

Beyond Understanding

Solitary Friendship: The Release of Intuition

Preface

"Straightforwardness without civility is like a surgeon's knife, effective, but unpleasant. Candor with courtesy is helpful and admirable."

- Sri Yukteswar to Paramahansa Yogananda.

Civility and clarity:
I claim neither,
I'm working on both.

Dedication

Jesus was crucified in his 33rd year,
where I am now.

By the time you reach this age
you realize that everyday,
somewhere in the world,
someone is being crucified.
For some we have a hammer,
for others we bear a cross.
Always, — we're in the crowd.

I will always have a warm feeling for Tim Fish
for sharing so honestly
his life as poetry with me.
His example encourages my efforts
to transmit the reveries of the soul.

Thank you gentlemen,
Thank you.

7 Sept 83

Beyond Understanding

Preface

Humans

Open Your Eyes
Wounds of Time
Imploding Borders
Monoculturosism
I'm Glad I Can Ask
Think For Yourself
Hyper Fake
War Within
Families Are Revolution
Hitler is Not Dead
May Day
Living Rock

Pay

Econowar II
Cough Up
Free to Buy : Economics
Work A-B-C's
Suburban
Plan to Pay
Humanation

Drugs

Drugs
Haleem Scarem / A Bust
The Drug War
Silicon Sensations
Ingrown Youth
Rare Wine
Make Money
Beam Me Up Scotty!
Nightwatch

Dedication

Makes

Race-Weapon Bound-Free
Nuclear Peace
Micronucleosis
U-Grade Survival Aptitude Test
Say What?
Kremlin Gremlins
Antidotes

Critics

Be the Doing, Say for Play
Letter to P.U.
Stepping Stones

Friends

Eyedropper Buddies
Compassion
Jim Fish
Jim & I
Friends & Bombs
Demeanor

Wife

To the Wife
St. Valentine's Day Triptych
Dancing With the Dream Disruptor
Dry Clean
Hookered
Between Buses
Casting
Homelife Yeah

I

Lifer
Lonesome No More
Rules for Living
Patanjali 33, #1
Kivas
Stone Water
Drain Rock

Disembarrassment
Patanjali 32, #2
Smell the Roses
Passed Friends

References

Humans

Open Your Eyes

I look at nothing
and I see everything.

The American Dream:
no-fault stupidity.

With right on our side:
every would-be hero requires a victim.

Abortion, overpopulation:
not enough love to cover our fucking.

Believe in the system:
prosperity doesn't spread
however much greed is popularized.

We forsake war:
delusions of grandeur.

Seeing is the dream of living.
open your eyes.

17 Jan - 30 Mar 83

Mounds of Time

In ancient days when things were slow
lives were as infinite as time.

Everyday living flowed in the ancestral way:
unchanging deep into future generations.

Eternity was now.

Hurry was unnecessary,
accomplishing nothing
and arriving nowhere.

How else could people labor over everyday objects
fashioning astonishing beauty and art
by hand?

Today in the go-go world
things are fast.

Always late, behind and frustrated
in a tiring rush of scheduled busyness,
we miss life
even before we finish living.

Alienated from our ancestors
and estranged from our descendants,
we are isolated, disconnected links
where the ancients were sustained
by an endless chain of being

25 Feb 83

Imploding Borders

Only in a country as fabulously well endowed as America can such destructive illusions be generally held for so long. In places like Chad, India and Caribbean San Lorenzo's truth cuts to the bone much more quickly. If these people are to survive, they must anticipate the revolution we in America will inevitably have to face. There is certainly no hope for them if they adopt our fallacious lifestyles. They simply can't afford the upkeep on our gold-plated psycho-technological turkeys. Third worlders need grain, seeds, hoes, shovels and Pokononism, not F-16's, casino Hiltons, submarines and Billy Graham video cassettes. Quarterly earnings and mass marketed wish fulfillment are to be had though, so American turkey exports (as well as alien imports) are booming. Too bad.

Just as our managed politicoes are dragged along by the motions of the paying electorate, so will a wide and slow America be dragged into a new planetary consciousness by surviving third world realists. This could be a bit dicey. The small fry straightening out the world's Baby Huey will have to sustain his tantrums.

Where would we end up, I wonder, if as a nation we defined our interests as human rather than political and material rather than economic. Probably like the Anasazi, so perfectly blended into organic Earth that our legacy would be nature itself, without trace of glorified individuals or caches of hidden, decaying symbols called money.

7 Mar 83

Mono culturalism

Language = Cultural Absorption

The trouble with monolingual anglos, like Reagan and people of that ilk, is not so much that they have anything personally against the poor or nonanglo, but that they have never personally been multicultural. Any Native, Spanish, Black or Asian person in America really is a merging and conflict of different cultures. The Spanish part of me is, thinks and feels the world differently from the English. The power of this is in balancing and channelling enhanced favorable aspects, the danger is in being torn apart by the dicotomy. Not having in him any of a culture that has been dominated and oppressed in our country, Reagan cannot feel that multicultural experience, hence: fault-free ignorance. One would think that a handicap like monoculturality in our multicultural society, would disqualify one to lead. Not so?! No wonder the Russians feel they will bury us. Fortunately, they always copy our mistakes.

19 Jan 83

I'm Glad I Can Ask

Communism = Fascism = Dictatorism

I don't believe any of the silly propaganda about Communist countries, but I do have one question for their leaders. Why is it Mr Andropov, Mr Janselski, Mr Pinochet, et. al., that life must be so dreary as a consequence of your rule? What is it about the chaotic sparkling of life that frightens you into such suffocating darkness? Why must you cower trembling in fear behind the biggest guns you can find? Is it really worth having the lead by impoverishing the play?

29 June 83

Think for Yourself

Independent thinking is the greatest threat entrenched power can face. Pol Pot executed all professional, educated and potentially independent people in Cambodia. Today the country struggles to recover from national lobotomy. Independent truckers go on strike in America. Those who can't or won't are shot at. Independent how? Jehovah's Witnesses litter my doormat with beautifully illustrated pamphlets warning me to "fight independent thinking" because it is clearly a tool of the devil. Pity poor Jesus, all the fools and scoundrels that use his good name for their chicanery. Bill Buckley, the dean of the American school of conservative thought, sent me a form letter recently. I have not renewed a gift subscription to his magazine. Bill worries that left (yes Bill, very) to my own devices in a cold, intellectually unfriendly world I may stray from the camaraderie of sanctified, predetermined, republican dogma. A philosophy evolved by European pirates, slavers and their descendants must surely uplift our spirits and be enshrined as the national soul. Boot from anybody, booty for a few: corporate propaganda, subscribe now.

This little note is just to say "fuck you" to anyone who requires I subjugate my thinking to their dogma, party, union, campaign, crusade, god or organization. You are the killers, enslavers and colonizers for ideas; the missionaries who poison the existence of the free and happy with their own psychotic litter. Stick it up your ass good and tight. I don't want any of your shit around here.

And don't any of you out there make me a scapegoat by agreeing. Think for yourself.

1 Feb 83

Hyper Fake

The trouble with Americans
is that they do not know how to relax.
They give themselves
the freedom of continuous interruption
and the obligation
of instantaneous response.
All you need to demonstrate this
is a door bell
or a telephone.

Peace is achieved
by behaving according to expectation.
In this way
you can manipulate
to get anything.

What a drag.

15 April 83

War Within

Peace, like salvation
is never found all at once
— hidden under a rock —,
it is a continuing process
channelling life's flow.

Once you have forgotten
the experience of war,
you lose the ability
for peace.

Both
are to be found within.
Recognize this
and contact them there.
End your need
to absorb others into your strife.

A true disciple of peace
demonstrates peacefulness
in person,
despite his circumstances and condition.

External solutions
are blinders to reality.
"If only they"
equals
"I really don't want to know."

18 Apr 83

Families are Revolution

True Revolution is Family.

Fuck money
and the atomizing, fissioning society
that pulverizes personality and family bonds
to the benefit of political mass psychosis.
Fuck the exploitive economic sludgdoms
that chew up natural and human wealth
to strew the slime of polluted consumption.

The Road to Success:
material consumption,
monetary aggrandisement,
emotional divorce,
familial abandonment,
human exploitation,
and ego-glorifying self-delusion.

Split atoms
Split personalities
Nuclear families
Nuclear war.

19-25 April 83

Hitler Is Not Dead

Look around you; India 1947, Cambodia 1978, South Africa now. Do you really think the monstercular, charred corpse displayed by Russia is the end of Hitler? Then don't land in jail in Chile or Iran. That paranoid, conformist spirit that expresses itself as anti-social traditionalism is thriving today. The neurotic defense of prejudice and bullet-enforced regimentation are the political expressions of the day: Idi Amin, Pol Pot, King Bokassa, La Guardia Civil de El Salvador. Many nations have the fever and governments drift as far in this direction as they can. How far do you think Ronald Reagan would go with a free hand, constitutionally uncuffed? How far would you? Popularity is guaranteed, despots generate amazing support.

Leadership, security and certainty are illusory. They are the propaganda of enslaving fascist conformity and are incompatible with the chaotic, inefficient, interpenetrating freedoms of honest democracy amongst responsible individuals. To be lead is to be enslaved. To be free is to self-motivate and contribute.

Hitler is dead and Stalin is dead. Is it really over? The infection that was Hitler has been eradicated by the selfless effort of millions. Yet though diluted, the disease he represented has spread. Look around you.

20 April 83

May Day

The most precious commodity on earth is human consciousness. Everyone tries to get as much of this as possible. "Think of me", "think my way", "pay attention to me", this is the continuous braying of those who devour you with their love or want your work, time and money.

"I love you" = "I want to own your attention."

"Join our organization" = "Our brand of rote is best."

"Subscribe to" = "Buy our paranoia."

"Vote for" = "Believe in the goodness of our self-interest."

Well I say fuck them all. Revolt. Hold back as much of the conscious you as possible and suck the pigs for what you need to live. Give in and they'll drain your soul faster than blue flies cover shit or maggots suck-dry a carcass. Most people give in, and love it.

Hitlers then and now have it so easy it's disgusting. Revolt secretly and enjoy lonely freedom. Revolt openly, and they'll kill you.

1 May 83

Living Rock

Why are we so interested in social suicide right now? Our memory is short and perhaps, though we don't want to admit it, we are ready for sleep again. Limiting ourselves as people only gives us the rise of civilization as our memory. We are blind to the open memories of lush, inland tropical seas slowly evaporating into the intense, hardbaked desolation that is the Great American Basin. If we allow ourselves to extend as low as the rocks, we find we are ageless, and the energy of the earth is free to channel up through us. How else could ancient Hopis have lived barehanded in a land of sun and rock with such astonishingly sophisticated culture. Those who are truly strong need little power. The ancient Hopi challenge of life was to migrate through this world-life with the minimum use of their mystic fatal powers. Life is by definition regenerative, recycling the weaknesses into strengths. If we believe ourselves to be weak, we may disguise this from ourselves and others with displays of external power. If we had the strength to live connected to the rocks of the earth, to realize the human extension of the life of the earth, we would find that something as measly as nuclear bombs could hardly do us any harm. Why this preoccupation with our weaknesses now? It's a puzzle.

Listen people: stick to the paths and don't bring garbage into paradise and it will always be ready for you when you need the wildness of freedom. We've climbed over, pawed and pawed over our earth so much that we're left naked in warm, public grubbiness. With dreaming we could have been fortified behind the powers of nature: barehanded earth gods.

I am the living rock of the earth.

I have seen the people come and go
within a moment's time of changing breath,
a pulse or two of thought,
a blink in one day among many.

Life is short for people greedy to exploit it.

23 June 83

Nukes

Race-Weapon Bound-Free

The nuclear bomb is fearsome
because it is the weapon of race warfare.

When the Mongols tried to erase
Mesopotamian and Persian cities,
individual had to back individual.

When Euroamericans tried to eradicate redmen,
individuals had to shoot individuals.

When Nazis tried to clarify the Europeans,
teams had to operate death's assembly lines.

Hiroshima-Nagasaki and Dresden:
overnight race-war revenge.

Nuclear weapons offer instant fulfillment
of monolithic, mass-minded race hatred.

Our problem is not that our weapons
are nuclear,
but that our technology
is weapon.

The L-5 Virginians
built high-intensity love-ray amplifiers.
These tapped the natural magnetic love-attractions
within all beings,
and amplified them
to all-enveloping manic-flood levels.

The L-5 Virginians immobilized planets
into withering balls of mass-minded love-compulsions,
then moved in to take over.

Freedom is a gift and responsibility.

Our duty of self-defense
is a challenge to rise above race-mindedness
to stay free.

⋮

How can we rise
and expect to ignite enlightenment
in the hearts of our adversaries?
I don't think we really can
if we expect to see the results in our lifetime.
Better to plow our lives
into an effort spanning generations.
Your acts and thoughts should merge
as one regenerative flow:
the yoga of living.
Only after our kind has turned over many such lives
can we expect to see the ingredients of freedom
everywhere.

9 June 83

Nuclear Peace

The wishful idealists who protest nuclear weapons and armaments spending don't really understand the nature of people and the profitability of current warfare. A hot nuclear war would kill the goose that lays the golden egg, but as long as greed is the dominant passion, politics & industry incorporated will never let that happen.

National political powers externalize their fear and project it onto each other as an excuse to capitalize on labor in the self-aggrandizing production of armaments. Arms are more often a commodity in economic war than instruments of destruction (thank goodness). In fact, armaments spending is the economic policy of Ronald Reagan's United States, all else is subsidiary. As long as the focus of evil is "out there" and as long as any imaginably "unthinkable" catastrophe must be mechanically prevented at all cost, our armaments industry will thrive. This massive industry is so integrated into the American economy (ditto Russia) that few politicians can oppose it without electoral retaliation. Even though any other form of national spending is financially more efficient and socially profitable, nobody is willing to risk missing out on the munitions gravy train. Tuitions are paid, research is funded, production lines are opened, votes are made, careers, jobs and campaigns are underwritten and many egos are preened. In America, where guns are glorified by human sacrifice and health is ransomed by corporate medicine, it is hard to imagine our money not being poured into gee-whizz ray guns and high flying jorjiclers. Who can get excited about non-desertifying organic farming, multilingual education, no-fault health care or eco-compatible mass transit? "Money to buy power, power to protect money." (Leonardo da Vinci's boss). It is our attitudes that are killing us, not our weapons. Using current updates of 16th century technology (imported at a profit) the people of Mesopotamia and Persia are slowly and assiduously annihilating each other right now.

Nukes are instantly so what? Do they justify the fantasy of nuclear peace, an effortless, painkilling illusion that dropping

defensive armaments imposes instant and eternal global peace? How much easier this would be than the daily grind of continuing conflict resolution, which relies on a prehistoric survival skill: human contact. Reagan wants rayguns to eliminate nukes and spread a bubble of protection over America. What good will ray guns do if we keep thinking like Klingons? The idea that a higher level of technology will alter or elevate our behavior is as foolish as the belief that defenselessness is possible without consequence. 1st century Christians could maintain their faith, they could not deflect lion fangs.

The physicians along with Dr. Helen Caldicott who crusade to eliminate nuclear weapons focus on a symptom and ignore the disease. The most frightening prospect these doctors have to face in the event of a nuclear war is the largest uninsured medical emergency in history. It would be better if doctors and psychiatrists banded together to illuminate for people the essential truths of human personality, which we abandoned along with our ^{birth} and irrational, extra-sensorial experiences in favor of mechanistic philosophies. Still, Dr. Caldicott's campaign is not without merit. It provides a release of tension and anxiety through a social activity and it draws attention to matters that deserve widespread thought and discussion.

We have to make the effort to understand ourselves individually if we are to understand the roots of peace and conflict. A population of individually integrated personalities is the foundation of a cohesive, multi-faceted society. We should model our culture on the confluences and interrelationships of nature instead of the fallacious, self-serving, 14th century projection of vicious, atomizing conflict. The paranoid, consuming passion of armaments building and the fantasy of imposing peace by forsaking war both spring from arrogance, guilt and fear. The fault lies in ourselves, but so does the solution. Nuclear war is best fought within - & be brave. Once we can look inward with clarity and at each other realistically we will be able to build accurate defenses without threat to the world.

5 April 83

Micronucleosis

We will never destroy ourselves with hydrogen bombs — punish ourselves maybe — but never destroy. We keep making them smaller, more compact and human in scale. Eventually we will have micro-nuclear grenades that radiatively kill households, individuals or even cells in key nerve sites like heart pacers and cerebral cortex ganglions. The trend is toward pinpoint accuracy and kill radius.

Individuals, groups and governments all want to trim, prune and shape the human social organism to their personal specifications. Individual survival coupled with this environmental molding behavior has resulted in the cultural absorption and technological refinement of social pruning shears without human extinction. Cultures have vanished but the species survives. We've progressed from bronze swords through steel gunbarrels to hydrogen bombs.

The big bombs were the early ones, the locomotive size "supers" that blew away Pacific islands. Today we have sharp little get-down smoothies cruising on radio controlled whisper jets and sliding over hills to drop their eggs right on the money. Microsurgery has replaced amputation. In the future we'll have injectable rad-mines and orbiting ray blasters for disrupting intrapersonal and international communication: incapacitation without killing to overcome.

The concern for man's survival is unfounded, disappointment at his lack of development would be more appropriate. In the time ahead, anyone of us may get pounded by hostile human actions, but this is not the fault of nuclear bombs. We're just too stupid to live any better. If you develop character from within, you will be as prepared as possible for whatever happens. As more of us do this the spectrum of possibilities to be faced improves.

Las Vegas
12 Apr 83

U-Grade Survival Aptitude Test

Nuclear weapons are a challenge to our skill for survival. Actually, the challenge has always been with us, using the technology of the day to mirror the society of the time. Today the technology is cloaked as nuclear weapons. Stanley Kubrick, creator of the most brilliant commentary on nuclear war, "Dr. Strangelove", has said that all lines of thought concerning nuclear weapons lead to paradox. You can verify this for yourself by pursuing the logic of the conservative reductionists who contrail nuclear destructiveness, and probing the sentiments of the romantic pacifists who fear the painful loss of guilty pleasures, the flip side of nuclear might.

Paradoxes are overcome by transcendence. Darwin evolved life on earth, Planck quantized physics and Einstein made it relative to transcend the great scientific paradoxes of the 19th century. Nuclear weapons can be thought of as a self-grading survival aptitude test for industrialized humanity. The solution will never be found by the "new and improved" technical fix philosophy so dear to our gadget-loving hearts, nor by the "flip-the-channel; thinking-on-this-gives-me-a-headache" attitude so typical of our problem solving. Well then, how do you transcend the bomb? More to the point, how do you escape the potential agony? The only way I know, is to nullify war producing social behavior within the context of your life. The Sermon on the Mount is a good place to start, absorb that and you'll transcend anything. Buddha, Lao Tzu, Vedanta, guides exist a-plenty. Besides negating your contribution to the summation of human stupidity, you will be an encouraging example to the people you experience. Living example is more potent an argument than the jawboning of an ass. You can best improve society by developing yourself in harmony with reality.

But can this freeing enlightenment prevent your suffering in war? Maybe not. In your lifetime, you may be nailed to the nuclear cross, or just mugged in the streets. However, Swami Prabhavananda and Christopher Isherwood suggest we ask ourselves: "which would be easier — to hang on that cross with the enlightenment and non-attachment of a Christ, or to suffer there in the ignorance and agony and bondage of a poor thief?"

31 May 83

Say What?

It is not possible
to have intelligent commentary on the bomb.
How bald does stupidity have to be
before you recognize it?

Charity begins in the home,
so does war, peace, love
and every other friggin thing.

There is no reason not to start being intelligent now.

15 July 83

Kremlin Gremlins

Moscow is ready, willing and anxious to conclude a comprehensive, binding nuclear arms limitation agreement. Its basic problem is getting the U.S. to go along. Moscow knows it can never outproduce the U.S. arms industry, that is why the economic relief afforded by a treaty is viewed as essential. Moscow knows that truly effective, surgically precise force projection is to be had with micro-electronic, psycho-kinetic and biochemical weapons. The objective, after all, is to control events, not obliterate possibilities.

19 July 83

Antidotes

Just as alka-seltzer and jazzercise
permit us to overconsume
sweetened, inebriated cholesterol,
so money permits us to continue
the pure joy of dullwitted consumption.

Nuclear bombs
are the purest expression of our intent
to be Ronald Reagans
dining in Continentals.

6 June 83

Pay

Econowar II

We accuse Japan
of waging economic war on us,
yet the bombs they drop over here
they freely shower on themselves.

Superior people recognize achievement;
inferior ones discredit
what is beyond them.

18 Jan 83

Cough Up

Health is a consumer commodity,
like beans, votes
and toilet bowl cleaner.
Air, water and love
are in market research
right now.

18 Jan 83

Free to Buy : Economics

Most corporate successes do not believe in a free market economy. They resist their own demise through changing market conditions. Rather than allow their assets and personnel to dissolve into new enterprises and technologies, they try to buy out, fix, stall, manipulate and sabotage inventiveness and infant industry. Look at oil companies and solar energy. The successful practitioners of free enterprise believe in the flow of money through free markets for only one time and in one direction: theirs. Prosperity doesn't spread however much greed is popularized. What corporations really sell is consumption addiction, what they really work to destroy is individual self-sufficiency.

18 Jan 83

Work A-B-C's

A

Management confuses:
travel for activity,
paranoia for security,
bookkeeping for calculation,
money for satisfaction,
and talk for money.
They lose productivity,
unions spring up,
and they wonder why.

B

Regardless of time, place or mission,
the budget is always too low.

C

Work for the sheer pleasure of accomplishment,
the celebration of craftsmanship,
the enjoyment of human company,
the satisfaction of family sustenance,
the yoga of challenge, discipline and denial.

Absorb your experiences through contemplation,
distilling wisdom's insights
out of life's sweet times and trials.

All jobs are trite and boring
and therein lies their challenge,
so be creative, stay alive.
The universe within is where your spirit flies.

1981-83, on the job.

Suburban

Welcome to the bullshit
of the middle class,
your job ain't worth the effort
but you need the cash.
You dream of making millions,
you know that's a laugh.
At least you get your Sundays
pulling out crabgrass.

Pile into that railcar
hope it runs today,
got to get in early
so I can wait all day.
Maybe this vacation
I can get away.
Hope I get that bonus,
I got a lot to pay.

Yeah,
I got a hole in my wallet
where my freedom used to be,
they tell me that it's called
responsibility.

July 1980

— unfinished lyrics to a projected rock classic. MB.

Plan to Pay

The way of jobs:

if you're not prepared to stay for the duration,
you're not allowed to stay at all.

Employers don't want you to just work,
they want you to join up.

You provide them with much more than labor for money,
you provide them with freedom to plan.

In real life

you have to deal with a no-promises,
anything-can-happen world.

Yet employers only offer subsistence
to those willing to become predictable resources.

Waste is guaranteed.

Unused capability is never allowed exercise.

"Busy or not

we pay for eight hours
and want to see them spent,
useful or not.

Don't do anything
unless we tell you
and wait right here
to be told."

You wonder why people are stoned at work?

What's worse

is when they demand that wasted time
be spent hyperactively.

Imagine:

high power, low mileage
and slow as shit.

Often it's called success.

Your need to survive
is a free market commodity.

Now,

let me tell you
all you have to pay...

30 Mar 83

Humanation

In manual plants, owning capitalists hire labor to work the machinery and generate profit. With automated plants, owning capitalists harvest profits automatically, labor feeds itself. In humanated plants, the public share equals that fraction of the assets and profit made up by automated operations. This public gain is used to hire competitively and sustain that labor which is positive yet self-directed. Thus a humanated plastic cups company could have a matronly quilter, a cedar bow maker and an ace cement form builder on it's staff who would be working in the community. The size of a workforce could rise and fall with the economic tides, but with humanation, machines would support the enrichment of human labor. Think of that: as long as you were willing to work, you could work at anything. Nice dream, too bad the owners are so keen on pulling our chains.

15 July 83

Critics

Be the Doing, Say for Play

Words mean nothing.
Criticism is junk.
Creation is the key.
Action is the way.

I would rather converse
with creators of the 2nd rate
than co-snobblify
with rigorous standard consumers.

19 Jan — 28 Mar 83

LETTER to P.U.

While I am sure some people have had a wonderful P.U. experience, I could see no evidence of this from my own personal experience and observations. True, my stupid persistence resulted in a degree, but I now realize what a pointless illusion that was. Neither you nor the business/government community is actually interested in increasing the participation in learning, research, and technology in our nation today. Short term profits, professorial empires, campus monuments and peer group status far overshadow any commitment to the advancement of our species. There are many schools and dedicated, professional teachers (totally lacking in your academic bag) who stimulate and nurture individual personal growth in their students, without the traditionalist ballyhoo, usurious cost and degrading emotional carnage of your smug, elitist sewer. I saw more enthusiastic, willing individuals exploited, deceived, discouraged and disposed of, than worthwhile scholars produced. P.U. actually reduced, rather than contributed to, our nation's human and technical resources. Professors are the Emperors Jones at P.U. (where Paul Robeson was denied entry and whose birthplace community has yet to name a park or street after him). P.U. professors are narcissistic, sexist incompetents who expend their energies spotlighting their own spineless egos while engaging in dishonorable backbiting and disgusting displays of irresponsibility. The disparity between stated P.U. ideals and actual behavior is wider than the Grand Canyon. I do not believe that the disappearance of P.U. would represent any loss to humanity. I make it a point not to advertise or volunteer derisive or disparaging opinions on people and places I've disliked. I realize that all human experience is individual and others may find salvation in my hell. I address this letter to you only because you have provided me with a self-addressed, stamped envelope. My message is this: the most you will ever make on me can be realized by saving the cost of all further postal litter targeted for me, and by reducing your database by one name.

5 May 83
Manuel GARCIA

ph.d. 78

Stepping Stones

Some write poems
carefully crafted,
fully drawn,
closely integrated,
three dimensional,
finely shaded,
and colored in.

A beautiful roller coaster path
hand guiding the reader
through a story diorama
whose luscious images amply illustrate
the flow of sensual simulation
connecting entrance door to exit.

I need only enter
and file through the corridors of wonder
to leave assured
of delight, surprise and admiration.
Sit back and relax in this artful outer limits,
they will adjust the vertical and horizontal,
the contrast and the hue,
the sound, balance and equalization,
the intensity, duration and progression.
Experience infusion is complete,
passive wonderment guaranteed,
the bookkeeping by analysis reconciles.
Simulating experience in others is rare art indeed.

I lay out
an island archipelago of thoughts
intimating realizations that are whole.
I invite those curious and game
to connect the dots I toss
by leaping like mountain rams
dragging the ribbon of reason behind.
Tint, shade and texture from the well of your experience,
highlight and illuminate
the submerged obvious within.

How do I keep you dear reader
from pin-balling helter-skelter
and ping-ponging hyperactively
between the hard mubs of idea?
How do I prevent you from mapping out
a criss-cross cat's cradle of confusion?
The challenge of my art
lies in hinting a direction
that engages intuition
before reason looks for maps.
For many I must fail,
but the few like-minds I hook are close.

Whether from Michaelangelo or a miniaturist
we all thrill before those pools of art
whose rich patetues of allusion
enliven panoramas of imagery
that enfold our falling in.
Perhaps I insult intellect
with dot connecting child's play,
yet maybe
what once flowed easily
does not flow child-like still.

24 Mar 83

Drugs

Drugs

Fucked-up by all the shit I take.

Smoked two filterless Camels,
Jesus!, I could hardly walk.
This has gotta be an altered state of consciousness.
Couldn't drive this way nohow.
Christ!, these things are bad, —
they're legal?
Maybe they don't turn you liberal, —
or queer.

Coffee and sugar,
no wonder I never sleep.
Burning up and burning out.
I'm always dead on my feet.
Never rested, nothing gets done,
I'm dragging now-stop top-speed.

I like having a good time
and liquor is 'spose to be quicker.
Take me out bottle, take me all the way out,
but please let me die before tomorrow
cause I don't ever, ever want to feel
that fucked-up, clapped-out,
wretched stale shit hung-over again.

Christ!, it's legal, all legal.
Shit like this oughtn't be allowed.
Maybe it don't turn republicans into democrats,
and democrats into communists,
so it's O.K.

I don't know man,
still sounds fucked to me.
Drugs is drugs,
and my body doesn't like any of them,
even the good ones

24 Jan 83

Harem Scarem

My first true love was cars,
my second true love was girls,
my third true love was drugs,
good God what a crazy seraglio!

A Bust

An Oakland policeman died today
of druggie's lead slug of the brain.
So sad, so sad, so sad.

America you pay them both
to plug the need
and kill the fear.

19 Jan 83

The Drug War

Uncle Sam uses counter-espionage
— U2's! —

in a war against alternative consciousness.
People who believe 1984 is far away
are wrong.

Thought-war for consciousness control
is here today.

Real peace will arrive
when disarmament includes thought control.

Till then,
we could never have too few weapons;
after that,
weapons just won't matter.

Take control of yourself
and of no one else.

10 June 83

Silicone Sensations

Arcade games : Fantasy simulators.

"Fighter Pilot"

"Racer"

"You Boat"

"Dragonslayer."

An escape ?

or preparation for the actual experience of reality ?

Neither.

Practice for the unattainable reality of our dreams,
the sensations of lives
we will never live.

7 Mar 83

Ingrown Youth

Mandatory youth,
the American disease.
Discontent with the present
is one stimulus for development past youth,
adulthood is here-now living.
Compulsory futurism:
arrested development
expressed as obsession with the future.
When you come to accept the fact of this world
and begin to live in it,
you become capable
of contributing to the improvement
of everybody's experience.
Grow up, and grow out

6 June 83

Rare Wine

Why?
My boy,
the wine is priced high to keep you healthy,
otherwise
you'd drink your craving at an instant's trigger,
and we just don't have that much.

8 June 83

Make Money

Make money, make money, make money, make money,
make money, make money,
make - a make - a make - a make
yeah yeah yeah.

Make money, make money, make money, make money,
make money, make money,
make - a buck - a duck - a duck
fuck fuck fuck.

Make money, make money, make money, make money,
make money, make money,
make yourself a - lotta dough
oh oh oh.

Make money, make money, make money, make money,
make money, make money,
don't listen to the sour - grape
ape ape ape.

Make money, make money, make money, make money,
make money, make money,
make a - fake a - make a - cake
shake shake shake

Make money, make money, make money, make money,
make money, make money,
money money honey honey
make make make

Make money, make money, make money, make money,
make money, make money,
shoot for loot and kill for bills
doot doot doot.

10 June 83



Beam Me Up Scotty

Many people today want to make contact
with intelligent, extraterrestrial life,
yet how many of these people
really try to make contact with themselves?
Beam in.

10 June 83

Nightwatch

The sun melts into a luminescent orange pool that fades, running off the edges of the horizon. An endless guillotine of low, thick clouds rolls in from the ocean majestically lopping the heads off verdant bay-side hills, compressing the evening darkness to squeeze out a gentle autumn rain. My cozy hillside cottage is enclosed within clear, glistening night beneath the hushed, white canopy. I step inside off the deck to take my turn at nightwatch.

Everyone is asleep. I am a solitary lotus bathed in candle and stereo light, seated on a dense oriental rug atop the room carpeting. Behind me is a compliant block of cloth covered foam I call a couch. Before me, notes, letters, drawings and pictures recede from hand's reach into room shadows. A coil of sandalwood incense hums over sand at the edge of the candle's aura. Its blue smoke rises slowly and fluidly, swaying into gentle rolling eddies that become lost in the shadowy warmth alone.

I strike a match, the shadows pulse back. Lighting my pipe, I draw in deeply the smoke borne souls of wise and ancient plant philosophers. Deep, deep, deep, flow into my breathing, take me on that endless journey back through my dreamer's eye. Breathe out: good and bad, living and dying, insight and fantasy. The music is throbbing, weaving, propulsive, an expanding wave. My soul glides on that wave, riding it far out from the shore of consciousness. Deep and distant ocean heartbeats this breathing openness. I close my eyes and fall into that vortex, so open, so electric, so alive. I pass through the web of music, through the web of rain, through the web of stars and finally, through the web of my own waking fantasies, to a suffused, incandescent sensation of life. This is the nectar, the power, the grace that sustains a life through daily living. Here springs the magic of the philosopher's stone. And what fantasies one can spin, imagining a world of artful breathers ecstatic on life itself, — dream on.

Gently and inevitably, I surface through that
fathomless interior universe, breaching the eggshell of
my dream to land in the snug, warm palm that is
my night-time observatory. The watch is over. The pipe,
incense, candle and paper, the telescopes of my dreamer's
eye, are put away. Sleep, then wakefulness await and
I am ready, — humming on the nectar of eternity.

9 Feb 83

23 Mar 83

Friends

Eyedropper Buddies

Most of my friends are eyedropper buddies. Meetings are planned and rarely last more than two hours. Their lives are filled by scheduled activity and travel. In comparison, I am planted like a Joshua tree or Saguaro, rooted and immobile before the passing scene. The enlivening moisture of friendship drops occasionally, but never long enough to soak down deep (maybe this is frightening). In time the surfaces of our personalities do rub each other away and we can connect core-to-core, but it seems such a shame to wait so long. Husbanding a family and rehabilitating our shelter also limits friendships. You don't have too many friends when you're digging ditches or scraping paint on Saturday.

It takes strength to follow the right course for your life, but strength is forged with the hammer blows of rejection. I've often been called a loner by those for whom I was too Spanish, too classical, too dark, ^{too sarcastic} too smart, ^{too} immature, too different and too independent. Enough years have passed that the necessity of surviving alone became the habit. Nowadays I often see sadness and loneliness in many active, social lives. I realize that all my friends have to channel their lives to pursue their dreams and learn their own unique lessons, as did I the former academic hermit. It is gotten so difficult to entice the band to jam for instance, that I've turned to one-man multi-tracking instead. What used to be plays & skits now is writing like this.

It is not easy to work out your destiny, dreams or illusions alone, as is mandated in our digitizing society today. The embarrassments of my childhood have given me the survivor's edge and the resolve to share my living as friendship when my buddies need encouragement and a breather.

Compassion

Compassion is the art
of dissipating truth.
You see into a friend's heart
a hollowness
you dare not hold before him.
Compassion:
the human love of acceptance.

12 Apr 83

Jim Fish

Poets haven't the faintest idea
what they're talking about.
They succeed
when anybody can recognize
their confusion.

Just keep being what you are.
I love it.

2 Apr 83

Jim & I

Tec says that with Jim Fish poetry, you get a complete sense of how he feels: ambivalent in his freedom and freest in the wild. In contrast, she says I never reveal my inner ring of secrets but instead describe intellectual analyses of social behavior. On cross examination she conceded me a few poems of personal revelation. I thought I was projecting a view of life taken from my own experience. I don't claim an originality, just that I've come to see what I went on to say. In the process I thought my personal self would be evident. But I can certainly see the obvious differences between Fish & me.

In Fish work there is no doubt who is talking, who is sniffing the air or walking on crunchy desert ground. You can see the Fish walking ~~in~~ deep blue-rose chaparral evening skies, turning to talk to you with a rummy smile. Reading Fish is like getting on the back of a motorcycle for a breezy ride. My stuff, at best, is silently looking up at starry nights, and at worst, Humanosis 101, the kind of class it felt so good to walk out of the building after, into fresh open springtime. I suppose I could psychoanalyze Fish poetry using my minor pedantic skills, but it would be a futile exercise, without benefit to the recipient or merit to the investigator. No, I feel it is much better to take Fish as he presents himself and react emotionally. I like the way he feels, intellectually I'm elsewhere.

I can most identify with Fish poems with my college and graduate school life, though during the latter I was generally lost to rational living and relaxed emotion, thus I was poetically unresponsive. Fortunately I've recovered. For me, dealing with the facts of work, the realities of social and intellectual prejudice and the bullshit of bomb politics have been the dominant social reality. A personal transformation through family building has been the basis of any present salvation: bliss within while the gale rages outside. I feel I can relate exactly to Jim when he talks about the loves of women, especially before I was full-time married. But I feel I've lived beyond those experiences, in the sense of past and elsewhere not superior or more mature. When I

lived those scenes, I felt as he describes. I just live differently now and can only reminisce nostalgically on those days (as in Elained) without the impact of immediacy. Elained was written (on what I think is Elaine's birthday) after re-reading my old love poems of that time. Those years were the best of my life. I was young, sharp, fast, confused and exalting luxuriantly in life. Living experience was one continuum of sensuality. I can never recreate that high, so I've learned not to try unyoking the weights of responsibility and time in the futile attempt. Better to grow into that inevitable future life's vagaries have presented me. Tapping the pulse of life is the wellspring of true poetry. That pulse, like the landscape of my life, is more subdued and subtle today. Perhaps in the future I'll be at the wind-whipped surf and mountaintops again. In any event, learning to tap that source here today, is a skill worth cultivating, whatever happens.

With Fish I feel a strong sense of poetic community that I've missed since I was 22. Those late night dorm room bullshit sessions to Beatles, Dylan and stoners. Perhaps with Fish I could do this sort of thing again. Let time flow to slow, idle talk, tapes both "playback" and "record" and music to carry along downstream. The art of social relaxation, the lost grace of America. Ultimately, this is what my writing represents. A multiplication of personality, to self-socialize meditatively. But there is no substitute for the immediacy of real, other life. I've learned not to expect or rely on this, from bitter, self-deluded experience. So I rant on about salvation "within." Still, the dream is back in there: time for communal creativity, — a "gang of idiots," — a band of amateurs. Too bad time is money, money is not people and maturity is individual self strangle-
wrapping.

As I see it, Jim Fish is at a crossroads. His poems depict a past life that continues into stagnation. His creative challenge is to find a new direction for his talents. I've no doubt that he'll write well about whatever he chooses to do. The interesting challenge is in

choosing an activity that blossoms with mutually enlightening literature. Given his relative personal and financial freedom (he's got a job) and his location in an ancient, dramatic landscape, I would guess that some interest, art or project done outside would be his forte. When he's outdoors, he's at his best, and that's when he uncovers treasure that galvanizes interest. Frank Waters has been this kind of "frontier writer", uncovering the deep psychology of ancient Indian myths. Making money ain't so bad either, but becoming a "paperback writer" can be a long, fruitless, disappointing illusion; like becoming a professor, as I know. I don't think another job is really what Fish is after. (Good luck though, we both deserve more bread!).

As I see it, Fish just can't write more of the same. The creative experiences which must energize any significant new work will have to be life transforming ones leaving him changed. Better or worse is irrelevant, the basis of life is continuing change without finality. Fish could become a magnetic personal expression of this and I would enjoy watching him.

Hope we're still friends.

2 May 83

Friends & Bombs

If I were to quit working on bombs so the friends who reject me by neglect would include me in their company again — would I be able to respect them? It is curious that the isolation experienced by Malcolm X should be so relevant to me today. I also prefer to have my despisers declare themselves so we can mutually segregate. How despicable those people too cowardly to admit their prejudice by hiding behind false pleasantries and avoidance. What a shame that who I am has no consequence compared to what I do. People are upset to personally know someone who works on bombs: the leprosy of guilt. Their attitudes scream out their desire to remain ignorant of reality and blissfully guiltless in their dreams. Kurt Vonnegut called West Virginia a national sacrifice area — where payment is made for a nation's warmth and comfort. Perhaps this concept is neither as strange nor as isolated as that. Perhaps I'm one of many in a psychological sacrifice zone. I'm paid money and pay in company for burying a flabby nation's guilt. Don't bitch about what I do if you ignore me. Peace is achieved by personal participation, not passive assent or charitable subscription. Legions profess to demonstrate the righteousness of their morality, yet how many ever attempt to absorb the bomb-makers into a community of friendship? That might be too real, you might be personally affected. Better to remain as remote from your fellow weapon-producing countrymen as they are from their intended victims. What poetic justice. At a recent demonstration before the Livermore Lab, one marine veteran said this in response to a girl's incantations: "I was wounded and decorated in WWII so you could be here today, and baby, it just wasn't worth it." I understand his frustration. In his day it fell upon him to take the heat for us all in our national adventure. Today, in their day, he sees the pampered cream benefiting most from his sacrifice complain of the ardor of their lives. Just get on with it people, life is one game they don't call on account of bad vibes and weather. I am very lucky.

I am grateful for every minute of life and literally celebrate my existence daily. For me every moment is a delicious, intoxicating experience, as when the late afternoon breeze turns cool just before unshaded sunlight falls with a ripening golden glow. This is how I am able to cope with my social glaciation without retreating into the stultifying isolation of militant conservatism. I have found that friendship is possibly the simplest thing humans can do, yet it is one of our rarest and most precious gifts. Don't be a lover of mankind, be a friend to people.

At this moment you are living in paradise. Recognize and enjoy it. Paradise was abandoned because it was pointless. Have the courage and the sense of adventure to explore it aimlessly again.

26 July 83

Demeanor

The least important thing in the world
is how people think.
For those we love and honor
disguise is simple so as not to disappoint.
To those who have lost our respect
courtesy is applied.

3 Aug 83

Wife

To the Wife

What kind of woman do you want to be?

One that I can marry
or that inspires poetry?

My love poems flow
from volcano river glaciers.

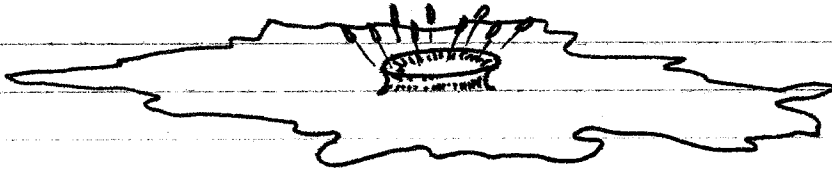
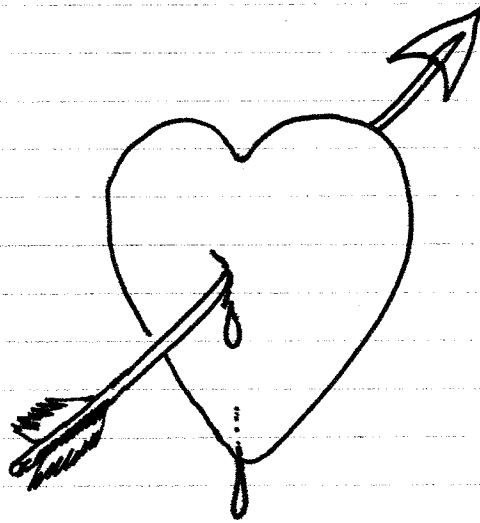
My fidelity roots deep
through mother earth rich meadows.

Scorch-frozen memories of fire and ice?

Or the quiet, pulsing hum
of endless sharing life?

17 Jan 83

Saint Valentine's Day Triptych



... the power of love...

Dancing with the Dream Disruptor

Sorry I disrupted the harmony of your dreams.
You exercise your fantasy
at peril to perception.

I find it easier to maneuver
through reality's space/time-scape
than intuitive smooth passage
through the reefs of your imaginings.
Your dreams fade out to infinity
and your effects splatter the everybody proximity
yet your perception is retracted
safe within your skin.

Honey, you've got to turn all this around.
I am neither the wished-for love-charmed prince,
nor the blame-all dream disruptor.

I get tired of doing poses and moving props
so you can waltz blindly collisionless, -
occasionally I take a break.

You better open your eyes and pick up the heat
if you want to dance with me.

And if my fast moving is so loud and distasteful,
then honey, just get out of the way.

Share yes, dilute me - no.

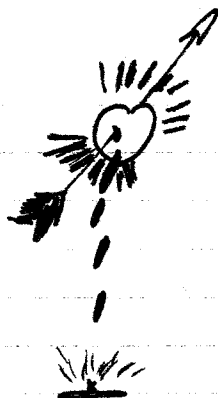
I just can't hack this slo-mo no-go.

Once, just once,

it'd be nice if my dreams could take off.

You think you can muster what it takes
to jump into that?

14 Feb 83



Dry Clean

Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

Sure.

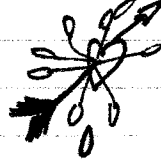
Take you seriously why?

Because you do?

Honey I don't even take me seriously.

That's why I don't have to get hung up to dry.

14 Feb 83



Hooked

Keep your fantasies honey,

I have to live with the real thing.

The dream of love fades into waking.

A life of loving feeds on truth.

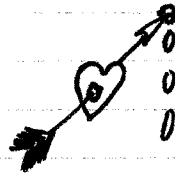
I know I know I know,

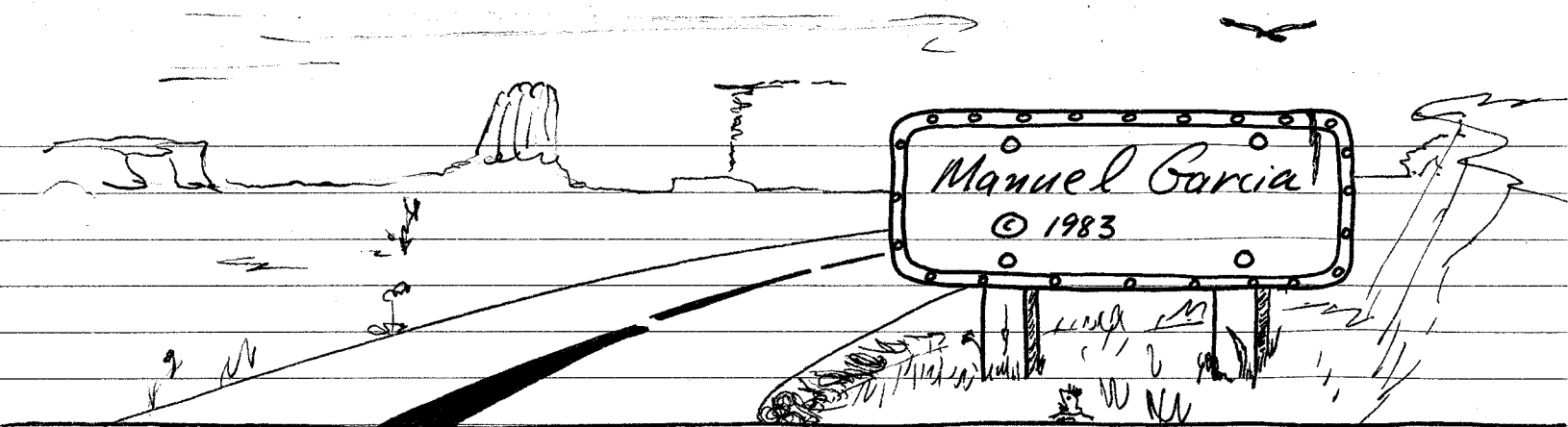
flip the coin.

But don't use that one

to let yourself off the hook.

14 Feb 83





Between Buses

The girl in the donut shop
dressed in white,
the ghost of a memory
fading slowly.

A look, a shape,
a walk, a turn,
a moment's borrowed breathing
for illusions, old yet fleeting.

Don't look too close
and ruffle feathers,
looking out
for seeing in.

The wings of memory
wheeling freely,
the wings of memory
glide through life.

25 Feb. 83

Casting

Well I'd love too,
hummm,
but maaa wouldn't like it.

Oh no,
believe me miss,
you turn my knees to water,
my water to ice
and my ice to steel.

Mn, mmm.
Hot ingot.

30 Mar 83

Homelife Yeah

Our love was plunge and splash,
our marriage,
flood and enfold.

This basic conflict
is the dynamism
of our instruction.

The enlightenment it provides
stuns like custard pie in the face,
and never quits for long.

Married parents are never bored,
tired maybe,
but never bored.

8 June 83

I

Life

Do I share the blame
for the results of this enterprise?
Given what I trained for
and who I am,
there was really no other place for me.
Yes I am guilty,
to the extent that our lives are our own faults,
that is true.
But I wasn't going to live in the hills,
wild.
Independence comes hard,
and rarely lets a friendship age.

8 June 83

Lonesome No More

In choosing not to conform to either my peacer friends' view of life by not working in a bomb shop, or my warrior friends for not being absorbed in to republicanism, I find myself in an essentially lonely position.

"Be like us and be rewarded with human company."

This is undoubtedly the single greatest force for conformity that exists.

To persist in being unlike them while remaining in their company, I force them by direct comparison to review their own life-course assumptions. This kind of review can be fatal to prized illusions and is studiously avoided. Human company is exchanged between people who reinforce each other's self image. If we were to bestow our human company indiscriminately, we might see a decrease in the exchange of human hostility, but we would open ourselves to unanticipated change. The road to peace runs through a junkyard of self-delusions.

For the individual, essential loneliness can be mitigated by expanding the sensitivity to human contact while diminishing expectation. Faking (persona manipulation) helps, but should be minimized for your own health's sake. Be proud of your independence, enjoying the vistas of enlightenment that open up around you. Be efficient with what human company you can absorb and you will thrive in the desert of human society.

7 Mar 83

Rules For Living

- ① Strive to realize your full human potential.
Develop all your skills
for insight and creative activity.
Do this out of a sense of enjoyment.
Life is a gift.
- ② Project your best in face-to-face human contact.
Your best will vary with conditions
and you must often fail.
Persevere.
Intentions are illusions, actions are felt.
- ③ Provide a protected environment for
your family's development.
They are your direct contribution to humanity
and primary social responsibility.
Morality is family survival.
- ④ Live by the real.
Do not allow any idea to replace or obscure
your living experience.
Do not edit and diminish others
by acting on projected idealizations & generalizations.
Neither surrender or enslave to mass mindedness.
Freedom is self-made individually.
- ⑤ Life is irrational
Do not obstruct it with attempts
to reconcile and guide action by rational analysis.
Water flows without regret.
Be what you are

4 April 83

Patanjali 33, #1

At 3:33 P.M. on the 10th of June, 1983, being within three weeks of 33 years, 3 months of age, I was struck by the following passages from How to Know God, The Yoga Aphorisms of Patanjali by Swami Prabhavananda and Christopher Isherwood.

- * 33. Undisturbed calmness of mind is attained by cultivating friendliness toward the happy, compassion for the unhappy, delight in the virtuous and indifference toward the wicked."

— Patanjali

"Our proper approach toward our fellow human beings is summed up in one of the first of the Hindu monastic vows: "The flies seek filth, the bees seek honey. I will shun the habit of the flies and follow that of the bees. I will refrain from finding faults in others and look only for the good which is in them." That is a vow we should all take and try to live up to."

— Prabhavananda/Isherwood.

10 June 83

Kivas

We need kivas today — times and places for the men to gather and dream on the Eternal. People who had these lived better than we ever could in places we don't even try.

Civilization is really a containment of freedom. Nations which modulate their freedom to remain civilized are populated by individuals who take control of their own lives and no one else's. Despite history, our primary individual responsibility is to contain the outflow of our emotion-charged hatred and frustrations, suffering the wounds of war within the confines of ourselves, to maintain civilized behavior. It hurts, but it's the fairest and kindest way to live. Never mind trying to understand how confining your freedom improves anything, have faith, suspend all logical belief and rely on feel and the psychical. Have faith in Jesus and all the other wonderful saints our world produces (many living today) who reconfirm the truth of this enlightened, liberating way of life. Like one small lightbulb in the neon swarms of Glitter Gulch, your flash doesn't matter much in the instant, but over the long run it adds to the illumination of darkness.

Ultimately you do choose freedom: you alone become your social jailer while expanding to the infinite from within. The only thing holding us back from liberation is laziness. This, I know from personal experience, is the biggest obstacle of them all. Work. It takes work to be civilized in an uncivilized world. Additional contributions, like our "good wokes", are gravy, but the nutrients regenerating humanity are bound up in our civilized behavior. I guess that's why courtesy is so refreshing, it is the signal of civility. Signals can be false of course, and one must always be alert and discriminating, but what is distressing today is that people don't even speak the language. I think kivas were for welding friendships and strengthening freedom-containing resolve. How else could we confine our freedom unless we were among friends? As any wartime veteran knows, it's nice to have buddies along you can depend on. Today, friends pull away in all directions, out on solitary patrol.

Once you realize that ignorant, uncontained freedom creates desperate conditions on earth, it's not hard to point out and analyze the specific failings of man, but this never turns up honey. One has to perceive the truths of our world unflinchingly yet transmit civilizing behavior. So vent your stored rage at man's failings and drain all the invective (you are reading my attempt). Now, -work, transmit, and dream.

The soul blooms through a kiva-husk.

Popcorn! — Party Time!

10 June 83

Stone Water

Water running out of rocks,

Yosemite in spring.

Spray plunges into morning air,
quiet, cool and wild.

Sunlight, clean and fluid,
captured as rock is pure and still.

Water drains through a bed of stones,
granite froth porosity.

Glistening smooth grey elliptic bubbles
sun-soak dry to white-rock sponges:
a frozen sunlight tumble.

10 June 83

Prain Rock

Working on the drainage system has been my jogging, tennis and aerobics. The game's a little different - it's much slower paced, yet the excitement and sweat are all there. One of my leather work gloves has a finger worn through, people say I've lost weight and I'm pumping more energy into work than ever before. I appear incredibly active, yet everything to me seems incredibly slow, except my daughter. She's the fastest thing I've seen in many a day, Formula 1. I loved Formula 1 when it was Jimmy Clark's day and the cars were lean, clean smooth machines. Yet how few really experience the exhilaration of speed, the clear sense of perception, the flash of inspiration, rather substituting the exhaustion of hyperactivity and the confinement of scheduled itineraries that slow, slow thinking in the dark by which we lead ourselves into such squalid, tasteless blinders.

You know you're really alive when you feel the energy of life pumping your shovel into the slowly yielding mass of Mother Earth. She makes you pant, sweat and strain to open her out. She makes you come and come again over days, weeks and months, before you finally hit your depth, if you last. A house which has stood a good lifetime is rooted in the embrace of Mother Earth. To cleave that union compels one to clean and heal the foundation surface before installing the drainage system. Once you're under a level and a string, the mystery of the pyramids is reduced to why. Fitting the pipes together, cutting pieces to size and laying them in with proper angles is all the art there is. The rest is sheer exertion with Mother Earth's rock and clay. This is when you re-experience prehistoric lives and tasks. In time, with rain and settlement, the clay will mold itself to the rock and the water will granulate and trickle about the bones of your pipe-fields, like a melody which sails through a meshing of rhythm. Slow songs, and long ones, are best done sweetly.

15 July 83

Disembarrassment

One good thing about writing down your thoughts :
you can be assured of eventually seeing them
as the most stupid, asinine embarrassments
living mind could produce.

Memory lets you off the hook though, -
you forget.

Embarrassment anxiety
inhibits a forceful press into the moment,
diluting life
of most of its sensation.

Writing enlivens that moment
and emboldens intuition to plunge.

So, -
you'll have something to write about

13 June 83

Patanjali 32, #2

A Hindu teacher tells us: "Always talk to everyone about God." This is subtle and profound advice. For talking about God does not merely include the discussion of overtly "religious" topics. Almost any topic, no matter how seemingly "worldly," can be considered in relation to the underlying spiritual reality. It is not so much what we talk about as how we talk about it, that matters. No, is it necessary to use such words as "God," "spirit," "prayer," etc., at all. These words serve to alienate unsympathetic hearers and make them feel that we are setting ourselves apart from them on a pedestal of holiness. We shall do better to remember that every human being is searching, however confusedly, for meaning in life and will welcome discussion of that meaning, provided that we can find a vocabulary which speaks to his or her condition. If we approach conversation from this angle and conduct it with clarity, frankness, sincerity and a serious interest in the opinions of others, we shall be surprised to find how much tacit spiritual interchange can result from apparently casual talk about everyday events, science, art, politics or sport.

— from How To Know God, Prabhavananda/Isherwood.

16 June 83

Smell the Roses

I have lost many friends as a result of practicing everyone of the virtues and vices I allow myself to indulge in. Friendship appears to be totally haphazard. If that is the case, then like butterflies in summer and personal mail, friends are to be enjoyed as they happen and never expected at all. Smell the roses: you can't add years to your life, just life to your years.

I saw a beautiful black and yellow monarch butterfly today, sucking nectar out of vibrant blue globular Lantana clusters. I saw miniature floral coronets with ornate settings of dazzling hues, all within millimeters of the concrete expanse of sidewalk. We are so detached from it all, blindly begging in paradise while trampling over it. Paradise is here now, - feel it.

Imagine what it would be like if the thin, undulating web of human life wrapping this earth were to ripple with one electrifying wave of interlocking consciousness. Imagine what it would be like to feel that pulsebeat of a planet. Expand within yourself, reach out to others and enfold the universe.

15 July 83

Passed Friends

One thing I've learned,
no matter how many, or how few,
friends you have
you're always sailing alone.

If we have to part
I'll be sad.

But I know that is one of the things that happen in life.

At least we can part
leaving each other
relatively comfortable in our lives.

But destinations
eventually drive us all apart.

I've enjoyed looking at the map with you,
we share very pleasant memories.

Goodbye.

2 Sept 83

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Drain Rock

A montage of mental snapshots,
musing on nuclear living.

Humans
Nukes
Pay
Gifts
Drugs
Friends
Wife
I

Jan 1983

—

July 1983

1983

1983

Unseen Civilizations

Perhaps the ruins of ancient civilizations represent the nadir rather than the peak of the cultures that built them. Revolution by diffusion may empty the temples and free the slaves. In time the memory of ego monument building is lost as the people merge into the environment. All is well until new conquistadores arrive. An enduring civilization is a cohesion of individuals that mesh with ^{nature} the Tao. Perazavics

13 Jan 83

Quickthink

Insight and prejudice:
shortcuts
through a forest of thinking.

Prejudice
is freely distributed everywhere.
Insight:
a painstaking, individual cultivation.

17 Jan 83

Each Human Being

One wavelet in the ocean of life
called earth.

15 Mar 83

Rejuvenation

The sexual expression of love
is the fountain of youth

Evolution

Man is just the latest term
in a living asymptotic expansion

17 Jan 83

Memory

Transient lives reflected
as timeless images.

15 Mar 83

Maturity

Aging ^{tightens the focus} improves the focussing
of diminished energy flow.

6 April 83

Life Flash

Each human being
is one wavelet
in the ocean of life
called earth.

Man

is just the latest term
in a living
asymptotic expansion.

Our sexual expression of love
is the fountain
of rejuvenation.

Aging

tightens the focus
of diminished energy flow.

Memory:

transient lives
reflected as timeless images.

Jan - April 83

The Peace War Game

"The hefty peace offensive negotiating teams representing the global hyper-potentates locked horns today in Geneva in an aggressive spring round of the Peace-War game."

We have to separate our needs from our wants and fears. A defense plan for comfortable survival should appraise our adversaries realistically, cutting through the haze of projected fantasy.

Paranoid, propitious armaments building and confrontational protest demonstrations spring from the same confused thinking. They are reactions of shock and frustration upon realizing that the actual world does not conform to idealized conceptions of it. We choose to be frightened, disgusted and outraged at the reality of humanity. Our arguments for our actions, militarist or pacifist, are rationalizations of emotional reactions.

A realistic appraisal of ourselves would be more directly painful as self-illusions sink deep roots. Once we see our survival needs clearly through ^{the} ~~but~~ glittering haze of ^{our} ~~desires~~, we will be in an excellent position to perceive the genuine requirements of our competitors, as well as their capabilities and limitations. It is these latter two we must defend ourselves against.

Today we spend more effort on guarding against fantastic illusions we project onto them. They do the same. Tilting at windmills may be humorous, but when the errant knights are industrialized governments whose lances are ICBM's, the element of whimsy is lost.

Is it unrealistic or chimerical to say that better defense and sturdier peace are assured by the widespread practice of yoga? Our minds are like muddy pools which settle to clarity with relaxation and obscure with emotional agitation.

No truly rational person wants to suffer and die over an ideological argument, a struggle between conflicting

word patterns pretending to dominion over human experience. Similarly, no working person wants to become enslaved to the tax monster of hysterical armaments construction.

Let us face up to our responsibilities at home, admit to the foolishness of our fantasies of desire and retract our fearful projections of greed and irrationality. Then we can defend what really matters against what can actually occur.

We stand forthrightly for principles abroad we would never defend at home. President Reagan is an East Bloc democrat and unionist. Premier Andropov is an American socialist and populist. Yet both champion domestic regimes that improvise money for the benefit of a few. Once aroused, people who have nothing to lose make the most difficult of enemies. Clearly, our struggle for peace and principle must be pursued on the home front. The example of our principles in practice is the only effective power we can develop which will have an enduring foreign influence.

Self knowledge is the key to knowledge of others and the basis of national unity and real defense.

" The Peace-War game ended today without noticeable fanfare, everybody just lost interest. The yogi herds and meditating masses have simply drifted away. The negotiating teams near Geneva did not even break their midmorning lakeside chanting to discuss the collapse of interest in hostilities. Later that evening the Pope echoed a sentiment shared by all the negotiators " We'll probably ^{hit a few more restaurants} just go home in a ^{couple} ~~few~~ weeks. " "

7 April 83

How to be an ANSWER: A Guide for Anti-Nuclear Social Welfare Educators, & Reformers

What can a social reformer do to counteract nuclear weapon production?

- ① Nothing This is the easiest and most effective option. It is easier to alter your perceptions of society than alter society to your conceptions.
- ② Reduce their profitability Drain nuke-bound technical talent. Start successful, interesting ventures that impact society more in tune with your thinking and which reward Weapons Workers more lucratively. Siphon computer, electronics, mechanical, civil and electrical engineers and technicians as well as machinists and fabricators to stymie Nuclear Weapons Producers. Maintain your advantage, however high the government raises the stakes.

NuWeProd Industries is the exact opposite of "right stuff" NASA. Instead of employing a select band of creative technologists to expand frontiers before our very eyes, producing new ideas and technologies which fertilized our industrial production, NuWeProd absorbs human talent and technical innovations to reformat a 1930's idea into the current scene. Like battleships, bombs have had their day. NASA opened up new possibilities to our political bureaucracies, NuWeProd simply corals technical potential to maintain one antique power the politicoes have in hand.

Be prepared to deal with labor, stockholding, corporate and political groups that stand to lose money through your reforms.

- ③ Subvert Weapons Workers The only way is with money and jobs, see ②. Families have to eat, jobs mean money

and money means food. Beyond that, money is the key to the pleasures of life: gasoline, guns and alcohol; a house, two cars, three pets and lots of gizmos.

④ Convert Weapons Workers

Uplift their consciousness by a religious movement. This idea is catching on (mass-mindedness is popular) but is unlikely to do the trick. Religion doesn't fill bellies nor exclude patriotic crusading. Of course, it is always good for anyone, regardless of occupation, to seek his personal liberation. But encouraging this amongst WW's can only have negligible impact on the social and temporal scales of interest to the social reformer.

⑤ Assassinate Weapons Workers

Why not just make them?

⑥ Join in protest rallies

These are fun and less effort than anything, except giving up. The benefit here is for the participants. Like gospel meetings, one speaks in tongues and feels the spirit for one's own catharsis. Don't plan on talking someone out of his job or shaming him by the dazzling spectacle of your sacrifice and morality. Have a good time, enjoy the springtime sunshine, the music and the camaraderie: people will be more likely to join you. You may make new friends and contribute to the soothing of the human spirit. Picnics and flower-power really are much more of a threat to nuclear militarism than any amount of political pac-ing.

⑦ Magic

Invent a nuke-cancelling effect. I once dreamed up a sci-fi story of an extraterrestrial bioengineering failure that drifted to earth: a plutonium eating, lead excreting virus. I re-ran that story where the food was petroleum, now that was a nightmare. Kurt Vonnegut dreamed up the "Barnhouse Effect", Ursula Le Guin turned reality on "The Cathe of Heenen" and Ronald Reagan invited Buck Rogers

to arrive a few centuries early. Maybe you can dream-up something real. Until we see your magic, it is not clear it represents an improvement. After all, the bomb was our magic against World War II.

⑧ De-education

Discourage youngsters from learning technical skills so they will not be absorbed by NuWeProd Industries.

This hinders NuWeProd alright, but it devastates the nation. The results of mental mediocrity are painfully evident today.

⑨ Unionize Weapons Workers

This holds several interesting possibilities. Professional and technical unions within

NuWeProd Industries can add to anti-weapon political ammunition by issuing anti-war motherhood statements and endorsing political candidates. However, unions are most likely to work for the financial self-interest of the rank-and-file and the secure continuity of their jobs.

⑩ Mount a media and propaganda campaign

You can promote and market

anti-nuclear consumer attitudes to create a demand and broaden support for select politicians or anti-weapon profit ventures. Making money and getting people elected are obvious displays of influence, but they have minor impact on nuclear weapons production.

⑪ Engage in politics

Domestic political success and unilateral nuclear disarmament are mutually exclusive. An Anti-Reagan might cut military spending in half and double that for social programs, but this would hardly be the elimination of militarism or nuclear weapons. No political clique anywhere relinquishes nuclear power.

(12)

Be what you are

Be what you are going to be,
work where you can and
merge fully into the life you

find through daily experience. Try to line up to the high, humane, ideals of your profession, art or craft, consistent with the everyday needs of survival in today's social and economic network. Enjoy the company of your family and friends, and try to be someone who is enjoyable. Develop your human potential as a personal, artistic expression of life. Sharing the community of developing individuals can be one of the greatest joys of living. If this sense of community grows through the population, you may find the humanity around you laughing with the joy of life and at the Chaplinesque Little Dictators that scramble for our attention juggling nuclear firecrackers. The laughter of gracious living flows together with liberating enlightenment and is the key to optimizing life in the present. A community of laughing Buddhas is the greatest force for social change that can be mustered, and the easiest to develop. Start with yourself.

31 May 83

Istims Profess

A Physicist's Pledge to America

Pay us to be poets
and you'll get poetry.
Pay us to be gunslingers
and you'll get your money's worth,
many times over.

1 Feb 83

"Physicians For Social Responsibility"

A group of anti-AMA, cost effective, budget priced,
homeserving, holistic health practitioners.

This dedicated group of people perform the highest level
of service by anyone to our human species.

1 Feb 83

M. Garcia :
Resident of
The Altered States of America
31 Jan 83

Hygiene

Life is a smelly, oozy, gooey, messy affair; dripping, running, ripening, crawling, slithering, buzzing, stinking and rotting everywhere. A vast number of babies in the several tellurian worlds have gleefully sat in their own fresh, warm shit, - probably even you. One of the symptoms of the Westernization of the earth is the ascendance of hygiene. Health and cleanliness are essential, however disgust at life, expressed through over-zealous hygiene may kill us all.

In the third world, shit is one of life's (most redolent) blessings. It rejuvenates the soil that feeds everyone and can fuel the family stove and heater. Can you imagine Washington D.C. suburbanites shovelling shit into methane generators as an act of national energy independance?! Hell no! Shit is shit and America is founded on the principle that man and shit should be as far apart as possible.

Flush, slurp: gone!

Join the old tires and dioxin;
turn on the tap.

We have become so attached to our disgust that we sterilize the environment we eat and live in with all manner of "icides". Our bodies are inflicted with soaps, scrubbers, scrappers, washer, wipes, sprays and cleaners. Dry skin anyone?

This mania for hygiene extends to all manner of yuckiness. Take global psychosis. Jung called Stalinism a psychic infection, and so it is. Western exterminators have the perfect antiseptic: nuclear yuckicide; kind of like DDT only more so.

Yup, life on this old earth sure stinks. Someday
President Wyatt and his Exp boys or Comrade James
and the gang will ride in and clean up.

19 Jan 83

Morality

Morality,
yeah well let me tell you:
you can't put it on a plate and eat it.

Morality is a luxury
for the hindsight of the uninvolved.
Intuiting the real in your now
is refined by intimacy with the immediate.
Keep the knees loose
and the glove low.
Seen over your shoulder
it's clear in the distance,
up close it's a fuzzy blur.
At the end of your survival
you can luxuriate in morality,
killing time waiting for check-out at the lounge.
I'll probably have doubles,
if I'm there.
Won't it be interesting to see
if any pure ideas
actually thread experience?
Hey look out
things goin' on
gotta go.

24 Mar 83

X

Cool Glow

Loving and level-headed,
it doesn't make as interesting stories,
but it makes for better living
and longer loving.

In truth
reality is a daily grind
while the romantic high
is an ephemeral fantasy.

By meshing with the workings of the real
you nurture a sustaining glow.

10 Feb 83

Note added in proof: wife prefers it hard headed.

X

Lady Liberty Updates Her Song

Welcome to America!

In our time:

money is first
guns are second
& cars are third.

Egotism, if anything,
is forth.

Get some!

But don't ^{you} take none of mine.

Career Pinball

High school
gets you out of grammar school.

College:

an escape from supermarket clerking.

Graduate school,

or else 9 to 5 at the plant.

Post-doc,

otherwise it's high-tech weapons sales.

Professorship:

ego dipping in bullshit

over gold-plating prepower.

You cannot escape our world's reality,
only delay your recognition of it.

You can only bounce for so long
before dropping through some hole.

Splash!

3 April 83

The Inner Ring

Do I hide
my inner ring of secrets
because my center
is really hollow?

~~Persona~~
the ripples of perceptions about me
imploding onto myself.
A social mechanism persona
growing by accretion,
like a mud clam's nest.

Self:
the germinating seed
channelling sensate life through my material.
An individual organism
^{unfolding}
~~expanding~~
with growing power.

Ego:
the fused boundary
of the persona-self embrace,
as real as sweat
on lovers' breasts.

You cannot see or understand
the inner ring of secrets,
there is just no way to tell.
You can only know by feeling
and only learn in yourself.
Once you do,
words vanish.

Let my poet flowing words
hypnotize
your ^{rocky} ~~rocky~~ mind,
evaporating it to reveal
the realm of pure sensation.
Feel what I am
resonating in you.

Do I hide
the inner ring of secrets
or lack the skill to tell?
Can I really? ^{(un)reality?}
The things I feel → ^{important} ~~metaphorically~~ ^{to you}
spill right through words.
I would rather just touch you
and turn you on,
for if my antennae pick it up
then ^{surely} ~~certainly~~
you can tune in also.

My inner ring of secrets
is most hidden from myself ^{more}
who could best employ
its ^{power} ~~living~~ truth.

31 Mar 83

"The self that is self is non-self."

A Drain Rock Reverse

I live on a little hillside in Oakland with a view of San Francisco. Ancient clay worn by ancient rivers and layered as ocean bottom was turned up into the open air long ago and buckled into this corrugated coastline. The soil on my little plot is hard, thick and solid clay. Roasting in the dry season it hardens into pick deflecting concrete. With heavy winter rains it softens into gelatinous creamy syrup which slithers away leaving many hillside homes to tumble. It is very funny stuff, this clay.

My house faces northeast. My patch of hill falls away from north to south, thus my southern and eastern exposures are downhill. The house is supported on a fragmentary perimeter foundation - part brick, most stone, - which follows the contours of the hill. The living quarters platform is one story above ground to the south, at ground level to the north. The entire front of the house appears to be on level ground by a clever illusion. A concrete retaining wall of level crown describes a rectangle from the sidewalk edge of the plot, southwest along the driveway then parallel to the sidewalk as the front porch foundation. Inside this "swimming pool" clay is impounded and a flow garden grows. Enchanting.

The problem with illusions is the hidden supports. This clay pool is above ground in relation to the surface of the hillside beneath the house. Thus when this clay sponge saturates with winter rainfall which is unable to flow through the impounding wall, the foundation creaks and the basement floods. Having nowhere to go, it soaks the timbers and crawls up the house as if it were a redwood wick. Solving this problem is proving to be quite a bit of work, and a lesson in human industry.

The solution is simple. One digs a trench all along the front of the house down to the foundation footing. This trench drops from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to five feet in an east-southeast direction the the porch foundation - driveway wall corner of the impoundment. A shaft drops one foot to a three foot tunnel under the wall. This continues as a trench south to the edge of the property then turns 90° to run northwest to the street. The trees and bushes along the front of the house

were removed (some saved) and a swathe cut through the concrete driveway. Surgery always leaves scars. A four inch diameter plastic drain was constructed from components and emplaced under the wall and up the shaft. This "keystone" 90° section was carefully positioned then packed in with clay. The trench floor was lined with about one inch of drain rock, then four inch perforated pipe (holes at 5 and 7 o'clock) was connected to the drain and ran along the front of the house. From the wall to the street, the pipe was solid. A parallel gutter-water collecting system was constructed of solid pipe and connected, through a 90° downward turn, to the trench drain also. The trench was then filled in with drain rock right to the surface, about six tons.

Letter to a Forgotten Lover

Friday afternoon.

Sunlight filters through still air,
October leaves glow with Indian Summer.

Walls muffle voices in adjoining rooms,
the relentless ocean-like pounding of distant freeways
and the ebbing whirl of sky-high turbojets.
In my room, - still air.

Connected by the open window
to the last full-bodied outdoor caress of the season,
I float far off
on the subtle airs of the dream of memory.
Remember?

That last weekday afternoon of preselected obligation,
those last few hours of conscious productivity
before slipping into the dream surpassing all dreaming, -
a weekend celebration of being with you.

I can still smell the crisp, moisture-laden air
in the oak and maple groves, and wild lawns
along hypnotic Boring Stone Brook,

that fluid rippling babble of melted sparkle.

How we loved to swim in each other's eyes,
to soar through each other's hearts

on peaceful October summer days,
sipping wine and kisses by the brook.

We would run and frolic,

laugh and horse,

and spill through the meadow like a rolling stream.

Yes, and we would walk quietly through the wood,
our brimming love enfolding that endless moment.

It was only a scant lifetime of hours ago

that we had sailed through the razzle-dazzle high-jinx
of an artful Friday night.

We had seen,

we had eaten,

we had been

and we had known, - together,

how many things?

Wine and cider,
smokes and film,
sidewalks and city lights,
music and motion,
talk of poems and poems of touch,
glistening eyes suspending breathless starlight.
Wake up, wake up, I want another kiss.
The dawn has broken, I want another kiss.
Long palms stroke your smooth sleeping warmth.
Wake up the feeling that glides through my hands.
I want another kiss, another kiss.
I want to cover you with love.
I want to soak in that abyss.
Wake up and blend into the dream.
Wake open mouth, and draw me in,
another kiss, another kiss.
Endless, endless, endless, - where has it all gone?
It was so easy to flood with emotion
and forget all but feeling the real.
The imprint of that moment
leaves a trace, sharper today,
than these garish superficial
grown-up gaudy days.
Dream in defiance or dream in regret,
dream on the loving, - forget all the rest.
Dream of her sunlight, her moisture and breath,
dream on regardless, as lovers forget.
Dream on the wind streaming the leaves,
dream on your living, endless and free.
Dream on.

7-9 Oct. 1983