our ark into the less frequented and less occupied corners of the globe. One loses touch with the hominid thing, the preeminence, as it were. There are no paths in the water; there are the few navigational markers, of course. But often enough we were anchored some place purposefully set away from the hubbub and the common route. Therein the familiar cacophony and dissonance was absent. Therein we were not exposed to the banter of the yammering media so intent upon filling its void with catastrophe, and put-downs of the imaginary bad guys, all under the guise of your need to know, and objectivity. Such were the 5

memorable times, ones to be sought again and again for the peace that accompanied them. Perhaps too much selfish bliss; but often the daily immersion in the other world proved unblissful - with a vengeance.

This world, the one we have dismembered, lives as an ugly testamentary (monial [moneyal])reminder. Oh yes!, we have architects and planners and public works specialists, but GEEZZZZUZZZ KEEERIIISTUH can't you get it through your thick skull "In whose Image it is made"; and it sure as HAYALL looks it. An amazing clutter from the Phayrows to the West Bank, not excluding all the historical edifying edifices in between. I seem to be non-religiously partial to cathedrals - outside the urban setting, and huge cast iron or bronze bells. They really ought finish the Sagrada Familia, then destroy all the surrounding buildings for a few miles. You see what happens when one dies; all this nonsense comes to the surface. One supposes they could remove the pews, then install skating rinks; in the cathedrals of course. In the village from which I emerged as a teenaged youth a church had been converted into a supermarket (I imagine it was a denominational edifice that could not flourish in a predominantly Catholic community. And it was a Catholic who operated the market.)

I haven't voted in a very long time; I have not exercised my 'democratic' privilege. Do you realize that to choose between or amongst certain candidates and certain ballot measures (in self-defense) aint livin'? It may

## Notes 12 🎵🎵

be exercise. But the whole notion of choosing something that is thrust upon one; an ego, or some vested interest like a bureaucracy, only to be expected to yea or nay because that comes with the territory; its a GD insult. It ain't worth the paper (well it sure aint worth the kind of paper I have in mind). I would rather vote for circus performers; they only show up once a year; and they fold their tent - no reminders. Oh its true enough these other guys show up seldom enough, only to harangue with ice cream and cake, then to disappear, sinisterly, insinuatingly, usurpatiously, and so on, 'til you can't get rid of the barsturds. Vote and see where it gets yuh; a cloying sensation, a sullied sensation, a taken-for-a-ride sensation, a dubiously duped and thwarted sensation, a 'being had' sensation; a non-sense sensation.

To me the ultimate reference point is the big reality, the pathless reality, WATER. There is nothing more Heraclitan than its fluidity (different than liquidity). Yet I have hunkered down in these waterless confines - DONT ASK.

The Twentieth Century fading along with its physicists - egoists all - conspiring now to the BIG BAG (oops!) BANG theory.

GAWD DAM IT!

Its a non-utilitarian approach to science; the religious experience, born(e) (out) (Again) by a great desire. Phooeytons left over from Big Bag. 300,000 B.B.; like 300,000 A.D.