

Killing Birds With Stones

‘Ignorance is bliss, but so is Nirvana.’

My weeks of insanity taught me don't hate the buffet. We see so much food in life that we do not hunger for. It is difficult to believe that all is edible by some. Take what you need, what you want, what you understand, and leave the rest for now without developing too much resentment of it or disregarding it entirely. This is our cheapest and most powerful philanthropy. Taking exactly the portion that is right for you, leaving the most you can accessible to others in a way you see just. This is one of the many great arts of life, you and many others are great artists even though you don't work with oil paint or canvas. Your conversations, your work ethic and performance, the way you raise children, all of these could be much more important for the daily saving of the world than paintings or writings. This book is intended to show the immense power and art you possess, the thousands of different actions you can perform with such grace and precision. Using your power and seeing your strength. Use it to help and achieve in the two worlds you possess. The body you inhabit, and the world that surrounds it.

Every book, every face, every existence is alien to some. Heaven is this imagined place where everything is understood, and there is peace among all. There is one glorious togetherness and there is nothing and no one alien because there is no one planet, no one nation, no one person, only pieces of a whole existence. All that surrounds you belongs in this ideal place. This is the direction of a difficult book, a difficult face, a motion picture or theater performance. The careful presentation of something alien to you brings you closer to not being alone, makes more of the world familiar to you, more of it your family. This book of essays seeks to make the world, to make life itself, to make every moment and every fabric, every situation and person, to make them your close friends. But instead of a case for one sorry individual character, one whose beauty and complexity is initially suspect but is then partially vindicated and seen as capable of loving... this piece of writing aspires to giving you the raw tools to make your own books, to love your own world.

The idea of altruism, of giving, is one that has alienated some for many years. Altruism is not simply the act of the religious zealot, it is a thought of yourself as an integral part of a whole, a great machine working to better itself and prolong its stint here in the only paradise we know to exist. True altruism is the greatest and strongest of selfishness. All evil fails because it is inferior and self destructive, ignorant of the fact that the whole world is working for you. All of culture can be seen as a self-help medium. The paranoid have a particular sensitivity to this idea that the world around them is out to get them. If every television show, movie, and song has some kind of message it is trying to relay to you, it is easy to see how the paranoid simply be overly sensitive to a very real force in our daily existence.

Every dictator falls ultimately, for one truly loving the world, truly helping it, is ultimately helped by it, saved by it, and the dictator is willfully blind to this. Every person you encounter, young or old, could be six degrees of separation from the child or doctor that ultimately ends up finding the cure for what would otherwise kill you. This is saving yourself by giving every inch you can, by putting your best face forward, as the expression on that face is an influence, a transmitter of energy, to those around you, those working for you. Ultimately, if

you're not happy, then we are not happy. I may be free, but if you are not, then we are not. If one cell in a body is doing well and multiplies without caring or looking to the needs of the whole, we call it cancerous.

This book is nothing if it does not help. Every word, every notion, is geared toward strengthening and empowering, sneaking up on people in any way it can. It may be slow in places. It may be too fast in others. "Any way you want it that's the way you need it any way you want it (guitar solo)." I will do my best to cut out the parts of me that do no good, leaving only that which endears. Like a leg without a body, this book is nothing without its reader. Culture, every love song, is remembered and preserved because ultimately the best songs are written to you, wanting to get back to you, wanting your love, wanting to share with you, wanting to live with you.

The song "Galileo" speaks of trying to help the next life, the next person avoid the pit or the pendulum, the daily disasters that experience can educate us to steer through. The song expresses a desire to save knowledge and pass it on. "I think I'll write a book". The problem the song does not address is that much of your life and its mundane details may have nothing to do with the next life you find. You may write a book, but it can't be a book to itself; it has to please all of the people all of the time in order to have the best chance at reaching your future self in different clothes with different surroundings. It has to love and be loved by all. This is the point of fame, of belief, of many looking to you or your writing as something of importance. Popular music, books, and movies have power because they do not bore or dissuade with daily details unreadable or not relatable to you.

Sometimes you read a book, watch a movie, or have a conversation, and there will be detail and plot, narrow escapes that enthrall, and then one line that will crystallize something for you and you'll go through your day, everyday, hitting the confusion those words describe, and your mind will pull out that line and remember it and keep you happy, keep you strong and comprehending, keep you enlightened. This book, these writings, are intended to be nearly nothing but those wonderful lines, the ones you didn't want to hear, didn't think you wanted to know, but were tricked by a glamorous woman or an exciting action sequence into internalizing and strengthening you from that moment forward.

Still here? Returning? It is nice to have you back. How have you been? Me? Well....

This time I was conceived in the wild forests of New Hampshire. They looked wild, yet there was something odd about it. The land had been stripped bare for farming and wood hundreds of years ago....miles and miles of flat ground....and then all grew up again at the same time. Always fascinated me.... there were no trees older than a hundred, the land looked so different in those old photos of barren miles, that all of the present was wild but in a deliberate time-appointed way, all cleared to nothing and starting anew....that loggers had ventured into every nook and valley of every tallest and steepest mountain for all the old trees. That none were left, even just for sport.

After years of struggle, I finally understood and hold immense respect for sports. They are the highest form of intellectualism, in special for the spectator. They are war without death, conflict without issues, a battle stripped of its original purpose but fulfilling a human need to see and

participate in a struggle of some kind. Better a peaceful bout of bowling than a bomb.

I am working on a painting now. Didn't like parts of it so I scraped them away :) honesty...so much better. Painted some of it up side down. "It is not the end of the world, even if it were, you have to start somewhere"

How are you doing? :) Bet things are a lot better than they are now. Can you fly independently, in your own car? We keep dreaming of that. I believe this whole planet will someday be a great park, and that other planets will be given atmospheres and worlds will be created on them....and we will return here to home on special occasions...or to visit. I hope this, but people need to think that nature is a complex thing to master and strengthen and propagate, not to cower in fear under for danger of threatening it or taking it for granted. Too many mistakes of the past, too much selfishness and small mindedness, and not enough great minded selfish altruism, wanting power, wanting it badly for all, not a tender peace, but a mighty one.

Peace has purpose. Not merely the absence of war, but the opportunity for the growth and spread of mankind and nature, consciously not accidentally. That perhaps nature and all those billions of stars and planets exist so that just one "mistake" could be made, just one exception, where just the right distance and size and relationship happened and life was born so ever slowly. And we being servants, this great universe, god as good as everything, the sun as our creator and ancient worshiped friend, god as good, as right...as the complexity of justice and the protection of being. That we should make our parents proud and move out and build a great house of our own on a great peace of land that we developed using the knowledge of our forbears. Planet Plan-it.

Bumped my shin on the bed and said "Got to stop hurting myself"...started finding those bruises and pain spots later, or people pointing them out on my body...strangers....their concern for me greater than my own oblivion. The words of many encourage you to stop hurting yourself...and they pass as an unseen bruise that nonetheless throbs or when touched screams. Takes years to put the bruise and the carelessness to gether

something about that. Carelessness. That during my insanity Jesus period I... I had very few accidents. My life flowed even though I made some very strange choices. I remember taking a very odd route to work that somehow took me through MIT construction in Cambridge. And a shortcut through a beautiful large new building that I wanted to take but knew in my heart that I could/ shouldn't. I asked a worker permission, and he responded "I don't care". The further in I went the more I knew I should not till someone yelled. Many people said "I don't know" when I asked them for help, and that served me well, but the few times someone replied "I don't CARE", proved destructive. Not knowing is fine, not caring is the devils hand, a cheap tool of self protection that is destruction. Denial is a useful but desperate self defense.

The universe is god, and individual wants and needs are the devil. When you do things for the world, that is for god, when for yourself, you serve the separateness, the independence. Both are fruitful in moderation, I have always felt that god cannot survive without the devil, The sun will eventually burn out without the hand of a concious devil to somehow reignite it, perhaps nuclear power of some kind. The devil is the one railed against the most, his needs and desires are taken for granted in the human race, and altruism, the needs of the other you's, the needs of the universe, are seen as the case that needs to be made. But if all you serve is god, your devil needs a drink; without serving yourself, your hands are too weak to serve others.

For the safety and distance of history and reality, we now visit Ossipee Lake, a couple of miles wide and several miles long, with no islands to break the view and great mountains looming over

the opposite side in gentle green curves, Chiseled Chocorua to the right, and with a straining neck on a clear day, almost behind you peeking above the trees only from the very end of a long pier stretching out of the shore into the lake, Great Mount Washington's white snow cap glowing. The lake had smooth depth, gradual deepness from shore to center, soft moist moldy floor. And there were surprises, some marked in orange, Great Glacier dropped rocks that now nearly fell to the water surface, floating just below it, a random and rare presence in the lake. There were two carefully marked behemoths far off from our shore, and marathon kids would dare themselves to see if they could make it out to them among the speed boats and open water, a duly dangerous task at a good distance.

Then there were my water logged boulders, just a hundred feet off the rocky shore. My pile oddly, somehow dropped by mile high glacier of unimaginable distant past. Too close to shore to mark, part of our campground waterway really, within the buoys and cement underwater posts swum down to and strangled each new spring with the chain and float the boats would anchor to, shifting wildly in the fog of morning, the blazing sun waking and cutting through the gray to find their shining white bellies a warm coral, the water dark with sun at such a steep side angle and no reflection yet to be made, the dark green everywhere of the canopy of trees strengthening that light to make it blind when you saw it punch through.

The rocks were a ways off of the great long pier, a relic of days when the seven cottages functioned as boys and girls camp. To get one out to a depth worthy of diving, the whitewashed board sections straddled long two by twelves, running a hundred feet out into the water, between iron cross pieces too heavy for one alone to carry that sank into the soft lake bed and solidly standing the summer season. Just two boat moorings over, you'd stare intently at the water from edge of that long dock, attempting to use your childish powers of triangulation to imagine their underwater hiding place. You had to have a good guess as several square miles of the lake were perfectly flat and would not allow tiny child feet to rest from a hard swim, an oasis like this had to be coveted. I can remember standing on these rocks with friends around, or the rare moments when my mom was around or even more so my dad. And with water depth at ten feet a good three feet of my height would rise out of the water and I would yell for others to behold my miraculous stance, knowing and secretly hoping that they knew, were in on the joke. Occasionally I would receive a yell, mother didn't like the rocks either. There was real danger there too, slippery, holes that could be stuck between, hard granite surfaces that could cut boyflesh quite simply.

You don't really want to be you.

And you're right. Being is a mistake, but not being is a bigger one. So in being, though it is a mistake, you can't go wrong. Because it is the alternative that is so. To be damned if you do and be damned if you don't is a wonderful place, but a scary one. It is like sleep, it is like death, it is what we fear. You can't go wrong, you can only go more right. Or maybe, you can't go wrong, but you can go faster. :)

I opened my eyes underwater sometimes. A mossy yellow world with a light grey green atmosphere found me, dark shadows where the sun would shine if allowed. But I would try to find the rocks without this method, for seeing them dominate their space the way they did was truly frightening to me. Great dark shadows, lines cutting into the lake bottom, cracks between the rocks fish would safeguard themselves. I would swim out with my head above at all times, and gingerly lowering my feet when I felt they were found, rarely at first and more frequently as I got frustrated with swimming and missed attempts.

I didn't know what Freudian reason my fear, but I felt an urge to dispel it. Very young I made a manly vow to fear nothing, and as I encountered it, I would ask myself questions about my fear in attempt to understand it. Things are larger when you're body is smaller, I'm not sure my reaction would be today. But imagining opening my eyes to the titanic jumping out of flat ocean floor....I can imagine some horror there. Perhaps it is the great unexpected. A glacier rock underwater of a smooth lake is the closest natural occurrence to a sunken ship. And something underwater...something that can't be seen in plain light, perhaps ever, but is nonetheless most palpably there. And also so large an object so thoroughly separated, cars, houses, boats, all seen in light of day. But imagine a great mansion white marble or Queen Anne lace, its Victorian tower steeple looming just below the glassy surface of a great smooth lake. Yes, this, the large looming unseen, this is the fear I found.

Mid day, a wind would start. Always, like clockwork, and the late sleeper could never water ski as the smooth glass of the lake always turned to these choppy white caps, yes white caps on such a small lake, often as early as eleven on a clear day. I never understood this perennial, this daily wind, but on the hottest of days, when trips into the woods proved less attractive an idea, where the wind from the shore penetrated with sapping energy, petering and unpredictable in the reeds and the fronds among the fire pines, leaving midday sun to scorch too deep in the woods. On the hottest days that constant wind on the lakeshore made all the sense in the world.

Perhaps mildly enjoying the peace of this vacation retreat, we now return to a bit of the wild world of the mind, of imagination, of the extension to the future of ideas and problems of the present. Imagine how much closer we all are to immortality, and how ill prepared. That those visits home to mom and dad or florida or Arizona will be all the more important for these people will not slip away as their time honored tradition promised. That we work to extend our own lifetimes and that the conservative efforts of those from an older generation, their attempts to stay progress will not die out, but will remain. That the times are a changin but the older generation won't be swept under or out...we must embrace them, work hard to bring them with us, knowing the truth that there is no alternative. That soon 90 year olds will be working next to twenty year olds and they had better learn to get along. This will be a new development. This end of death. Loving your mother and father has always been instilled upon you, but now as we grow old together, the purpose is more plainly seen. Relax, the difficulty is there for everyone, it is inherent in the task of breaking free, of establishing self ownership to one who raised you their way, of one at least a decade different from the world you grew up in, always, for everyone, at least a decade different.

Yes Immortality. A book, an old one, published ten years before I started reading books, a book found on a school project or debate. A graph, a curious one, with a steady smooth line moving from a starting steady high point gradually then faster and faster like the arc of water from a pitcher to a far stretched glass. The line described the worldwide deaths from disease and old age and accident. The world-wide deaths. And it remained steady for many years, but as it reached the twentieth century, and all the advancements in science, the line took a dive toward zero. I believe it projected zero somewhere in the 2000's. Of course with such things one can never truly reach zero, just get closer and closer to it...but the idea remains. The age of death creeps higher and higher. And the truth must be accepted, plastic surgery become commonplace in healthy people whose uncooperative skin sends a different message from the way their bodies feel..not to look prettier, but to look "right". And the idea of getting along with those older than you should begin to be a bit more appealing now, when an alternative is rapidly disappearing.

The people of the campground were all much older than me. Their power struggles were closer to the original cowboy's and Indians than a child's game of the same name. The feuds. The great rift twixt one side of the campgrounds cottages and the other. Each cottage was settled long ago by their captains, the beach their battlefield, cocktail hour their strategic conferences. Triscuits and cheese and great tables of barbecued gems, hotdogs and hamburgs and chicken and the bacon wrapped chicken livers that occasionally survived the initial onslaught. Our family concern was only the two closest cottages to ours, but all were from Massachusetts, all were wonderful aliens to me from a distant mysterious province rarely visited by us but weekly coming to our summer stay. And I would leave the more genteel families my parents consorted, and visit the rough and tumble sort that nonetheless found the money to visit just as the others. One had no cottage, their own trailer instead. Eventually they upgraded to the largest cottage when another moved. I celebrated and feared that on some level. Perhaps the balance was a bit more upset, perhaps the vibrations from the parents reaction was all that it was. I think it that, celebration of the underdog and yet fear of what fledgling power might wield. Fear of the meek inheritance.

Most camps were not as neat or as designed for living in as those two cottages closest to ours. But they fascinated me all the more so for this reason. The one furthest back was the stables. Somehow horses had once lived in a place that now held the rotund figures of my most feared and coveted camp mates, Harry and Aunt Chrissy. She would shower me with the confections and junkfood I somehow didn't receive enough of elsewhere. I'd sneak past him when she'd invite me up, or he'd be out golfing and I'd be glad to settle in to talk to her. Always embarrassingly interested in me, always speaking about how sweet a baby and very small child I could never remember being. With all that love I tried to not show a separation between my character and some imagined smaller me. Something in that....that if people assume you are great, and sweet, and becoming, and talented, and you have the drive of a sugary snack to keep their ideas alive...well it is really quite easy to keep that sort of behavior going under such circumstances, even if you never experienced it or never actually behaved thus when they imagined it.

Immense freedom and lots of time with my parents and adults, a great boat of our own always, lots of trips out on it with the wind blowing hard as we raced into the wind, doubling the effect to often uncomfortable levels, my father wanting faster and me screaming for moderation. But perhaps you had it better. More time with friends, kids your age, a real active campground you were sent to on your own. Mine always an antique empty one, taken over by the adults. Always the five-year-behind child, playing with children much older or much younger than me, creating a soul of immature maturity, one might label precocious. Never fitting in creates an angry unpeaceable soul, or one that eventual is able to relate to all. Perhaps something of what happened to Jimmy Dean.

A movie, Parenthood, where the most extraordinary child was attempt to be bread by the yuppie controlling family. They had heard that most extraordinary of history were born five years apart from siblings or were the only child. I picked up on this unfortunate strength of mine very early...the child surges ahead, unable to relate to his brother or sister he turns mostly to his mother and father for love and relating, they are his playmates, and he must work very hard to impress them, they are harder to amuse having lived many more years. One can't help but grow quickly in these circumstances. How little of what others consider themselves is truly created by them, and much of their unquestioned personalities are largely the result of circumstance, they take so little responsibility for their own development and flounder in their ingrained beliefs they gave no control in creating.

I think you are supposed to want greatness for yourself. I think you should have a goal to be better than everyone else at something, at many things if you like. But the goal, as Odysseus, is to bring the greatness home in the end. To share it as a shining star, or to give others paths to it. The goal of finding greatness is sharing it. If a tree falls in the woods and there is no one there.....a frightening question. Ourselves in that woods every time, watching the tree fall, hearing it but looking around and seeing no one to share the sound with, strangely knowing we aren't truly there as a result of the confines of imagination and the riddle itself, but wanting ourselves to be there, wanting to see someone else hear there so that we can be and hear.

A thousand things every day threaten our beliefs, in ourselves, in others, in the direction of the world and universe and all that surrounds us. And when you can move through your day, and listen to all these cries for help and Cassandra tales of destruction without your faith in things being pulled down, it is then that you move with belief. The pocket charm actual or in form of the stylish pocket to hold it, the smooth smart coat, the clever shiny counter or the speedy sleekness of possessed car, the things we grasp tight when those siren calls draw us down to destruction and disbelief. But the strange, the rare, those without talismans who can walk just as confidently, the beggar philosophers of our great painters and poets. This is freedom. That all one needs is to be alive to feel well, to be hopeful, and to coast through waters dark and choppy unafraid. That is with-belief; confidence, fidelity.

How to get this without the finer things reflecting your greatness? The smallest things, friend. This writing for you. That great white and orange wood piece that bobs upright in the water marking the rocks for you to steer your speeding boat around. That enough people hit those rocks, or just once, that someone decided to give something, so that you wouldn't hit it. That for every rock you hit or is thrown at you by a wounded defensive soul, you remember the markers. You remember all the help that is out there for you, some of it left by souls dead a thousand years.

Great buildings, free to for all to enjoy, ruins of grandeur past. The mansions you can trip through with marble and gold that through generosity you can own for a fee of five dollars, to see the great kitchens and tapestries and art treasures made available to you by people who wanted you to have it. So very much you own in this world made free to you. Your great intellect, your imagination of these things, this is the power you can carry as easily as the keys to a fine automobile. For a fee you can fly, when pharaohs past had no such luxury for all the gold in Egypt. This is the freedom with you always, no matter how dull or impoverished in comparison to your compatriots you may seem to feel. This is what makes the beggar a rich man. Innumerable gifts around you always, more and more each year, freedoms.

Shutting off the tv to do laundry...and I say to myself "Its time to be responsible", realizing I spend so little time in that state these days. And I thought of the grand charade that is Charles Tersolo, and how much it costs to hold up all that. "what If I just ran away?" was really mediocre, what if atlas shrugged?

And then I thought of you, and wondered if it had ever occurred to you. ;) And perhaps worry that you feel the responsibility to be great is not yours. It is. I am your father, and I say you are brilliant, that you don't have to believe what anyone says, that you can be as great as you so choose.

shuffling off to my comforter tumbling in the drier, touching things on the sidewalk. Tree bark, car (three taps) chain fence that on more daring days I would nub my fingertips through. And

how in the green of summer I would snatch at bunches of leaves and strip them from branch throwing them in air and questioning my obnoxiousness. But here more timid...a safer braver thought, that perhaps I do such things to try and get at the meat of things, knowing foolishly that nothing really matter-s. Those days in class we study atoms and find that there are gaping holes between parts, that a hard tree is really just the tiniest of things whipped around by forces and only appearing hard and solid, impenetrable.

Imagining my self all-powerful, able to slip my molecules between those great gaping spaces riddling a shining metal bar and glad I couldn't. For such a great part of life relies so heavily on effervescent belief flowing in and out. That one wouldn't want to lose one's faith at that moment of strength when one has mastered mind and put their whole arm through a solid wall of concrete and suddenly doubted....maybe the eyes are right, maybe the wall is solid, maybe I'm a fool for trying and believing. I hate to imagine the pain of being so ingrained a concrete-and-flesh, and cringe at that feeling, deathly afraid to move for fear of more damage than irreparable already done.

And I am glad not to try it. But I don't let them fool me without fisting life. I don't let the solid things fool me with their perceived power, yet safe to not test it. Sex and love is the place for that, to see if we truly are just molecules, if two beings can mold into one, dangerous business again. And the fear of marriage and trappings just like that fear of arm and concrete mixture. What happens if the magic slips from fingers and mind? Dangerous business indeed, why a great promise is made most importantly to oneself and second to ones' partner. That if the magic slips of its own, we can whip up some more.

We do know this? That magic is not just a natural gift, not just those born with it, but something we can create, produce, the only true thing we can, for everything else is truly slight of hands; a meal, a bicycle, a house, these are just manipulation of what already exists, but the magic of love is something that mind can produce like a factory, little boxes carried on conveyer belt with lots of nobs and gadgets and sounds and smells. How sad that so many wait for belief and love to come to them, it does, but these are only the blueprints, like the arm for an artificial one, or sugar for sweetener, blossom for silk flowers. Those who work only on love falling into them, only on love carrying them, are left low and wet when nature runs its course. We live unnaturally long lives now, good helps those who help themselves, and the love we find must become the love we create if the life we find is now stretched into lives lengthened through health and medicine.

Wake.

We escape to the troubles of others again. I can remember very early I was exposed to the class struggle. There were those who could afford the great cottages, the tidy nurses quarters, the two story girls and boys sleeping lodge with double porches and spiral stair stretching right out over the water. Our own cavernous dining hall with its old pass window still operational and hidden behind the modern refrigerator. And carefully studying the old pictures my father would pull from the long rows of bench storage, full of money and fortune magazines he poured over for years and bundled carefully away. And the old black and white pictures, where children in the conservative clothing of years past would fill a great porch of the mess hall, old pictures where an entire staircase sprang up in an inconceivable place and that great fieldstone fireplace, twelve feet wide and over twenty feet high, dominating the cavern-like interior. I think now that they must not have eaten in that great space...it must have been for something special. The whole of the mess hall is gone now, sold by my father to people who had little interest in preserving it. Probably a wise choice, not structurally sound on its sloped and columned foundation. A thick cable cut through the camp, wrapping itself round the main internal supports and straddling a

great oak just outside the rear of the camp, preventing our summer home from nosing forward onto the great boulders towering the shallow shore.

That little cabin where the Faheys lived, where I began to know what it meant to be Catholic as each week a new part of the family would show up there to visit the grand parents, twelve grown children in all with many more children of their own. Those tiny glowing lights and that dark unpainted wood interior to keep out the summer heat, gold and rubied artifacts with some crowned Mary creature and smiling crowned babe. I was not allowed in there very often, it was years before I ever saw much of many of these seven buildings, and it delightfully frustrated me their secrets, knowing our family owned them but others I had no power over controlled them in a more palpable way. And again delicious snacks not meant for me but sometimes charmed their way into my mouth, crunchy chocolate bars with crispy bottoms and gooey caramel centers. And another grumpy patron, pale blue light sweater and thick clear glasses, faded blue fishing cap shading his hollow eyes and drooping features, the type of man I imagined of few words and even fewer pleasures.

It was only later I learned the stereotype played before me. That true Catholics didn't use childbirth and ended up having many children. The adults telling me these things discussed the truth as something like a fat person that won't diet and exercise, or a dull person that refuses to become sharp. And I wondered if those around me could see the truth, how was it the Catholic Fahey's couldn't? Was it right to have so many children? Was it wrong? How? Was it unfair to them growing up, surely they didn't have all the advantages I did, the great heaping spoonfuls of attention available to me. Surely they didn't have their own rooms, even their own clothes, the way that I did. Was it truly unholy to have many children one couldn't invest in as much as a single or double child?

But now, instead of whispers behind doors, look for the real answers. Why a great sprawling religion can propagate such a seemingly negative idea as boundless children in a family. And find a middle reasoning. Victorian times and earlier everyone had twelve children to support a farm or fill one of those great houses. But an even darker purpose in this spawning. That families knew many of the children would die. Before true medicine emerged, a family of thirteen could be had and only one would survive to reach adulthood. In the end, one child is achieved. This true just a few short years ago, a century, and now, in a country such as ours, nearly every child born has no choice but to live, even if pushed out a few short months after conception as a mouse-sized pink miniature. Under these circumstances, all twelve children now survive; I hope it has been taken under consideration by the great polish prince in his white robes and Vatican halls.

But perhaps it has, and here we travel carefully. The answer emphatically is to have as many children as possible, for if we are to do such things as people this universe, as spread nature and the word of truth throughout it, we are going to need many hands to do so. It is those who do not dream thus, who think the earth is an endpoint, that no other planet can be made liveable with our advances in science and mastery of energy, who feel that we belong only here and that population explosion will push us on top of each other and into the sea. The truth is strange, in that anyone can be right. They can have unlimited children if a dream can make it so, if the reasoning can stretch out and truly create another world in which it is successful. I believe you can fit the mold and become the American president, or you can lobby the whole country and world to change what their idea of a president can and should be to fit the person your heart wants to be. You always have two options in conflict, change the world or change yourself, said by others perhaps with sarcasm, written here by me with the eye of truth and the smile of a dreamer.

“A world become one, of salads and sun, only a fool would say that”

The darkest of reasons and truly just as real and important, is what we many assume; that the truth of childbirth and changing times is ignored by an entity that desperately needs to retain power over an enormous group of people, a church desperate to keep its viability and to “go back on one’s word”, to correct a ruling, would threaten this. And all these thoughts, all so real, and all sitting there in one’s mind when they hear the word catholic or view a truly catholic family. Sparkling complexity everywhere, truly, and no wonder many keep themselves in denial and drink and smoke and take drugs. So much unresolved hostility toward great big chunks of the world. Oversize families are indeed a small risk when trying to maintain a worldwide community, tied to faith in a book that has so much good writing and great rules that do now still hold very true and need to be seen and believed in and followed when so much pain and misunderstanding could prevail in its absence. Truth be told if you were the Pope and weighed the fragile belief of a world in your organization and principles, would you threaten your own credibility by revoking a ruling? Not an easy choice to make.

But for the campground, these people were more than just catholic. I think just now what exact impression the old couple gave when they proclaimed their interest in renting the cottage to my parents, my father. His brother and sister couldn’t care less as both had either chosen to live in the large quarters my grandfather had built for himself, an entirely separate area he wisely chose away from screaming boys and girls at camp, or develop the nearby parcel. My aunt and uncle lived near Paulipoint, but there were ten other camps along the road and the lake separating what went on in my world from theirs. I’m not sure how soon the Fahey’s started rolling them out, but by the time I was a kid, I’m sure the rumors, complaints and snide comments had been made many times over. What may have seemed like a dream arrangement, a couple too old to even really reach or use the one shared beach sitting quietly in their small cabin, had turned into a largely different situation entirely. New and very small children each weekend, actively using that beach and dock with delighted screams. A beach that stretched directly under the deck of the middle cottage, our closest friends.

Somehow though...yes, we did have control. I think whispers would happen and my father would go over and say something. I’m not sure what was said, I can’t imagine him threatening to kick them out, and yet... Perhaps something like “we can’t have kids screaming all over the place”, which maybe implies an endpoint of removing the Faheys or not inviting them to return the following year (the cottages changed hands perhaps twice my entire childhood, and when parceled, were eventually bought by a few of the original tenants). Or perhaps the Faheys knew what they had done, and did each week; that it really was a community of older people with grown children only occasionally visiting, and they knew sweet-as-they-were that they were stretching this image to accommodate their own needs.

And what of me, what did all this mean? Well the children did walk on tips toes a bit more, and when they stepped out of line their parents gave them when-how. Mostly I just wanted to play with the kids, any kids, anybody under forty, and the reprimands always bit into me a bit. Occasional escapes from scolding were made, the freedom to be loud and garrulous, unsafe and inebriated. I remember pushing fights on the float at the end of the pier, the wood wet with splashes, two equally paired souls or better a heaving father with a determined son. Solid then wavering and losing a step, back rolls glistening in the late sun, spanning nearly the entire twelve feet square of the dockfloat as the height of their form moved horizontally inward to meet in locked arms and wet stringing hair. And then one would go, and the adults would cheer and laugh and clap, and I wished I could be out there horsing. I don’t think I ever got to play that

game very much, outside of happy hour clashes it was generally considered by all to be fairly dangerous. As smart as I was I never quite picked up on the liquor factor in timing my occasions for activities the adults found sprinkled with brutality or danger.

Alcohol. I never really drank at all until I was old enough, found spirituality and a respect for the rules that help one in the scriptures. I refused to take to heart any rule that truly limited me in the power I knew I had, but the commandments were fairly easy to follow. In sex I would do all but penetration, knowing the rules were there for reason and enjoying all that the rules left unsaid, free with sex and kissing and intimacy with no guilt. Best friend and I traveled to Quebec once to take in the sights and have ourselves a beer over a game of portable chess in a bar. Quite high and mighty then about smoking and drugs and all that sort, imparted by family and the world of media. It was only in college I began to drink at parties, and began to smoke.

Smoking was something started at twenty-one or twenty-two. I kept it in strict moderation and started it to see what the fuss was about and to be able to do it smoothly if a play I wanted to be in called for a character who did it. Now I often run into myself, Individuals who look down on me for smoking as a dirty habit, something worthy of excluding me from their lives. I try to tell them, that I am not that pack-a-day smoker, that I take the privilege in confidence and stay under a level that will too heavily promote a disease in me. My most valuable class in college was one on nutrition, a joke class people took to fulfill a science general education course, but for me it was a science bible for longevity.

Smoking provided me the opportunity to leave this world. To still my rampaging mind and think beyond my thoughts, to put things together. Many people engage in this, they find a way to dance around themselves. We criticize their tools as being destructive to the physical body, or ultimately the mind, for many lose themselves in the dance. That drugs and alcohol are a way of tricking you into being yourself, of letting go of the thoughts or speeding them up. Of seeing beyond ourselves, of being happy, feeling true happiness, and perhaps seeing the world the way we should see it, through rose colored glass. I lie and say it doesn't bother me, the world, that I love it the way it is, and this denial is a drug of the mind. For the truth is the world around me isn't the way it is, it is constantly changing, and at any moment a ramshackle building could be replaced by a shining new one. I force myself to see beauty around me, but perhaps I am more delusional than anyone, and perhaps there is a good form of denial.

A party, partire, the great parties of thousands held in Montreal annually, it suddenly wondered me what and where this word meant (meander). That a party is appropriate for drugs and alcohol, for smoking, it seems a perfect party shouldn't be, as these are crutches but in better light aids in the business at hand. The business of leaving, partire, party. A party place is where humans come to let go of their individuality some and become one with others, sharing and elevating and communicating, leaving themselves and finding a larger self. A party is a place to be and leave, to be yourself and leave to join, to be-leave. A funny bit of insanity, and tying into our goal to be great and leave this planet to inhabit others, to be here and leave for elsewhere. This the secret of a successful party, the balance of being and leaving. Individuals too far off, too much outside to join with can threaten festivity, threaten belief in the idea that those around you may also be you, may be likened to you and you to them. Or too many of those unwilling to go, living at home, working at home, unable and not wanting to try sharing or listening at the party but not engaging it. A great party is one that encourages all to leave.

A very difficult thing, this leaving and finding onself. Who is John Gault, Atlas Shrugging or rather who is at fault, and the answer is you and the world, of which complete control you might have of at least one. The fault being the world doesn't know how or will not

change, and you haven't made time to discover how to and implement your vision successfully. How exciting or comfortable a party be half up to ye. And half is mighty great odds, you may come to agree. Ghandi was just a man, so was Michelangelo, so too Marilyn and John Fitzgerald Kennedy. Socrates was a human, Demosthenes most decidedly so, a man leaving behind his stuttering by chewing stones while speaking, Galileo, Queen Victoria, Picasso and Mozart. People of honesty to themselves that decided they could be great, they could give an answer, they could love the world and let it love them and in doing bring something they had found. Perhaps a rock just under the level of the water which, highlighted in a loving way, drew all attention to it and allowed those to truly see the rock, move freely about it or get out of their boats and stand upon it.

You know where many rocks are. We all do. The scalding stove is a great common one we discover early. But then we all move through different lakes, different territories, and know or worse care not how to share our maps well with others. Ghandi and Martin Luther King were great map sharers. You must know that while there are still many individuals you refuse to even attempt liking, you surrender the power to share your map. People more than often can only like you as much as you liken them, and your secret desire for them to become more likeable moves farther from being a reality. I remember the many parties myself and the mighty Jessica would attend, in all our glamour and smiles and love, and attempt to love, and how we would move away at the end with a feeling that they did not like us, our attempts to put on an air of normality were somehow thwarted, that everyone could see through our makeshift masks. But now I believe it is much less than that. That it was our underlying knowledge, beneath the well acted pleasantries, that we did not like and had not made a true attempt to see these people as valuable, that they would only be thus when they had become like us, and we were only there to sneak them into our robes incognito.

Conviction, with-win, conquer, concur. A classic debate tactic, to win the argument one must agree with the opposing side and make one's own an addendum to it, more-is-more and winning the duel. Something roman, when in Rome do as the romans, something in the Latin, ah, a gooey bit of chicken battered bread-crumbed fried skin later, and something lost is known again. Wait.....aha! Convince. With-win. The only way to convince someone who does not indenture themselves to you already through your looks or stature or position or patron/matron family overbear....is to win with them. To say that they are right and that you are right. To say that it is right to have many children and it is also wrong to have many children. Every town has its ups and downs.

It comes from belief. It comes from attempt at under-standing. Not to step in their/an other's shoes but to find how to support them, how to defend their actions, that is the tool to success and convincing. When you can fully defend the actions of the person whom you are attempting to influence, confluence, conflict, inflict...only when you can fully defend them can you truly lovingly show them an alternative. This is how not to preach. This is avoiding condescension. This is to say to yourself that while there is still a lower class I am in it, while there is still a minority I am part of it, and while there is still one man in prison I am not free.

You must become others to change them. If you have never been or loved a prostitute you are in no position to condemn them. You must be hungry too, and open to many sources. I imagine countless thousands who have starved in rooms full of food. Rich nobleman unable to allow themselves the great continents of love their position puts them amongst yet out of reach, like poor Greek tantalus whose food and water escaped him when he reached to grasp them. I pity them, and you can as well, whatever your class be, feel as bad for the rich as for yourself or poorer.

A game of internet chess with a talented youngster, a conversation on the sidebar whilst playing. The real questions, attacking the stereotypes and finding them to be so painfully true. "With your mother a surgeon and your father a lawyer, and you and your siblings off to an elite boarding school, everybody must be too busy to be lonely". "Yes," he replied trying to maintain the foolish hope of my remark, "the maid keeps us company." Cutting deeper, I asked the lad if, when he watched one of those overblown Hollywood movies of a rich man somehow losing and finding himself, realizing he'd neglected his family or having one, if he related to that. "Yes," he replied. "And when the rich are shown to be so strangled by their position as to not have as much fun and freedom as the lower classes that envy them, does he wish others understood him so, that those outside appreciated their freedom more. "Yes I do."

The dangerous truth is that every position has its ups and downs, its half full and half empty. Knowing this it may prove difficult to goad a do-nothing into action. For they know the freedom they own, being out of the rat race, they can fully defend their lives to the teeth against yours if you come too heavily upon them. In order to change, one has to threaten the life you've lead. The longer you have lived, the more life you have to threaten, and the better you have become at defending it. I have loved a slacker, a n'er do well, and in attempting to inspire him I discovered this. A lot may be learnt from loving that which you have the most difficulty in so doing. And the love found can be spread wide.

Everyone is trying to save you. Trouble is often you're not ready to hear the help, or what others feel help is actually an over cry. A scream. Something happened to them and they are so ashamed and confused and hurt by it that they plead for others almost to not live at all. A bonfire of vanities, an avoidance of life entirely, and one must hear all carefully with that inner child, that one voice amidst them all, the quiet one, that does not rail back against but carefully listens to what truly may be looking for help, for answers themselves in the act of trying to give you some. When you answer quietly back, calmly, a mothers perfect pitch, you raise them as well as yourself, and all see. But this is so hard to do, the easy answer always to match volume, tat for tit. A racist cry is made to you and you violently defend the rights of all humans, or you patiently let them know that their isolated incident is valid, that the job they lost to a black man in affirmative action was an outrage, that the governments of our world often enact laws unfairly leaning one way to balance a long path of destruction and violence. That they suffer unfairly for the unkind small minded greedy acts of those past. This is life.

One step forward two steps back is often thrown in my face and I catch it leisurely now, knowing the truth of the frustration but also the silver glowing edge of it. For when acting out the proverb, one can see that one starts in a fixed known comfortable place, moves forward and sees another, then is thrown back to their old one and then further back to a place not only have they been but many others. In this step forward, a rock has been found. The difficulty sinking our ship has been charted. And slowly or quickly, those two steps forward may be made to a new high, a new present, a new starting point, standing surely and proudly, from which to take another damning step into the unknown. These steps forward throw back each time but we are able to return slowly to a higher step than before, and know that new place well that threw. From that sturdy newly charted present we must dare again. We live in the best of all possible worlds, and ooh child, things are just going to get easier and easier with a little help from our friends.

So many times thrown into the past myself. And here I go again. You know my dad always used to tell me "son, If you don't like the way the world is, you've got two choices. You can change yourself to fit the world, or you can change world to fit you." He never really said that, I did, but jeez, don't it sneak up on you more when put that way? The artists, dreamers, lunatics,

crazy old men and women, and the inventors and architects....they make the second choice many times, and these are the most frustrated of lives. You don't have to be crazy like them. You can see both ways and do what you can, maybe a little more. Truth is you can be more successful than many of them in your quiet way, a far sight more than I have been in the past. You don't have to scream to be heard, there's lots of places and moments of quiet where you can whisper thunder.

In my insanity period I would come up to people and say "Hi, how are you doing? And instead of my boisterous obnoxious, attempt-to-wake up the world way, I would say it quietly and level, as my voice matched the volume of the one inside you that questions yourself, and I would allow people to tell me things, as if they finally had permission to talk to themselves out loud, as if their thoughts were still private. I was questioning for them, except I might have a map they didn't. It was like I could heal people internally and they wouldn't even know me there, I'd leave and they'd wake from a dream. But then there were many things, too large for a mind to allow in a workplace, not illegal or harmful but militant talk of freedom. People would see the new me and say "Charles has been acting differently" "BaDLY?" "No, just different....check with him and see if he is okay."

A prologue here, a warning. That the middle of this book will explode and you will see something, really see something, that you are unbelievably powerful, that you have a hand in how this whole world is run and that you can be any goddamn person you want, that with enough drive you can chew rocks while running and overcome a lisp to become one of the greatest speakers in history, that you are in fact supernatural, that your consciousness, the simplest of thoughts is something beyond nature. That the power in someone deaf and dumb and blind, the power of Helen Keller with so much less natural powers than you, the power of simply being human, can be unleashed in someone who has a tongue to speak, who can see everything, and who can hear whatever they choose. That is the gift I work this book to give you. That is the gift Helen Keller humbly wanted you to have.

A moment with our friend Helen. What did she learn? She had a very disgruntled nurse who was displeased to find a near-rabid animal was her keep, a family that expected no more from such a handicapped human. And perhaps it was the frustration of the nurse, to see just the opposite blazing in her eyes, that every human is equipped with this infinite thing called a mind. That far from their being little possible with Helen, her humanity made anything possible, and with the faith of another, she became that anything possible. This is my frustration with all those around me, I know this secret that I am just some shmuck that was fooled into thinking he could do and took a little time to make it true, that there is no history of painting or drawing talent in my family, that it grew from my father telling me that I am Charles J. Tersolo the Second, and I can be anything I want to be. I hope that I can be Helen's nurse for you, I believe in you, and I hope that soon, perhaps with these words releasing what you want to know in your heart, that I won't be necessary. That you won't need others telling you, believing in you. That you can create your own nurse. That you can believe in yourself. The greatest love to any person is their self because you have the most control of it and it's easiest to carry with you at all times.

WELL Well. A well. A fieldstone well, the kind you see in pictures or nightmare movies, except this one had a heavy wood roof with shingles laying directly on its hip-height circle of stone. The pretty white pillars supporting its roof removed and the roof lowered simply to cover it, almost in embarrassment of a time when it was needed and left as an ugly squished star, the well built roof snug and heavy to the stone only to keep children from falling deep. A small thin limbed child myself, almost not quite believing a well could be there, something too antiquated an idea to actually exist, and right there in the center of the most prominent cottages seen by all

in the blazing day. How I wanted to lift it, to see for myself its beautiful depth, to see a hole, such an unnatural sight, sunk deep and dark into the seemingly undigable ground. Hustled so close to the most conservative of cottages, I dared not such a prank in holy territory, my greed for a reality seen, a vision proved, was tempered by my respect and fear of those I knew who wouldn't like the look of dangerous uncoverings. Knowing of course that to really see I would have to shove off the whole weight of the wood, that to do so would make it difficult, timely and well nigh impossible to lift on again, once I had stolen that coveted glance. But I remember I did a little, as I got older. Glancing guiltily around the seemingly quiet and empty open space I inched that cover aside. But never enough to really see.

I regret the loss of that sight, but still. I knew the punishment or the lost faith of others in me as result of such an act. I didn't think myself capable of convincing them of my curiosity, and probably rightly. And now in days present, in the world I inhabit with so much freedom and so less a cost of direct scolding, I hold that same idea clear. That my misunderstood actions may lead to pain and important discomfort in others, howsoever true my purpose to self may be. That as much as I want to wear a pink miniskirt and heels in the streets of boston, no makeup, just the clothes, that the freakish quality can do damage to the spirits of those beholden and not set them free to enjoy. Not at all as my fun, to enjoy myself and my actual true freedom. And here lies the truth "While there is still one man in prison, I am not free." While a gay prostitute and slut cannot be president, I cannot be president. While any man cannot wear a loud outfit without hurting others, I cannot. And this is the fuel of artists, world changers, this is their raison d'etre. A man I dated feared me as he had been with a soul artist who had suddenly painted some message at the house of a couple they visited, directly onto their walls. That one had imprisoned me in this man's mind, he could not date me for fear of events past, and here comes another truth. Souls are never rude to you, they are rude to the last person they met.

And the most thrilling lesson here. That how boring my childhood seemed to me, and perhaps yours to you, that so much richness can come of thinking back on it, that so much seemed to be known by you so early without force of making great sense of it. A lesson I learned from Proust and perhaps also Rainer Maria Rilke. That even imprisoned with bars and brick to surround your sight, the rich well of childhood is there for you to savor and summon, the sights and smells and fears and desires. That what you seem to learn daily you always knew somehow, on a breezy day with parents chattering and your attempting to follow their petty battles. These things were the importance of life, their questions spoke more of the world than they seemed to spell on the surface.

I remember a loss of faith in my mother, a truth told, when suggesting that she have phone conversations concerning my cousins and niece to my grandmother in her lonely Florida self-exile. My cousins and niece were my grandmothers favorites and her keep, I knew she enjoyed pinpointing their locations and discussing their wins and losses, their struggles. "I don't like talking about them." my mother replied. The lowest class of my family, perhaps even double high school dropouts; mother and daughter and daughter of daughter, so far from the hard aspirations of my mother to be great, to be more than herself, to rise above. She couldn't and wouldn't love these losers, unable to share their doings with my grandmother. I found weakness in that, perhaps more than the losers lack of desire to find work or do more than make babies. But I believe I let myself fall speechless when my mother revealed this. And proud, for I knew not how to help my share my love with her further. I knew my mothers place, her destined personality, and knew not how to change it. Letting things be is often as powerful as attempting to change them. You can teach a child to swim by throwing them floundering into the water to fend for themselves....but it may well be the last thing that child allows you to teach them, having lost their trust in you.

DANCE

More sophisticated, the dance, the Ballet. Followed friendly or fiercely attacked as frivolous, sometime simply invoking laughter. Many who strive for culture or at least have heard of it and have felt that inner emperor's-new-clothes fear of not being able to see the good in the activity, eschew most intently that world of color and movement known as 'the dance' or ballet.

Ballet and dance are a moving painting of life, an idea made visible and living. Sound but no words, in dance a memory is created and perhaps a side of stage has been changed, but little else. Ballet is the drama of Satan and god, of man with the universe, of will with path. There is this thing as thought, this thing called a man, and there is this other known as a universe. The composer has cheated, the composer has made himself the universe, or let it run through him, and created a path of his own for others to follow and see how they wish. And then there is the dancing. What you see is the vision of individual men and women moving with or against the music, seemingly of their own volition but the choice is made before in the choreography, it is only the impression of contradiction or conviction. In many different and interesting ways, a life, a world is imitated and created. And judging ballet? The dancers and the choreography? How well they are able to align their will with the one of those guiding them, the director and the music. And how well the choreographer is able to capture and inspire the imagination of onlookers with the razzle dazzle of this aligned movement; Man's will and grace.

Mastery of your own belief, will, and talent (the work done for you naturally or culturally in the past by others or the work you have done for yourself) is a recipe for a near infinitely successful life. If I could just get my mind to let me sleep...

American straight couples. Their story. They are brought up if male to not at all be feminine, and if feminine the reverse. This creates a desperation in each, the lonely search for another half to feel whole. This is parental and perhaps more Freudian, but the American entertainment industry sends another message. The create this repeated image of a man trying to be more than he is and trying to be masculine but inevitable proving himself to be more complicated than that and the woman encouraging him to do so, to "be himself". One thing that threw me way off track for the heterosexual game was this idea of loving yourself, of being independent, of not needing an opposite sex to balance you. This message is out there as well but not as prevalent yet, and my adherence to it led to me being an odd-man out.

First, I would constantly display and speak of my completeness. I would be proud of my found femininity, knowing how independent and healthy I am capable of being for a great long period of time. In asking the attractive women what they thought of me, I would repeatedly find them thinking I was gay, and for all their ideas and views of what one is, as gay males naturally have masculine and feminine qualities, this was the only way they were able to interpret me.

Second, the rarity of me dating held great push toward the idea of me being gay. One of the more important reasons for this, however, was that in American women I rarely found any cultured and intelligent enough to understand me and what I had become. Only towards the end of the mid eighties were strong women starting to be cast as the lead in action movies, the girls I was attempting to attract would be a generation behind seeing such images in their formative stages. My location in New Hampshire, a more rural and less industrialized state, did not help.

After rejection from one of the last women I had courted for over a year, a girl with a european family, I turned to gay men. Starving for intimacy and knowing it could be readily had, I tried it out. But not before I had prepared myself. I began looking seriously at men as objects of attraction, instead of denying my eyes this. And this day I still find myself attracted primarily

to gay men and women, as they are the only ones who have this mix of masculine and feminine, this great strength I can see in the parts of their faces. A term referred to as “gaydar” is used often, meaning the ability to identify members of the “team” other people who choose same sex relations over opposite. I think it is the natural ability of others to see the beauty I see. For a face strengthened with exploring both halves of your being is strong and beautiful in a same way as a trained body builder/.

So here comes the list of questions. Not so much is one born gay, for I’m sure that is true and probably has already been established. Was I born gay? Am I gay now? If not born, in attempting to gain masculine and feminine qualities and pursue the strength of an Atlas Shrugged character, in attempting to complete myself by stretching my personality to accommodate that of men and women’s attributes, originally to satisfy the extreme cry for men to do so in so-called “chick flicks” or girl films, can one become gay in personality by making choices in their life? I won’t and cannot and most importantly would rather not say I am straight, as that implies self restriction in life. But was I naturally gay or did I in fact make myself so, as the mating strategy an animal might use in certain environments.

In either event this quality of being gay is my talent, it is the tools I have to live my life with. These are my will or grace tools, and what I do with them is still my choice, my will of the moment. In the end, regardless of how I was made or how I made myself, who and what I choose to be now is my own will, and no one can tell me what to be but myself. The truth is a dangerous one, it could be used to turn against gays and say that they could be straight if they chose, and I do not wish for this to happen. My choice is a dream of complete freedom for the future. When someone who is straight can choose to be gay if they wish, and a gay man or woman can choose to love an opposite sex if their world throws them such a gift. I live my life fractured, living all of it for the future frankly. I spend years free to be gay and years free to be straight, and in times of either...Well, I’m damned if I do and damned if I don’t; I spend the rest of my moments as on-my toes as possible. Great change requires large grace.

SICKNESS

Something that stops you from performing at maximum capacity. Ill health. A disordered, weakened, or unsound condition. (W) Sound. Such a funny word, sound unsound. (Giggle.) One definition of sound as pertaining to any kind of health; “exhibiting or based on thorough knowledge and experience.” I may have to point out that no single human being has thorough knowledge or experience, such that every spoken word carries a bit of sickness, and here backed up by my friend Abe Lincoln “when you keep your mouth shut people think you a fool, when you open it, you prove them right.” There is no being or substance yet in perfect health, except time itself, but one has to fake it before they can make it. One must be a fool to future themselves or their offspring into kings. The lives of each of us today are so much closer or surpass that of kings past, the infinite professional entertainment available at our fingertips, both in music and in “theater”, the tremendous amounts of money spent on these ventures, far outstretch that of the grandest of operas or outdoor orchestral parties of the privileged past.

The idea of reading the dictionary has been suggested seriously, and done by many, but now I know the best reason for doing so. Not so much that you don’t get stuck on words like perambulate or nascent, but rather, that you ponder the quick words, the words you learned the meaning before you started learning definitions, the conversational words picked up from parents, television, or brother and sister. These are the words most in danger of causing harm, most deadly confusing, as long as they have not been questioned. They run like a rumor

through a culture, unchallenged and rampant. Words can spread sickness. Words used well can also clear it up, as our familiar friend penicillin has demonstrated its fire fights fire capabilities.

Whenever I get sick I feel a bit guilty for it, do you? Is this the worst of feelings, when one is already weakened, to attack oneself further deliberately? Those who never question their lives or rather deny the questions when they float to surface, do these men and women heal faster, back to work sooner? Do they look back on a wild night followed by a miserable day, or an unworn hat, as the impetus for their condition? I take my fifty percent. The powers of weather prediction have heightened, and readily available, such that my unpreparedness is truly my own creation. And for those crazy springs days that midday hit seventy and drop to fifty as the sun is setting? Now I have changed, I dress not for the high of the day, but for the mid temperature. Always living for the high, not as healthy as I can be.

Visits to the doctor on my own. The stuff of mature single men and women. The contrast of getting up, getting dressed, making an appointment for an interview with someone to discuss the fact that you are too sick to function. Probably one of the many cup-half-empty aspects of the single life. And when you've arrived, opening your sore throat to answer all those questions. And then the testing. The poking and prodding of the very areas you are sick, the tenderest, the most painful, in order to heal you, to determine what ails you, and if science is in fact capable of curing you or if it is something only you and your body can do on their own. And yet when someone we would like to call sick, a rude comment, outrageous garb, unpopular sentiment, verbal bashing of some sort, instead of gently swabbing their sore we stab it with a great sword. And wonder what was their problem after we prove ourselves incapable of helping them and they incapable of being helped.

So often throughout our days we try to "help" others. Often they are defensive outbursts of our own, but always, and underlying need for them to see a way, the way, your way, so thoroughly knowledgeable and experienced. An odd route at saving one's day, but when we see our anger as defenses, when we see our defenses as attempts to help and stretch others understandings, when we see our day as trying to help the sick and imagine all of us as nurses at all times to a great hospital of souls called life; When we're better able to craft our response to negativity, always changing and relying more on the individual encountered and how they need to be told and not the sarcasm we think works best for us, when we stop unconsciously trying to help and start doing so deliberately without investing any more effort than before, just honing the time already stolen for its use...the whole world can grow in a day, as it has many, many times. When we see ourselves as nurses, can we swab more delicately, poke the wound more tenderly, sew the stitch more steadily and carefully? This is why we turn the other cheek. It is not to ignore the disease, or to let it attack us. We turn the other cheek so that the patient does not see that they have made us sick. That our pain is not added to theirs, the reason they lashed out in the first place. That we show our clean uniform, those blood stains carefully hidden. That though they have inflicted us, we continue to show health, that they may look to us and be healed.

SCENARIOS

1. The other person is the one returning from a work break, and you are the one receiving the message for them.

"Someone called for you."

"Who? Who was it? What did they want?"

"They didn't say, just asked when you'd be back, I told them, and they hung up."

“I hate it when people do that, it is not terribly practical and very frustrating, it takes only a second to mention the name and company....”

Well then. What's missing here is two halves. The person didn't leave their name, number, or business, but did you ask them for it? Was your caller sick and distracted and needing the guiding hand of a zealous message taker? The caller and the message taker share a responsibility of conveyance. Theoretically there is a half and half responsibility for every one of the things that need best be done. Each time you find one, in any portion of your life that you can take responsibility for, each time you get that fifty percent that is your portion of the action correct, your odds of winning overall are one percent from majority rule. Now the truth still is that the caller should have left information, even demanded that it be left, but control over others further is more difficult than those nearer, especially those closest and thereby easiest; yourself. When things don't go right for you, immediately figure out how to make them go right for others. The part you can play. The faster and better the world goes, the more there for you.

Another example, and important helper, the perennial question of avoiding public urination or worse, stepping into a place of business to attempt to use their facilities. The person you engage has the right to refuse you and prolong your quest, how can you get the maximum response every time no matter what position the person has previously decided to take?

1. “Do you have a bathroom?” You may get a yes on this, but it may lead you quicker to nowhere than you may imagine, and as a power play (most establishments of any kind are probably required by law to have some kind of facility) this near-rhetorical question is likely to do less for you than saying nothing at all.

2. “Can I use your bathroom?” And the response is often taken as an affront, as if only bums and hooligans are refused entrance for fear of excremental decoration, graffiti, or simple filthifying, that if you present even the slightest bit of gentrification, your admission should rightly be assured. This impression is carried to the askee, putting pressure on them to be turned against you. This question also calls to the mind a manager's orders, perfectly completing a circle of circumstance. “If a stranger (you) especially one who isn't a customer (possibly and often you) asks to use the bathroom, you must tell them no.” When one is able to use no on another's authority, there is most always a certain delight and speed to it. You want to avoid that here, and at all times. If refused, you must then ask where the nearest public bathroom is, wherein you may get an answer but no sympathy, as the decision has already been made and to go back on it would be to accept some sort of guilt, a thing no human being wants to admit.

3. Perhaps you can think of many more in your long quest in many locations to obtain this gift of a cramped, disinfectant-piled, and badly-lit little den of torture that many business refer to as their “restroom”, but the final one I have found that addresses all possibilities in one sentence is this. “Do you know where the nearest public bathroom is?”

Asked first, this question, without guilt placed on the askee, conjures up in their mind the long trip it would take to get to the nearest bathroom and the absurdity of such a task before you ask if you can use their toilet. How many times I have gone into the most unlikely of places, where multiple typed-plain signs say “no bathroom for public use” or even “no bathroom for customer use.” At the most restricted of these places, with the severest of signs, I have had people respond “Oh, just use the one here” so much more often than not that “no” has become an anomaly to me. And the secret here.....Not a pessimists view, for don't you know that employers don't want liability of customers in their more delicate, less-decorated damp and less-supported areas of their establishment, the rarefied bits that merchandise squeezes up against and the walls that employees cheeks flatten into, so that maximum may be sold at minimum cost? Don't you know that even or especially those most heartless or struggling of managers doesn't want you to see how they treat their employees, they would rather you have bladder pressure and lose your business than lose your utter faith in the world by handing you the shoulder-burden of the unsung. The world is not out to get you, but often rather more interested in hiding from you. The secret of this method of relieving oneself is to honestly believe that the lackey working at that

location, perhaps all by themselves, has the right to refuse you their facilities, and that you honestly want to know what the nearest place is that would consider you acceptable for using their john. A gentleman or lady in the right clothes with the right words and poise and the right internal consideration of the external world and all who inhabit it, such a person can quite possibly go anywhere they desire.

VEGETARIANS

Vegetarians are a group of people who do not eat animal related foods in varying degrees. Some only do not red meat, others no milk or eggs. Here are some common phrases that people from this group find themselves using;

“Don’t you realize that fish is the worst death of all, as they are strangled, asphyxiated, a death of not being able to breath, slowly, dying there on the dock of the boat?”

“Veal? Don’t you realize that those little calves are raised in these tiny boxes with their legs fixed so they can’t move to make the meat more tender?”

“How can you eat meat?”

“No, I ‘don’t like dead animals.”

and many, many more. Some vegetarians speak less for empathy and more simple physics:

“The body uses twice as much energy to consume meat as it does vegetables, such that the process is less efficient.”

Others are economic/ecological:

“It takes ten times as much land to raise the red meat animals as it does to raise wheat or vegetables.”

“The nuts from the rainforests destroyed could make ten times as much as the meat raised on the same land.”

Be prepared for these phrases. When you have the time, try to work out the real reason why they are right and wrong. Why you continue to eat some meat. Those moments stuck in traffic or in line are perfect for these little unresolved differences we create and find between ourselves. The more people you can love and understand, the more you can be. When alone, all the people you have met reside within you, and resolving their voices is a method of great love, self love. Completely loving yourself is an impossible task of loving all the world you have and are exposed to. This is why loving is worthwhile, that learning to love anyone is a step closer to loving the world at large, half of your existence.

I tell myself that I cannot get the protein needed from vegetables to maintain the muscular exterior I think is desired by others in order to receive sex, painting commissions, and the party invitations through which to obtain either. My desires for social climbing and working towards my goals make inexpensive vegetable protein sustenance an unattainable goal. This is a lie to myself, something people refer to as denial. I allow myself this, knowing one day I will have the personal chef or the money to eat at restaurants in order to get the nutrients I need. I champion the vegetarians, the people who make something of their lives by taking their stands, making

vegetarian menu options more prevalent in all the resources I look toward, such as fast food, convenience stores, even gas stations. The truth is the world may already be ready for me to proceed without caution, but I am not yet ready to release my denial.

I allow myself to be wrong about some things, as many people do. I tell myself I do it for the right reasons, and I believe it to some extent. In addition, I believe that any life is better than no life at all. I believe it better to live toward freedom than to die for that which is not yet free. I believe that if told I could have an additional twenty years of life in a box, unable to move and fed through a tube, even vivisected and tortured for the safety proof of a cosmetic product, I believe this to be better than no life at all. So I find poachers and meat farmers, who give a still controlled life to the creatures they wish to raise, to still be givers on some very low level.

REINCARNATION

I believe we are all the same soul trying in its own way. We are all you with a different set of cards. I believe in reincarnation, that we do forget all that we are when we die, but thousands upon thousands that we have interacted with successfully, that we have loved in some way, these people raise children who raise more and will raise me again, and that all that I have put out, or much of it, will come back pouring into me from all those I have given to, that this is your ghost, this is your soul gone free. I give instruction needed to all who will have me, now and in the future, and who will give it back. This is what I believe survives of you, in a supernatural way. Thought and expressions are beyond the electrical impulses and synapses we can trace in the physical world. They are meanings really, most effervescent and fleeting, they are how we survive when our rather un-supernatural body dies.

reincarnation is real but its not direct. its not one past life you have, its thousands, pieces of thousands. what people learned and shared, learned incorrectly and shared inappropriately (the regressions) its all bits and pieces that make up you. and you have control now over what incarnates itself again from you by what you say and how you treat people. It is the people that never share and never love that die, that are not saved, that are not reincarnated. The beatles song "Eleanor Rigby" or "all the lonely people, where do they all come from/belong" that has a line about this. The preacher is burying Eleanor Rigby and the song states that she died alone, noone came, and noone was saved.

1.

ART

Man made

Everyone who makes or does anything is a man making something, something man-made is called artificial. Art and artifice, the nouns to the adjective artificial, show that what we do, all that we do, is art. An aesthetician may be more directly related to only the doing of those things related to beauty. This definition my own and an amalgam of what modern art has produced in attempt to cover all the wildly branching aspects of what people began putting forth as art. The closest I can find in Webster's under artist that is all-encompassing enough is "a skilled performer". Come now, and a whole painting series of mine is devoted to this, and several robot and animal and alien movies were devoted to the comedy of this, are there not thousands of little skills you are adept at? Which you perform daily? Keeping a plant alive, tying your shoe, fixing breakfast, pouring milk into a glass, things an alien or robot must learn from us in fiction. These

are skills you perform. They are microcosms of the whole of life. The truth is that if you are a human it is most likely that you are an extremely skilled performer.

MUSIC

And let the words and music that survive mean something more to you than perhaps even originally intentioned. That Woodstock by Crosby Stills Nash and Young, which never reached number one or even above ten in its time is now an anthem for something larger. That we are all children of good, that we can all move together to form a great band of music and dance, that we can escape the motor motion of our lives. “We are stardust, we are golden, we are billion year old carbon/caught in a devil’s bargain, and we’ve got to get ourselves back to the garden. The hippies left their communes to become the baby boom captains of industry and office, their dead head stickers on their cadillacs, and I see as they do that this is right. The world around us is the paradise they sought to return to, but it is not enough. The old paradise has droughts and floods, the old paradise is not conscious, it gives and takes without thinking. The dangerous rebellious outsiders of youth become the business that will one day make their dream of a smoother world that does not so quickly take their life, will make their dream a reality. It is not the paradise of old we seek to return to, though in doing so, we find the peace to create the new one we must.

A song of sixties war and social revolution speaks more of conflict of every human with another. Here a start;

“Nobody’s right, if everybody’s wrong.....”

Here is why and how you can listen to the music and any thing in that surrounding world of yours. That everybody is right. Can you believe it? Can you dig it? That nobody is insane, that every song has a real meaning, every action is reasoned...not the best reasons, such as rape is not the best way to satisfy a sexual urge. All urges are natural and therefore good, but in the world we create for ourselves, a complex human world of connection, many urges become harmful to others and ultimately oneself. Every excuse a person gives for their actions is valid. When you block out the righteousness of others, their words speak of them having a right you should grasp. Even if your principles and upbringing opposites theirs, they too are right, and might have something to add to your being right. To say that which you hate unlovable in life, the debates you can’t win, as their right hasn’t been added to yours and yours alone is always less than the sum of two parts. When I have the time and focus, I spend it thinking of how to like what I know to be worthwhile to others but doesn’t fit the values of my present personality.

“I know the feeling, you’re trying to forget, if only for a while.” I paint the wrong answer, always, I paint the wrong answer, it’s almost as if every name, every painting, every object around you, is the wrong answer, but it’s a clue to what the right one is. The things that come closest to being an answer, are the furthest from it. It is what you don’t know, who you don’t know, where you haven’t looked, that is what needs to be done. People keep going where they have already been because they are scared to go where they haven’t. The don’t believe yet in their power, that like a hero under extraordinary difficulty, they can end out on top. It’s easier to know what is wrong than to try to put a finger on what is right. It’s easier to touch and be touched than it is to feel your self.

But I say you’re old enough to dance the night away.

reason going back to more violent times, perhaps before language, where sex and safety were something killed for, where power was sex and safety. These days execution and murder are not all that acceptable as roads to wellness, but some with a narrow view don't see that. That if you grew up in the shoes of Capone without the knowledge you have now you would likely have lived his life, that it was not Capone so much that created him but an environment. Or perhaps it was half of his life, which for many, is all of it. They allow their personalities to be entirely shaped by the circumstances that created them. This is a lack of will, this is what the singers scream for you to break out of your shell, and this is what leads to mid-life crisis. For you to explore that other half for you to finish yourself, for you to self actualize. Many walk around like a box of building blocks their whole lives and never make any thing of themselves, truly a crime in the case of a criminal-leaning life. There is perhaps no question that there were alternatives for Capone as there are for all, but being surrounded by those who chose less than all, much mores so than most.....I can't say. We all commit daily crimes as great as Capone's, moments of carelessness no less intentional and aware that we excuse or conveniently block or forget. This habit in us must be seen in terms of a world with a bit more liberty, and we can see ourselves in these murderers footsteps, and if we can, it helps. It is not so much that I want to spread guilt, but if responsibility can be shared, if mobsters can become human and family, we can better interest ourselves in fixing them or preventing them springing up, perhaps even better grasp the mobster within us. And it is much more than simply training people to say please and thank you! Or using a napkin, being sure to say hello and offer a handshake. One can do all these things and still revolt and detest the party they are engaging in such behavior with. It is an honest attempt at playing their game and enjoying them that allows you to any additional joy you see fit to bring them.

To en-joy something is on the shoulders of two parties. It is something bringing joy to you, and it is you bringing joy to it, bringing emotion and attention to it. The audience is a very active participant. This is why we strive to be our actors and actresses, our rock stars; The millions enjoying our production, the millions enjoying what we give, are bringing joy and attention to us. It is an act of effort, an act of will on their part, for no matter how beautiful the tree, if one doesn't travel through the forest to find it and see it fall, it doesn't make a sound. It is not the adoration, the red carpets, the money, the fan mail, the screaming concert fans or after-concert orgies, it is the simple act of listening, of enjoying, regardless of whether or not it is shown, that literally brings joy to the producer.

GOOD/god

Only interest in actual answers to the real questions of and about the bible. There is one the theologians throw out readily to dispel entirely the idea or any benefit in belief or study of god (which is truly absurd, the bible is several thousand years of people making mistakes and learning from them, how to relate to one another. What could be a more useful resource tool in every aspect of any life?) They purport that if god is all powerful, can god create a stone that he cannot move? An answer your heart knows the question to but frustrates and concedes as somehow it is sometimes simpler to not think of god as existing, not worry oneself about whether or not one believes. Don't worry about believing in god, worry about believing in good. The

sitcom bible studies we view daily show the heathens daily losing their faith in good, something much easier and more relevant to talk about. A friend is missing or gone at a crucial moment and suddenly one's heart is threatened to being and thinking the worst, that they are dead or have lost all love for us, have entirely given up on us, are cheating on us with another friend. This is the faith we must all concern ourselves with, this is the faith we do know if we have or have not, that we can give ourselves more or less of. When one thinks of god as good, one realizes that they themselves are great and good, a part of the greater good, that this idea of god with these powers to heal and move the whole universe truly does not exist yet or does, and it doesn't matter, because daily we work to create these powers, that each little bit of good we do works towards creating god, that we are all road workers and supply clerks and lawyers and nurses and shoe shiners and clothing manufacturers and train operators to those extraordinary group of individuals that will discover a cure to what ails us. We are the grease in the factory that creates what we want what we need what works for us. When a miraculous rescue of medicine or fire or dirty-deep whole is survived with machinery and human will, a tragedy in the hands of another time that had not built itself so strongly yet, we see that hand of god in action. The hand we and others worked to create. And we cry in triumph. When fortune, luck, destiny, chance, meets the powerful new hand of mankind, we see god helping those who have helped themselves.

I have this idea, its vague and I can't entirely connect it to this creation of an immovable rock to god idea, but the answer is so simple to this question, that it has already been done, that we are that rock, that god created souls independent of himself as powerful or nearly as powerful as himself to roam the earth and exist as they see fit to do so with free will. I must apologize as the mathematical logistics of my equation may seem greatly flawed.....but the answer is we.

And then the idea that we created god. More harmful and dissident, healthier to see ourselves as creating ourselves, that god is a dream of how powerful we can someday somehow be. How powerful we already are. Much to say here, that we are supernatural, that consciousness is something technically outside the definition of the material world, that synapses and electrical connection and impulses are indeed scientific but their meaning, that they have meaning, that the electricity stands for a letter a word an idea, I believe that to be something supernatural. But the only reason I begin to give flesh to this idea of man as god is to prove that man good god does indeed exist.

For how many rocks, how many millions of rocks, do we create for ourselves that we cannot move, when In truth we are quite nearly all powerful, and there is no rock we cannot.

YOUR OWN ARM

A friend of mine spoke words once that centered the idea of individual capacity, freedom, and power. He played a wonderful piano piece for friends, for me, and someone made a remark marveling at his talent. His words later to me, when I shared with him my own truth, that I had learned to play myself, very difficult classical pieces, simply to prove that it can be done; that it is an act of will and domination of self; "People often say that 'I would give my life to be able to play like that.' and my response is 'I have'.

A virtuoso performance by anyone has years of some kind of training behind it, if seemingly picked up instantly or more readily than others, perhaps years of a related activity provided the mental pathways to make such a leap. I admit that it is not only my will to be great and my attention to, and selection of, the right teachers and helpful instruction. This alone would

do anyone fairly well who tried very hard. But talent, which I see as the work done for you by others or yourself, is certainly a factor. Not an ethereal or elusive element, a very deliberate and tangible, accountable force. Yes, certainly my years of attempting to draw put me ahead of someone really trying for the first time under parallel tutelage. But it is not just this, it is things even more concrete that I spent more time doing than drawing. It is the years and thousands of puzzle pieces I have examined carefully, moving increasingly more readily, taking intuitive leaps to try pieces out, to release a fear of a line not being in the right place, and moreover, moving that line or puzzle piece when it proves to not fit. Others would leave an ugly edge or detail in the entirely wrong place, and it looks as absurd as a puzzle where all the pieces are mashed into place without honesty and concern for their correct placement. But my experience with this intuition and honesty is certainly greater than the average human. This is indeed my talent, and here one I have made for myself, with the help of parenting; my mother's encouragement and buying me the puzzles I asked for.

And now success, gallery showings, painting sales. I no longer claim that what I do anyone could do. Because I think of this idea in terms of someone with the right knowledge and personal honesty, with a few hours of tutelage, performing as I do. This is absurd, as even I could not perform so, the way I am able to paint now is the result of thousands of mistakes, poor judgement in color or tonal contrast, or use of brush, that experience with the knowledge now allows me to be able to perform quickly and seemingly without mistake. The thousands of maneuvers performed in making even a simple painting, the mixing of the paint, the choice of brush application, the amount of medium to add. All can be explained, but to paint with the rapidity and surety that I am able, to make all those choices in a second and have it come together correctly and harmoniously, these things take great practice. They involve ten years of thought, of mastery, and now there is almost no thought in the creation, I have trained myself to work in this seamless manner.

And here a touch of the feeling one gets in front of the simplest abstraction that nonetheless has deliberate and seemingly thoughtless movement. It suggests one can mimic, even replicate the image. But the motion and proportion, the authenticity of the timely choices captured in the work, the fractions not necessarily recorded or sketched but there nonetheless...this is the mark of greatness in art. This is the mark of a skilled performer. This is how you tie your shoes or grind and pour your coffee, bathe and shave yourself, run through your morning routine. But these tasks have not been made seductive to a viewer, they are too much a part of this world to draw attention to it. They are your art, the ease with which you can steer a conversation or evoke laughter, enter or leave a party conspicuously or unnoticed. It is when one does something stepping out of the everyday, that took deliberate practice and was non essential. These are often humourously what we consider art. These are what many people do indeed give their lives for, to feel the gracious acceptance of the inspiration they are able to produce by surprising a soul with what it can do, or seemingly can't do.

Those in denial, those who have not been shocked into the world of truth, those who have remained pleasant and coasted through uneventful lives as if an event were somehow something to avoid. They chose not to believe, or have been lead to disbelieve by hurt souls in their upraising. In either event, they do not imagine they could discipline themselves to the act, they create that rock which they cannot lift. I am among them, still there are many rocks I have made for myself. And a story, the inspiration for this motivational section, a current events snip of a hiking man that cut of his own arm. And the questions, the sensationalism, did he do it to eat it?, was it gangrenous,? What would bring a man to such an activity, in the wilds of the world. The television news was a teaser but the free newspaperlet provided the truth and meat of the matter entirely. As much as you needed to know. The man had been trapped under a boulder (what

boulder? Where? How did he get trapped? Did he slide? Was there any other way? Did the rock fall on him? Was he trying to move it? Probably an avalanche or rock fall of some kind...perhaps the collapse of the beloved New Hampshire landmark, the old man and the mountain, a natural wonder reduced to hillside rubble by time... The man had been trapped under a boulder and cut his own arm off to escape.

Here the truth, so very many things in life that we are indeed capable of, but boulders created by our lack of interest or attention, inaccessibility to the credo needed to perform such a task, not wanting to make the commitment. These are the arms that prevent us from being corporate leaders. Our disinterest in coming to understand a wide variety of people, their differing needs, a belief that though raised differently and looking differently, puzzles with missing pieces we have no interest in putting together. For all the things we don't want to do, will not do, not willing ourselves to do so, holding on to half-principles that allow us to snub many and consider ourselves better than all rather than seeing the whole picture. Our vegetarianism, our stylish rebuttal, our many distastes, that make the attractive meal inedible, and create our starvation. I now believe I could be a corporate leader if I sacrificed great gobs of my time to work and made myself a slave to many others' wills, giving up my art, and much of my love. I make this choice willingly and the only difference is that I see a choice, and that is power. If you cannot imagine yourself cutting off your own arm for any reason, you surrender yourself to death in circumstances under your control. This man took hold of his fifty percent. This man said the will of nature and his own were two halves of a situation, and he took charge of his half and saved the day, his own. This is why this instance is news. These are the people making the choices in what to show you in life, in what you read or watch, the ones choosing from a host of experiences the ones that inspire and direct one toward greater freedom. Did I mention? Certainly the news creators are artists, quite possibly greater than I will ever be.

DEVILVISION

STRAGEDY

TEACHER

Will. Theater. A line from a movie. A ground-breaking special effects film also a terribly inspirational, religious, and humanistic. The Matrix, a film suggesting that which surrounds us is only a program providing us a world to grow in so that our minds are occupied while our bodies, in the dystopia of the real world, provide power to the computers which have taken power. We become batteries, but those who have awakened from this occupation, who slip in and out of the world created for them and the real world they make an actual impact on, they can program themselves with the talents needed to be superhuman in 'the matrix'. The line, the spoken words, becomes their push to rescue a friend. On the roof of a military defended building, taking control, they find themselves with an empty helicopter at the top of the skyscraper. The one, Neo, asks his coconspirator if she can fly a helicopter. Dialing the mainframe, their programmer on their ship in the real world, requesting to have herself uploaded with the training program to be able to fly a helicopter, she responds to 'Neo', "Not yet."

Not yet. And this should be our answer to any question put before us, either yes, or not yet. That with time, will, imagination, freedom, and training, any task put before us, anything asked of us, anything we ask of ourselves, is indeed possible, only a matter of how soon we are able to do it. There is nothing I cannot do, but there is much my programming would inhibit me from gathering quickly, and much that my other wants, the things I have invested my time in, now do not allow me the time to learn, or the resources.

But another very exciting aspect of theater is that actors now do much of their own stuntwork, the level of realism asked of them by today's audiences require this, that they learn jujitsu and karate and all that is necessary for their very difficult stunts. And those in films requiring singing or dancing, the directors cast the actors first regardless of what talents they have already developed, and believe that with strong teachers and dedication from their choices, the individuals will be able to perform at tasks they have spent no time learning, that with enough practice once they have chosen what they need and want to do, that they are able to rise to what is asked of them. These are mini miracles that speak volumes of the human spirit, I hear their stories with tears welling in my eyes, and fear that the truth of their words and actions, the truth of their accomplishments, the meaning of it shoots off into the space of this world like the rays of the sun into universal darkness. Like so much of the free love there is in this world, it goes largely un-gathered. But I do triumph and take comfort that it is there, that I am not the only one working at this task of freeing the minds of millions to their potential, that sky of stars is there for you to see when you look.

HUMAN

American? Palestinian? German? Korean? I am human. I am a unitarian universalist. I believe in uniting not simply the planet, but all the universe. I believe with only the kind of complete mastery involved in knowing all together, can the real miracles truly begin. That only with a mastery of all moving through something called time, can we grasp all in our hands and move it at once, the miracle of time travel so frequently referenced in the religion of science fiction.

I believe in a hell, but it is a far worse than simply punishment. That a second time, that many multiple times, will exist, and how hard one has worked, how much one has given oneself for the greater movement of the universe, that is their chance of life in these after lives. Not that evil is absent or removed, but that in tweaking, perfecting, changing the past for a somehow better faster brighter future, things will fall. Lives will be wiped out of ever existing as different paths will be chosen. Some evil may be saved as their extreme inspired good and their actions proved necessary. It is those who did nothing, the idiot, the ignorant, the foolish, the selfish, the slothful. The ones who did nothing to the world around them, they are most in danger of not being considered when making changes. Whole lines of people wiped out of existence not for their well behavior, for their lack of evil, but for their lack of chance, of action, for their lack of change. And this is greater than any punishment, no burning flames or tortured sensations. It will be the removal of their ever having existed in the first place. Not by an all knowing spirit, by democratic vote of all.

To me, this is worse than any hell, I make my mistakes, I keep my hands active, I avoid less idolatry and more idleness.

SEASONS ON TIME

Another tumbling backthought, a triviality that tells and confuses yet slides ungrasped. Has the dichotomy between the longest day of the year and the hottest, the shortest day of the year and the coldest, ever meant anything to you? They are months apart, when one would imagine they would align; most sun hottest, least sun coolest. But the spread of voices like the spread of cool or warm air and earth is a slow and impersonal one. It is not as simple as one would hope or seem, not as logical. The characters you encounter, the evil, the negativity, the

rudeness, the ignorance you do not deserve. These people in your face with their warm or cool breath, they are not indications of their own characteristics or yours. They are that cooled earth facing a long day of sun and not being as warmed by it as should be because of the cold they have stored. Not being as cold on that shortest day because of the leftover heat of summer and fall that remains. I may be entirely wrong on these calculations, its entirely theoretical, there may very well be parts of the earth far enough away from these poles and their endless night or days that feel hottest on longest and coolest on shortest. But close to the poles, close to the places where the nights start to shine or the days start to dark and hold that shine or dark for periods of months, these are the ones that change not so readily with the sun, frozen, hanging on, not on time and not in the moment, unable to let go.

Its not personal, perhaps more than half-so, when someone speaks to you. People are not rude to you, they are rude to the last person they met. You may be that sunniest day, but the earth meeting you has been chilled by weather past, by days which you have not been, by months which you are not. And your hours of warmth fail to inspire or induce the heat you wish, and you surprised by coldness. Do not be. The people speaking to you are rarely never in-the-moment, they cannot see the face before them entirely as their view is obscured by the faces seen past. To let them alter your mood with theirs, to meet tit for tat and eye for eye, is to continue this process. Unfortunately humans are thrice removed from the sun; sun, son, and then themselves. A cold day, a cold person, and you encountering both and not turning, not turning your cheek, not showing your self as is, unfazed, unabashed, on time. You are in danger of being thrice cold. And then it follows what will the person be whom you then encounter, if they not turn cheek also. Life is a downward spiral if you go with the flow, for humans don't revolve a sun, don't have seasons. You can reverse this direction, and make yourself as great, and move toward all of humanity being as great, as a shining second sun, spreading life beyond wildest dreams, hotter and brighter. This is turning cheek. This is taking control of your season. This is being on time.

THE MEEK INHERITANCE

Another great truth of the bible, greatly questioned and laughable, condemned by the stubborn willful of the world who know that only the strong survive. Criticized as a line of opiate by the great philosopher Nietzsche. And yet a much older one more in line before the words were spoken by a savior, a Jesus, a middle prophet: Socrates. Socrates we consider greatest yet is not his speech including an idea that he admits to knowing nothing? Is he not the meekest? And the strongest? How is this possible?

Meek alone is quite right to be criticized, and will surely not survive. No truth is meant to be known in isolation, as no man is an island. Two conflicting truths in addition prove a great recipe for inheritance. That the meek who find strength shall inherit and survive. That those who learn only to take well, and those who learn only to give well, shall not prove the night. That many indigenous peoples fighting against a stronger intruder will fall and be overcome. That many weak and lacking in the necessary skills to slaughter a threat shall be overcome. But the weak who sneak strength, who watch the tide and ride the wave, who do not fight the undertow but do not let it grasp them entirely either. These are those who will stand. These are the jews, the millions of Mexican-Americans, the blacks slaves or roman and American days that ultimately integrated and changed the appearance of their captors.

Many great tragedies, ousting of jews, destruction of indian tribes and cultures, and yet something rising amidst it. That love, that interracial marriage or at worst rape, that proving

useful to the tide, that joining with it, that roaming with romans. And these, meek finding strength, they will indeed overcome. Where are these large populations in Mexico, these jews triumphing in culture in science wide many countries. This majority of color washing out the white one through propagation, not armed combat, rioting, or ravage. Every day we build god, every day we create paradise, every day the meek inherit. And those who love and see the truth, they see this paradise all around them.

But danger in a cycle of yin and yang, of innocent white downtrodden purity gaining strength and blackness. A fiery discussion of one of the most hotly debated issues in the world, the Jewish occupation of Israel, the history of the Zionist movement. A Jewish friend so hotly debating this with me over a lengthy phone call to New York, that people don't see the hardships the jews have faced, their patience and perseverance through persecution, their long slow struggle to gain their tiny strip of land for themselves, and the wars they have fought and barriers erected to protect it from being overwhelmed. I was surprised to discover that American troops supposedly never directly fought on the israeli side in the history of the creation of the country, but I was not pleased to hear this either. For something as delicate as a shift in a land's name and ownership, the world should be involved, so as for it not to seem the will of the few in an act of force, but the will of many in an act of peace.

And I must preface that I still do not know the full story, but the more I discover, the more complicated and unclean the entire situation becomes. An evening with gentleman against the Zionist movement, against Israeli power and occupation, found me with a greater understanding of the situation and no less sympathy for the jews behavior. They attacked the jews for having taken the land by power and force, having used their money and influence in American politics and news to create the legislation for instituting the country in the first place, attacked them for choosing such a place as the middle east for the location when historically it may have significance, but in practice and present it is the worst place in the world to establish a jewish state. That jews ousted Palestinians from their homes in the process of creating the country, in a way similar to the American Indians push from their homeland.

And I see here a reasoning, an understanding, for why people would behave in such a way, good people, strong people, with heart and love. It is the dangerous side of meekness, fighting to survive and gain strength, and using it broadly and self righteously in response to years of mistreatment. Only the truly meek will find power and use it wisely and carefully, not simply lashing out in deference to the crimes against it of the past. I now see a country created out of power and pride, not peace. The story is still not perfect, or still not understood, but one can see how any negativity and abuse at the hands of the Israelites, any use of power and force by them, is a response to the past. Those who imagine themselves powerless, finding power, and keeping their self image, are most likely to do damage to themselves and others, like children suddenly strong and large yet imagining themselves unable to do harm or wrong. This is a long history of the jews, going back to biblical times, suddenly finding the power to have their freedom, and dancing with it to their doom. The history of the jews is such an essay in the dangers of meek inheritance.

It is only our thoughts that daily destroy paradise, that every moment and every place and person is the best place, moment, and person to be. There was no separate eden, there was no separate paradise from which to be expelled. It was an expulsion of the mind, a clear vision clouded with judgement. Only by seeing both sides now can we return to paradise, right here on earth. Drugs and alcohol pull us towards this sight, by thinking less or thinking all, but they are only a preview of the way we can be, and ultimately impair our health and judgement in working to create permanent understanding and shaping our paradise further, providing ourselves with

medicine and a working world to support that medicine that allows us to live in paradise forever. This will be life everlasting.

And of course the planet we create from our knowledge of nature, consciously, un-drugged, air conditioned, shaded with clouds and loving rain brillianced with burning sun when we like, raining in the night when we seek not to be wet or a pure clear day to follow. this will be the paradise we envision ourselves expelled from. But it does not exist yet, we work, in and out of drugs and visions, to create it. So there. :) So your life is two things. Enjoying the natural and man made paradise created for us, and working to preserve and create more for the future. To accept the great many opportunities for help and natural warmth there is to be had, as many overcome indian cultures did so much more successfully than their slaughterers, and to hear the calls for assistance and create the roadways to provide it. To live for yourself and to live for all. To ask what life can do for you and also to ask what you can do for life.

THE SIREN

Hmm...such a modern ancient word. Something to attract your attention yet warn of danger. Something to move you. A screeching deliberately unbearable sound. In playfully complaining of the nature of the warning sounds used today, a joke with a friend, that the medical, police, and fire sirens could be a lovely one, perhaps a snippet of an opera aria. A beautiful noise with a sacrifice, that it would always be associated with fear and death, but one worth making. The lovely piece from Lakme by Delibe. A welcoming sound making you glad to make way for it, to move your vehicle, to find the law and be a part of it. Yes, this will be someday. What a wonderful thing this push for beauty as function. I laughed today thinking of all the wonderful buildings in my city of Boston, their details glittering in the sun and complementing the age of red brick towers and bays below. To think that city zoning controls the look of new structures, insuring their harmony with the others, forcing architects and engineers to be wary of the their surroundings when envisioning a new functionality. Yes, perhaps an overwhelming aria accompanying red engines and ambulance.

And it occurred to me the moment I had made peace with the troubles. When I found the proper response to their howls of danger and attention, not meant for me outside of automobile, possessing the sidewalk instead. How to face the cries not truly meant for your ears, not geared to your volume needs. Many wince and glare, their eyes screwing up into wrinkles of displeasure, not taking care that someday their face will freeze with that ugly expression, the aged with their frown canyons carved deep into the flesh of face not so far from the reality of this old wives young child cautionary fair tale. And yet at the ripe age of twenty nine my face retains much of the smooth finesse of an inexperienced one ten years my younger. It is the peace I have made with the troubles. It is that I accept what I cannot change and respond to it the only way I can, by plugging my ears. A quite fair approach really, cuts much of that volume out, but I don't close my eyes, the engines can be quite pretty, the flashing exciting, even the sound stimulating in its moderated version. If I had a car I would move it from the way, but I am not in the way, so here it is alright for me to plug my ears, to ignore if I like.

There is a great lot of your life with which you can do this. Some plug their ears too much and too often and miss much of the excitement or the help that ultimately helps them that they could provide, some find no way to make peace, they take each cry of pain quite personally and allow it to carve its negativity on their visage. How you choose to look in the long run, How you meet each siren call, is your choice. Find your way. With every cry there is the part you can

do to smooth it or at least prevent it from hurting you. And sometimes you have a window to find the source of the sound and put out the fire yourself, ride the engine to the source and douse the flame, bringing peace to many, at least two, and not only yourself. This is doing what you can, knowing what you can't, knowing the difference, and actively living either.

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO BE SMART

In a world of rabbit and turtle races, tortoises and hares, it is never too late to be intelligent. Truth being that many people who find intelligence early are spoiled by it. Your attention and how you use it, combined with your upbringing and whether or not you make friends, have a big impact on whether or not you considered yourself smart earlier. Like any trade or performed task, intelligence is a building process. Many people have put two and two together more than you have bothered to, and now have many pathways in their brains you simply haven't bothered to build, muscle development to lift things you cannot yet. Perhaps reading is difficult for you, more so than others, but this is like unbuilt muscle. The more reading done, the easier it becomes, as sentences teach words. People who know many words didn't look each one up, they found them in a sentence in a book of thousands of sentences, ones that intrigued and led to danger or murder or adventure, and the attraction of their action led to a moment taken to understand a foreign word found therein describing the attractive movement. Others have made it easier for themselves than perhaps you have.

I can remember reading Poe at ten or twelve and struggling through it, so many enormous words I had to look up or would just give up on and plunge ahead. Now after reading and conversing for many more years, I can go back to these stories and slice through them rapidly rather than sentence at a time. This is important if you consider yourself not smart, and also perhaps more so if you do, as you need to see the people around you as ignorant or inexperienced, unsold and unhelped in the task of gathering intelligence. I do not believe so much in stupidity or simple lack of ability, every human mind being ten percent used and having such infinite capacity. Look at those you see as stupid more as those who are able but haven't yet given their minds workout. The purpose of gaining this as a concept is so that you don't see so much of the world as hopeless and helpless. That most people can be on your side and teach you much if you can find a way to bring them to you, you to them. When you assume many are naturally stupid, you set yourself up for believing that something truly cannot be done, you create for yourself that rock that cannot be moved, and If I can help it, I won't let you do it. I want you to believe you can do anything if you bothered and truly wanted to invest the energy.

Ignorance versus stupidity? Did we miss this point? HELLO! FIX ME!(giggle)

YIN AND YANG

Ah yes, the dark and the light, with little dots of either floating in each side, swirling around, chasing after one another. This is life. This is living, this is moving, this is taking chances and being burned. Gray is absent, gray is what needs to be found, Gray is being the whole symbol mixed together, or the fine line that cant be seen where the black meets the white. I have taken many risks, ascended many stages, when at large party it ocured to me...the best stage in the world, where one can best be seen, with the best support for all the action you want to take. The best stage in the world is your hips. Perfectly pneumatically supporting your every

movement, one that swivels and moves up and down for you to take in all that surrounds, for you to face whatever you like.

Drugs can make you feel this. They can return you to eden, make you see that any place is a great place to be, make you feel you don't have to go anywhere to have fun. The best stage that exists, the best place to be is where you are, yet... Of course there must be a catch. The stage, you hips, eventually give out. The gift of nature, of life, is temporary, it withers, it weakens, it dies, it is not as strong as time, and time eventually wins. This is the reason why we take steps forward. Why we live and support a world that supports medicine, why we try diet fads and health urges in an attempt to last our stage a little longer. But in those steps forward, we inevitably take our two steps back. **BECAUSE IT IS WRONG TO MOVE FORWARD.** And many a stodgy old weakened frightened soul would well agree.

That we should not dabble with nature, that we inevitably go wrong in doing so. That which first finds health may indeed lead to worsen than if we never tried at all. But the truth, for now, is that steps must be taken, for we know for fact that death does exist and as wondrous as nature may prove, as far advanced and recede we may dance around it, it does prove to fail in the end. This is why we study it, work and mistake ourselves to improve it, for the alternative is unacceptable. And in defense, in working to deny the death of the meek, the fall of the American Indian, I must say, that these cultures did not allow themselves to fail as much as western culture does so readily. That yes a great many nations with wondrous powers have fallen under the European gun, but I must say, that they, like nature, are great, even greater than we, more peaceful, more in tune with nature, yet in the end, this is not the answer, and they have justly been extinguished for their sloth. **NO! Yes.**

And in thinking of evil, and perhaps a quote from Ghandi, or Einstein, that throughout history, every despot, every evil reigning dictator, has eventually been overthrown..."think of it, Every one." That even if some power did spread itself all over the universe, a negative force of strength and conqueage, did push and scour its way into every corner, this would still be a great thing. For along with that evil would come life. Life of some kind, even if it were computer. And that life cannot but see, eventually, the good in good. That love truly does conquer all. That in the end the evil would slip away, and the good it did, the life it spread, would still be great. This is America. This is the Roman Empire. Fear, fear leading to destruction, of self and all of life. Fear is the only thing one has to fear, not evil. An evil spread far and wide that turns on itself and destroys all, that is indeed something to fear. The end of the world. But even then, there would be a beginning as there was. A painting back of mine suggested that the "big bang" scholars speak of could have been the end result of some hideous cosmic war. "A gazillion year set-back, but perhaps for the better?" That even if it is the end of the world, one has to start somewhere.

The true negativity of one step forward, two steps back, is when one stays their step back, or worse their step forward, for the goal is to improve the stance one started with, to raise all. One person leaping ahead of all others and not bringing them along is just as bad as one who retreats their two steps back and cowers behind. But the most important thing to understand here, is to restore the hope and understanding lost when one hears this phrase of stepping forward and losing two steps as a result. It is not a losing play. Once one has stepped forward, they can easily return to it, as they have been there before. Video games are an illustration of this, that in exploring a cave and sliding into a pit of spikes in uncharted territory, when one returns in their second life, the placement of the spikes has been noted, and they can proceed further into the mystery. But remember that if life is about circling and playing with the perfection of nature to consciously hope to improve upon it, that in one step forward or two steps back, one is in both

instances only a step away from perfection, rather than two steps away, as perfection is the middle, perfection is nearly where you started, not that foolhardy forward step.

A PERFECT DAY

Finding perfection is quite simple, can be found at any time, by anyone. It is complete honesty and attention. In any given day you make a thousand choice you know to be wrong, that you did not think through, that you made out fear or sloth, Right now I should be out painting, but the terror of being trapped out there alone and not enough food or drink or missing art materials or uncooperative wheather, not to mention a failed compostion, keep me in here preparing food and writing these words. But you can't go wrong, in the same way. This is how we survive, that weird thing that allows us to climb trees and cheat death, that somehow it all works out, that so much is working for us, allowing us so many slip - ups. But at any time we can grasp the moment.

And a lovely and dangerous truth discovered here. That so much of life will wait, like a chore undone for sake of sitcom indulgence. The kitchen doesn't leave you becuase it is left unclean, the floor does not forsake you for lack of vacuuming. But the untempered uninformed guest may indeed do so. So much patiently waits, but as more and more of it goes undone, it does begin to limit your store of personal freedom. To keep up with them, to keep on them, to do more than you absolutely have to, this is buying yourself future flexibility. Many in their steps back, in families of knowledge and force, raise children who do not see their choices, who see the forsaking floor, much of their world a necessity and must for the moment, clean house every day or week, maintain impeccability. They are no more free than the sloth, but they have bought themselves much of certain kinds of freedom, entertaining guests for one. But then they are not as open to spontanaeity. To be both, both sides now, to be free to be messy when it is right to use that time else wh3ere, and free to be clean when the choice is easily there, this is maximum personal freedom.

An example. If cleaning keeps me from watching television, then it is giving, buying myself some freedom. If cleaning gets in the way of me leaving to paint, then it is taking freedom. What are these perfections you are neglecting. I just remembered one myself from writing this. I use this portable music-producing device that I use when I go out into the world to paint. The device requires batteries, a primitive portable energy source that is exhausted rather quickly. I conceived this idea that the batteries deplete themselves simply by being connected to the device, whether it is turned on and being used or not, so I decided to loosen them every night after use. I woke up this morning moving quickly down the two staircases to the outside and switched on the box to make the music blare, and nothing. It had worked the last time I used it, and I had neglected overnight battery extraction, and now they were drained of power. I seemed to be right in my idea and conviction, but had betrayed myself in execution.

And these little things in your life, all day long, that can destroy your resolve, are small and yet nothing is larger. For it is betrayal of self that runs deepest. Who do you most trust, who else is closer to your heart, who do you think you know more about what goes on in their head, what they are going to do for you, how much they care about you, how much they want you to succeed? Who but yourself. And in any given day you betray yourself with a thousand different things you know if you had cared a little more, planned a little further ahead, made it easier for yourself, made notes, were more responsible, than those hundred little tragedies that wear on your mind and furnish salaries to companies producing headache tension or stress relief, those tragedies could be averted, and you could save your own day.

indiana jones..world depending on it

Video games....doing it all right, no game over

Choosing not to do it right

Living more and more lives , game over, reicarnation as next life video game.

Risking

risking with nature's hand

not risking, knowing

true care

DAMNED IF YOU DON'T

Another phrase the permeates culture, a real 'downer', depressing if allowed to sink and not fully considered. A situation is described as being "damned if you do, and damned if you do not". Stuck between a rock and a hard place. Impressed by fellows having this idea, specifically of the Jewish persuasion and self proclaiming a connection twixt their culture and their ideas about life, I fought this expression with the same idealistic insufferable belief and optimism I dissected other negative truisms; one step forward two steps back. He would fret over a decision, knowing that if he continued the same way he had he would be miserable in some way, and that if he changed, there would also be negative repercussions. Let us take a look here at another of my favorite negative truisms "the grass is always greener on the other side of the fence"

If the grass is perpetually greener on the other side, then if you are to step over the fence, picture yourself there, and you look back at your own lawn, at your own grass, you see that in truth your grass was greener than that on which you now stand. This is what he was doing, but tragically, he would picture himself on the other side of the fence and would only look down at all the missing patches and dead grass that would and now do surround his feet. He wouldn't really look back and enjoy how green his own grass is. And here is a great tool for happiness. At any moment if yours seems less than acceptable, or downright miserable, look for the fence. Look for it, picture yourself on the other side of it, picture yourself looking at your grass from another perspective, and you will see that it is indeed green, you just can't see it so well from where you are now standing. This is nirvana, this is bliss, this is enlightenment, this is seeing both sides now. Moving with perfection and confidence at all times is simply a memory or imagination task. Many arguments for one negative or positive side seem extremely convincing at the time, the argument for your being miserable may be very strong, but you mustn't allow yourself to think at any time that there is only one argument, especially when it seems so concrete.

And here, so many times a day, a year, that one side of your experience, the negative, screams for attention such that it blocks out all other senses, the ability to see, touch, or taste, weighs upon you and you cannot smell or feel anything but this annoyance. It is the roar of the

battle you daily engage in and surrounds you that rattles your calm, unsteadies your nerve, distracts your aim, so that you miss much of what you are shooting for. And these are the heroes we see on television, in motion pictures, in songs and books. Heroes that somehow hit their target amidst the greatest of opposition, when the whole of the world is against them, raging and sounding. They are able to focus, block the screams they cannot yet answer, and answer the ones they now can.

I make this exaggerated example because the task at hand is so difficult. I myself certainly do not always reach this heroic stance, do not always hit my mark. Making your life more difficult, surrounding yourself with noise and challenge gives you great practice for when the unplanned moments arise. Something like painting makes one good at this, constantly aiming for the right amount of color and aiming the brush at the canvas. This is why so many artists eschew working outdoors for the quiet of the indoors....and yes you do know what eschew means, if you didn't, you do now, as I have demonstrated it in a sentences where its placement shows someone preferring something over another, escaping it. And the next time you see the word you will already have some idea of what it means, and perhaps the third you will know. This is believing you are smart, this is plunging forward, this is becoming smart, this is what you can do. To be honest I am not completely sure of its meaning, and will now go look it up in the dictionary, for the truth is, by now, the words you do not know are probably infrequent enough that you can look up the ones you really are unsure of. Again, it is very easy to get smart, I'm letting you in on a trade secret.

No, many artists cannot aim well in public, cannot paint with passers-by, cannot put brush to canvas as they like while people ask them questions about their life; where they went to school, where they are exhibiting, how old they are, what are they painting (my favorite). They can't do it because their entire personality is geared against it, and because they simply haven't done it. Myself, now I can paint through a conversation, I can paint in the middle of the highways on a median with cars honking and blaring music and spilling past and stopping beside me. Living makes life easier, doing makes ability, this is the answer to the catch twenty two of getting job without having experience.

There is an answer to every question, and the important thing for you to do, is let the answers lie that you cannot handle. Let them sit, but don't let them frustrate you, learn how to put them aside without detesting them. For complete denial and hatred of the unknown leads to ignorance, and never knowing, and never is bad, never is why death is such a great gift, that the next life you will be able to ignore less. But soon death will be taken away by law and medicine, I cannot say this strongly enough, and in preparation for this you must learn not to ignore entirely, not to hate, not to deny completely, but to put aside. To block out of sight the targets for which you are not aiming and cannot hit, so that you can hit the ones available and move on to the ones presently out of reach when you are finished.

This is the depression that many older people feel. That they have lived their lives, that they know all, nothing left for them to do. These are people who have ignored and denied much, come to answer and complete the tasks and questions they allowed themselves, and now in complete denial and ignorance, see nothing left for them to do. THIS, THIS IS THEIR HELL, created by and for themselves, this is why death is a sweet thing for them. I wish to provide an alternative.

Whoops.

Come on back now, ya hear?

Come on..... Its still good. It always will be. What would I do without you?

(A knowing little wink, and that smirk and those eyes that sparkle and that is charles....its what' you already know but have yet and seemingly now discover)

The knife.

THE KNIFE

cooking...and there was that chicken I had set to marinate in sauce.....I think I may have done it before....or it was done for me ,....by or with me.

But now I had marinated my own chicken....and there the knife, and thoughts of friends and fear and running from the self you can.

the knife.

And there it in my hand, reminding myself to be careful. The food could be left unmade, the time at hand certainly not the wisest or sanest of periods to be handling something so dangerous... But... and there it is...

The knife

there in your hand...to fix you food or cut your throat, and so many run , run from the knife, and can you blame them?

But the knife was always there to serve you. It never meant you harm. Nothing ever truly does.

I did. I picked up the knife, and I cut and made myself some chicken. And it was good.

And when you look around, at the world, at the people that surround you, you can see how many times the knife has been used. And sometimes, you just want to see it keep cutting , and keep cutting, and cut as hard as it can. And sometimes you want to put the knife in the drawer, and that seems like the place to put it, but really not. The real place for the knife to be is to be cutting.

The buildings and people around you, the great ones, are built by the skilled of skillet. And how many times have you heard...have you said...how many times have you said "I can't cook". Its just not my thing....I was never any good at it. The secret is nobody is good at until they do it. I can tell a secret of cooking, to cook most at medium, that high is only for searing, to feel and remind of the burned, of the wings singed by sun. Unless your are adding a singe flavor or final touch, but for the cooking itself, it should be done at medium. Cooking something quickly just seems like a good idea, but of course, there are reason why the numbers are on the dial.

NORTH...BY NORTHWEST

And the answer to the title...the unspoken that doesn't need to be said, the mystery wrapped and riddled, but why...why so great. That these things we hear so often in our lives, abstract notions really that seam to have meaning and mean nothing at the same time. North.

The place you want to go is North of course. That's your destination, that is the direction it would seem best to get you there, the simplest way almost always the best way. But no. Another direction added, something you'd forgotten, and wouldn't have gone that way if it weren't suggested, sometimes forced... Often forced.. Will we be able to force our own direction off course when we gain control, when we can make it rain properly at night will we make it rain during the day sometimes too, when we want to go north will we go west as well? And here, that other bit, to remind yourself that when you are stopped at the light it's a moment to consider, that nothing ever truly stops you but yourself, that is what your will is but a power you so easily forget. That when you're stopped at the light on the sidewalk and you're traveling North you can take advantage of the opportunity to cross to the other side, which you now remembered you will need to do eventually, and being stopped is the perfect opportunity to gain that. North by North west.

A great film but not so much so in a Citizen Kane sort of way. More of it being real.. More of it important...all of it embracing, building, filling in, instead of running away from or looking for an identity lost or never bothered to found. A man runs from his own life, scared away from it, pushed at gunpoint to be something more than himself. An empty slot of a character, a dummy nonexistent agent waiting to exist, a fantastic character with important consequences waiting for anyone to walk in and give it life, breath air, fill shoes, stretch pants. A fantastic world of intrigue and danger just there waiting. For anyone to come along.

The great beauty of this film is that its ending is its beginning. For me the ending of the film is rather unsatisfying, I am much more enamored of the journey and the limitations of the world made it impossible for Hitch to film on the treasured national monument, to film the deaths and intrigue he wanted to slither and triumph twixt the impassive heads of great men past, enormous monuments to fortitude and strength of will overcoming all. The all important ending loses for me its greatness in the obviousness of its limitation, that it is not the monument but fantastic elaborate painted sets imitating.

But it is a fantasy, the end beginning, a chase scene amid the heads, but how to get the characters there. That is how it the film idea started. How to get people onto the monument with something to fight and chase and struggle for. And I wept to understand this and then hear the line, as Cary Grant looks out over the domed heads clustered together and realizes he has found something fantastic when he was looking for something to save him, and easy escape from all the danger and noise surrounding, and there, his way out, even more danger, twice as much, ten times as much as any he had woven his way through so sveltely.

Cary says "well this is no good, we're on top of the monument" and I cry, because this is where he wants to be, this is the whole point of him being, this, all its trouble and hardship and pain and curves and obstacles, its great forbears for support and to watch. This is the reason the movie exists, why every action has happened him, leading him toward this one moment, this one living instant to be climbing among the heads in the imagination of a great messenger to the people. That the truth is the exact opposite of what he states, and that even within his own life, the monument chase ahead of him represents the overturning of all that is dull and unadventurous about this man who has spent his life suffering two divorces for the sculpture travailing, the missing adventure, being intentionally absent from his carefully self-created world.

Hitchcock realized on some level that these heads are truly meant to be climbed over, to be seen in majesty and yet grabbed by the nostril or eyebrow when necessary, that is what the heads are for, they were built, designed, created for this scene in this movie, and they didn't even get to be used because people couldn't see it at the time, but they could be dreamt of, painted and re-

sculpted in a studio by artisans, such that these structures, these sculptures, exist in all there millions of stone shavings and removal, all there immense stone mass left, all their careful carving, they exist only as studies, as a model for artists to create scrim paintings of that can be hung in a great lighted studio, and this is how you should see the whole of the world around you. It is there as your use, your plaything, the toys of your imagination and the raw material of the life you sculpt for yourself, the friends and the career and the vision you shape and share every day and with every word you speak. In all its importance, all its beauty, all its seeming reality, is just a model from which to create and design your scene.

Do it. Shape the world you want to end up in, design the fabulously complicated roller coaster ride of your life, not comfort and security, these are only tools, comfort is not a goal but an enabler, comfort, with-strength, with fortitude, standing easy. Finding where to stand and stand easy. Comfort is a position from which to act, the perfection with which one can survive the complicated end game that one has set up for oneself. I hope you dance....when you have the choice to sit or stand and dance, I hope you dance.

And still looking, another scene of North by Northwest, where we look to others to tell us how to stand or where, again, an idea and vision in Hitchcock's head, and simply how to get him to this place, a man alone in a space where nothing can be seen for miles, no signs, the world stripped bare. A car passes going one way but we are not looking for what's in that car and it can't help us. A car passes the other way and we look to that one as well. A man arrives in a car and gets out and surely this person is here to tell us who to be, this person has our answers, this person knows what life is about. And we try to start to talk to this person, and we tell him it's a hot day for surely noone can disagree with that but he tells us. He tells us "I've seen hotter days". Yes, sage advice, sage knowledge. No matter how hot or uncomfortable there has been worse, someone has imagined it and lived it and forgotten it but it has happened and someone saw it and reminds us that it was indeed hotter than we are now.

And then what. Are you here to meet someone? No, I'm here for the bus. Is your goal in life to be a part of mine, to complete me, to fill me, to save me, and the answer to every question, when we get the chance to ask it, maybe the answer is always yes, no matter where the other person is if they are able to look at you, just look at you, well even then they tell you something, and the man lies, he lies because he deceives you, no's you, tells the truth and you let you deceive yourself, that every word he says must have some meaning, was somehow meant to be heard by you if you can or it wouldn't be said or looked to you. He notices that the crop duster is dusting a blank area of land, and you don't listen to him. Hi, you're listening to me now and thank you so for it, you're listening now cause maybe I've steered you away and towards and maybe now you think I am here to save you, I am here to tell you who's out to get you, who your killers are and where they are coming and how to avoid them, but he doesn't, he got distracted and wrote the poor man off his radar, off his view, out of his sight, he can't even really see the man, the man isn't there for him, but you're watching and you know, and you believe a little more than him because you're not distracted or maybe you've seen the film before, but you know that this man who seems to mean nothing and have no say can't help but help the man, can't help but provide fresh insight, can't help but see the world differently and help the world with his tiny own perspective, his little bastion of knowledge that perhaps noone but someone from the area would pick up on, he directs or hints at the road not being the answer, that north in isn't the direction, that its not left or right but up. And Cary looks off in the direction and first sees the plane that will move in and try to kill him.

We all fumble at and can't help but marvel and share and point each other towards it, man's divinity and destiny to move up, to build that tower of Babel, that global Uninational

space station from which to spread our seed of life that we have found. The car going left won't pick us up, nor the car right, the man stopped, he just wants to get back on the bus you just threw yourself out of and into the world, but he can't help but to be drawn out of his motions to give the life around him a bit of an abstract glance. An odd sideways scowl.

It is what is out of the ordinary that points us toward the extraordinary.

And I don't even really know if that works, if it means anything, but it sounds rather smooth, and it will do for now...rather like that North by Northwest bit. If it fits, wear it. It means a bit more in a fashion that will weather a few seasons of things coming and going. Well we all want a good suit that will last, will provide and support us a confident gait. Artists don't even really have the time or interest in figuring out all of the hints and allegations in the mischief they create. And here you, the critic, the selector, the true controller, here my words are your Rushmore.

WHAT YOU ALREADY KNOW

well of course I wouldn't speak of such things if there weren't a catch you haven't caught. Take a moment to say hello to yourself. It's a very powerful thing, it knows better than you and it knows what you already know but you're distracted and forgot you knew it. Hi. Its me. I can see what you want, I know where it is, and if you let me, if you let me just be, I'll let you know right where its at. I can tell you. I'm you. You're at your desk, your work place, your living room, and you know where the remote is, you know where the paperclip went you know where the stapler is because you're eyes can see a thousand things if your hands will let it, and you're hands remember where they've been if you hush your mind to the loud din that is your ultimate goals and let me/them remember exactly where we've been and where we need to go back to pick up where we left off, to know where that stapler, because the hands have a different pair of eyes, the eyes different hands than the mind.

If we just let them, Let them play together without trying to remember the name of the game or how to play it, we just let them, they'll get us just what we need. The eyes aren't searching for things of importance because you've cut them off, they aren't distracted by your needful things you would prioritize then steer them through, the long, long journey of your priorities, the cars going left, the cars going right and just let the sounds and the sights all be equally important, then our heart, our inner child can grasp just what we need. Pay the two dollars. Our hands know, our hands know where that spot is to place the nobs that control the heat of the water to wash ourselves clean in, if we just let them guide us, they'll steer us away and into the hands of the police, they'll steer us toward and against our priorities when its time for us to go against them, they will remove the clay that needs to be taken and place and sculpt that which needs location, and everything must be flux, everything must be seen as potential and not solid, everything can be the ground we stand on or the dirt we pluck from beneath our feet to build a new ledge from. It's a part. Of my rock and roll fantasy. It's a part, of my rock and roll dream. And let plenty be solid, you need much of it, we all do, all need a place to make our stand, but you're just letting it be. Every idea, every 'truth', principle, priority, these are the things we don't question so that we can question other things from that vantage, but ultimately.

Ultimately, the body is a temple. Temples are made of stone. Leave no stone unturned.

Yes, the stone. Giver of strength to form, structure to obstacle. The stone in your way. And you whirl and point and look at all that surrounds, but the most important stone, the one truly and best and most controlled and gifted, the one that can be used to build a great greater temple, the

stone to be turned is you.

And I am only here. I am only here to show you how I have turned my stone. And to encourage you to turn yours. Your personality, your friends, the environment that shaped your stone, well. It is just a stone. A stone not unlike that from which David was carved, as large and flawless as you care to make or imagine it. Your past, your rich store thrust upon you, the thing you think is you and that defines you, is nothing but a stone, and you are outside of it, if you can put yourself there, if you can master passion and the world by seeing your stone as only and greatly that, if you can step outside of who you were created to be and be what you wish to create. You are the stone unturned. When I realized this, and this is free will, this is the divinity of man, you are the god that created a stone he couldn't move, when you let that scenario go, let it serve its purpose to prove your ultimate position of fortitude and dominance of all, when you move your stone, you become.

One of the most beautiful things that happened to me, finding help in an unlikely place, I set out to find proof of my idea that the drugs are right, that you are god, that you are indeed supernatural. That thought something outside of the physical world, thought itself is metaphysics. When I set out to prove this, I looked up nature in the dictionary and found the most quiet and profound of definitions that most assuredly proved quite amicable.

The definition of nature in that book was simply “t h e o u t s i d e w o r l d “.

The outside world is nature, all that surrounds this thing that is you, that is your conscious, that is this un-described and hinted at supernatural “inside”, is quite separate from the outside, natural world. And yet more fragile, and created by it. The supernatural was born of the natural, a very simple procedure we see happening every day, animals surviving the fittest, new ones adapting to weather the nothingness a little stronger. We use the supernatural, the mind, the thoughts, to go back and strengthen the nature that supports us. So that we may dream a little longer. This is the purpose of life. This is what the factory working in some unpronounceable province creating some color and shape of a toy built to entertain and encourage and perhaps even steer right the course of day of a receptionist in the management company of a hospital doing research on the diseases that weaken us, this is how he or she contributes. To the everlasting of the supernatural.

My stone, my stone was credit.

But you don't have to. You can deny me, any, yourself, and potential, for as long as you want, for now, for the time being, there are two things we can count on from you to help us, another two supposed negatives proclaimed so often and so begrudged. Death and taxes. That most likely you pay taxes. And most likely you will die. With paying taxes you pay for stone movement to be had, you provide energy to the worlds. And when you die? How can that be positive? When you die you take your stone with you. You remove the stone from our way. You leave only a picture, a memory of the stone, perhaps a false stone to mark your grave, to mark the passing of the real one, of the Gaul stone....but doesn't it pass as reluctantly as those storied soldier battling the windmills of Rome, fighting the wave of conquest, not going quietly into the night but screaming and wailing till the very end. Gaul stones.

What will your stone be? Will it be foundation, or obstacle, to the future. This is your choice, your personal excellence. But death and taxes at least will be your final gift, until death is removed, and you and we must live with your stone and move it together or forever be weighed down by it. Enjoy the gift of death while you can still give it, or be there amongst those who stand long, move your stone, for can't you see, that just tomorrow, maybe in the next hour, the

cure for everything could be sent and discovered through fax and videophone and picture and painting. Yes, even death. Even death truly is our choice. Part of me believes this and I know it can't be but at the same time I know somehow it is, and it's the scariest thing, every day could be the day, every day could be the moment, and this is why its been suggested to cease it. Or seize it, rather.

enlightenment is simply doing everything right. No one can tell you what is right and wrong, as everything is right and everything is wrong at any given point. In war murder is right, when it simply takes away an others opportunity to give to and receive from the world, it is wrong. Eventually murder may be legal, as science progresses to the point that any incident can be overturned, that you can murder and still have an individual retain their right to live, as medicine or perhaps time travel allows both to coexist. The murder or action film, the natural disaster killing thousands, can be allowed in this perfect world as it provides only entertainment and growth, and not simply the end of a story. People can only provide you with information, what has hurt or helped them and in what situation they endured either. Honing your decision skills. Not the big ones so much as the small ones, as every moment of your day, every tiny decision along with the big ones, it is deciding what to do and deciding how you want to feel and think about the world you encounter when you try to do your thing.

Scylla and Charybdis, from the Odyssey, the ship having to sail between two deadly dangers, one a whirling funnel of water that would suck them down and destroy the ship. The other a six headed beast, each head on a long neck reaching into the ship to devour a crew member. The lesser of two evils, Odysseus chooses the six heads, as six lost is better than all.

The goal

I know what the goal is, but many are better at getting to it than I am. Everyone has a hint of the goal, but they don't truly accept it. They don't think about the fact that the sun will eventually burn out. They think about conserving the life on this planet, preventing business and industry from destroying the precious world slowly created by eons around us, but without us, it faces its own natural destruction. We are its saviors, ultimately. It will be our re-energizing of the sun or our transportation of the life we have found here to newer suns, newer solar systems deep in the universe that did not have the natural fortune of accident, the perfection of distance and moderation that our planet thrives upon. Just the right closeness to the heat of the sun, just the right distance from it. Do you really believe otherwise, do you really think that nearly with the powers we have already found that we cannot create atmospheres elsewhere, create the circumstances for life with the power of our consciousness that accident alone cannot do?

Perhaps it is too much for one man or woman to worry about, child, adult or elderly maturity to conceive of, but not really. The thirst inside you is there, swelling often, reminded and forced but the solution so difficult yet not fully recognized. It is an easy one. You want it to rain at night. You want a partly cloudy day, you want the temperature to be just right. You want

a season not too cold, perhaps with the snow to ski close enough and often enough for you to reach for when you want it. But your imagination is closed to the idea of one nation, one state, one person, and these are impossible for those. Here is where faith and religion and belief and hope and friendship, here is where all that is good and just and free and needing to be spread to all, here is where benevolence and joy, santa clause, giving purely for the sake of giving, here is where all of these powers become selfish, become they are something you do for your self even if their benefits are so hard to see. Here is where you give simply because you have the strength, not for immediate gratification but for distant future presents.

And I don't know how to treat people or even myself as well as you do. But perhaps I know more what we all can use, what we all work towards, now I know that Spanish Harlem are not just pretty words to say. The truth is so far from what we want, the truth that we go so far as to fear giving, to fear our strength being taken from us, fear of being used, of being weak, of giving up. That giving up means giving our will in to the will of others. We need to see that giving up is giving, that we never lose our will we simply package it and forward it, send it off in a letter to ourselves.

Yes I believe world health and movement is possible, I believe we can work together in space and beyond, that perhaps together we can find movement through time itself, that we can create a space for ourselves that is rooted in reality but consciously created and stronger, I believe in the goals of science, I believe that cloning and the power of nature is something worth going after, because I believe god created us to create him.

But more important than all these dreams, I know that I am not capable of doing them. I am only capable of inspiring, of living as well as I can, of helping and choosing and giving and taking where and when it is right to do so. Of being my own conscious planet, of raining when people need rain and sunning when sunshine is needed for others to grow. I believe in a conscious web of life that moves forward and fast to spread beyond our planet. I believe that we are part of god and that we are the strongest and weakest parts, but the most important catalysts for the survival of god's other greatest creations. Remember it. The sun will burn out without us, all life will be lost without us, it will be a great long while away, but still, it is important to remember, even the mighty meteor that must be controlled before it destroys mankind as some movies have suggested, this could be much sooner than the loss of the sun.

I'm not so sure anymore about the protection of that spotted owl that prevents logging and industry and the raising of families and money and capital. For without the taxes and space programs and science the money raised provides, there ultimately will be no spotted owl either. And the species naturally accidentally springing up, the ones we have lost in our speedy ascent, what of all the new species we have created, the new breeds, the new animals, and what of all the new ones we will create in the future? So lovely too, a special on the reemergence of a species of egret, that no longer knew how to migrate, that it was a talent shared in its egret culture. The flight that birds gave us the blueprints for first, we then used our little plane, the breeder flew along with them to teach them where to migrate too, after the species of bird had so many years ago given us lessons in flying. Those birds gave without a real reason, they gave us flight without worrying that perhaps we might see them flying and steal their patent, their secret. They gave without thinking, and so many, many, many years later, the letter was returned to them, the gift was given back, stronger, more secure, and greater than they had ever given. Don't be afraid to give when you can.

This goal of a planned planet, this goal of total power of our surroundings, of the world we inhabit, a world that gives to us what we need to nurture us and be able to give our most and

best, it is not something you have to worry about. You just need to be as fair as you can, make things as easy for others as you can, move out of the fast lane when you are not in a hurry and leave it for those who are. You can help build a spaceship but crossing the street quickly and getting out of traffic's way when you have the energy and are in the frame of mind appropriate to fast movement, you can make the atmosphere that rains when you want it to by walking slowly across the street when it is your time to do so, you can fuel the travel by slowing the cars and reminding them that the street is also yours to take when it is right and time for you to take it. You can people the rocky waste by finding the place to make your stand and taking it easy. The power to reach these lofty goals is yours, it is the power to control yourself. A power that cannot be given to you, but can be taken away, a power to know when. Simply living your life right is the most difficult and most empowering thing you will ever do.

THE VIEW OF THE FISH

I worked at an office that was bordered on three sides by water. A stolen smoking break from work would offer me a great vista of the city, sparkling skyscrapers and a marina with sailboats, yachts, even a houseboat. A terrible affront that houseboat, I can remember it emerging for the first time, and then again the next year. The couple lived in their boat moored in Florida for the winter, and the boat reflected that southern resort state completely and the conservative northeastern style of the city of Boston not at all. There were artificial flowers all over it, American flags, patio furniture in pastel colors, even a slate welcome sign on a boarding ramp covered with the ubiquitous bright green astroturf so popular in porch decor. The large windows afforded glimpses of the equally unrefined interior, cheap china figurines crushed themselves in a sentimental crowd of onlookers against the glass. It was the only boat of that type at the expensive and therefore very exclusive marina, the owners had somehow found a great deal of money without the accompanying refinement. Appropriately, the name of the boat was "Travesty", and I laughed out loud the first I saw the message created.

Many ideas about life would come to me leaning against that black railing, blankly looking out at the city and sky or down at the boats and water. I recall climbing the nearby bunker hill, famous for its war location, once trampled underfoot by the opposing forces of a nation and a nation-to-be. A beautiful location for a cigarette-smoking break, another great view of the city, this one framed below with the red brick townhouses of another era, now again the expensive homes of the well-to-do of the city. I imagined myself inside of one of them, and an old Socratic lesson found me. I imagined working very hard to find the money to own one of those apartments, that I might enjoy that fine view of skyline everyday out the back of it. But I remembered that the greatest of views can impact themselves on one's cornea in such a way for such a time that one becomes blind to it, and can only share it with another and see it for the first time in all its splendour from their eyes, like staring at a picture with a fixed vantage point and following with a glance at blank white wall.

The point of my cigarette escapes was to move away from work, from my very surroundings, and let my thoughts do nothing, let them find something that was outside of my momentary existence, a thought that connected the past or moved into the future. There was one day I needed this time very badly, I craved it and now searched for it to enlighten and strengthen me. I forced myself to remember the grandeur of the hill and decided to make my trip there with time I had found and have my expulsion on a newer spectacular vista than the one just outside my work. And I on the hill, looking out, enjoying the view, it suddenly crushed me with a damned-if-I-do and damned-if-I-don't verity; that the great view distracted my thoughts rather than encouraging them, proved them mundane not metaphysical. The beauty still captured my

attention too much, kept me in the moment and not leaving me traveling through time.

This and its darker counterpart. That so many days of overseeing the city from the same advantage, it had become something I could see through. A great gray cross section of two centuries had become a nonexistence in my mind, a great silver blue backdrop that I could rip through daily and find something behind or in front. And the same beauty and distance of the Bunker Hill view I had not yet penetrated, could not yet penetrate, still too many intricacies I had not yet pondered and worked out, still too many 'problems' unfixed, an imperfect structural sight that I could not let go and move beyond, a framework of a house that still needed analyzation before I could shingle it or move inside it and begin to furnish interiors. And I thought of this tiring of a view, the power of its mastery and how it can rob itself from you whether or not you desire. I finished my story of owning a great city view and it ended with me feeding of others like me when I started, that the real joy is of visiting and not of owning, or if owning, of having a visitor, and not so much simply having something for oneself. That the grass is always greener means that your grass is greener to someone, above or below you in social stature, and that the simplicity or complexity of your life that may seem momentarily gray to you is the bright green astroturf of another, that them bringing their side to your true vision lets you see yours again, their spotted lawn pointing towards your completion. Sharing your life, the seeming troubles even, sharing it as it is without labeling it a trouble to the other you, you can cleanse yourself and even enjoy it.

I could see that path so clearly before me, walking through a beautifully decorated still interior toward a great glass wall of the city that slowly fades away, making my food or watching my television oblivious to the glory of that open city a glance away. And I moved from that hill back to my work, appreciating the view I had already mastered and thirsting for it. I didn't return to the hill that often after that, not with the purpose I had originally intended, for the beauty of the outside world, the distance, grandeur and space it afforded me, had taken on a different purpose elsewhere that I treasured and I did not seek to search for again, in a space that was inconvenient from my work. I realized its real purpose, it was not new beauty, but the old comfortable one I could wear quite easily and walk around comfortably, a beauty in which I could do things.

One day I gazed down at the waters surface and movement attracted my attention. The sun speared the water but you couldn't see the effect truly till something close to the surface caught it. A great school of fish swarmed about, shifting like a paper in the swirling wind, relaxing and falling slowly together then swept suddenly in a different direction, moving frantically a bit before settling briefly again. I remarked somehow to a stranger sharing the iron rail with me, not one of the office but a more rough and tumble sort, perhaps a construction worker from the office that pursued different goals. He made his view apparent to me in an instant with the knowledge he shared, that he enjoyed fishing more than most when he explained that the silver swarm was moving to escape the 'grouper'. A funny word I look at typed now, I believe that is the name, and like all names it perhaps somehow describes its activity. For the large imagined unseen fish had certainly encouraged the smaller ones visibly into a group.

And those fish. Huddling together, safety in numbers, moving frantically and beautifully simply to survive. That so much of the world does the same, so many from the animal kingdom simply trying to keep themselves alive and propagate, that this is their sole purpose, the only thing they have time for. The great comfort in that, that one has a clear goal and purpose that is always theirs, their minds not free to complicate other thoughts, to have to find their own purpose. Humans have a harder time of this, that instead of running from the grouper, we are forced to seek these abstract ideas of fulfillment, this absurd notion of 'happiness', of self actualization, that no fish or fowl has to trouble itself with.

And now perhaps you see that there is comfort in the newspapers, radio, television, movie, and novels. Not this one so much, but others. Our own lives, bereft of danger, creating rebels without causes or more safely and more often, we plunge ourselves into others lack of security. How exciting and invigorating is an action movie or adventure film, where every moment is a life and death situation, our main purpose of survival feasts on such films, escaping safety for a moment, dusting itself off from storage and lack of maintenance and bursting forth in explosions and near-misses. The great grouper looms wide on the screen and we are fish again, existential, no worries of the metaphysical sort.

“It’s just the same ol’ murder movie...but they call it the news” So much of our entertainment comes from presenting us with problems, seemingly immediate dangers of war or a killer on the loose, where at any moment someone could die, and with their genius of transcendentalism, that anyone is made out by the newscasters to be us. “And I don’t believe what I read in the papers, they are just out to capture my mind. I ain’t worryin’ and I ain’t scurrying; I’m having a good time.” But the truth these artists miss out on slightly is that perhaps many seek out the surprising comfort of disaster. That large outside problems with flash and glory are much easier to absorb one’s mind than the free floating anxiety or unformed millions of thoughts that one refuses to accept as themselves, refuses to resolve in their mind for fear of failure or incompetence or a loss of power, that build and grow as one grows older and sits quietly tortured by them. The clearer problems of others, spoken to you aloud or photographed and written, screened and filmed, these problems are literally easier to deal with because we cannot get our own thoughts out, we lack the hard-built relationships with others or ourselves to be able to speak our own problems aloud, to write about them, to get them out of ourselves and make them easier to process. I look at the plight of all people, of how problems naturally arise for any individual in a given situation, and I empathize with them. I still see them in control of their situation and I hope for them to master it, but I see what put them there more than judging them for being there. In this paragraph I have just found justification for the hypocrite. But we must allow ourselves strength where our natural progression has distances it from our selves. Having a psychotherapist must follow as a natural part of every man’s life in the same way that eating correctly and working out in a gym must become commonplace. That being human inherently creates some difficulties of desire, nature actually replaced by something else that is not yet acknowledged and cured.

We must all be and feel we are creators, gods, and not little fishies escaping disaster. For there is less and less disaster every day, we are better defenders than creators, and our functionality steadily improves. Our skill makes it daily more difficult to enjoy the simple pleasure of solely surviving. We have forced ourselves from surviving into being either slothful, destructive, or creative. These are the three steps one moves through when they have not the push of making their own way. Miscreants. A bit of amusement here in the order, the worst of sin is sloth, the second is destruction for at least that provides others with some purpose, surviving you or what you have done, and that at least is doing something. Perhaps this is the mathematical proof of the equation others have found for me but in isolation seems a bit stranger, “you can’t go wrong”. For at least in going, you are one rung up the ladder, in going well, in being creative and fruitful, you are two steps forward. But you can’t go wrong. We do not have the luxurious life of fish.

THE FIERY WILL OF MAN

Rockefeller Center, the popular destination of visitors to the city of New York. It was the

end destination of a long tour of the city, winding my way around Broadway, seeking out the buildings of beauty, the buildings that speak to people and invigorate them, give them hope and wonder and power to behold them. A tired Charles, his eyes weary, and seeking out the signs of a site that held such a great name, that had such a pull for people to come and photograph and stroll its aisles. There in the city, set down deep, a pit of white dust and glass, the skaters moving about the rink in a slow circle, many unsteady, skating again for the first time or in a long while. The sleek gold neoclassic sculptures broke the steady stone walls, glowing dully in the slipping winter evening light. I began to read, to look for signs of the man and the building, for its purpose, for its location, for the building separated and surrounded, not rising as a whole but enveloping and sneaking in on one, not confronting but embracing.

A great stone tablet smooth with rough hewn letters. Repetition of words, simplicity, and summation, the sentences proclaiming belief in the things one is supposed to. Belief in love, in life, in the spread of faith and hope, and surprising in frankness and publicity from a man that seemed such an industrialist, such a stalwart figure of money and power that one couldn't imagine a heart beating beneath a black suit. But the whole of the Center, the people, the buildings, and the words, there was nothing here but life, nothing but heart and breath and movement and variety, flags of hundreds of nations bordered the ice rink, flapping in the coldest of winter winds, highlighting the vibrant human energy.

Here amidst these elements of modernity, of only slightly aged futurism, and yet not old a day, not even born yet truly. The site was a hope, a wish of a present transformed, a vision that could be seen but somehow did not yet truly exist. Here crystallized in this present future was the past, everywhere snippets of the it, dipped in gold or bronze and dancing amid the manicured bushes and tourists. Victorious man-like gods and goddesses moved amid fountains and dominated doorways, sleek lines and solid simplified forms stating they were not the past, not fiction of a lost world, but aliens from a great unseen world yet to come, that someday they would come alive when the world had caught up to and echoed their beauty. Perhaps humanity transferred to the wonder of smooth machinery would give these ideas the power they only dreamed of in the past.

And there along the words and the statues, the rink and the flags, the stores and the tourists, the flash of photography and the lone graceful skating teacher and her apprentice, there looking down at the lowest point and yet somehow dominating and protecting the entirety of the space, the great gold sculpture of Prometheus, the god who took pity on mortals and gave them fire to warm themselves with.

FUTURE CHAPTERS AND FRAGMENTS:

THE PROMISED LAND

This is a promised land you may not be fully enjoying today. I froze my meat in a freezer, exactly one pound. I put it in the microwave and defrosted it using the meat button and selecting one pound. The defrosting was perfect, not a bit of the meat was actually cooked, only thawed as desired. There was still a little bit of toughness in the center, a little icy solidity, but I smiled to myself. The promise had been kept.

Dating Jewish men became something I did with regularity. It was not intentional, I did not ask for it specifically, but somehow we so often found each other, stayed with each other longer than others. Perhaps they were the closest to me, in my dreams of tomorrow and dreams

of today. They shared at least one of these.

Very giving often, perhaps conservative fiscally but not emotionally or with their touch, very gentle and loving. I found a man with a car, always looking to date people with cars for I had denied myself this pleasure for many years, avoiding the financial ties an automobile requires, a mental wound from the debt my parents suffered in my childhood. His car was a "Geo Metro", six years in age, a small and beat up economy car and economy company, but reliable and paid for in full. He spoke of retirement, of wanting to get out of working, and I thought of others, saving their money, saving for a time when they can truly be free and enjoy it or saving to create a freedom. These people looked at their present, their surrounds, as work, as labor, as enslaving, and wanted to be free of it. Perhaps it is psychological and traveling back in a mind to a time when work truly was slavery. Their future and presents a scream of protest still against this initial wrong done unto them. Wanting Zion, wanting freedom, wanting the promised land which never seemed to arrive but was so worth giving everything for, enduring the simplicity of life, the saving, to attain it.

An error here that perhaps only now we may explore. An error in thinking that they were enslaved, that they had to wait to live in freedom, to wait to live. This is incorrect, this is not right, this promised land and its drive are misplaced. For the moment they were in, as the moments we inhabit now, were free. They were free to live, perhaps not as they chose, as healthy, as industrious, as intelligent, as striving to attain as we may do now, but they did have many freedoms that living itself entails. That all of any life is a gift, all of any life is a promise kept, a life we may use to build a greater one with more freedoms, more promises, but not without spending some of our lives simply living in the moment created for us, by us, by god, good, nature and man.

There is not only one promised land, but several. The present changes every day, and each day, each minute, is not only moving towards or moving away but is. All are right, the past was better than the present, the present is greater than the past, the future is worth giving all for and the present does. The moment you are in, the moment now in reading this line, you have reached a promised land. The structure of my sentences, the words I am free to invent, the play or incorrectness of grammar, the stream of conscious, the running too long sentences, these are the freedoms writers fought for and gained, this is the reality it is now alright for you to experience. These words and your freedom to read them, this is a promised land. Your freedom to refrigerate your food, learn to read, express your thoughts and be exposed to others, this is a land of opportunity and fortune only imagined by peoples past. It is alright for you to drive through it in the best car you can afford, even beyond what you can afford for now you have the freedom of credit.

But all are right, tomorrow too, the next day, ten years, twenty years from now, that is the promised land you worked towards, that is a gift and perhaps greater than what you have been given. You enjoy, you create, you survive, you share, you enjoy again. Build your promised land, blind your eyes to the present so you may see your future, but not always. The way you work now, the fortune you have now, what you can see about you, these are a promise made to you by others with your same goals. Enjoy the promise of today, for in every moment, so many aspects, you see promises kept. You see the promise of light, communication, food, shelter, pleasure, personal freedom, so many promises made by people, not gods. So many promises made by people before you, and so many of them kept.

DANCING AROUND YOURSELF

smoking, drinking, drugs. Good and bad.

TO WAKE WHILE NOT SLEEPING

That your thoughts, your personality, your ideas, and urges, and desires, they are not real, they are a dream and you can wake from them. You can say to your idea or urge, to it which seems so real and concrete, that you are not definite, that this is not the destiny I must choose, but merely an idea of it, floating about, that I may enjoy or wake from.

COINCIDENCE!!!!

Create your personality...artists...actors...persona....madonna.....

Smoking

President precedent. Each of us has an infinite capacity to create belief or disbelief, an infinite store of each as well for our own use. The creation of a perfect world, what's been done, what needs to be done. Beauty is reality seen through the eyes of love
I do not think of beauty when trying to solve a problem, but if the answer is not beautiful, then I know I have not been truthful.

Change

In order to acquire the power to change yourself or the world around you, you have to love. You have to accept. The world and you are potential futures, one can say that they don't really exist, ones have said that the only truth is change, the only existence is flux, perhaps time. Many try to change or rail against that which exists, but this is similar to attempting to build a house by setting fire to the tools. The world that exist for now, this is your tool with which to create your future. The people you dislike are the friends you need to make, the connections, the pieces of your future. You are not alone, and to think that you are is a denial and insanity that prevents you from moving forward. One must accept the way things are before they have the true power to change it.

The philosophers, the revolutionaries, the Ayn Rands of the world will never be entirely successful, will never stumble entirely on the truth, because the truth encompasses all, it is not simply a reaction to that which is flawed. It is the reactions that keep us from enlightenment, it is the forces, the causes and effects that keep us swirling bewildered, out of moderation. The glorious truth and power of a novel such as Atlas Shrugged is flawed by the history of its maker. A documentary on Ayn Rand reveals that she was a immigrant from communist Russia. Without blaming her, without railing against her teachings or even reading them, one can see the her future is destined to be an imbalanced one. She is running from a reactionist government, an all too socialist society that crumbles upon itself in its extreme. She struggles and triumphs and opposite truth of Capitalism and screams for its freedom from flaw and criticism. She does not accept herself, does not accept her land, does not see that from where she is standing the grass is indeed green in many ways, and looks to our great manicured lawns as the answer to her cry for help. To read her well is to see that both that for which she cries for and the characters she fleshes her fury against, that both are correct, and in reading it this way, one can see a complete picture. It is almost as if one can read the world around you correctly and see what needs to be done, see what lies between the words

and the outcries, can see the truth even though the intention of the author may be to champion one side and denounce the other. This is to believe that nobody is right if everybody is wrong.

The world, your existence, is two things. It is the inner world of you and the outer world of the universe that is also you. You may say that you are god, you may say the you are the center of the universe, for if the universe is truly infinite, than any one point is its center. If god is everywhere than he is you. To see this is to feel comfort in knowing that any good you do for the world is not lost, it is doing good for a part of you. No man is an island because in order to be an island one must be surrounded by water, a planet, an atmosphere, a universe. The idea of being just an island is actually an abstract one, it is a word, a separation made, to be just an island with nothing surrounding it, to think of one thing as alone and self reliant and not rely on the space it inhabits, is almost an insanity.

The Ignorant Nirvana

This book opens with a quote of mine, that ignorance is bliss, but so is Nirvana. Look to two versions of paradise, one that existed and one we work to create. The paradise that many religions speak of us losing is the one of ignorance. It is the world of the uneaten apple, the unconscious, the naive. A world where evil is not existent because there is no awareness of it, the word has no meaning because nothing has meaning. A world where nothing is ugly because ugly is a concept and there are no concepts. A world where there is no death because death is a kind of clairvoyance, a knowledge of change, an idea that one can stop living in the future as a cause of certain effects, a fear of a future that exists in the mind. This paradise is no longer for us simply because we think it out of existence, simply because we begin to value and mean and judge things. Once you know what this paradise is truly, once you see that your knowledge of it is what makes it disappear, you may cease to thirst for it quite so strongly.

Knowledge and free will are the double edged sword that destroys the paradise that surrounds us. By eating the apple of eve we are able to appreciate much more fully that which we see as good, and despise and miser that which we now judge as bad, that which before always existed but we simply lacked the power to see it. We now see death and ugliness, we now have fear of loss and desire for gain. All this comes with consciousness.

Many who think and can do nothing else, many seek to return to or remain as close as possible to this lost idea of innocence, of ignorance as bliss. I do not condemn them as many who respect and love knowledge would seek to do. I celebrate their efforts, they are right to want these things, they are correct to despise fear and ugliness and pieces of knowledge that can rip them off course, can steer them into unhappiness. It is right to dislike fear and the things that exacerbate or trigger them. It is right to want a kind of bliss and escape the muddle of half truths and contradiction. It is right to simply stand in the sun and bask in its radiance, to enjoy its warmth, to close ones eyes and let the velvet orange red spread over one's vision as they stare in reverie at this bright ball of flame. It is right to love the world the way it is, to fear change, to love the wonder and complexity of that which already exists without question. It is right.

But we chastise ourselves and others for our lack of depth, our ignorance, our enjoyment of simple pleasure. We eschew the bright apples crisp tang, instead of chewing it. Some of us know that all that surrounds us is wrong, all that envelops us has a touch of evil, that it is not paradise, that we die and others die and we hate and others hate and that it will be so long and perhaps never that we can truly relax, exhale, believe, blindly live and enjoy. We fear, we argue, we know and fight, we take our stands and take them hard, we fight the nothing that is death and despair and destruction.

We read and watch and make ourselves aware of it, smothering ourselves in it, never letting our eyes close entirely for fear of being overcome. It is right to fear and struggle. It is right to learn and fight. It is right to find out what could be stronger, what parts of us need strengthening, what needs fixing and supporting and give every second of our lives to doing just that. It is right.

Of course either courses are incomplete, neither is a recipe for happiness, one must close ones eyes and open them to live well. One must enjoy the bliss of ignorance and denial to gain strength for the road to enlightenment and nirvana. But some never set out on this quest, they cling to home and nature and fear man, knowledge, and the fixings of mankind. They are right to see that leaving home is a bad idea, that it is a downhill journey of increasing peril, and here I right this book to remind them of their quest, of the quest of so many in adventure movies or stories, that embark on a journey that threatens their safety and character and leaves them ultimately in a new home. You must be reminded that the bliss of ignorance is simply not a safe one. It is a great one to enjoy but without work it has an end, without thought and struggle and contradiction, without moving against that which is established, there is death. Without mankind living and working and thinking and scheming the sun will eventually burn out and the dreams and hopes and existence of mankind will die with it for culture and belief and stories must have a living vehicle to carry them in order to keep on living, in order to reincarnate.

It is nice to live and not think of war or love, to not think of losing or the chance that one might lose. It is a bliss that many people attempt, to busy themselves with the daily doings of life with no thought to the future, no question of the present, no attempt at understanding the past. Again I support and believe in these people who make these choices but I fear for them also. I fear only because I know, because I have read, I fear because others have feared, others have chosen or tried this path of ignorant bliss and been so fully taken, so consumed and windblown, so destroyed by the hurricane of natural disaster that attacked their home, that they write a great book about it to warn, they give instruction to heal, they share their pain process and its conclusion so that we may be prepared for such storms in our own life, that our windows and doors may be secured. Ignorance is bliss but it is an unsafe one, for at any moment the ravages of life can steal their way into your safety and force their knowledge upon you, through circumstance. You can try not to think of death or the future and live happily doing so but at any moment it can storm in and steal your bliss, for your bliss is temporary and fragile, ignorance is such a shaky home, like the pigs of straw or wood, and the great wolf can puff at any moment and blow their house away.

Nirvana must be sold. It must be advertised. It is the house of brick the pigs ultimately choose to inhabit, a much costlier material that takes much more time to manufacture and assemble. Enlightenment is like that brick, it is strong and solid, it has nowhere to fall, no hole to trip and collapse into, because enlightenment encompasses the ground above and the hole. Enlightenment is like the island with the water with the planet and the universe. One can't fall off their island into the water and drowned, or tremble tumbling off the edge of the earth into nothing because enlightenment is all, is partisanship on the grandest of scales, one cannot be exiled from the world of enlightenment because there is no world outside it. The bliss of ignorance is a lonely one, for to ignore is to see only a part, to blind oneself to a vast segment of existing. When the ignorant are forced to leave their narrow window of acceptance and knowledge, the world they are thrown into is terrifying and unknown, it is hell itself. To the ignorant death is a nothing, poverty is a blind world, slavery is death and poverty. The ignorant may be thrown in prison quite easily, lose their freedom quickly and simply. But an enlightened soul always sees himself as a part of everything, there is nowhere to go in exile because everywhere is home. And this enlightened happiness is seen as being as foolish as that of the ignorant, one screams at them to experience the pain of loneliness, one rages when they see that their swords and words cannot dispel their contentment, and they call them a fool as easily as those who cannot spell or read.

The voyage of enlightenment is the same great adventure with the same goal as any more specific one of swords and castles, monsters and evil. It is a home seen threatened, a peace and life in danger of being wiped out that forces the Hobbit out of his happy hole, or an allegiance to truth and honor that brings Odysseus to his war for culture and order, the right of a man to find his bride and keep it and not have it stolen away by circumstance, by the greed of men. It seems a journey away from bliss but in truth, in distance-thinking, it is always a journey home. The home may be a different one but it is a safer one. The home is a conscious one, a new and stronger home built from experience and understanding, a home that is not alone and separate but part of a whole world, a home that is itself and the safe world around it, both fought for and protected.

Once you have secured the safety of the universe your home exists in, then you have saved your home. Only then may you truly close your eyes without fear of attack. Once you have given to and strengthened all, only then are you truly strong yourself, as you and the world around you. This is the safe paradise, the paradise of stone, the paradise of enlightenment that we leave ignorance to battle our way towards. This is the ignorant sun raising us, helping us, sparkling within us that gives us hope and strength to return to it and give back the life bestowed upon us. This is the battle for a peace that allows us to live forever. This is nirvana.

I find the men leading us to this place, telling us of everlasting love and the road to enlightenment, I find them special and yet not entirely knowledgeable. These Buddhas and messiahs speak in riddles, they often say that you must find what they have found on your own, that they cannot help you. And I speak here in some sacrilege, nothing is so great that it cannot be criticized or quantified. I suggest to you that perhaps these gentlemen found their gifts by accident, found their knowledge by the journey of their life, and cannot share their journey with you entirely for the book would be too long and could not encompass the detail and clarity needed to evoke the emotions and ideas that they stumbled upon. That they claim wisdom cannot be given it must be found simply because they did not devote their lives to finding and mapping, they simply lived and found. I am not as smart as many, I have not found as much, but what I have is carefully mapped. I see so much of the world that has been mapped and I encourage you to take certain journeys, the ones you know in your heart to be the right ones.

I believe in mapping, I believe that much has been mapped, I believe that knowledge can be given and that a few of these messiahs do not believe so much in it because they knew not how well to do it, more how simply to live right. I do not seek to weaken their glory in your minds, do not wish to drag down their brilliance, only to restore to you a tiny bit of hope that they in their humanity and fear and confusion may have taken from you. That the great path found naturally by Buddha and a man born miraculously and immaculately in the womb of a woman fertilized only by herself, by the nature of her being, by the good and god of nature and accident within her, that the natural nirvana found by these two great men may be constructed artificially by man or woman, in the world of their imagination, culture, and the paths they choose to stride upon willfully as opposed to stumble gracefully in accident.

There are those who stay home and chose not to fight the dragon, the city hall, who do not spit into the wind. These are folks who will “take their chances” with the fate that surrounds them. They will not fight a war but will wait it out like a storm and pick up the pieces, they will “see what happens.” Again I will say these individuals are right, perhaps even courageous. They are far more patient people than myself, than many of our friends in the world of the arts and sciences, many of the most gifted in providing us with great peices of our culture are those afflicted with attention deficit disorder, they lack this ability to wait and see, go with the flow. And in their defense now I analogize you with an idea. That nature and god are great, luck and chance provide for us so much

like the ball of fire that is the sun. That all that exists around us, the wind, the air, the planets and stars, reflect a certain order, a certain stumbling towards rightness that had nothing to do with the will of mankind, and in fact that we are a part of. I must simply apologize here that I make a plea for human will to create order in the face of it simply finding itself. I view this notion of wait and see as similar to a creature deciding to let the particles of dust form themselves into a molten core, and planet, let the waters breed life and spread it onto land, for all this to happen with natural time, as opposed to taking my seven days to do it consciously. I believe that everything will work out for the best in the end, and that the best end will come much more quickly with my true help.

When mankind has the power to make our own planets, in our own time, I do hope we choose to use it and not fall back on our “wait and see” tactics.

PERSONAL LEGEND

You learn from movies and books and legends and myths, and you have many of your own personal minor tragedies that are just as moralistic. there is a quote somewhere that says the best way to learn is to experience it yourself, but life is too short for you to learn everything from your own experience.

WATER

‘Denial’it ain’t just a river in Egypt.

The truth is there is too much water on this planet. Like a miserly millionaire refusing to share an ounce of their wealth, this planet exists, threatening to choke itself with its own profusion of life giving force. If the polar ice caps were to melt, the level of water in this world would raise 200 feet, engulfing most of the planets greatest achievements in architectural wealth and metropolitan glory. To say nothing of the Netherlands.

Denial of this is something that helps you get through your day. To accept this truth fully might leave you wandering the streets muttering to yourself, eyes wide in fear and hopelessness, feet stumbling the uneven pavement and littered trash. Those most insane of this world are human beings that are either in or out of denial. To think of the worlds accomplishments wiped out by the very planet that gives them ground to stand on might make it difficult for one to grocery shop, do laundry, commute to work, or pay ones bills. Denial is a very useful tool, and though much of this book is intended to create awareness, to occur to those whom things haven’t yet occurred to, All of it is like this watery truth. One can lead their whole lives without ever really worrying about it, but I suggest that there is some time in some of our days to pay it heed. And that’s all it needs really.

The acceptance of a deluge engulfing the planet is a powerful tool for other things one may have difficulty accepting or promoting. The payment of taxes. This troublesome of tasks can prove quite frustrating for many, who would prefer to keep their energies to themselves. It is efforts such as the space program, of scientific study, that may seem to have nothing to do with you, yet keep those waters from lapping at your doorstep.

I propose again that we inhabit another planet. Not because we have to, not because this planet is impossible to call our home, but because we can. We don’t necessarily move out of our real homes because we have to, though parents god bless them can put pressure on us to do so for their own purposes. We don’t have to inhabit another planet right away, find a way to make an atmosphere on a barrent world and begin carting our things up and travelling to it, turning

wasteland into fields of green or neon sign and excitement, the way of Nevada and our Las Vegas. We don't have to right away, but its something to dream of and work toward, if not in thinking or actual self-steps taken, if only in the willful payment to our government who can and are working on these projects.

You see, if we created and controlled the weather on another world, with our nuclear science and ideas and sciences we have yet to create, we could perhaps begin carting some of our water there. We could allow the ice caps to melt, or begin slicing them up and condensing them with our new technologies, making them light and compact enough to escape the gravity of this world. The ice caps are akin to the weight around your hips, or the money you truly don't need for yourself. The extra energy you have created for yourself that does you no good but can do great things if separated from you and allocated to a place where they could bear great fruit. This is investment. This is return. This is taking what you truly want and need from the buffet and leaving the rest for others to profit and grow from.

ROLE MODEL

“While there is still one man in prison, I am not free.”

Many people engage in an activity of being a role model, intentionally or as a natural result of their values. One can be a model smoker, a model pervert, a model drinker, a model bully. For any action that has been put upon with a value of good or bad, there is a certain value to it found in moderation. And those who act in accordance with this become our role models for the evils so heavily beset upon by those who wish to stamp them out entirely. Greed, lust, sloth, excess, all of these used properly can reap great benefits. And more importantly, doing so, and sharing ones story or making their actions visible to others sends a message, helps ensure that these actions endure in their proper place, a book such as Atlas Shrugged speaks of virtually nothing but this action. When you find the right time to do the “wrong” thing, do it proudly and as visibly as you feel right in doing. This is being a role model for the delicate art of the white lie, for those who suffer the excess of philosophy, who deny themselves entirely the dark arts, put themselves in very unhealthy places where it is difficult for them to survive in the complex world where the rights are sometimes wrong and the wrongs sometimes right.

The truth that we have been sheltered from too easily by parents, media, or culture looking to simplify things for us, is that nothing is entirely right and nothing that completely wrong. A pugnacious child discovers this early and can easily torment a parent, especially without a sibling to engage in. Many people make up a culture and they find out by accident and trial and error what aspects of their humanity bring about danger, discontent, disease, or death. They tag these rogue behaviors and quickly try to expel them using police, how they raise their children, moralistic entertainment in the form of movies, novels, and holy doctrines. Now that I understand this I do not bemoan any of these actions for I know where they come from. They are borne of fear and disaster that have befallen people of the past.

Most importantly many of these ideas about what is good and evil that people discover are true to a large extent and should be spread and cautioned against. But in terror of repeated disaster, a great number move to strike them out entirely, to remove completely from society that which is found to be dangerous and potentially unhealthy. Here we see the creation of the links in the chains that come to bind us.

I am a model pervert. I do not engage in acts of subversion or the pleasure of leather because there is something missing in me. There are many who would say the kink is not their style, that they have no use for it, that it disgusts them in others. I believe they see and think of the many who engage in it doing so to fulfill needs within them that are otherwise unmet. I too see this as unhealthy, and I agree with them that perversion is unattractive. But there is also the comparatively rare existence of people who have met their needs, have fulfilled themselves in healthy and wholesome ways. People who engage in acts of chain and whip on the same level of those who create entertainment with murder and explosion. That in an increasingly safe world the excitement and memory of conflicts past is recreated in the spirit of the sport, not of need. For these people it is healthy and courageous on their part, it is human of them to do for the sake of doing, as an act of will not need. And when these tell me of their experiences and look to me for support and belief in them, I agree with them as strongly as I agree with those who complain of perversion. The simple truth is that both are right.

I AM MYSELF

The true self must be simplified as a concept and spread as quickly as possible for so many mistakes are made with it with no hope or immediate future of change. 'You', or the self, is not your thoughts. You are not your feelings, which are a product of your thoughts on some level. Your self is not the physical body that surrounds you and responds in a biological and some would say natural way to the world around it. We have defined nature here as 'the outside world' according to Webster's Dictionary, and here too it applies to the body, so close to us, always within our vision, always sending us signals, streaks of pain and rushes of pleasure. But this is still not our self. You are you mind, this very special thing that should truly be free of all of these others, free not in a biological or literal sense, as the world around us supports our existence, but separated in order for us to take full responsibility for our selves and not blame or reject based upon what this outside world pushes us to do.

You may be struck by this as a radical idea. You may spend much time thinking that your thoughts are you, that your emotions are you, and act on them accordingly, blaming your "self" for your actions. I will not permit this any longer. It is you that have chosen among the thoughts and feelings sent to you from your mind and your body. It is you that have chosen, nothing is larger than your true self, it is you who have made a decision to succumb to outside forces. I forgive you because I remember how often I have done this and continue to do it. And it is the easier choice, to make that mistake one more time, to allow yourself to be late again, to have the extra piece of cake knowing the immediate pleasure followed by the not too distant stomach sluggishness and upset and further the expansion of skin around a stomach that could be more shapely. It is you that has made the choice ultimately, not the style of living you have been trained in, not the cake that someone has chosen to put before you, not the primal hunger or response from the nostrils, but only you. For none of these have the immense power to make even the simplest of actions, that power is yours.

Feelings are an amazing resource and should not be discounted. They are quite nearly a supernatural gift, seeming to tell us things long before our individual thoughts and rationales may prove an idea true. Feelings are a synthesis of the mind, a coming together of several or a great many thoughts at once in such a way that they are no longer distinguishable and we can be thankful for that. We can describe much of love as a feeling, as 'love at first sight' a feeling, and if time permits we can begin to look at some of the thoughts that back up this ephemeral and elusive experience.

A great love is made up of many hundreds of thousands of thoughts and happenings.

Understanding Hitler is one of the most powerful tools one can acquire, it is disaster on such an epic scale that grasping hold of it unflinching provides for smooth rides through the much smaller indecencies of a day. I believe Hitler was weak. I believe he knew better, and lacked hope and faith in humanity. He was struck upon by many things, raised in a country broken by a war it had lost to a world. He felt many times an impossible struggle of a reality that surrounded him and fought against it the only way he allowed himself to think of, to destroy that reality. To think in the abstract terms of a world and of an existence, it may be more easy to willfully forget the humanity ingrained in it. He slaughtered men like cattle, like a sculptor striking chips from a stone. Hitler fell to denial of the world around him and focused only on its destruction and the building of a new one with an idea of what that should be. This is the greatest act one can achieve but theoretically impossible as in humility any man in his right mind knows he can never have a complete enough idea of existence to be so bold as to destroy what he thinks is wrong and raise that which he believes to be good. And yet this is the act of our every day.

Michelangelo completed a series of paintings in a building called the Sistine Chapel. A man of intense determination and sense of self, of incredible fastidiousness, he had a great deal of control over what he chose to cover the walls and ceiling of this building with. I believe it is a celebration of the self and what it can achieve. I will not reference the ceiling, but I will speak of the frescoes that arch atop the rows of windows just below it, and of the great wall at its back. The semi-circles of paint and plaster have relatively simple images compared to the grandeur of the rest. They are human beings, huddled together, existing, thinking, looking, waiting. The excuse for their being is that they are the ancestors of the man described as Jesus Christ, the one at the center of the back wall, one hand raised, the other lowered. To me they are images of a mind, they are a history of thoughts and influences, they are the emotions of the soul batted about in a world of nature and people. They wait, but at the same time they work to create something, they struggle and think and hope and reflect moving forward. And their work is seen at the center of the far wall.

The figure occupying the space in the center of this wall, known as the Last Judgement and created under the pretense of being Jesus condemning and elevating those souls decided as being good and bad, that figure to me is the self. It is the model of our daily struggle, the model of our choices in life, to separate out what is truly right and wrong in our world and act upon it. It is called the Last Judgement, but in the glow of genius it can be viewed as every judgement, as every action we take in the changing course of our lives. A man such as Michelangelo was tormented, almost unnatural in his quest for perfection, and this overwhelming image should not and perhaps does not daunt you from being yourself. In abstraction, this is only the judgement, not the action. It is only a model, existing entirely in the mind, it is not the physical realm. The mind left free and true is as pure as this central figure, but we need not act upon our perfection at all times. The figure are not truly humans, and the figure of Jesus is not truly our living acting bodies. Jesus is the collector of thoughts and feelings here in this rousing image. He is our self deciding what is right. But we as humans, once ourselves have collected our thoughts, raising some and deciding to damn others, we may still chose to do what we have found to be wrong. I myself know the difference between right and wrong and it does not prevent me from doing either one. And here perhaps I should extend my list of what is not ourselves. Thoughts, feelings, emotions, natural impulses, and our own judgement among them, this is still not ourselves. Judgement is its own selection, weaving a path from our mental decisions to discover what the action is that is right and good and pure for all. But we do not have to do what is right at all times. We have choice. We do not have to help every person we know that we can. Here

is where we keep our insanity, where we maintain our personal power to win the battles we choose by not expending our energy everywhere we see it needed. We can do what we choose, whether we know it to be right or wrong.

"That's stupid"

1. (a quote from ed)

translate that (of course everything you say is right)

"that's illogical"

and here I can agree with you. There are lots of negative characteristics of things that come to you, like music and movies and books...when you can, (and mark twain suggests you develop the ability) ignore the negative! WOW! what a concept. yes, ignore the negative so that you can enjoy what is trying to be brought to you. This is a very great ability, and is what allows me to appreciate much of what I appreciate. This is NOT something you want to engage in all the time...as myself and twain suggest. a little at a time, as it is hard. and it doesn't mean spend time listening, watching or reading total crap.

but things that are great that have faults....these are things you can take in a little at a time and get the benefit from them.

A butterfly enjoys and is pure enjoyment, cause it doesn't judge. butterflies aren't judges..they are creatures of enjoyment.

Its hard to be a butterfly. Its a lot of work, of the twain kind.

I have these discussions not because it is so terribly important, not that you aren't already really really great....but little areas where you can be greater are HUGE areas in other people, and If I can fix little things with you, I can fix big things with other people that really need the help of an artist. So don't mind me when I make a mountain out of a molehill with you (which I do ALL the time..if you've noticed...)

;))

So try to develop the ability to not care so much when there are stupid things about a movie or song. It just gets in your way. your butterfly way.

read more of my book. :)

there are other books that I have received much of my philosophy from.....that we weren't removed from the garden of eden, its only that we gained intelligence and knowledge and those things create judgement. things started to look good and bad around us, so it SEEMS eden was taken away....when really it is our daily thoughts that keep us from enjoying the world around us on an 'eden" level. Drugs return us to this feeling of eden. Drugs are a preview of the way your life can be if you practice Mark Twain-like ideas of not letting your judgement get in the way.

Does that make sense?

;))

c.

ASTEROOOLIGAY

well did that work....can we talk about this word if I give it a different spelling?

Remember it IS a part of our world, whether we view it as hogwash or snail excrement, astrology has been around for some time and many many people still refer to it, so, when we are feeling strong enough, lets tackle this subject. Very VERY flowery, Rodin, Monet, Renoir.....Raphael....pretty pretty stuff. Easy solutions for people categorizing (WHAT? We are HUMAN...we aren't tied to some star chart for our PERSONALITY!!!????). It is a starting point.

You began in a world that follows days and nights and years, and most likely seasons. The moon does effect you when it is full, if for no reason there is a wakefulness accompanied by their being more light everywhere somehow. If you started off your life in spring, you have a different outlook than someone who started experiencing things in WINTER. Think about that,

of course it makes sense. And each day, each hour, of each month, IS A DIFFERENT PLACE on that scale of seasons. People who live near the equator....maybe not a part of their culture and with good reason, but it is a part of ours for many very good reasons. But skip this chapter and turn to more palatable ones, anything it takes to get through it...maybe never come back to it, give the book away to a friend when you are done with it...someday when you are ready it will come back to you.

The stars....your relationship to the universe, your natural mission, or the strenghts imprated to you by the stars of that night who have seen so many similar days as your birth. Something to your START...not what ultimately defines you, but a lot of what you have to work with. I am a taurus, a bull....I was born may twelfth, the hieght of spring...it makes sense that someone who's first life sensations are spring would leap into life with horns a-goring.

MORE

Save the day. Make more money, Make more friends, produce, live, love, grow, get stronger. Why? All those millionares sons...they had no drive. All of their needs were attended to. They could surround themselves with a world that was beautiful and full of beautiful exciting people. But it is not enough.

They couldn't go anywhere entirely comfortably. They couldn't go to Mars. They couldn't travel to another solar system. And its not just a matter of investing money in a space program, because then you are limited to the talents and intelligence of those people...you are limited to your own drive as well. You have to share your life and drive with everyone, you must make it everyone's goal to be free and to be able to travel anywhere, everyone's goal for there to be more life, more control, more freedom. Because ultimately no matter how much money you have, it is not enough. It is only the will of an entire planet, the will of a whole of the world, that can accomplish truly great and lofty feats of spreading life.

So you invest whenever you can, whenever you have the strength, in anyone. You give general relief money to save third world populations, because someone that grows up there and lives successfully through your support, someone there may grow up to travel to a first world, to get a great education, to take the particular accidental unusual blend of their life, their surroundings, their flora and fauna, their parents and culture, it may be that mixed drink that provides the fodder of intelligence for the cure that will save your life from whatever might otherwise end it, or the genius to study the mechanics of travel and bring you to where you might want to go. This is the real and true altruism that is great and powerful and positively selfish. That you cannot smile without them, can't laugh, can't sing, find it hard to do anything without the world around you. The stronger that world is, the more you can truly love it and help and inspire it, the more you can do.

You have weaknesses, we all do, we all have a mixed bag of what helps us and what holds us back. Some are stronger because they have received more help, or they have helped themselves more. They have empowered themselves by choice or inspiration. They are not better than you, I am no better, excepting in that they, for whatever reason, have chosen to seek out the path of greatness. The path is there for you as well. There is plenty of it they have not yet taken, in comparison to you....infinite is equal. They have infinite room for improvement as you do, so no matter how great they are, this equalizes you and them.

There are things you cannot do and you may be right. There are parts of the way your mind works that are different from others, partly as a result of upbringing, partly as a result of the

mental paths people have made for themselves. There are parts of your mind that are not yet connected, every time anyone puts two and two together, their mind now has the ability to do so and can step further beyond that. The more you think, the more you read, the more you listen, the more you do anything and find right ways to do them, the more you are then able to do. It is possible for you to learn anything in your lifetime, and the more you learn, the more you are able to do so.

You can do anything, but it is possible that others have a better start at them than you do, and it is better for you to leave the perfection of some tasks to others and choose to do what you are best predisposed to. While you are not working on anything, while you are choosing, simply become better at anything that comes your way, do your best at seeing any aspect of the world around you. Get a universal education at a university. Many feel frightened of listening to someone speak of something that does not directly relate to their life. Be not afraid. For understanding anything, putting together any aspect of the world around you with the help of another, creates a path your mind is now capable of taking.

I studied genius. They gave aspects of what linked people of genius together, of what made them great, of how they came upon their discoveries. Often it was bringing together some element that had nothing to do with what they were working on, nothing to do with their art or science, yet understanding that branch of knowledge opened their eyes, opened pathways in their mind to be able to think outside of the box their knowledge was trapped in, able to put their own peices together differently and discover solutions. This could seem a nightmare and does to many people who have sought intelligence. The idea that everything is important, everything is valid, that idea can be a horror greater than any visually visited slaughter or tragedy.

Once the mind travels to the idea of everything valid and important, it proves a portion of what it originally feared. That not only are they not interested in the problems of others, but if they allow themselves to become so, they must then do it always, that you must care so much about what has been preached that you should, on top of all of this you now must follow what has yet to be proven as important. No. You don't have to do anything really. And the fact that you can always work, means that you do not have to so much when it is clearly pronounced by history and friends. If you can learn and grow strong from listening to everyone, you don't have to worry so much at the times where it is advertised as imperative. You find yourself in the presence of greatness and feel responsible for taking every moment, every second you can, an exhaust yourself on a trip to a foreign city of time -tested greatness. You can do this, but realizing that strength is everywhere, you needn't kill yourself.

Take your time. Take it when you have the strength, sometimes when you don't, but don't feel that you must take it even when you haven't the health. Taking your time means going as fast as you can successfully. Relaxation and vacations are a sometimes a sign of weakness, not that you are slothful and indolent, but that you have worked too hard, you have butted your head against walls and life and spent an inordinate amount of time giving, and now you must take, take all, take in one great chunk of time. So much action that you must now balance it with total inaction, discomfort so that you must now be nothing but comforted.

A vacation is a tool for yourself, I may be so bold as to suggest what it truly should be? But anything is better than nothing. A vacation, like love, ideally should be taken for the fun of it, not because it is necessary. Many people refuse or cannot take a vacation until they absolutely need it, greatly due to the intensity of their work or because they do not feel comfortable with the idea of taking something for themselves, the idea of giving has become disproportionately attractive and important. They know better, they see others taking vacations,

they hate them as they hate themselves, or try to see the other person as needing what they take to be generous to their spirit and not accuse them of the sin of selfishness.

(Fragment)

THERE IS NOTHING I CAN DO

What a boldfaced lie. Or rather, the truth, but a misleading fragment of it....no, not misleading in a sinful way... It is almost a plea... It is a request for an end, a break, a vacation. And your response, if careful, can expand it greatly into finding a way to yes, if not for the moment, at least for the future you's that come along. And if in this discussion, the talk of inaction, the description of a blocking of movement or action, within this conversation you may decide for yourself to leave it alone, to allow the block to continue because you yourself cannot see a way out of it, cannot see a way that would be practical even if more time, drive, effort, money, and intelligence were applied. There are many things we cannot yet envision, or have not the energy to do so.

When someone gives up on helping you it can mean many things

that something has not been suggested.

That the desire does not yet exist to do something about it....market, advertising, supply and demand

That doing it is not that much work but creates more work in the future

that not doing it is a blanket decision to squelch all discussion, as openness to individual cases takes up too much time and hurts production.

That something has not already been done

The sentence there is nothing I can do, when seen as a piece of a larger one, becomes slightly less absurd and certainly much more hopeful.

Pushing to extend this sentence is a choice to be made by you, and perhaps always good for you to see it as a choice and once done better....a choice you make with great moderation.

It is a slap to the face, to be unhelped for any reason, and it should be treated as such. Treated in the same way Jesus would, that it is the admittance of a weakness and should therefore be treated with the tenderest of care, that when the slap occurs one's first instinct is to get defensive and aggressive, when really the foreseen attack is a defense in and of itself. Asking to speak to a manager or simply someone else who is working should be done perhaps ideally secretly. You do not want to always highlight the incapacity of an individual, for that is a slap also. You certainly do not want to get angry with them for that is showing the bruise...you turn the other cheek, Jesus suggests, not because you want to have a bruise on both cheeks....but because the act of showing the bruise, an act you have control over with the muscles in your neck...the act of showing the insult that person has bestowed upon you, simply the act of highlighting that they hit you, can be an act of aggression. Instead of working to help this individual, or moving away from them and leaving them to work out their own difficulties, you remain as a monument to their problem, if you do not turn the other cheek and show a fresh you that has not been hit by them, that has seen their weakness but chooses not to reflect it or upon it. Or if they do choose to help, they would carefully talk about it without giving the defensive attacker a constant visual reminder of the effects of their flaw. This translates into not getting angry and aggressive when someone tries to tell you they cannot help you.

I'd like to live in the future but I wouldn't know how to run all the gadgets. I guess that's why reincarnation is so great. You are forced to learn everything over, and thankfully, forced to forget that you ever thought you knew how to do it another way. Death and reincarnation are the greatest tools for eliminating negative attitudes toward change, one of the greatest of them being the argument that if it ain't broke don't fix it. One step forward two steps back.
(fragment belonging somewhere in a previous chapter)

NON PROFIT

No, not non-profit. People work their very hard and commit much of their income to a government. They want great things for themselves and they want great things for their country, so they try to make as much money as possible. Most of the people committing money to taxes are working at a job under a company....and supposedly they don't care how much the company makes, or how well it does, because they are not the captains of the ship, they allow themselves the comfort of not concerning themselves with issues bigger than them, only of showing up to work on time, doing their job, and making sure nothing goes wrong. Robots, automatons, conscious cogs in wheels that do invest mental energy in making sure that as a cog they hold themselves together. And if moving forward is made the object of their work, they make extra sure they show up on time and extra sure nothing goes wrong. And that is viewed to them as success.

Government, the captain of captains, the head of heads, the ruler of the kings of industry; this exalted position in our world is held more low than that of the middle class working man. The working man may have hobbies and a dream of greatness and riches, of philanthropical retirement, while the government tries desperately, with check and balance, to insure that its money comes only from the people and special interest, that it only take money, as charity and pull from industry, that it refuse desperately to make a profit lest it be seen as indulgent and corrupt.

Stop, the love you save may be your own. Meager government bonds, loans....is the government doing enough to make money, more importantly, is it even a goal and does it allow itself the right and the idea to do so? We have our system of checks and balances, weak though it may be, we have the right idea in checking ourselves for squander and purity of moral purpose. But are we using it, or is the issue of money such a terrifically tasteless one that the issue is carefully avoided? Non-profit is never a good idea. Its not even capitalism truly, it has much darker shades of red leaning more toward communism, the democratic liberal ethic of larger government and commonwealth brought to its philosophical and destructive end. Republicans may be correct in thinking that too much government control and money spread thinly through welfare and charity are ultimate recipes for disaster to the big business providing the money, jobs, and market to produce the money these things feed on.

For the split of Democracy and Republicanism, taking too much control and giving too much followed by periods of loosening control and tightening wallets, this spirited banter in moderation makes for fairly good days in our United States. But there are the holes, the depressions, dug out of by our wars and economy boosts. And here a place seen where money is made, other, perhaps, than the tourism of our cities and towns and real estate landfalls...in the creation of arms. Not arms to make with, but arms to destroy, to 'defend'. It is our companies one excuse to truly flood the economy with jobs and industry, to make things, to make war. Signs on cars declare the hope and suggestion of a curious day when schools have all the money they need and the powers that govern us must hold a sale of baked food to build a plane to bomb places with. I know not if political figures see these declarations and what their reaction is, but I know my own and I can imagine what

the teachers secretly think when they put these declarative stickers on their vehicles. That theirs is a hopeless thankless task that will never be valued and has no hope of being properly funded. I know that they believe that the government could simply chose to take more money in taxes from the dirty rich, from the belly-busted beaurocrat, from the homicidal and narrow minded war captain. But this is still taking, it is not producing.

A bakesale is a direct value created, taxes and other funding for schools are a kind of forced hobby upon people to a distant future they see as their children and grandchildren. It is a painful stretch for those living in the present, working and existing for the world around them of today. It is for the better, to care for one's children as best as possible, but this morality lesson should be made as easy to spoonfeed as possible. The government should only be taking money when it needs it, to start itself up or to give itself investment. A much greater percentage of taxes could be construed seriously as a loan, to be paid back as social security. But without a product made, without interest charged or realestate developed and rented, money for government services finds no other source other than taxes, lobbyists, and the occasional war. One day schools will have enough money, because the government will be carrying on bake sales. Hopefully on a much grander scale, but the idea is the same. We do want more for our children, we do want more for our nation, we want better parks and bridges and public transportation, better cities and sewers and utililites. We want the greater home of our whole planet, of our solar system, of intergalactic travel and cities in other places made attractive available and affordable for ourselves. But to do that, we have to allow our civic world to be in part a productive and profiting one, that provides itself and us with more than what we started from, more than what we put into it.

ST. PETERSBURG

Yes, creating atmospheres and life on other planets, moving populations there, giving ourselves more options, creating a world as fantastic and special as our own that is entirely concious a great city with a great garden interspersed perfectly among it, with planned oceans and clouds and rain and sleet. With all the things the artist have found to love about our world, all the perfections and pleasantries and all the dark arts, the morbid and the irksome that poke us from beyond and keep us on our toes. But first there must be made a success of other places.

Some people delight in stories of the great civic attempts of leaders past. The king or ruler deciding to set out and make a new urban center, a new home to their parliament, to leave the bustle of the hodge-podge slow war torn growth of their old capital and attempt to bring about a sudden new one in a concious and planned fashion. Dreamers and pragmatists of this kind are often supported and assualted by the will or lack of it in their population. When you are young, you act the way life should be, when you are middle aged, you busy yourself with the way life is, when you are old, you are preoccupied with the way life was. Change is very hard to make, as humans, as concious animals with mental devices of survival, once one is found the suggestion of a newer and as yet conceived or proven idea of making ones way is far less attractive. They have lain with, they have bedded down next to the discomforts of their world for so long they have forced themselves to love what they have been given, even cherish it for what it is lacking, and come to view a newly approaching path as a threat, as a denial of the values they have found, as betrayal, as adultery.

People view that fledgeling younger part of themselves, the part that never liked what wanted for fixing and improvement, was never satisfied with the weather or the streets or the buildings, the part they killed and matured through, they view it as their downfall, as their weakness, as what prevented them from enjoying their world, and killed their own protests. Or they busied themselves so much with what was greatly wrong at the time, needed fixing, and was fixed, that we fairy godmothers of our own world, spoiled with the greatly perfected one we have found, busying

ourselves with what little cracks left that we see as looming gashes in a house of usher....that they busied themselves so much with what they were fixing they had not time to see what had yet to be fixed...that they blinded themselves to such subtleties so that they could focus on the big picture. These are some of those who would challenge and oppose the support of St. Petersburg. And while they are here, until hope and courage can be sold, spread, and start turning a profit, until a full success of the St. Petersburgs and Braziliias of our own world can be made, My dreams of converting and populating other planets seem distant indeed. That is the stuff of this book...too try and see how big the grand scheme can be, and what fears and self loathings, misunderstandings and interpretations, can fall in the way of working towards it.

THE BRIGHT WHITE LIE

Suggestion of the existence of the white lie has been made, and accepted by many who walk this earth as a tool of communication. It is most surely to be continually brought under scrutiny, as its use is so much more frequently destructive than ever is productive.

The Gospel Truth could be translated to read “the great white lie”. That a man named Jesus was born I have little trouble believing....that he could walk on water in certain places of a large sea, where the land happened to nearly meet the surface of the water, I can also vividly imagine. That he could raise a man from a coma, or a near death state, also seems highly probable...that he himself could rise from such a state also makes much sense. The draught of wine and fishes....and a few others.....seem to be a bit less a part of this world and more of that of a dreaming mind.

We have proof that several of the twelve apostles practiced the art of lying. Jesus draws attention to this and fails to condemn, allowing them to damn themselves. He speaks that they will betray him three times, and they cannot imagine doing such a horrible thing to someone they so greatly respect and revere. They truly lie only here, to Jesus and themselves, when they denounce the word of Christ and assure him that although he is the son of God, He must be truly mistaken. They love him and would not denounce him to others, no matter what situation they might find themselves in.

But when they are separated from Christ, and are harranged by Roman soldiers with pioned spears and scowling questioning faces, when faced with the death of their knowledge and experience, the power to share the word of Jesus with the world, given the choice of the extermination of the unshared words living in them and a white lie to protect their earthen bodies from the blades of as yet uneducated men trained to kill that which has been decided for them as death-worthy....They chose to deny christ for the moment. And so should anyone, so should any human being deny their beliefs for a moment to live to spread and live out their lives after a moment has passed. Give unto ceaser what is ceasar’s means to lie to those who need and desire lies. I can tell you that my employer, who cared very much for me, wanted me to couch my leaving work for a haircut with the lie of having a medical appointment. Until such days when things are allowed for such as freedom of religion, until such days when that which enlivens us and keeps us going is legal for those who hold us in some necessary and supportive way, until it is legal to have a five day workweek instead of six, to have lunch breaks and 15 minute breaks, until it is legal to nap at work during our human natural siesta time, we must continue to white lie our way out of what we need, our existence is a bootlegged one. It is therefore logical that the richest among us are those best at lying, for they are most capable of sustaining themselves and their needs, their lives, in the face of those who would

challenge or appose it, they are most capable of white lies and often a bit of gray or black lies along with them, giving the rest of the wealthy bad reputation.

The Gospel was lived and written by humans. Here in this one certain area we have evidence of them lying, it is easy to spread that to excuse anything else in their story told to wow pre-science audiences with magical feats of an extraordinary man, wow them long enough to share with them important understandings of life and loving, helping to make them more productive and happier with a little free fish and wine, a few impossible healings of lepers and once-blind eyes to rouse attention toward the use of understanding and forgiveness, of being able to sacrifice one's own perspective to be able to see more of the world and ultimately further their own. It is possible that a few of the teachings of the bible, a few of the feats of the stories, were tall tales. They were glamorous actresses and actors, they were explosions and fight sequences, they were stunts and walls of water separating to allow passage of those arriving at the right place at the right time and taking the right action. And they worked their magic to get you to listen to the more important, humbler understandings you needed to gather.

Science and technology, historic biographers and archaeologists, can heighten or dampen ones belief in these stories from the past. But don't worry them so much, the book and the writings are as valuable without a blind faith in incomprehensible feats of courage and *deus ex machina*. The bible is valuable to anyone who lives, it is thousands of years of mistakes and knowledge gained from them, it is stones found underwater to guide yourself around. Where it may be lies, many were lies to help you if they were indeed great. For helping you in addition to oneself is always greater than just helping oneself. Being the only one in the world with a car or a ship does one little good, it is many owning them, the development of roads, ports, and or people capable of understanding how to sail and steer that are able to help you use your own talents.

So one can read the gospels without holding one's breath. You needn't immerse yourself in them completely, needn't follow them utterly blindly, for doing so might get you into as sticky of a mess as apostle who couldn't grasp the concept of the white lie. To believe utterly and blindly is a great tactic when the situation calls for it, when he who hesitates is lost, or until one has a more complete understanding. But looking before one leaps, understanding the terrain and the rocks, is often a great idea for those who have the time, waiting in line for something they desire, a place they want to go. To tell the truth is to take a leap, one of faith that the other person will understand your position and the path you have chosen as righteous. To lie is to hesitate, to not believe for a moment, to feel the person you are talking to can and will understand you but not in this moment. Believe that much that will do you good in life is wrapped in lies for your or the benefit of others. Allow that greatness is often flawed out of the necessity of the moment.

SUCCESS

My father became a truck driver.

“Without deviation from the norm, progress is not possible” Frank Zappa.

In order to truly achieve and make great and new things in this world, one needs to know the truth of this quote, while knowing something this quote does not say and does not remind. That without a norm to work with, progress is also not possible.

Picasso was great because he had a great FATHER for an art teacher. Patronizing and listening to what people tell you to do is bad when it is ALL that you do. Do your own thing AND what people tell you to do.

One or the other in isolation is simply 'less'. I'm successful because I listen and let people tell me what to do freely. I can without fear because my independence is so utterly intact. It puts you in an excellent position to do a little blind following without being led off a cliff. People who have developed these strong independencies go through reverse mid life crisis....they start doing everything the way everyone else does. I had a mid life crisis at 27. It was easy to start doing things the way others do...because for me it was doubly 'alternative'. for a wild man to make himself tame....well if you keep the wild and just add the tame, that makes you wild with the skills to really BE wild.

1. 'It takes a little time sometimes...to get your feet back on the ground. It takes a little time sometimes....to turn the titanic around.'" (some pop song)

Haste and Hesitation