

## Notes 4

Notes in the Millennium: with Remarks in Italics in the year 55 A.D. The non-italics recounted from days gone by.

### *The First Station.*

The year is 46 A.D.; in the year of Durchanek, or should I deem it the year 78 A.D., in the year of Durchanek, the father, in whose image this funny looking two-legged appurtenance is made? (Should I attempt the lineage all the way to Adam Durchanek?) It requires an effort to break the spell; to start again; rather than just be another chink in the vast number of chinks *throughout* time; (another cobblestone). The passing of the torch of life; *what the hell is the torch of life?* (a blaze) another seed from the Durchanek strain, or Homo Sapiens; that perpetuates what? Something old, something here before me, that doesn't begin with me, that overshadows me from beginning to end, that doesn't need me, will never need me. (In fact 1/2 of 1% of us would be enough *what has latterly become recognized as the natural carrying capacity of the planet without argriculture*) . We have achieved the goal of the lemmings over whom we have asserted our supremacy (*intellectual?*) .. their poor blind fornicating, and our sublime lovemaking .. The lemmings do not know our fears .. fear prevents us from ending it all .. taking corrective action. Instead we multiply righteously, and pray for afterlife .. salvation in afterlife .. an infinity of after lives, a sweltering in AFTER LIVES.

EDEN is past, relegated to the Old Testament .. Anno Extincto. What then is in this afterlife that is the object of all the fornicating (begetting), perpetuating? Is this the only way the many can stomach their lonely meaningless accounting; the horrible reality that life is nothing but a pointless replication?

If the millennium began now instead of earlier, on a different date, a day of liberation from, just following, just doing, in imitation ...?

The day of liberation, when an errant seed burst forth from the earth, when consciousness, awareness, proceeded with each step; this *becoming* EDEN, this *becoming* the beginning; each life a beginning, and also an ending, something complete in itself; not just another beast of burden to carry about a shabby baggage of biases and prejudices *concerning* one's nowness and the days gone by.

### *The Second Station.*

The following day in the millennium ...

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Its nice *when* they don't cut the tree; often they do, you know, in the name of progress. The institution grew around this particular tree, even tastefully (*the tree was some 200 years old, [154 B.D.] whereas the Institution had laid its first cornerstone in 61 B.D.*). Although ambivalent, this creature, man, he left a tree standing, progress bowing to its magnificence.

I think people generally fell trees because they do not understand them as lives; they see them as objects in their way, or something to be dismembered.

Actually a tree is quite a life to meditate upon. Generally speaking, most trees worthy of being labeled trees are older than one, and live on after one leaves - that's something in itself to *ponder*.

One becomes aware of the dynamism of the seasons and the elements, through the constant observation of trees (or a single tree); the natural pressures upon them; the cold, ice, wind, torrential rains, the hot dryness, whimsical mankind; how the more marvelous this livingness when considering what we do to account the harshness of natural adversities.

The trees that live on my property -- HAH! I hold the power of life and death over them. Some day I will no longer have that power; I could become an invalid; all shrunken in my wizened old age, feeble-minded, fearful .. the trees could have survived others and me all those years, yet my aged, fearfully quirky self could order their death. Suppose someone interceded, what will happen when I go away; the trees that were loved until then; my wife, my son, my daughter, and those that follow, they will exercise their power over the living. The trees have survived the harshness of nature's devisings, only to be confronted with 'progress' and the whims of the crassly powerful - power full .. Alas!, where is the power of love; not love for Jesus Christ, or for one's spouse, children, or friends, but thy love of life ....?

The first year of the millennium invites war into its midst to decimate life; too many Mr. Lemming.....!!!!

### *The Third Station.*

Its still cloudy in the year of Durchanek .. Visibility is limited ..

If it was infinitely clear one would see only further into the distance; the clearest vision could discern things that the blind have learned without eyesight. The wonder of that vision is the mystery of its incommunicableness. One experiences an aphasia in attempting to speak of truths .. What is a truth?? A

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truth is an UGH! It is said if one speaks a truth or speaks of truth that it perishes upon the tongue that is uttering it, that it no longer qualifies as a truth; that its real nature escapes into the cacophony of utterances about truths (not unlike the rattling of the media).

We are all mirrors of each other; imagine if you will Individuals instead of mirrors - what connection? Even with the proliferation of mirroring, we are lonely - what *are we able* to deduce from that? (we need Jesus Christ?) (Christ is dead) .. like the comedienne asked "Is he still dead?" .. So in the new millennium Anno Durchanek, what can we deduce from our loneliness in the crowd of mirrors?

My life is o'erspanned by a tree. That tree (or others) gives comfort through its reassuring stance, and its unobtrusive living presence, in its unspoken rootedness.

I want to live forever in order to achieve great things. Whether long or short, what will avail us amongst our crowded mirrorings, which we detest? What is it one can do to improve the reflection or to break their mirror?

Herman Melville in Mardi: "There are those who falter in the common tongue, because they think in another, and these are accounted stutterers and stammerers."

### *The Fourth Station.*

In this hour of the new millennium, hope, as it has always served, engages in a fierce struggle with despair; the utter despair of life that is lived within consciousness.

Someone died; a dull apprehension filled their consciousness, a gripping presence applied pressure to their lives; someone read, 'into whose care we entrust thee, thy mortal dust'.

In the beginning of this millennium, the hope that springs eternal, uniting all the millennia, awaits thee as you are borne through the fog of time and consciousness. The blur of the gray in our encephalon suddenly grasps at the sensate persistency - somehow the image of the tree returns, beckoning us back to sensate reality.

Ah! Why a tree? A tree stands outside of oneself, and others too .. Yes!, it could be her, all bright beautiful, soft and flowing, arms wide-awaiting; then one loses consciousness - one reaches into the pulsations of life, the throbbing matrix - the meaning of which we cannot comprehend, her utter loveliness (or His) clouding the perception as the fateful blending gleans a delicious slumber, all cares away .. AWAY!

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'Tis not hope I describe, but a happening that tempts the imaginings of poets. The investigative mind *and ubiquitous commentator* devises formulae for all these throbs, these connections; in the same spirit as our colorless record-seeking sports hero/*celebrity*, nailing down the world in his ego.

In this millennium Hope will achieve new heights as she attempts to (soothe) repair the devastation wrought by the too-many. More. More. More.

I attempt to transfigure the emptiness of a fate that crushes indiscriminately all the innocent, when in fact hope does not exist –perhaps *only* a buoyant force within eventually anesthetizes the workings of despair.

One knows that he *may* be felled many times, and rise again; children think not of it; they are like springs. At some point one asks, "what's the use?" We whack away at its limbs, yet the tree stands limbless somehow putting forth more; the feathered ones alight upon it all the same; they too fluttering until then 'program' ends; but we who fall as despair assaults us ... *our birds take to wing.*

### *The Fifth Station.*

In the next day of the millennium we stood there, all of us; the bosses, and the peons -- with our clothes off. Whereas, before we could at least speak to each other by looking up or down through the cast or veneer of our clothing, now we were speechless.

The clouds floated by, the tree swayed, the air was cold, the sky grey. Somewhere a machine whirred and whinned away unattended, as they stood there in their nakedness. Someone farted; many flushed; no one laughed; someone's bowel growled. They began to perspire. Everyone needed to relieve his discomfort.

The blemishes began to appear clearly; one had grown comfortable at having hidden them. Actually one didn't have to worry about his skivvies showing .. now. Prudery lost its meaning catastrophically.

I remember her hiding the white frill between the mounds that we have found so inviting, especially when they are partially revealed, partially hidden. Yet, the hiding happened only when the penetrating rakish eye burned like the sun -- Hah, now though .. the glands somehow lose their glamour -- all truth -- does it lose its glamour thusly??? closely?? Does the truth lose its glamour once perceived?

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Father would mock the gesture, the contradiction, the feigned modesty. Isn't it absurd to reveal it, then conceal it? What is this little prank? Its called the revelation, or concealation, consolation prank, or prize, if you have eyes and be worldly (wordy) wise. One could disguise and better devise the ancient art of revelation. Then father would wonder what in hell a crucifix was doing there just above the chaste frills; he would render an opinion - unkind-blunt-immodest.

### *The Sixth Station.*

Oh Yes!, rattling on the millennium; never cease; keep it flowing; let it pour forth like matter from an open wound; better than fester; but it could be honey melting in the heat of the times.

Father is a pretty good straight man now that he is gone. I am able to project onto him all the results of his Freudian [miss]conceptions; some were conceptions that had nothing to do with Freud. There is much about the psyche that provides fertile ground for limitless conjecture; Freud happened to spend a lot of time at it and happened to be, at the same time, a pretty damned good thinker (pdgt). Some of us freely associate, providing analogies that stretch the thought process beyond what we know. It's only when one postulates that the process ends. Father tended to postulate, to grind up information into presumptuously salient truths, stirring, sometimes challenging one's innards. Sometimes he was not too subtle; he didn't develop his perception to its fullest; he couldn't resist going straightaway to 'his truth'. So a crucifix in an open cleft .. I can remember Peggy Flemming, the Lone Olympic Gold Medalist, wearing a Texaco oil can there ... when she turned 'pro' .. Dad could be right!!!!

I have an offspring, a daughter; she does it (*not at my instigation*); her friends do it; do what? They play an ancient 'child's' game of 'peek-a-boo' - I tell you its all because of having lived in cold climates and having moved out from the cover of the jungle .. "What? What in hell you yakking about?" Geezus, do I have to spell it out for you? All right .. we used to wrap ourselves in bear skins and the like - but, do you realize how many animals would have to be killed?? Then there's skin cancer!! Of course all of this is absurd, however remarkable.

"In cold climates, the crucifix better have a heater in it." Dad would say something like that, laughing demoniacally. Actually it is a very feeling statement that my mother would wince at, my brother might repeat untastefully, laughing; that I too would feel was a bit indelicate, however humorous. I think our cherished

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notions need some relief. Dad rankled bitterly, and quite often toppled the humor with compensatory harshness. He felt cheated of something; warmth, a welcoming, loving bosom, overwhelming, overflowing; he therefore set out to belittle, in his envy, that which had eluded him; he tried to cheat too, and make it impossible for *his own* to enjoy. Prostrate thyself before thy God. ME!

### *The Seventh Station.*

Still in the millennium.

I am grim today; I am looking at myself harshly. My scribblings are all over the place .. full of borrowings, I am sure, wanting originality, clarity; wanting a lyrical or flowing, pulsating, moving language. I feel certain I could produce some vignettes, some single sentence that represents a momentary *crystallization* of many moments of scratching, of teasing the elemental. Is it luck that catches the unique phrase? Is it getting down through the layers of other selves, and finally arriving, as a medium, who simply reads what is there in the crystal(lization) ball .. can I lay claim to what is said; why should I lay claim to what is true? Perhaps it is better only to suggest what is true; then one can lay claim to the suggestion. This awful trap of the I, of the self .. Cease to worry .. have fun .. creating.

In the millennium of Durchanek - one aspect of father's passing is that another pair of ears is lost to Beethoven, Bach, Mahler; another pair of eyes is lost to Goya, Bruegel, Rembrandt, Michelangelo; another brain is lost to peruse Cervantes, Sophocles, Dante, Dostoievski; Freud; also a perception of aesthetic trends; a keen observation and appreciation of artistic achievement is lost as well ... Another peregrinator, delver, fathomer in the vast tomes of scribblings is lost.

### *The Eighth Station.*

In the millennium - if the thought of millennia doesn't cause one to feel small, certainly being (46) without accomplishment should. *And, darling if you should read ye olde Aequanimitas Osler, you'll find you are all washed up after you are forty, and you better keep your mouf shuddap after yore sixty; so the forking pheeeshun says.* Now that catabolism awaits at every turn, the struggle intensifies. *Time for catabolic steroids. Sounds planetary; perhaps Universal.*

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I do not wish to become one of those wretched patronizing gray bastards who stands on his little pile of dung trying to feel equal to the challenge. I have already betrayed myself (in a cowardly manner - a very depressing thought); I have lived up to father's opinion of me (*which my brother has seen fit to bestow also; where do these guys get off?*); the one he laid on me to my face; others who knew him claim he said other things behind my back that were more complimentary. *How nice!*

I suppose one could change his name every few years, achieving anonymity through a series of disappearances (what's in name?); then commit suicide. Why invent so much trouble in order to achieve anonymity through procrastinating? Yeah!, What's in name?, the lack of which is a purity .. In Truth there is purity also. Become an essence instead of a name .. allow yourself the freedom to acquire an essence ..

It is intentional that we should be shaped by the handles given by us at birth (how does one prevent himself from always running in a circle?). Some things are pointlessly argued; things that are not necessarily predetermined, but nonetheless do fall into a similar category, i.e., they are fated to remain, once established .. for example, certain social conventions that insist upon identifying every homo sapiens (for conscription, tax purposes, and consumption, no doubt) with a fixedness, i.e. name, number, profession, and any other fixedness, *a subject doomed* never to change, that one is willing to provide or accept).. To become clearer in this instance - an amazing number, almost all, who understand the term will respond to the *exclamation*: "Shithead", *even the Mayor*, all having been hailed in this manner at some time during their lifetime (*the great leveler*). Since social convention is such, in the last analysis, not to give identity in any real sense, but to require implicitly that we conform .. why then this other state of affairs, these inconsistent devices for granting identity? For some, darling. *Tax-collecting, Soldiering; Shitheads pay their taxes, then die.*

Society, in general, could be improved; the removal of 1000% of its number would be a good start .. the critical physical distance creates a discomfort .. STOP! I am the ruler of this vast expanse of loneliness. How much identity could you tolerate (*Marylyn*)? Just suppose one came along without a handle, and did something for which we could not provide a name .. it overwhelmed us .. doesn't sound right, does it? In keeping with how much identity we could tolerate, the construct goes like this - Innocently a nameless soul strikes a mean, i.e., he or she accomplishes something that touches us all, for which we cannot find a name. *Are we able to accept the notion of innocent*

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*unsullied anonymity, having named it as such 'innocent unsullied anonymity'; could we allow it to survive, or would we feel obliged to invent a category through which to award it a Nobel Prize, thus blowing it to smithereens?. There are two options: Market it, or Kill it!*

Does whiteness satisfy your notion of purity??

*If there are then already too many; I realizing that, will I thus depart? Would I be the first in so Nobel an endeavor? Be Aprized!*

I think of John Kenneth Galbraith wishing to become a household acronym like JFK. He lusted after JKG; JerKinG ... Oblesse Noblige. *A small man knows his limitations. Know your forked-up self!*

### *The Ninth Station.*

In previous millennia, before the nose became extended with lorgnettes, before acquisition became the means throughinwhich we wasted our lives, throughinwhich we enslaved others, *exiled and excluded others* .. Ah!, such reverie .. The day and time has come and gone; we now endure this shabby affair instead of that meager cave or earthen thatched dwelling. Nay we had nothing then, most of us; particularly those with love in their hearts; altruistic, and of good faith .. shopworn expressions these days, and doubtlessly so then .. NOW 5(7),000,000,000 cordoned in worded fences; as much by that, and more by that than the shopworn ideas and inner compulsions toward love, altruism, and good faith .. more toward inner stirrings of fear .. What can avail us in this sea of strained (I wanted to say shallow) values. Shallow is the implication .. but truer to the mark is: manufactured .. from without, even though it may not seem this way. In fact, the without emanates from those that press their advantage upon those who lack the within .. whose within has never been encouraged .. pressing their advantage to exploit .. Yield! .. *Hah! However obscure seem this sound, it tales a tell, on realities plain, too plain, perhaps to speak in terms plain. One hae to strippeth awhy beliefs cherished, and habits cherished, to veils tear awhy, barriers to what cannot be seen by the eye naked (but which can be perceived through our eye inner). What design grand shall I reveal, with my awhy tearing .. a beauteous, or of ashes, a thing?*

Torn a-why, I have teared, attempting to learn of this plainness; then perhaps I will gain an opportunity to study its shape and substance, its emanations. I do expect to find beeeeyoutee. That would festoon, festoon!. There is beeeeyoutee, tragedy in the 'belief in the possible', characteristic of youthe. We



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are always charmed by what we call 'innocence and naivete', by the enthosizum of youthe .. yes, there is beauty in that. They willingly give their lives to these possibles. Innocence and Energy.

The great possibles; the righting of wrongs, the exorcism of social inequities (God [Whooo?], how weary one grows in the struggle, seeing it all the way to its end); how beauty fades into the drudge of reality; the freshness loses its color to the wanness, to the palor of defeat, of rising again from sheer will power to sustain the belief in the possible. Mind you, I speak not of those soulless ones who walk on life, those who inherit the vagueness and nothingness of material wealth, who bludgeon humanity with their righteousness founded in ironclad legalities (invented by themselves - eggs guarding the chickens) the fabric of our (are) society (theirs I maintain). *They too are somewhat innocent 'cording to thet fella croaked at the turn of B.C. to A.D. Darling, thy will be done.*

The best of all possible words; love yore brother; do unto others as you would have dem do unuh too you; forgive them for they know not what deydo (the hail deydont?) Catch my righteous fervor, Hah!, but for Tolerance, we'd slaughter 'em wouldn't we? ..Damn it , press your advantage; by the way, what is your advantage?

Can anyone ignore these war mongers; the ossified old bastards picking fights, while conscripting the sweet, supple, young, innocent, beautiful. youthe, to provide substance, fodder and sacrifice for the argument? How (shit, there aint no name for it) (What the hell does) in God's name does this situation arise? The youth defends a cloth banner which the war-mongering bones would desert quick as a flash. They maketh some yak "I did my share, now its your turn." The old ossified bastards do say they do. Perpetuity, its called; preserving the sacred institution of GREED (*stashes quo*); the sacred institution carved in the stone of the ossified brain ... ASHES!

### *The Tenth Station.*

Ugh! Why Ugh? You must follow.

Where begins the logic, in this millennium, to support these grousings around? .. One crosses the line that exists for all of civilization - a line that is understood to be the territorial limit of what is his or mine - perhaps in theory it belongs to no one, but in practice, behind that line, a life feels secure, even though one's security exists only in the meager space where he takes his meals, his rest, loves, thinks his thoughts. Does anyone really

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dare to transgress that space? Who would deny the space?? There are those will deny even that much - for what purpose? Because they cannot countenance a free mind, a mind not enslaved, a mind that does not swear allegiance?

Even if it had been demonstrated that a society functioned more consistently, and more beneficially for the masses if it would be mindless, would we prefer it? Could we preserve it as a forfeiture? Would all of life become less for its higher forms than for its lower forms? Have we lost something as a species, in this requiring for ourselves, our individuality, with its safe space? Some will conjecture that a person without a space is suspect because he has nothing material that another man could want; he lacks the perspective of an owner (*of space*). He must then necessarily be a thief ..

We rattle around in our ignorance, our half truths ..Nay!, just a kind of noise that passes for information from which we formulate opinions, from which we pretend to say knowing things; purposeful, hurtful story telling.

The doing of reasonable things, versus the doing of sensational things. The doing of things that emanate from the consideration of the common good versus the doing out of selfish considerations. *Is it the appearance of reasonableness, or the pursuit of conceit to do good? Is it unreasonable or unconceited to be selfish?*

### *The Eleventh Station.*

In this Millennium.

Somehow it persists in its forays into my consciousness - how phrase it? How to present the full import of its meaning .. how necessary is it to say these things .. how significant this hubbub of 5(7),000,000,000 (*obvious update constantly required*).. Its overwhelming!! What convinces one he should even attempt this grandiose enterprise, sounding the deafness of 10(14),000,000,000 foreign ears? (*the ears are attached*) -

Now that the millennium has been introduced, and he that bears the responsibility for its beginning has gone the way of all life .. he that inspired fear in his children, whose presence caused trembling (his imperfection), those things for which one cannot forgive him because it leads to the dominion of one man over the other .. he over me. NOW, though, now that he has been moved over through the offices of the GREAT Dictator .. I can afford reflection without fear; and somehow his life is placed along side the human yard stick, the accounting yard stick that is placed there by all the forces that conspire to judge these lives, ours .. of the multiple of increments reflecting the multitude of

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determinations .. not unlike the length of one's foot, or of one's stride, the stride of one's soul or spirit - there upon the rulings, one imagines he see some way to size, to specify his dimensions .. But NO! .. that a pair of eyes see no more, and guide those hands no more; those ears that are no longer attuned to the symphony of sounds, songs of man's forever lamentations .. the absence of that encephalon, that skull, that crypt of bone from which the bulk-loading of thought was funneled into trainloads of worded bafflement concerning all those states that we are all about .. are you not baffled??

Then, how does one judge .. would not most of all of life had better survived than died; I cannot speak for all; I can speak for no one; perhaps that applies to us all. "Good riddance, and rest in peace."; that would be father's estimation of others views of him. Lonely people feel guilty, (*searching for guilts*) they feel responsible for their loneliness; they feel unwanted; feeling some lack or defect in their selves is the cause. Father felt that, begrudgingly, cursing. *Recognition scene; Payment in Full!*

### *The Twelfth Station.*

These people who lead self-acclaimed selfless 'Christian' lives - then complain of their burden. What is the point?

We do phenomenal things in the name of Christ; in the name of Allah;; in somebody's name; we make a phenomenon of ourselves; we proclaim ourselves phenomenal beings; exemplary sacrificers of our selves .. I say phenomenal because it seems so unlike life (surely life is a phenomenal matter). Life has a ring to it, to which one's inner ear will become attuned if one just pay attention to the variety of sounds generated by the living and life itself .. surely one star glows more brightly than another at times .. surely there are phenomena, but are there phenomenal humans?, who stand outside what one can observe and know? - wherein one individual 'lays down' his life for another - not impulsively, but deliberately (for that is what I speak of when I speak of phenomenon; something that lies outside of the immense spectrum of the ordinary) not these pathetic bellyaching little Christians?

Is not each life 'programmed' to preserve its own protoplasmic entity? Some would argue that the species has developed other devices as well .. but phenomenal devices?? Not believable, any more than these bloodsucking Christians (*He did bleed, you know*) are believable.

Father was not phenomenal in that department; neither was mother, although it could be said of mother that she

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sacrificed much; more than most .. Perhaps the opportunity to test her phenomenal potentiality, or capacity, never arose .. therefore this *conjecture becomes* a non sequitur. Maybe mother fell into the category of the immensity of the ordinary, because despite her phenomenal sacrificing of herself, she finally complained of the non-reciprocity of her mate .. the "so-and-so" and other language peculiar to those who show their disenchantment with the disturbing performance of others, especially those of whom one feels he (or she) has some right to expect something .. the language indicated that one does not sacrifice at a phenomenal rate interminably, foolishly creating a phenomenal spectacle of oneself .. Mother survived; Gud imbued her with an instinct to survive, for which she cannot be faulted by gud or any other .. she is believable .. some are not .. no pretense .. If only she had not mentioned the unfairness, a bitter complaint, actually; perhaps she could have escaped the yard stick, and joined the Saints.

Eh, what of me and the yard stick?; that's another subject .. I lie in between somewhere - perhaps as my life nears its termination, I will fail even the measure of father in those extremes by which I judge him .. The adulation sickness (father).

### *The Thirteenth Station.*

#### *The Legacy.*

What one man wills to another, be it a fondled timepiece, heirloom, a dominion over lands and riches; the old fishing pole, hard hat, *bed pan*, (*somebody had to get it*), a trust fund, lace doilies, the jewel box, handbag, recipes; these and some other tangible measurable entities, even in terms of their sentiment, if there be sentiment. In some cases a round of remembrances or evocations *roam* around inside one's labyrinth.

What if a man wills nothing to another, or what if it be only words, a Bible, or perhaps his autobiography crudely fashioned, full of pitiful revelations (*and awful writing*)?

There is the passing on from men unto men the Promethean fire, the example of the feat, and the punishment accorded. What motivated Prometheus?

There was the absolutely colorless baseball player who lost his hair, or overnight, had it turn prematurely gray; his hands burst into cold sweats; he could not hit a home run when it was needed (or something like that); this colorless player swung at everything, even dirt balls, in order to hit home runs, only home

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runs, in order to establish a new record for home runs; finally this colorless hitter of home runs hit more home runs in one season (lengthened) than the most colorful player in baseball history had ever hit in one season. Now there's a legacy .. the triumph of the colorless over the colorful; that is the nature of setting records, or breaking records, or breaking one's neck, or making an ass out of oneself, or us, or losing one's hair. It was all a big media hype; and we are goddamned sorry it happened, because the record aint worth a shit cause it tastes like ashes. Its too late; we have defiled. Why is it we cannot worship this new colorless hero? *We all played our part in smashing the Idol! (We were the spectators). And that other Rose who somehow symbolizes our modern celebrity hero; record breaker turned scoundrel to whom the youth doth aspire?*

There is much of this record breaking that one man wills to another, a colorless Promethean jumping jack, a long-legged marathon, non-spartan, non Olympian, but more, some absurd stretching beyond what is reasonable, what is useful; not an attempt at wholeness, but a strained or straining at perfection, not even perfection, but a super human tension, beyond limits, disparaging of the body, disgusted with the body that will not conform to the will. The inheritance of the colorless.

Even though it is pointless, perhaps we could train ourselves to run faster, perhaps to run the faster away from each other, or if the elan went the other way - toward each other. Perhaps we are ready for genetic engineering

Christ died for our sins (That's the promo anyway) (*another photo-op*), the sin of impatience, the record-setting sin, the dissatisfied-with-ourselves sin; certainly it wasn't just for killing, robbing, coveting, adultery, parental abuse, and swearing or taking the Lord's name. Some legacy; weeee slaughtered Christ (The Lamb), or he died for our sins. Come now, Which is true? We slaughter him every time we presume to think he died for 'our' sins (what if he did say so). We gladly crucify him again and again; (a sucker born every minute) Forgive them father, for they know not what they do. You say that again you middle-eastern hippie, you insurrectionist.

Yes, you died for the colorless home-run hitter, who suffered from the record-breaker's pang; his sin was the desire for the whoop and the holler from the goading, unsuccored, frustrated, catharsis-seeking philistines .. So what was J.C.'s legacy? The outright permission to use his bod to sin afresh and anew? Not the Second coming, but the one quintillionth. *The Babe had to go! All the **Babes** have to go!*

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J.C. is long past; man has willed him through the ages in one form or another, he suffers the fate of the other willed entities, other willed words, other willed nothingnesses .. *So long babe. So long lamb.*

In some ways one may perceive the legacy as if he was in a library; merely scanning the neatly ordered shelves until he finds something that suits him. One may perceive the legacy as a house that has been lived in until the moment of its occupant's death; fully subjected and ordered to the whims, habits and necessities of the deceased individual's daily rounds and encumbrances - death having walked in unexpectedly - the will of the deceased unknown or undeclared; a mystery.

What is one life to another? A son's to a father; a father to a son? The father accomplished, speaks of his labors and his triumphs through labor; his preservation of and conservation of that empire he had devised although it be only a humble dwelling and a few material goods, or some special knowledge; also a way of life; and the charm and magic of achieving (saying prayers, paying taxes, yea-saying). Did the father succeed in passing himself on? How? .. through love and devotion, stoic example; by all-knowing carefully measured and devised snares, threats, persuasion; by surrendering himself to his progeny's whims? Alas, what motivates the progeny? The father's need?

### *The Fourteenth Station.*

#### Exhumation.

There have been many beginnings.

Somehow I have managed only meager stabs with my frustrations into the darkness of life. I have begun as a diviner of truths only to learn that my storehouse of truths were webs that bound me and clouded my vision.

I have begun with utter rationality and ended very shortly thereafter with a boring rhetoric.

I have even tried poetizing sweetly, then angrily, sardonically. In all, I have felt inadequate, tired and spent afterward.

I have felt that I lacked breadth and experience, sufficient to the task.

I will not admit that I do not possess the ability; so here I again mark the page; *tabula rasa*.

I am now mostly past; I shall not grow younger; I shall acquire more experience, but need I perish in order to locate the headwaters?

Is not my own life, now, like any or all life, a proper beginning? Is not my awareness of being alive a place to begin?

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Does it require that I be prepared in any special way? I cannot return to refine my experience, my days that have torn past me, the seconds, the minutes that will not remain subjects to my desperate confinements; they will not return. I must exhume myself from the haunting darkness of time which, on the one hand becomes a second, that if you were a light year I would appear as a fly.

*Essaying the point. FFT; for Further Transfer.* Musings on Rousseau, inequality, (as well as equality); Ibsen and Pyre Gynt; and fanaticism, prejudice, hatred, and madness; pursuant to all previous speculations, hypothetical omissions, as well as dubious inclusions.

I desire to avoid all pretense, all prejudice, all presumption, even though I may have lived by these notions, even though I cannot write only so many conjunctions or so many UGHS! (I had once conceived of a poem consisting solely of UGHS!, only, feeling that it was honest, sincere expression of my inability to locate words and sounds adequate to express the torrent of frustrations and utter futility in attempting to find the appropriate sounds to embody them) -- my pen tracing words seems as a house painter attempting to delineate and portray something subtle, like the line of an eye or the hue of a cheek with his huge brush. I tend to hang phrases, and clauses as though it were my laundry. Thought is associative, contiguous, streaming, not unlike a clothesline strung with laundry; which will come next from the basket as the line develops, unfolds, emerges? All I can do is apologize for it on the one hand and rearrange it on the other.

Beginnings have not been easy or a simple matter of fact involvement for me; they are quite the opposite; difficult. Its like putting a mark in the stream; one cannot see where he has put it; or, like putting a leaf into a stream; it is quickly carried away. Yet if one drives a stake into the stream, the stream becomes disturbed, riled, and tears away at the appurtenance. Perhaps that is what self expression is - a stopping in the stream; an anchoring of life, while one senses, feels, samples the forces that prevail about him, as they tug at him; while he accounts their persistency. I am placing an anchor in my stream, and yours as well; I am saying I do not wish entirely to be carried along by forces; I am saying, that in me, there exists a certain awareness, certain insecurities, certain agitations that place me in this predicament. I could say that I have been called; I have been called in one way more than others, e.g., I am stirred more by the certain seeming inequities, contradictions and false promises in the society of men than I am stirred by the flight of

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birds. Somehow I am not disturbed by the flight of birds, whereas I am disturbed and frustrated by the inequities, contradictions, and false promises to which I allude. Perhaps these ARE the best that man can engineer (these states of imperfection). But I do not recognize this as the best; it cannot be proven that this is the best.

Experiencing and witnessing the inequities, contradictions, and false promises stirs me as it stirs you, I feel certain - (stir or KNAW?).

It has to do with perfectibility. Perhaps I would do better to perfect my expression of the flight of birds; or perfect my insulation (isolation) from the heat of society. Already I argue too much.

Amongst the many approaches to a given realization founded in nature, (and rhetoric), complicated by the incomplete combination of both compounded and bounded in the host, man, (man's intellect), have given rise to such inequities, contradictions, and false promises. One concept of inequality was expressed by J.J. Rousseau, suggesting that inequalities were usually the result of natural occurrences - in terms of advantages and endowments. We might view this as a 'realistic' appraisal if we were sorting apples for market.

Another concept promoted by those most disenfranchised states that all men are created equal under the law:

# LAW

Equal.

This notion is not incompatible with Rousseau's; the latter is only an **attempt** to design and grant a basis for equality. In practice, equality under the Law develops into a cliché 'some are more equal than others' .. inequalities, in terms of access to the Law, i.e. natural occurrences in terms of advantages or endowments erode equality under the Law, *the erosion occurring through the coin of the realm*. Not incompatible with ye olde Plato in the opening of the Republic, where he ventures that 'justice' 'is in the interest of the stronger' (equality and justice?) We now propose in a different market where it is assumed every apple is alike. The Law and Apples are not alike.

There are many forms of expressed (rhetorical) equality that produce a similar hierarchical end product which do more to bear out Rousseau's observations.

Where are we? I have barely mentioned beginnings whereof I have launched into the laundry, and have chosen this first tangled object of e quality, the quality of e as worthy to begin the process, but it is my frustrations with the perception of the quality



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of societal **in e** (rather than my frustration with not being able to take to flight with the birds).

One must necessarily leave off in these rantings, and return again to them at another time when he feels quite differently, more jocular, for example. For me there exists no easy method for returning to the former tone, or intellectual fervor or spirit any more than I may place the stake in exactly the same place in the stream. As one drives in the stake anew, necessarily in that different place, as well one brings a different face to the argument each time. I have been influenced in my thinking by others, by events.

Amongst the awarenesses that poke around one's dim consciousness are the state of one's feelings as he allows momentous pseudo-informative chattering (agitation) of the so-called 'media' (the warp) making its daily rounds, insinuating itself into everything, including oneself. An enforced awareness presumes to take shape; awareness of disparities within the human contingent (my contingent). A feeling accompanies the awareness, a feeling of sympathy for those so affected by the disparities (not excluding myself); a feeling of frustration after the one millionth review of the social inertia that blatantly perpetuates the disparities, and prolongs the inequities.

Alas!, suppose then I cease to allow this flagellating, flapping media to perturb me by making myself unavailable to it, although I must suppress a natural curiosity and desire to be involved 'meaningfully'. Meaningful involvement for me is ultimately grandiose. I suppose the grandiosity emerges from some fairly strong conviction that I would be able to persuade the masses they have innate sensibilities that could guide them to the better, fuller, richer, more equitable existence based in an empathy and a loving of life, per se. Easily does one wander into idealities; never forget the lesson? of Rousseau ??.

There exists another course to be followed by each one of us: non-involvement; withdrawal; a saving of the self, if not in the physical sense, at least in the spiritual sense. Insulation from the society of man (that objectionable presence).

Alternatives are few. Personal alienation is certain if one intrudes upon man's conscience through evangelizing; also certain if he withdraws (anticipate Stalking Horse).

I would like to begin where we are all plain-spoken; where we have all flopped down in our relaxed raiment, as we would of a Saturday afternoon, or evening; after our obligations to society had been discharged; after we have grubbed about with our fixings and doings (I realize there are only too few Saturday afternoons or holidays or afters or end-ofs for many striving

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souls; rather a 'quiet desperation' (doubtlessly a disturbing state of affairs). But for those of us that can (*for the greater good of all*).

To continue with the plain-spoken; non-political, non-religious, no axes to grind, no one to exploit, with some attempt at ideation, imagining, envisioning, some creative conjecturing, in a gaming (sporting) sort way; anything that would tend toward acknowledgement of these inequities to which I allude; and devising some means to deal with them. Assume nothing.

As I evangelize, I accuse, and exhort, though the righteous deny, the rationalizers avoid, the patriots huff and puff; I expose, in glaring terms, provocative terms, the international politics that bargains the hunger of starving nations as hostage in the most dubious game of influence-peddling; all parties stand equally accused. Any and all language appropriate to describe bestiality and cruelty; any Burroughsesk language to describe the decadent, decaying encephalon, the puke and jissom that accrues unto itself the presumptuous label of high moral purpose as mask, is called into the balance. And my nation stands harshly in the limelight of bitter invective. All the good it does is bought at a hypocritically high price.

I have not, to this day, met a man who could refuse directly to acknowledge another man's hunger, and more still not to make some gesture toward alleviating that hunger. I have not met a man who would refuse directly to shelter another from the harshness of the elements. I have not met a man who would deny directly his own humanity to another, who would not laugh with him, cry with him, curse with him (I realize I'm cutting this pretty close). I have heard of exceptions, I have read of exceptions, but I have not witnessed these exceptions. *I have heard it announced "I am not my brother's keeper" and "God helps those who help themselves."* I have experienced my fellow man inconvenienced by my presence, when he might have been more indulgent, but I have never had needs that have really required his indulgence. The word 'directly' is important in all contexts (it is most difficult to deny the expressions we all recognize so well when they are directed at oneself; some might call this 'directness' as 'confidence-peddling', 'pan-handling'. I have not witnessed directly 'murder', although one cuts it pretty close with the media.

Ibsen diddilly-babbled with Pyre Gynt in the water. I have wondered about that kind of choice; an artificially contrived choice, an unRouseauian choice. One may juxtapose a weak King adrift at sea with a strong Slave, floating on some debris that will not support the two; one may also reverse the roles strong-King weak-Slave; but the errant man and the purposeful baker.

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Poetic license. The slave may well dunk the king, or vice versa. One thing would become manifestly clear, as though a revelation had taken place; their differences were most assuredly artificial in the presence of the larger elemental forces, which could easily have overwhelmed them both. However, the revelation could merely exist by the stripping away of the barriers that had been erected to their common humanity. (Perhaps one could swim for five while the other floated for five, and so on.) Even those who have seemingly denied their common humanity 'directly' have not done so in the strictest sense, unless you account Pyre Gynt. All would argue the Germans have done such in recent history. It is true the fanatical or possessed element did unmercifully wreak a most barbaric cruelty upon those of Semitic origin and yes seemingly directly, as though in a personally meaningful way; I will not argue the danger of this tendency but will argue that 'fanatical' and 'possessed' carry such connotation as to imply that the German experience could be anything but 'direct'; those who fanaticized were 'instruments', not humans. I believe that 'human' or 'humanity' does and will prevail; the last man will prevail in all his lonely humanity, as a life; that is why I believe what happened in Germany was a fanatical thing, an instrument; just as all the things we do as a NATION are not the inhuman things they seem. The fact that the Nuremberg Trails assessed a guilt; it gave credence to culpability; it established that insanity and fanaticism is a culpable offense. We executed them. Remember, darling!

That life be brought forth to be taken away on the battle front, or through privations; what have we gained? (are we flooding the market place?)

The enlightened man; the humane man will deny that his thoughts include war or privation as a means to his ends. He states categorically that his survival rests in trusting and working within human society, and within human institutions. So let's become enlightened, that's a start. Vigilance; watchfulness over oneself; the acquisition of a self-knowledge that permits a man to admit to himself his motivations, and to know that if he intends for human society to flourish as a humane proposition, he must be ever watchful of his self as it conflicts with the higher purpose. A knowledge of what stirs within - and as instrument to know what stirs within .. another.

The German burned the books, then the others; the whatevers burned the heretics; another breed of seers and sundry burned the 'witches'; another burned the whole cities of Dresden and Tokyo. Surely Kings, Popes, Emperors, and other brass cannons got it in the end, if they were real bad guys, some

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didn't, we were cheated of the gallows occasionally. But somehow, a crude sort of justice prevails, as well as an injustice, depending on which end of the social strata helps you to understand the point (sadly, a lot of innocent people get caught [who are they?]). We will pay for our transgressions at home and abroad; rhetoric is unreal, judgment day is real.

Justice has always been awkwardly administered at best; we attempt to personify justice as blind, as some impartial God-like black-robed force - but instead it becomes more obvious as time accrues that justice is very much an extension of the creature who identified and first applied the phenomenon; beneath the austere robes runneth protoplasm (not to be trusted)..