

# *Slow Arrow*

*Target unseen,  
Loose the arrow  
Towards anonymous heroes.*

Cover painted by:  
Luke Rockwell Tromiczak



**Part I**  
*Bone in Shank*



## *Day*

The fat globules must have congealed in the dishwasher by now; had a baked potato and a slice of ham. Used a microwave. Saw the light glint on my butter knife. A spectacle. Saw the moisture and the liquid fat of the meat on the plate as I cut and chewed. Bone in shank...always cheap in November. One potato and a slice of ham. Same thing for lunch for as many days as it'll last. Fine with me. Tastes good each time. Mankind's been eating fish and critters with hooves for how many thousand years? Poor things are already gonna die anyhow; my choice or no. Can't vote with a purchase. That's fucking stupid. Can I vote against life by buying condoms? Trailer park in the next town over will just supply the difference probably. My whole life I've deluded myself. Life isn't the mighty poem I thought it was. Social issues. For how long? Five minutes. Your parents had social issues too. So did your parents parents, you fucks! Every woman is a walking pregnancy and every father is the opposite of Buddha...a fool. Bone in shank...the world is a feed farm. God isn't a martyr...not one bit. You want a symbol for the universe? The universe is a gallows pole.

## *Day*

It's warm so I'll walk. Day before Thanksgiving. Looking from house to house, looking for traces of bullets in suburbia or sperm seeping out of the gutters. Boots need a shine. Totally scuffed to hell now, its been so long. Just gave up maintaining altogether. Spot of gray on my left cheek...like someone spilled bleach on my beard or the ghost of my dead mother keeps kissing the same spot when I shit blood and go to bed early. One cartridge...that's all I want for Christmas. Does that make me selfish? What happens if you shoot one of those wind-sock puppets at a car dealership? I could watch a wind puppet and a streamer for hours. Rather watch a wind puppet than read another page of philosophy...Before I pull out and make an end of this, I'm going to water the earth with my tears and pray in front of a wind sock puppet while chewing gum. Alyosha in a baseball cap. Tell the people who like loud parties to go to abortion clinic waiting rooms and tell men who like fast cars to groom poodles. People won't see eye to eye. Simply impossible. Psychological types are like castles. Had a stroke recently. Doctor says I'm fine, but something isn't right with me.

I see images from other people's lives. Maybe they're imaginary. Maybe I have E.S.P. or a third eye or some shit, I dunno. I'm afraid to tell anyone because they might lock me up. What would you do? Anyway, that's not the only thing; I also expect strange images to appear that have no relevance to anything. Look here: She's so bored she's putting on lipstick by a hand mirror. Rooms only lit by a scented candle and a nightlight. She's alone...I can see the shoulder straps of her expensive slip digging hard into her skin...she must have been frustrated when she bought it too. It all makes sense if you cut deep enough.

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Day before Thanksgiving. Out of bread. Use to eating toast in the morning, so I'll buy some bread...yogurt maybe as well. Liquor store is by the grocery store. All I want is bread and wine...but wine is a waste of three dollars. Already drunk with my own hatred. Wine doesn't help. It's too short lived. Skip the wine. Just bread and yogurt. Cars are piling up. People getting off early today. Cars? Hearses? What's the difference. Corpses everywhere...only some are still picking their noses and saying "I want. I want. I want." I must be stupid. I'm probably worse than they are...I'm spiritually greedy.

Walking by houses near a golf course. Large houses. Well-off people. Good credit and responsibilities. Chronic bill payers. I rent a room in a house within a block of them. I have a bed, a closet and access to a kitchen. I could go to Europe tomorrow if I wanted to, and because I can, I have no need to. I have no fantasies whatsoever. No frustrations or material needs. Sex is a farce. Procreation is a farce. I'd rather kill myself than be the most famous poet in the world. I'd rather not have been born than be promised an empire tomorrow. I'd rather be silent than declare a prophecy.

Got the bread. Said hello to the liquor store clerk on cigarette break. Told him he should have ridden his motorcycle today. He's too stoned to form much of a reply. Man in a business suit in an expensive car didn't stop for me in the parking lot crosswalk. He timed my pace and just accelerated instead of waiting. Psychopath. Said hello to a woman in pink walking her black dog outside a lot of duplex apartments. My hello was too sweet and forlorn. Hers was even more pathetic. Our voices are at least thirty. Pass people by. Nothing matters. Nothing lasts. Sky is purpling. Sun going down. No

sidewalk here so I'm walking through a schoolyard instead of on the narrow frontage road. Much too warm for November. Bread and yogurt swaying in a plastic bag.

## *Day*

O pioneers! O pilgrims! O smallpox blankets and white people! *Whoever you are holding me now in hand, I give you fair warning...the way is suspicious.* Emblematic, capricious blades of grass with credit cards; The poets indifference to life and death...Joyce and Whitman were equally indifferent. Atom Bombs and sparrows meant the same. But the wind is too much. A bird landing is too much.

## *Day*

Back in my room I feel frenzied. Hysterical but quietly well-behaved...private agitation. Past seems unreal. Just standing, looking at my dresser drawers as if I'd never seen them before...thinking about the 6,000 pages of handwritten nonsense under my bed. It's incriminating. Most of it's mania. Need a different kind of escape. Can't bring myself to read any more. Been reading famous books for weeks. More thoughts about the neurotic pages under my bed. Can't trust my own mental stability. Am I dreaming right now? Delusions and mania ruin most of my projects. I have no goal and no personal myth...problem is, once I start writing, some hysterical part of my brain latches onto something and starts actively dreaming while I'm awake, such that I lose the demarcation between normal and perverse. Wrote fifty pages in one sitting the other day only to realize how insane it all sounded a day later. Made my hand hurt. Stretch. Blink. Exhale. Masturbate. Sleep, then insomnia for 6 hours. Eat toast. Sleep for 6 hours in middle of the day. Frenzied and hysterical once more. Past still seems unreal. Future seems impossible. Nauseous. Dehydrated. Stare at the wall.

## Day

Within me is the shortest day! Salute this world, this abyss, this slanting sun, this crooked earth and frozen dew drop blushing red on the window of a fatality—a collision, a corpse and an impatient queue of honking horns waiting to drive on past. What do you hear Walt Whitman? Fierce songs of liberty continue indeed, but the Devil has his favorite pupils too: in his farms, townships, ruins, graveyards, jails, factories, palaces, hovels, huts of barbarians, tents of nomads...Come now, my tall hat, my gray beard, my centegenarian, my teacher, my fool! Behold your own geography lesson and grocery store list poem once more! Salute the abyss! Salute the world! Salute sincerity! Salute intolerance and complacency and the fruitful path of optimism! Endure your rightful due: endure your longest day of happy old man thoughts once more and be sure to mention every square of earth you've never traveled so the future fate of tourism can make good on the total banality of post cards and room service.

I'll not weep for you sir. You've gone back to your true country...something celestial and idyllic no doubt, but give pause and lean out your lovely neck; tilt your chin down a moment Walt Whitman. Look out the porthole of a cloud to behold my shortest day:

*These battlefields are haunted  
These tracks bore the weight of animals and bodies  
Our venerable messages came to naught  
Our heroes were predisposed to be bloody and cruel  
Our masonry crumbles  
Our graves—even these—are in disrepair.  
Our passions groan from text books  
Quite succinctly: its all neurosis here!*

*Yes, salute once more the helpless, the automatic, the crazed, the thieves, the slave makers, the menials and the cooks!*

*Autistically emotionless. Autistically indiscriminate, like Joyce and Buddha, letting opposites blur—*

*May as well spit on our corpses and describe the butterfly who stops mid flight to lick the slime off our cheek as rows and rows of unblinking eyes finally behold this wonderful Nirvana with indifferent mysticism, nearly equal to your own...but still delay old cloud beard*



*nomad poet; add just one more fine thing to your list of earthly delights and scenery:*

*Add my disgust.*

## *Day*

Pregnant women naked look like a ham-in-net. Hamnet. Shakespeare's ugly puns once more: Cordelia, Gloucester, Lear, urine, Dover etc. etc. Nietzsche said of him, "What must a man have suffered to need comedy that badly?"

Imagine the bard fucking a pregnant woman for several months. Hamnet...ham and potatoes...Hamnet...ham and potatoes...Hamnet.

Food and sex images in repetition. Doctoral thesis: Go.

## *Day*

A neglected child, frequently misused—that's the proper education for a benevolent poet...every kindness ought to seem like a miracle or a gift from God.

## *Day*

Mentioned Foucault's History of Madness in a bar with friends the other day. Eyes glossed over at the word *history*. Tried to give at least a three sentence synopsis...that was already too greedy of me. Women in a bachelorette party dressed in fashion from three decades ago were standing in front of our table, just milling around. They had layers of torn shirts, fish nets on their arms, boots past their knees—whatever else draws attention. Whisky rocks in front of me, I yelled, "Hey tramps". Only the most attractive one turned around, but just briefly as if she hadn't heard. Male companion scolded me: "That's horrendous!" I didn't think so. I thought it was funny. I wanted a confrontation. No luck being a boor. No luck being high brow. No luck with me. I'm too stupid. Too well-read. Too brutal. I feel

contempt for everyone on earth. I get automatic urges to slander myself when drinking. I get urges to be cruel for no reason. I get urges to gush emotional promises to my friends. It's all bullshit.

## *Day*

Celine and Foucault did me in. Punished me. Devastated me to a new degree. Earth seemed like a floating coffin haunted by the living in a hellish way. Corpses and confinement; attitudes of ignorant cruelty, automatism, suffering, groping disappointment and futility. Couldn't sleep properly, began dozing off during the day like a narcoleptic or a diabetic and staying up half the night. Feeling totally reserved now. Stopped answering phone calls from friends. Have to endure some things alone. No bridges left to be had. Wanted to become a vegetarian almost. Suddenly organic life seemed nightmarish in a new way. So many centuries of human struggle and pain. So much negation, ignorance and innocence.

I remember my arrival at a bus station in Kentucky; I was on my way to visit a Catholic monastery; I was greeted by the distraught look of an old monk—the Frenchman—who recoiled at the sight of the poor and swearing disheveled, loitering beside sports bags, back packs and luggage...he felt such sorrow when he looked at life. Everyday normal life. Just a bus station and a few arguing voices sent him almost into a panic. Just a bus station, a news television, some music from headphones, unmatched clothing worn by petty, impatient and spiritless people...that made him cringe even beyond the limits of his Christian vocation, towards a spiritual despair so far beyond his bible he seemed to have no more use for it...as if his mere face sufficed to replace it permanently. So much love. So much acceptance, confusion, fear and anguish all at once, for the sake of a bus stop! A little bus stop in Kentucky, discarded candy bar wrappers, soda machines and all!

Multiply that moment times the hours, days and years of a lifetime and you'll begin to approximate my monastic friend named Gietan. What's more, he felt all that and he still managed to be polite, well-spoken, patient, attentive, hospitable, reservedly cheerful and talkative as he drove my bag and I to the monastery in the country thirty miles away from the city. I'm not imagining all this about him; he actually made a point to tell me directly what he had felt as we left the bus station. He confessed his sadness immediately and without anxiety

despite having only met me five minutes before. The way his voice quavered and his throat cleared—seemingly unaccustomed to speech in general—demonstrated a factual basis to go along with what I read from the shock I had read from his face and eye activity when he greeted me at the station. I recall this story of the monk Gietan because only now do I begin to feel closer to his agape trembling and dread of existence. The words “Fear of God” invoke nothing when one doesn’t believe in God, but we seem for the first time to taste the atmosphere of the absurd, the strangeness of being and its alone-ness when the meanings and superficial veneer of the world are peeled back. In the ungrounded ground of the event, a spectral abyss seems to open despite nothings having changed in the material surroundings immediately before us. Not a drug ecstasy, but rather an ecstatic darkness gripping our little life-spans and connecting this same stubborn earth to one hundred other generations of changes, attitudes, hopes and confusions. Vanity and nullity are the desperate complaint of a single lifetime. Multi-century dread, awe, dislocation, compassion, reverence, panic, indifference etc. are the emotional visions approximating ten lifetimes. In all of this dread and dislocation, I care nothing for my own life and am not afraid to die immediately, through any conceivable means, yet it is the thought of taking a last breath which brings me so much closer to all those who came before me. Not that I should condone or care for any of their worldly constructions but rather, I deeply pity their having life taken from them or that they might have suffered any sadness, doubt, shame, loss or fear over a so vastly pointless fate. We can’t comfort them by telling them it’s pointless and we can’t lie to them either! That’s the trouble with deep awareness...it offers no easy exits.

As I was falling asleep, I tried holding myself back from breathing a few times and such a panic arose in me that every construct of human convenience, labor, meaning and excuse for carrying on seemed monumentally evasive, forgetful, intolerant, spiritless, fickle, sad and grotesque. Like a game of telephone carried on by genetic material, a billion times removed from its origin for mostly appearances and manners. I’m slipping away. A week ago this page wouldn’t have made much sense to me, despite all I’ve previously written. For me, this is new, but not entirely so. I’ve felt all these feelings to lesser degrees but this intensity right now, this suddenness and horizon of time-space is much larger than I’ve ever experienced, if I may be understood at all for using such an odd choice of words.

I consider myself a worldly man. Though I prefer to read in solitude, I do not fear crowds or travel or work. When my mind is set about a task, I too can become dull, hardened, single-minded, relentless, and stubborn until completion, but I only say so to assure the reader my peculiar intuition of dread is open to seemingly anyone who gives pause and earnest meditation toward life, but again, in saying so, the point is to make clear that such intuitions of genuine heartache without tangible contingency are possible regardless of temperament or personal fortune. Extroverted intuitions such as those felt by Gietan are not reserved only for old men who've become weak and fearful. I'm 30. Perfectly healthy and fleshy, and yet this dread comes not from a bodily defect but rather from some strange development in compassion. As a man, I'm no better for it. Still, I'm petty, emotional, selfish and stupid...but here I've acquired something strange and deep that has no practical use. Count it an increase in alienation. The entire strangeness of mortality assaulted me. Disquiet asphyxiation. Universal indifference. A hell of every imaginable crime. If an evil man were in hell, he'd call it a Heaven. If a single truly good and kind hearted soul were to be born, what choice would there be but to despair and beg for the world to be altered; to pray for even the meanest creatures, hoping they might find a gentle and caring fate next to the lamb. If even one decent soul were to be born on this wretched planet, they alone might innocently pronounce this wasteland a Hell, but because of their goodness, they'd probably go even farther and ask the rest of us to give it our blessing so as to go on living; even if they alone had discovered the veiled nature of a hellish and coercive concatenation of psychological gears and un-free mechanisms, wouldn't that kind and all-seeing soul naively say to us, "All is well" even as we bleed, gasp, panic or stare in delirium? So much for good souls! We already know what to expect from them. Now let's return to the private reality of our own intuitions...and worse, all future intuitions to come.

This feeling incapacitates me. Though it's only slightly worse than regular depression, its as if all my despair until now has only been active so I might eventually stumble upon this reality as it always was: the latent and semi-conscious despair of the past was really only the prelude to this much more pervasive, ugly, sad and tender empathy for more lifetimes of death than my own. Death is churning. Lights are going out. Ships are passing out of sight amid laughter, alcohol and cigarette smoke...and we'll never have enough sex and cigarettes to gain any distance on the minotaur.

## *Koan*

Meaning is a missile, a dart, and a blade. When it strikes home we stagger and die to it. Without arrows, there are no meanings.

Aiming at others, we are hardened.  
Aiming at ourselves we die.  
Standing without arrows we also die.

Thus life is poisoned by both meaning and non-meaning.

## *Day*

I feel sad when I see old cars in old movies. They look sad, as if they had a conspiracy with me that went beyond the petty plot of the film. Old makes and models, so alien now and obsolete. Must be in junk yards baking in the sun or melted down or something by now.

## *Koan*

In the marketplace I hear butchers complaining of wheelwrights, priests whispering about politicians, blacksmiths jeering the grocers and farmers heckling the bankers.

Amidst the confusion, my thoughts also wax captious. Coming home to my own bread and bricks once more, I attempt to quiet myself...but there's no end to the world's atrocity.

Sadly I, a poet, return to poetry.

## *Day*

In this day in age, if you suffer a spiritual or poetic revelation you're immediately a social parasite. Never mind that modernity is a contagion and a cancer on the face of the earth...never mind that—of course!—but if you should happen to sense the deep tragedy of one hundred severed lifetimes, and measure your own aspiration by the

weight of aeons, politeness and fitting in are the least of your concerns. You'll also recognize your equals by one very rigorous test—the suffering on their faces should look inches away from pulling the trigger. That's it. Everyone else is *of the world*. If they smile confidently enough at your frown, that could be a hint of something else...but that sort of smile is very rare. Regardless of how much philosophy one reads, what truly matters is suffering. Maximum understanding means the maximum of suffering. The rest is ignorance. Read all the best philosophers: suffering and death are the ultimate. Read all the best Novelists: Suffering and death are the ultimate. Read all the best play-writes: Suffering and death are the ultimate. Shakespeare has one flaw though—he never brought a character to the ecstatic joy beyond suffering: Prospero offers a feeble apology instead of a revelation: Spiritual impotence and symptom of the money lending play-writes obsolescence. Suffering and tears are the gateway. The rest is ignorance.

## *Day*

Optimists are not only intolerant of pessimistic people, they also tend to hold a negative opinion about pessimism in general...a fact which logically undermines the innocence of their optimistic mentality. We should rather speak of their “Optimistic aversion and repression” as a sort of aesthetic fascism. Meanwhile, pessimists appraise optimism as being quite beautiful, apart from its falsity.

## *Day*

There's no debating attitudes when you've suffered this long. I comprehend my cruelty and cynicism...but I still cry because I'm a lamb. No more patience for conjectures and speculations about existence or about mental health and normal behavior. My deathbed revelation is already a decade and a half long. I'll probably live forty years beyond this.

## *Koan*

Courtroom judges are often prone to violent emotional outburst at the slightest contempt. Who can censure their automatic tyranny? Who can quiet their latent rage? Responsible for too many laws and too many criminals, one can no longer restrain oneself when the moment demands it.

Whence comes our own judicial frustration?

## *Koan*

Where may I find the judge who stands above all judges? Where may I find the men and women who are beyond law tables?

## *Day*

Christian grace use to mean an awareness of at least the godhead's suffering...now its all just a social circle jerk and republican pow-wow. And they still wear crosses round their necks and bat their eye lashes like cartoon animals! GOD ON A CROSS. HUMAN SACRIFICE! NAILS THROUGH FLESH. Goethe said the cross was the most disgusting symbol in history. Taboo is arresting. Language is deteriorating. Without active reading and stage performance the spoken vocabulary gets lazy. Sure, we're all still capable of words, but you have to think about it like a musician. If you don't use it, you lose dexterity and proficiency. Let philologists rant all they want about decadence, but what really concerns me is the musicality of language. The further we slip from musical sentences the more barren and unpoetic our lives become. The more concise, lazy and aggressive our speech patterns the more active our rationality and concreteness...which leads to problems psychologically.

## *Day*

Remorselessly greedy for the abyss, entire hours and even days are choked lifeless, unwilling to exchange a sea of un-summoned nightmares for a differentiated and active drop of human blood.

## *Day*

If a ray of sunlight happened to reach across my bed and you pointed it out to me, I'd weep for repentance and shame in having squandered it. Tell the nurse to close the blinds—even a hint of daylight brings with it more possibility than any mortal should be forced to endure.

## *Day*

Misanthrope: solemn professed.

From hysteria to poetry.

From megalomania to futility.

From dread to forgetfulness.

From grief to indifference.

From wretchedness to enlightenment.

Let life prove all roads lead here.

Let disgust enkindle immortality.



## *Day*

It's safer if I stay a misanthrope. If I had been a charlatan, I'd have surpassed Christ. My fanaticism knows no human limits. I'd be greedy for unlimited power and dogma. I'd demand metaphysical world peace...and worse, I just might find a way of achieving it.

## *Day*

Primordial man equated unlimited suffering with fire. Fire destroys that which it consumes. Precious tools, trinkets, shelter, corpses—all these were threatened by fire. Painful destruction: the wrath of the sun in miniature.

How comes it that mortal minds have persisted in their fear of Hell without fearing we've already entered it: If every atom of my body were to split at once, it would incinerate the world. Conflagration is the default potential of every grain of sand. Not only is every grain and granule of matter capable of combustion, it is also capable of consciousness. This is Hell.

## *Day*

Let me borrow, for the space of an hour, the eyes of a resurrected Christ.



**Part II**  
*Hypnotic Migration*



## *Day*

One cannot fathom the heart of a misanthrope until one has daydreamed about weeping over Mozart's unmarked grave. Chopin was buried to the accompaniment of Mozart's famous requiem; Mozart to the accompaniment of a starving blackbird on the fence of St. Marx Cemetery while three spectators stood silently without applauding.

A nearby almshouse with the same name as the cemetery echoed with voices in accompaniment to the bird's hunger.

Zen enriches no one.

## *Day*

Every time I have ten dollars left in my wallet I recall how much Edgar Allen Poe got paid for his precious Raven Poem.

## *Day*

Happy Buddha is public Buddha. Smiling, laughing, flower holding Buddha is propaganda Buddha.

In search of shadow Buddha and atrocity Buddha, we herald the Buddha of the next epoch.

## *Day*

I've read hundreds of books about seduction.

Only one thing is needful: contempt.

## *Day*

I am the wilted flower of plague victims staggering.

I am the boot on the face of humanity.

I am the cigarette in the mouth of a circus clown.

## *Day*

Often an idiot will sit in prayer to no one.

Light falls upon objects, passes between leaves and branches and settles partially on the idiot's face along with the intermittent shadows of a swaying branch overhead. Leaves caught by a passing gust scrape loudly against pavement then settle to rest once more, passively scattered again and again for an entire season of dryness and calm. Birds dawdling, maundering and rattling throats mindlessly give up their commentary above the hum of distant mowers; now two dogs are sounding out the echoes of a wooden fence and a paved patio not far away. The mower finishes, comes to silence cathartically, and the two dogs bark curiosity twice more only to accent and partition the idiot's silence. Listening harder, the rush and flow of a nearby highway may as well be a river of souls never returning...often an idiot will sit in prayer to no one.

## *Day*

Five minutes of listening, looking and feeling the sensations of reality two steps beyond your front door is already prayer and eternity. Every mortar cannon, political campaign and genocide ever perpetrated is but five minutes shy of the Buddha. Even the misanthrope feels unlimited embarrassment for his complaints against life as his mind quiets and the imminence of nature refuses all human attitudes. Still unwilling to surrender the one thing needful, the earth deserves its torment.

## *Day*

No real difference between poetry, journal writing and spontaneous prayer.

## *Day*

Listening to the master preach, the master is only playing a role. The master who preaches has already forgotten his teachings and transgressed them. Listening to the master role-play, it is us who also begin to think and act in terms of role-play.

When men gather at the feet of the master he preaches renunciation: he wishes to be rid of these male disciples!

When women gather at the feet of the master, he preaches love: he wants to beckon the women followers closer so he may love them just as worldly men do.

Listening to the master, we unlearn all of Heaven's virtues.

## *Day*

Always I hover near to the master to speak and share, eat and drink, laugh and joke. I dearly love the master. Often I fear I am the favored student, yet every time master prepares to speak his sermon I am seen leaving just as the others are arriving. When the congregation has assembled, I am already gone.

One morning, engaged in a lively talk with master, the congregation assembled behind us without our realizing it. Finally, I grew embarrassed and pointed to the crowd behind the master. He politely said, "Our time is up. We must continue our discussion later. I must give the sermon now. The people are waiting."

To this, I bowed to master and then turned to leave. Seeing me walk down the center isle away from the crowd and away from the temple, the master called out to me, heedless of the others, and asked, “My friend, where are you going? Won’t you stay and listen with the rest?”

As kindly as possible, I turned back to my master and said to him, “It is my habit to go and pray alone while you are preaching.”

Master replied, “But all day and night you are free to pray as you please. Only one day a week, for a single hour do I give the sermon. If you want to go, then go, but I am curious what is missing? How comes it my sermon does not apply to you?”

“But master,” I said, “How is it you never noticed? It is always my habit to go and pray alone while you are preaching. These past five years, it has always been my habit to go and pray alone.”

The crowd began to laugh. The master was deeply hurt. He kneeled down with his face in his hands weeping so thoroughly and suddenly the crowds laughter ceased and turned to amazement. Feeling guilty and saddened by the masters reaction, I went to him and knelt beside; I put my arm on his shoulder and between a pathetic sob and a redoubled whimper the master asked, “What were you praying about all these five years”

“I was praying for you master.”

When the masters tears subsided, I was afraid I had been cruel or wronged him by my stupidity and simplemindedness, so I asked him, “Have I hurt you master?”

“Yes. Deeply. You’ve blessed me too well.”

It was that day the master retired and I fell to the trap of playing his role and giving sermons in his stead. Though I repeated the master’s teachings word for word, it was not until my own disciple humiliated me that I came to understand the deep pain of becoming a hypocrite. Only when I retreated once more did I fully awaken to what I was.



## *Day*

Unable to reach chaos, we are too much playing a role, too much in the idea of religion, too much in our minds about sermons, too much in the dwelling place of death and paralysis, too much with our eyes focused on the rebirth and the transformation. We are too reasonable and awake to embrace chaos unique to us. Reaching for the abyss, it recedes and we feel sadness at being disbarred even from a place of torments. Much too proud to descend, we're just as incapable of prayer as we are of originality.

Awareness of the day chokes us.

Awareness without sensitivity: painted eyes on a stone wall.

## *Day*

Looking out the window of a bus, a hospital room or a skyway, the misanthrope asks himself, "What is my greatest gift?"

Starring at the floor, a coffee mug or a wastebasket, the saint asks himself, "What is my greatest weapon?"

Caught in the moment between a swallow of spit and eternity, the poet cautions himself and asks, "What is the most oppressive and heart-rending idea of all?"

"A smile." Says the face of a newborn infant.

## *Day*

As I philosophize privately over the future course of nations, an uneducated woman is planning to home-school the six children she hasn't given birth to yet.

## *Day*

Civilization means barbarism with better firepower.

## *Day*

Even if I could alter the destiny of the universe, I'd hesitate to offer it even a nail clipping from my most indolent finger.

## *Day*

Do you want to see me expend my entire being in the works of a saint for the sake of humanity?

Then I commend you dear reader, for I would have guessed my level of obscenity was already unrivaled and beyond human endurance. I could still learn volumes from the casual misanthropy of those who love saints. I apologize if my own sense of decency should always choose retreat just short of heart-rending futility...

The lives of saints: yet another reason not to be one.

The human urge toward admiration: yet another reason not to be human.

## *Day*

Atheism needs more saints. Atheism needs more poets. Atheism needs more symbols. Atheism needs more propaganda. Atheism needs more priests, dogma and coercive traditions.

## *Koan*

When the arrow flies, whom have we killed?  
When the egg is fertilized, whom have we created?

Thus both creator and destroyer are blind.

Love and war: personal myths.

## *Day*

Happy is the man who never sees his shadow.

Every shadow has the tenacity of Shadow Buddha.

In the newborn babe, the suffering father sees his own shadow.

## *Day*

Cook-fire smoke still rising  
I walk up towards the hermitage  
As quietly as possible.

Am I too late?

## *Day*

My second day waiting  
For the recluse to return—

I've eaten the last of the master's food.

What is to be done?

## *Day*

My third day waiting  
For the recluse to return—

I go hungry. Patience sustains me.

## *Day*

My fourth day waiting  
For the Recluse to return.

I decide to leave the hermitage  
To fish in a stream nearby.

Cook-fire smoke still rising  
I walk up towards the hermitage  
As quietly as possible.

Is this my home?\*

**\*Chinese poetry never tires of re-working the theme of going to visit a recluse and finding his hermitage empty. The variation here adds the possibility of Alzheimer's: The sage is attempting to visit himself. He's forgotten both his wisdom and his identity. Now the pointless circuit of religious devotion is complete.**

## *Day*

Virtuosos of self-purification  
Anchorites empty themselves of all but God.

Beyond them, the anchorless sages—

Still ignorant of both God and purification.

## *Day*

On par with clouds  
Staring down from this island;  
At midday the seas part  
And I see the village below.

## *Day*

Mountains are large and useless

No one wants them

No one guards them

Perhaps one day I shall make my home

On a mountain

## *Day*

Suffering can be chastised only when it is spoken of. In silence, suffering appears immaculate, intoxicating, mysterious and magical. People even envy it.

If it should speak, the zealots of conventional moods are always close at hand to proselytize and punish us.

## *Day*

The newly born have no innate concern with the sublime atrocity of history. One feels the need to get a nipple into ones mouth as quickly as possible. After that, it's skyscrapers and more nipples probably.

## *Day*

Hand which drowns a wounded mouse,  
Except the hand is the cosmos  
And the sermon applies to the tragic birth  
Of all individual creatures.

Hand drowning hand,  
Mouse killing mouse,  
Cosmos euthanizing cosmos  
A speck of nothing hastening the end  
Of a fellow nothing.

## *Day*

Did the mouse drown me  
Or did I drown the mouse?

Master visionary and oracle of millennia  
I fall tearfully upon the corpse of a mouse.

Why do you cringe at those words, "Master visionary"?  
Don't you see  
I've lost my savior,  
A rodent.

## *Day*

Together we are liberated.

## *Day*

From the sink to the waste bin  
Only two steps and the space of one breath.

No tears. No hesitation. No ceremony.  
Shadow Buddha appears later  
In dreams and despair.

Once more the mouse visits me  
With gratitude.

## *Day*

What are these beings who speak of salvation?  
Have they too, failed to achieve it?

Nirvana mind is the opening of one and the closing of another.  
In Nirvana mind, liberation achieves a closure of human hopes—  
A dead place.

In the place where I wait, both salvation and joy are as nothing.

## *Day*

Bird flying low over the waters,  
Sun on the reflecting waters,  
Cloud mist above,  
Perched bird on a high ledge,  
Perched bird wondering at the joy of flight.

Perched, we imagine identity, but nothing prevails.  
In flight, only process remains.

## *Day*

Discernment is illusion.  
Confusion is illusion.

In the place where I wait—No reward! No purpose!  
In the place where I wait—No friend! No love!

In the place where I wait—God alone.

## *Day*

Stretched on the infinite rack of perception  
Or locked in the rank smelling stocks of judgment—  
That is my shortest explanation of mortal life.

## *Day*

When judgment does not see itself as judgment—  
What a catastrophe!  
And by turns, what a liberation!

## *Day*

Perception without anguish—what a noble goal!  
I'm already saddened at the thought of it.



## *Day*

Buddha is a woman's pity made Olympian; a vast blanket of silken moonlight, sleepless in perpetual anguish.

## *Day*

Shadow Buddha forgets anguish.  
Shadow Buddha forgets pity.  
Shadow Buddha forgets attainment.  
Shadow Buddha forgets Buddha.

Shadow Buddha sings a song called, "Get free and forget."

## *Day*

Without reading a word  
Shadow Buddha says, "All religion is vain, all action is void."

No mortal may surpass the Shadow Buddha,  
Not even the corpse.

## *Day*

One never sees a Shadow Buddha in an act of rebellion.

How could we even imagine it?

## *Day*

At age seventeen I thought to myself, "Why not refuse education, refuse government, refuse love affairs, refuse marriage, refuse a profession, and refuse the trappings of human dignity?"

What can Shadow Buddha say against such a man?

Perhaps the shadow would fault him for not having thought of it sooner...

## *Day*

Before our learning commenced,  
What did we imagine about wide discernment?

I've entirely forgotten.  
It seems we deemed it in some way desirable.

What a fatuous mistake.

## *Day*

Before our learning commenced  
What did we imagine wide discernment occupied itself with?

Did it seem to us like a frantic chip monks gathering  
Or like the worker bees frenzy?

What a block of ice!  
What a sculpture missing!  
What a gallows of abiding innocence!

## *Day*

Parents and teachers cannot conceive of anything more edifying than thrusting a book into a child's lap as early as possible.

Obviously they haven't read the books I've read.

## *Day*

To live only on the level of decision making and resource management leads immediately to wealth.

Conversely, to live on the level of ones problems is to give too much dignity to both self and problem: one becomes the dignity of ones problem in order to solve it: dignity costs us everything, only to end in its opposite: humiliation.

Dr. Jack Kevorkian is an excellent example.

## *Day*

Buddhism's unforgivable failure: after three thousand years, euthanasia for the elderly remains unlawful; one still cannot legally consent to die.

## *Day*

The unmarked grave is an enviable blessing. The fashions of hypocrites and the children of hypocrites shall not know where to look for us, buried as we are, beyond human custom, beyond human grace, apart from human memory: the void welcomes our un-christening and our un-humanizing: the void has always loved us best!

## *Day*

Dear God,

I want to be an astronaut, a zoologist, a fascist or a hairdresser.

Dear God,

Please end this dream. Please end all life.

## *Day*

Awareness should begin with the censure of the three ignoble poisons: experience, information and abstraction. These three diseases are imagined separately but are in reality only three attitudes of one phenomenon; in fact, barely a phenomenon at all; more of a shadow, a blind hand reaching, a map of ignorance, a maze of delusional possibility, a hearth and home for error, a hallway of unraveling floorboards...

## *Day*

A cup poured out into the ocean.

A glass of ignorance scooped up once more.

## *Day*

Whether in dream or in waking life, the ante-natal and the post-mortem flux of the cosmos laughs at my delusions of self-importance, my philosophical departures, my attempts at knowledge, my experiential awareness, my abstractions, my systems, my vagueness, my longing, my joy, my failed attempts at love and my solipsistic revelries of zero importance: *Stubborn audacity of not-yet-ashes*.

## *Day*

Make of me a house of sand. All who use me, I shall say unto you: "I know thee not!"

## *Day*

Rivers of attitude flow into a colorless ocean.

All paths lead towards death.

## *Day*

One notices my books have nearly as much blank space as printed space. My thoughts expend themselves then repose. I advance briefly only to retreat. Only by means of this strategy, whereby I restrain both myself and the reader from proceeding too far (or in too many directions) do I fully achieve my agenda. As discourse proceeds, the initial spark and gem of newness wanes until finally its aura dulls, lamentably sinking back into the blended indifference of infinite possibility. Whatever the magician holds commands a spectacle for a moment, but the longer he holds it the sooner the spell is depleted and his maneuver is comprehended. The audience is eager to dissolve our every trick...and if we give them space to do so, they surely would. For the magician who dwells in a world without magic, one sentence too many is already a spell gone wrong.

## *Day*

Now saddled with the weight of three books, I feel no catharsis by them. Sickness grows more vibrant. Stomach troubles, bowel irritability and today a genuine nausea I had always imagined was a metaphor until it pushed upwards beneath my chin and began swelling my tongue. In the toilet it's nothing but blood. Blood and mucus most every day. No choice but to begin fasting.

## *Day*

Now an urge, not just to read the meditations of monks and saints but to begin living like them: To spurn possessions, change diet, simplify dress, isolate myself...to do all I can to become more miserable.

I don't want to emulate piety, I want to embody it.

I don't want to join with the holy and benevolent, I want to surpass them on behalf of the void.

I don't want futility for the sake of a pious life,

I want a pious life for the sake of futility.

Dear God, if I should end up marring everything else about my life and my understanding of humanity, grant me at least this much:

*Grant me at least one sincere prayer to the Devil.*

## *Day*

One breath of devout Satanism, and the worthy disciples are already looking for a way to over-reach their master: We don't want the Devil. We want his kingdom: "Give us the Void!"

## *Day*

Hymns to suicide are as nursery rhymes to us. We the dying sing Hosannas for the departed and requiems for the unborn, even before the first pink and blue booties are knitted.

## *Day*

Though all saints must cringe at money changing hands on account of their books, no saint is more pleased than I to see my religious teachings intermingle with the gluttonous commerce of the Christmas season...and the revenue shall pay the cost of printing the next edition for zero profit—spiritual or otherwise.

## *Day*

I'd travel all the way to India just to climb the tallest Buddha and spit squarely on his nose.

## *Day*

I too am a pilgrim. Where is it the others have thought to arrive? I've joined no one and gone nowhere.

## *Day*

False idols and false paths give the religious biographers something to write about and investigate. If I can improve upon saintliness, I ought to make my own life even less interesting and more obscure...To finally achieve the greatest quantity of religious output with the most benign revelation: I simply dislike the others.

## *Day*

Today I spent hours reading Merton and Pascal. Yesterday I finished most of imitations of Christ by Kempis—I've read that one several times.

Now on to my own thought: if I write or advocate exactly the opposite of my favorite mystics, will the world be any better or worse for it?

## *Day*

The most compassionate lives ever lived were only a prelude to me.

The most devout sermons ever uttered only lead to this.

All the human poetry ever compiled was merely a preparation and an exercise in agility so my disciples might read my sentences without collapsing.

## *Day*

Don't all great seducers ruin a few individuals? I'm so sorry if a few of my poems send a fresh flock of students into the cloister or the seminary...necessary casualties of the trade I suppose...Meanwhile, I gloat over the serendipitous bodies washing ashore beneath the tallest bridges who never so much as touched one of my books. Those are *my saints*! Those are my brethren!

## *Day*

Merton often meditates on authenticity and inner sincerity. I refuse to hold my pen without heeding those sermons. Though the pages keep piling up, I have but one poem to show the world:

*“This is what I am.”*

## *Day*

Contrary to popular belief, monasteries are a place of joy, happiness and fulfillment.

Preemptively, I refuse those comforts.

## *Day*

Even when the saintly poets carry off an entire season of meditation without winking, I can already sniff out their fabrications. And when the weight of feigning is too painful, how many times have I seen them find new courage in diving once more into the spiritual ecstasy of Christ...Meanwhile, on the days I do come to tears over Christianity, its only because I see a victim, a mob and an act of unapologetic exploitation.

## *Day*

“Why would I repent to a statue?” Asks Mozart’s most successful opera.

## *Day*

I’m only cheerful when I discard intuition and sympathy...in terms of eyesight, it means I’ve returned to seeing faces instead of skulls.



## *Day*

Those who seek God shall find God. Those who seek the void shall find the void...and perhaps more.

## *Day*

Despite what my writings may or may not finally accomplish, I hope my agonies are never repeated: a vain wish, not at all worthy of my revelation...

## *Day*

Every day, every poem: the proliferation of a singular awakening.

## *Day*

I am Nirvana.

I am Nirvana, and that's sad, because Nirvana is only half ways back toward adaptation and life. The summit is only the journey upward.

Would you like a quicker way off the mountain?

## *Day*

Other saints are perhaps more gentle and mellifluous. I'm not that kind of saint. The path through the forest alone—day or night—is neither gentle nor sweet.

And when the forest is gentle and sweet, I'll return you to the pavement, the alleys and the claustrophobic stairwells. You'll face them alone as well.

Even side by side with your lover or your friend, something in the arrival and departure of comfort will still remind you of me...but I promise you, its not actually me you're thinking of.

## *Day*

Even when I am content, I am still spiritually desolate and vanquished. I never understood how spirituality could ever mean individual attainment. From the very first moment of meditation it was already a question of humanity as a whole; not a question of compassion, but of unsalvageable absurdity.

Even when I am content, I am still spiritually desolate and vanquished...

(A Taoist priest par excellence?)

## *Day*

Buddhism seeks individual attainment then fills up the time remaining trying to convert or save the rest.

Meanwhile, the Taoist asserts attainment does not exist. Further effort is only a distraction from the one mystery, the one imminence, and the one poem: Universe.

## *Day*

The least demanding religion in the world attracts not only the most rigorous thinkers, but also the very finest poets.

The least demanding religion in the world attracts those who have no attachment to it; attracts those who pray spontaneously and love without being asked or thanked.

## *Day*

Tearing the waste-cloth, passing it across then discarding it in one fluid motion—I awoke the second it left my hand. My entire responsibility to the world suddenly seemed no more complicated than tearing and discarding toilet paper. Have I dreamed my own

defecation, or have I dreamed the continuity of one hundred generations?

## *Day*

Spontaneous prayer once more...but tomorrow lets aim to be even more self-centered upon the void.

## *Day*

Strive for love, but prayer is better still and more beautiful. Never pray to love! Never stop at love! Each time, go all the way to prayer and watch obstacles dissolve into the foolishness of world-biting and world-clinging. Even in love, go past love to prayer, never once clawing or biting at phantoms. Let only the body claw and bite in its ecstasy of love. Become non-mind, non-body. Ecstatic dissolution.

## *Day*

Forget Buddha! Pray to the void. Pray to the wind or a nail clipping. Pray to your grandfather's big toe or to the light on this page. At each moment, the master already kisses the feet of future Buddha. Disciple laughs and feels embarrassed by such reversal.

## *Day*

My feelings: An entire wardrobe of dead mothers: a whole closet for the uniforms and outfits of tomorrow.

## *Day*

With the awesome power of extreme hatred, you can look into the face of total ignorance and bring them to ruin without even a hiccup of regret.

And that's only where the addiction begins...

## *Day*

Bodhisattva: a future Buddha who, out of compassion, forgoes Nirvana in order to save others.

## *Day*

Buddha prayer makes Buddha

Buddha knowledge means fallen-ness to the fetters of a religious type, or the awakening to the thought of never having fallen to that type.

Buddha prayer kills Buddha.

## *Day*

Bodhisattva: A past Buddha who, out of contempt, achieves Nirvana in order to save no one.

## *Day*

No thoughts are original; possibly we find unique or new recombinations but thoughts are never wholly original. Their potential already pre-existed their recombination.

Only beings are original. Each day is a different manifestation of being. Never clinging, never striving for yesterday's project, we approach a new day as innocently as a mob condemns a criminal—without restraint and heedless of consequences. Each day I am Judas, each day I am Barabas, each day I am Ahasuerus, each day I am the spear of Longinus. Never hanging, never crucified, I am eternally alive: eternally from the source: wholly an original being.

Only our words are derivative.

Only through dull words may we paint a mosaic of original beings.

I say to my fellow clowns and fellow disciples, imitate me as closely as possible. Imitate my style and my method. Through me, become original. Through me, become yourselves!

The day is sacred.

The day unfolds your being.

## *Day*

In dissolution we unite. In dissolution, master and disciple are one.

## *Day*

In chaos we diverge. In chaos we channel our own possibilities. Master and disciple diverge.

## *Day*

In rebirth and transformation we also diverge. Newness attains its various colors and sorrows unique to our being.

Master and disciple alike know dissolution, but the sameness of their technique leads to what is truly valuable and new to their existence.

In religion the risk of parody, evasion, mimicry, fabrication, seduction, delusion, isolation, fanaticism and coercion are boundless...but still the technique of dissolution suffices against all error and falsity. From dissolution toward originality—the way is utterly simple, and still almost no one succeeds in following it.

From dissolution toward originality—that is all.

## *Day*

For every serious question one should dignify them by pushing the inquiry one step beyond the initial point of interest. Push the sincere question one step beyond sincerity. Only then shall the solution be immediate and effortless. For example, a man chooses to ask all the world's most renowned thinkers why the world exists...It only takes a mediocre thinker to reply, "Why would someone have the audacity to ask why the world exists?"

Why should the void bother to grant mankind an impossible notion of dignity? The void is. The void consents to no purpose, no reason, no goal, no future, no beginning and no end. The void is humiliation only. The void is sarcasm, laughter, devilry, and sleep. If existence didn't exist, then the void would exist...and if the void were, they we might legitimately ask why the void is empty? If the absurdity of existence is equal to the absurdity of non-existence, then the question of why the world exists is already an inextricable absurdity. The thought of nothingness being the only realm is perhaps even more difficult and maddening than speculation over where matter comes from or how the universe started. The void asks no questions. The void seems to call each man in question only to ask, "Why do you exist?" But the void isn't asking for a justification; its tone is pure mockery, never allowing for a reply. Heard correctly, the void is saying to us, "Why do you bother? Why struggle against me? I am your model for perfection! Become me! I am void! Return. Renounce. Become!

Why does the world exist? Because it existed yesterday.

## *Day*

Happy Buddha is public Buddha. Smiling, laughing, flower holding Buddha is propaganda Buddha.

In search of Shadow Buddha and atrocity Buddha, we herald the Buddha of the next epoch. The onion of enlightenment has yet one more layer beyond bliss. To have almost glimpsed the supreme torment of Shadow Buddha is already to become the harvester and oracle of future Shadow Buddhas.

## *Day*

Shadow Buddha demonstrates how the Daylight Buddha's four noble truths are noble evasions.

To declare the truth of suffering (dukkha) is a *sublimation* of suffering.

To declare the origin of attachment (dukkha) is to *anchor* us to a religious principle.

To demand the cessation of attachment (dukkha) is a *distraction* from unending dukkha.

To offer a path away from attachment (dukkha) is to *isolate* and protect us from the horrible truth of existence.

Thus, Peter Zapffe's essay, The Last Messiah, reveals how the four noble truths of Buddhism are only a mirror of the exact four steps of repression already rampant in the human condition: ***Isolation, distraction, anchoring and sublimation***. At the same time Buddhism is trying to offer a salvation, it is also obscuring the inherent swindle and charlatan prank we already abhor. The risk we face in accepting the four noble truths is the tendency to gloss over the original malignancy of the universe itself, in favor of a method we are already well indoctrinated in, since every human life already uses isolation, distraction, anchoring and sublimation to avoid facing the stark brutality and maddening horror of possessing a conscious mind. We have mistaken the work of a psychologist for a prophet of noble truth...Buddha has conquered, not through truth, but through psychological cloak and dagger. To this day, the un-truth of truth itself is still awaiting both declaration and acceptance.

If pressed to offer an alternative to the Buddha's four noble truths, Shadow Buddha would offer a counter weight to each of the four errors.

- 1) Intoxication
- 2) Waste-cloth
- 3) Dispersion
- 4) Reversal

A being who chose to follow the fourfold un-truth of Shadow Buddha might readily compare the old noble truths with the new ignoble truths and intuit a path leading back to the world of activity and growth, while staying fully conscious of the horror and absurdity of existence, never once attempting to evade or cure oneself of the default state of human incarnation. Anything which overlays as system atop the default is suspicious. Only reversal and dispersion can bring us back to the origin before discourse and delusion enter the mind. Since the Buddhist path ends in isolation, the Shadow Buddha works in reverse order, to undo the harm and delusion of the charlatan prince. From isolation, we court reversal. From out of distraction and fixated focus on spiritual attainment, Shadow Buddha points us back to emotional, thoughtful and sensual dispersion into the world once more. From the anchoring of ones view on attachment itself, Shadow Buddha advocates the frivolity of a waste-cloth: empty bottles, empty corpses, discarded cigarettes, and full stomachs...the active consumption and discarding of not only systems but joys and sorrows as they naturally pass away. Finally, where the Buddha declares Suffering, Shadow Buddha offers intoxication, frenzy, affinity, natural wonder, reverence and uncanny horror. If suffering is the noble truth, then suffering also implies its opposite: Joy. Perhaps the deepest root of all suffering is joy. Where Buddha approaches the benevolent and lighter side of life through admitting a small kernel of suffering, the dark uncanny Shadow Buddha offers only a small kernel of joy in the wake of unlimited terrors. Shadow Buddha is the frowning, disillusioned poet. Daylight Buddha is the smiling and benevolent healer. Shadow Buddha is the solitary and tormented redeemer. The doctrine of suffering must arise from the philanthropist. The doctrine of joy must arise from the misanthrope. In order to be seductive and psychologically convincing, suffering and joy must be incarnated through the avatars of their opposite. Why does the philanthropist work himself to the bone on behalf of others? Monumental Suffering. Why does the Misanthrope resort to drinking wine and writing poetry? Subtle joy. If we had began with joy, the depth of our potential awakening might have been obscured by superficiality, thus Buddha and Shadow Buddha compliment one another; ending and beginning, light and dark, the way circles back upon itself and opposites resolve into a unity of change and relentless fluctuation.



## *Day*

Taoism and Buddhism in bed together:

A playful dialogue between dissimilar lovers.

## *Day*

Often I shorten great poems of the ancients.

Some days I ask only, “Who can be a wild deer?”



# **Part III**

## *Slow Arrow*



## Day

Shaking hands. *Shaking my hand in the furless skin of a bathwater trembling, a mouse in a coliseum corner's green tile and linoleum bathroom, the fault of a plate shift, the fault of destiny or Hades or the indifference of starlight on a prostitute.* Cerebral Palsy in my mouth too. *Cerebral divide, disunion, dispersion, displacement, distopia of glass and the majesty of an ant.* I was the first one to memorize all fifty states and capitals, as a fourth grader. *I stutter peppermint spirals ahead of the slow obscenity of my halting lips.* Coffee beans noisily grinding before the birds have anything to say about starvation. *Why don't my silver colored microphones rust with the mellow tears of the violins they've mimicked?* My gestures are inferior. *Silk ribbons, stockings, initialed stationary of thank you cards so heavy they make an Atlas out of an inferior gesture.* The popular boys played foursquare like blindfolded lions, swift in preternatural defiance of time as I concentrated on the individual four letters of my eternally left-handed, mid-death-stroke pencil lead bleeding, smearing lacerations of the top-most right hand corner of a worksheet ready to tear through the pulp press bleach white futility of a tree martyred learning exercise—N-A-T-E. *Too far too quickly, too little too slowly, my ladybug wings smell so vile, so crushed so like a gnat on the five hundredth limb of a giant squid diorama spraying out clouds of storms past and storms to come.* Foursquare circle rotates, a new champion ejected to the back of the line, a new boy steps into play as a grippy red medicine ball finds its way into the multi-spout, independent-play, non-competition ball-kettle staked above the children's heads on the deep wet-black, newly squishy and painted asphalt like the Nazarene gallows pole objective of a self-realizing universe. *Butter and toast, crunch and warmly-soft slipping from philosophy to simple honesty in the space of a decade, a minute, a morning reflection, a plane ride over the continent, a glint of light, a swelling blaze of a bright then not-so-bright real log fire portion of time, subjectively partitioned into unremarkable pin pricks and crucifixions, not always so meaningful as Pentheus' severed head nor the frenzy of his insensate mother, wine-drunk and sometimes abusive as she helps her disabled little fourth-grade student lace his shoes as he holds the tag-board memory-photo presentation she glued together from the shoddy polaroids my infernally half-witted fingers spent nine-hours selecting while she complained about my absent step-father.* As the special sized-bus pulls up to the familiar place near the curb behind the other buses, I see the playground come into view—light of the morning, somehow differently

tinted each day, strangely shadowed, some glaring across the metal tubing, colored swing sets, molded plastic shoots, partial pyramid capstone roofs, two-handled random-animal spring riders, metal ladders I'm too afraid to climb and all the un-counted wood chip minutes we'll spend dreaming about the paradisal day when recess gets a few minutes or decades longer, somehow contrary to the Dachau prison guard-style, early 80's sized cell phone walkie-talkie with the huge rubber dildo antennae the teacher's take turns holding as they chat and watch and seem uninterested in the perfect liberation of those children not confined to spend the lunch hour segregated into a little room overlooking the playground with a physical therapist slash tutor slash helper slash generally un-sympathetic adult companion whose real-world frustration and impatient nagging makes me feel more dignity, aptitude and shame than the other pandering school-women who make me into the cotton-stuffed, velveteen tragedy I emotionally look like in my sometimes corduroy over-alls—Do they somehow intuit how much additional work it is for a physically challenged individual to take a piss in these goddamn buttoned down, Magnus Samuelsson-most-unlikely-farmer-in-history-over-alls—completely the inverse of the world's strongest man as I fidget and flail to un-fasten the golden hoop and then sit to urinate because my fingers can't be trusted to aim and it would be possibly embarrassing to use the regular urinal on days when mother dresses me in over-alls because she knows picture day is sometime this week, but possibly not today, so tomorrow I might be sporting this tan-colored contemporary farmer get-up once more for the sake of her all-to-fickle emotional well-being which sometimes exacts its lustily-sublimated greedy revenge for my so completely innocent and inescapable condition; at least I'm her pretty little almost-talking puppet whose near-total uselessness is somehow a maternal dream-come-true. *Let slip an avalanche of dogs, of reins, of a Niagra-thurst-churning in anticipation to drink the blood and bullets and charging battalions of un-handicapped soldiers just now walking at a regular pace to a seemingly regular fate in ANY CENTURY because a few paltry genetic substitutions, re-combinations, binary amino acid deletions or a maternal lack of oxygen some time during the delivery process failed to infect them with the brain of Pyrrhus in the body of an almost-cadaver—And Plutarch said, "One more such victory would utterly undo him. For he had lost a great part of the forces he brought with him, and almost all his particular friends and principal commanders; there were no others there to make recruits, and he found the confederates in Italy backward. On the other hand, as from a fountain continually flowing out of the city, the Roman camp was*

quickly and plentifully filled up with fresh men, not at all abating in courage for the loss they sustained, but even from their very anger gaining new force and resolution to go on with the war.”—(Phyrric Victory...) Cerebral Palsy made universal would re-populate the earth with slow angels of differing temperaments who might not understand their sadistic condemnation to a fate of extreme and horrifically comical gentleness. *Let’s cut holes in mother’s curtains with a pilfered utility knife as an act of revenge for ‘who knows what’ subtle offense, as our adult selves imagine David Foster Wallace with a toilet plunger up his ass and an expensive graphite tennis racket shoved in his mouth, suctioned to objects, ten-dollar words and banal psychological idiosyncrasies because style, feeling and Proustian-subjectivity cannot be learned or taught; for the man of feeling, comedy and ironical object descriptions are replaced by the intensification of cake crumbs in total seriousness.* Not because I can; because I must. *No drugs, no strain, no excess, no goal, no reliance, no identity, no excuses, no comfort in life.* Spin play on a four child spin-about with a green center pole, four hand-holds and a grayish tan standing platform—not quite so impressive as the eight foot diameter blue and white merry-go-round on the upper playground, but privately more intense and frightful since its rotations are not only subjectively faster, but also more difficult for me to hang onto since I’m forced to stand instead of sit, as I do on the upper playground merry-go-round. *Alternate innocence with cynicism; attempt to make a style out of a device, but don’t pay much attention to being rigorous—that would just get annoying.* Plain speech. *Emotional reaction.* Plain speech gone too far. *Emotional flavor text gone autistic.* You get the idea. *You get the touchy touch of it’s fuzzy fuzz, whoa Nelly! Gotcha! Loud and unclear then...* Plain Jane once more. *Piss. Donuts. Catastrophe.* Turtles crossing a deserted road where the grass is tall and a railroad bridge looks like a concrete shrine to some worn-out deity in the Grecian style. *Stupid fucking imitative friend who placed a fifty cent estate sale procured, dog-chewed dust cover coffee-table book of ugly Greek sculpture on our living-room bookshelf because he thinks my love of Euripides has something to do with marbled images of pederasts, homosexuals and Olympian deities with spears.* Where do last names (surnames) come from? *If people make up their own surnames at some point in history, then one of Hemmingway’s ancestor’s had a genetic gift for words no less than Shakespeare’s great grandparents.* Poetically sum up your entire aesthetic evaluation of life and condense it into the single word phonetic equivalent of a sublime phrase passed on to your entire lineage. *Hemmingway—that’s*

*an entire poem in a word. Shakespeare—the trembling essence of joy or anguish like a spear deep driven in our chests—What’s in a name, if not a hundred mistakes and a hundred generations of non-Buddha. Let’s judge the greatness of a novel not by its lack of lazy sentences, but by the prolific and indispensable need of them! My slow movements challenge the very foundations of human seriousness. I am an incarnate joke, a comprachicos smile forged by the gods. I’m too grateful for my defect to wax sentimental over it. My incapacity is my catapult, my javelin, my vault and my civility. When both jumpers fail to clear the bar, the height gets taken down a mark...I am the contagion of No-height. I am the superman, the ubermensch and the decay of civilization as cotton candy returns to the crystalline liquid of pure sweetness and rot; I am the fanatic of indifference and the fanatic of anti-fanatic ideology. Ideas and ideals made perfectly level, equivalent, equal-valence. Emotions set to par, to purification, to primitive instinctual coherence. Childhood, maturity, time and sensation spun centrifugal in the near divinity of music. I teach misanthropes how to weep on Mozart’s un-marked grave. Your too much is my barely enough. I appreciate life by meditating upon its every thread of dissolution. Taoist’s decline comment or they saturate completely. My friend Brian is a bully and a retard with an IQ of probably 85. We walk to the special-ed room together and when he gets excited he gets aggressive; he’s the only boy brave enough to push me down and fight with me. I lose badly. The teachers misunderstand and punish him; but he’s faithful too—He’ll do it again for sure and never admit my handicap, even though I can see how he’s learned to pull his punches and give me a fair turn to hit him since I’m so much slower. Pain is thrilling, not because I’m a masochist but because the totality of my physical integration is so ridiculously narrow. The wind pushing past my stationary body is how I imagine myself running. Don Juan of friendship, I’ll not recant the conquests and departures which fall in my lap by reason of human awkwardness and insecurity. At least through high school I had my retarded Brian whose able body instinctively became the companion of my able mind—two half-men made grotesquely complete in a sea of normal individuals. Brian’s coordination was fine so long as he wasn’t measuring the ketchup for his tater tots at lunch. Bloody lakes of dyed corn syrup seemed to always flood his tray for no reason while I took particular pride in the perfect ice-cream-cone-spun fill of each paper dipping-cup. Come to think of it, Brian’s tater tots were always gone by the time I reached the lunch table, which is why he’d look at mine so longingly and offered to barter his pudding for a few more tots. Time and reason are the sober*



fulcrum of human meaning. *Impressions and psychological projections are the myth-making apparatus of intoxicated human meaning.* Life is too meaning saturated not to admit Nihilism. *The convolution of human meanings are a form of non-meaning from out of abundance.* Emotional exile and physical exile each lead to the distance necessary for a unique perspective capable of seeing beyond itself through the negation of self. *Nihilism remains a taboo word, yet its completely obvious and inescapable horizon is so childishly simple its mathematics are already apparent in the individual's personal ability to manage contradictory information:* The advent of our ability to lie and detect lies is also to have already entered the flux of simulation and simulacra. *A pattern is not an objective truth.* A projection is not a deity. *An emotional justification is not the foundation of a certainty.* A psychological type is not an excuse for bigotry. *A moral outcry is a temporal complaint with no historical direction, foundation, goal or purpose apart from its fleeting relation of narrow comparison.* Nihilism does not need to justify itself—quite the contrary—objective, factual and reason-minded threads of meaning have an obligation (implied) to hold good in the face of universal flux and decay...*an ambition which is at base, not possible or sustainable without its own semblance of irrationality, mania and madness.* Instead we must confront the many attitudes and grimaces of unthoughtful impatience; *lucid minds only preach to a choir of fellow artists and automatically canvassing non-party-non-ideal-activists even though one feels a greater sense of disgust with a half-measure spoken on behalf of atheism or nihilism than one whose intellectual feebleness takes an entirely different (yet sincere) stance.* Our ever increasing pop-culture of atheism and atheist-tourists are still shooting marbles at the infinite; Those who have not yet confronted and worn out every conceivable attitude towards the god problem—emotionally, psychologically, mythologically, traditionally, culturally, philosophically, politically, tribal-ly, artistically, comedically and tearfully are not yet in a position to join the serious discourse of this world's ultimate jokers and pranksters. *The serious non-serious; the discipline of complete immolation; pain and suffering as if human mockery were but the initiation to a sublime joke.* NO TOURISTS. *No comfort in life.* NO FINAL MEANINGS. *No singular face for all available attitudes.* A sketch-book is already as good as an outright admission of philosophy's demise. *Do I decline meanings or do I run out in advance to meet them?* I ingest as many as possible, as diversely and contradictory as humanly possible. *Respect and tolerance have nothing whatsoever to do with my Nihilistic project (projection?).* One

eventually seeks to get beyond humanity in just the same way one seeks to get beyond the discomfort of distended pleasure, longing or hope. *Equilibrium looks like nullification. Welcome to my spite-house. Ostracized and second-hand (minute-hand, hour-hand) embarrassment to the family.* Biological edifice seemingly designed to humiliate the species: a flamboyant symbol of defiance, obstructing the light and architecturally impinging upon neighboring buildings, blocking their view, their access and their alibi for existence. *I am more than an accidental spite-house, I am a fully realized fortress and cathedral of spite; an Avalon of carefully engineered decadence.* I take personal responsibility and actively participate in the mindful discipline of my own undoing. *Balance beam with the skin-choking humidity of a twilight nightmare—this is how I play—with wood chips in my shoes and a piece of tall grass gripped in my teeth.* We take our dangers in proportion to our handicaps. *With a curious absence of faith in both people and ideas, I seek redemption in the deluge and cataracts of reality drenched and drowned in my impressions.* Light of a single candle. *Light of the morning from the fuel of a dying yet undying star.* Light is the only miracle. *Light is the beginning of our cosmic horror.* As the day begins; *as the day ends.* Go on? *How go on?* Age twenty five, and how many of these city buildings, these businesses, these law firms, these bank accounts, these passing planes, these uteruses, these systems of world finance and incorporation were already fully functional, invented and invested with power before I even blinked to spit milk and sneeze? *Did a foreign low-wage worker sew my first yellow infant jump suit?* Crown of snakes. *Handicap of paralysis to match my emotional (in)sensitivity.* I'd have been Nero if I hadn't already wept for him in earnest. *Did Nero kill his mother because he was bored or was he finally the apotheosis of boredom as he contemplated the non-meaning of her death?* Humans fucking look like the enactment of a curse. *Why does compassion wax Satanic and useless?* Do I need to be any more specific or convincing than a child sized coffin? *Either our laughter should never end or it should completely seize up in fear of suddenly becoming tearful the very next second.* Sky changes. *People forget.* We function with a very minimal level of mindfulness and memory. *I prefer the malleable attitude of whores mirroring their client's enthusiasms...only those who shape non-existent attitudes for the sake of a social purpose have efficacy in this world; the rest are caricatures and spit worthy models of limitation and one-sidedness.* A woman who seeks a social position in emotional reference to some person or group cannot simultaneously ask herself what she really feels independently, since independence would not

make any emotional sense to her...to this extent she is incapable of tragedy, since tragedy requires the complete lucidity of one's individual fate. *If I were tragic in relation to the group—for my physical handicap for instance—my tragedy would not be my own.* Being born unfortunate is not the same as losing a fortune by one's own doing. *Ironically, I had the privilege of securing both—a birth defect and an existential complicity with my volitional futility.* Born with Cerebral Palsy, I add to this my acceptance of life and my failing sense of happiness. *I simply have more useless time to rub my skin with the healing lotions of anti-natal despair.* If a woman wanted my virgin body out of sympathy or cunning, I would reject her advance, not capable of foregoing my disgust, not for my particular relation to her, but to the more nominal relationship of her gynecological relationship to the species in general, *as potential mother and un-reasoning issue of future suffering.* No need to fear what fails to matter. *Suffering means as much to me as vanilla ice cream and oak leaves.* Still plenty to see and do with life. *Still plenty of immersible sensations and illusions.* Let's look for a true love. *Let's paint the world in shit.* Let's discover an apogee of cowardice. *Let's demonstrate how hero's pay a price for having no talent, while the gifted decline to squander their gifts so readily.* Women reward grotesque behavior to the credit and splendor of our species, so let us in turn reward them with our indifference and our abstinence. *Would you like a horrific visitation: I'll show you an honest man.* Read my words as fast as possible—to approximate how I think—then speak them aloud with half your tongue cut out, semi-deaf ears and a shot of Novocain deadening half your face. *Speak as slow as a man with brain damage, stroke damage or a genetic defect.* Speak the lyricism of my flames and my bellows like a snail harnessed to an Edison phonograph, so the needle scratches and reproduces the pitches at one one-hundredth the speed of an actual conversation. *If I wanted to pretend, what is left for me to pretend to be?* If my description of my own handicap were merely a symbolic invention, then isn't the man who longs to use me and project me mythologically even more depraved and unconscionable than the horror I already accuse myself of? *A virgin anti-natalist, surrealist, Cerebral Palsy misanthrope, partially deaf, poetic, curious, undaunted, and thorough-going Nihilist?* I'm more afraid of one sincere honeymoon than a legion of my own ill-omened body cloned. *The banality of one marriage honeymoon disgusts me more than every war ever fought.* My secret pastime is looking at pictures of Russian mail-order-brides while realizing my own emotional equivalence to them. *Impossible, silly, romantic, puppet-like, unconscious, sensually inept, almost incapable*

*of a self-induced orgasm because my frail hands are so difficult to control and focus. Spine doesn't communicate with my movements. William James spent months demonstrating how lobotomized frogs are still capable of reflex movements and navigating obstacles when touched with acid...even in a fully brainless state, one foot would still attempt to wipe the other when exposed. The entire animal kingdom is a lobotomized personification of me, and struggling for no purpose, killing and being killed as both cripple and lion, by turns both triumphant and carrion, vain and worm eaten. Exposed to temperatures of all types, how much worse to have been exposed to a single human shame! No catharsis for the shame of having been born...handicap or no. Isn't this still music? Every impression a song? Every condemnation an affirmation, inescapably? An epic of sublimated grief? A crusade of days chewing toast and passing gas while my hands are cold. No story and no plot for the man who leaves humanity behind. No joy in working out a game of social acrobatics in a hospital ward of paralytics. Is the sponge bath really the debauch we imagine it to be? What an insect is the myth of man, that he'd make his cancer or his motorcycle accident into a semblance of heroics. Literature and drama continue, but I decline. In love with Shakespeare, humanity does not deserve my imitation of him. I'll lay down my sword for the devil. I'll worship monastic renunciation as a faithless alternative to humanity. Void only. Welcoming void, to you I return, as often and livingly as possible. As quickly withered as a banana or a hundred year old woman. Ten pages in this direction, a thousand more and I'll show you others. So what? Matter o' fact confidence of a mayfly—one day everyone you love will be dead, as will I. Fullness of chest and throat after a meal or too much liquid, I'm walking down a hallway, any hallway, elementary school or College or a factory at night, early morning, its always the same hallway where I'm alone with the echo of steps. Can't forget the private little steps even when the crowd returns to share the noise and enthusiasm of this miserable dust. Don't want to risk comedy so I'll have to spread the cream cheese, drink the orange juice and use napkins like everyone else, regardless of bodily or mental misery. Too use too being in anguish, it's not the same word other people understand...not the type of word which has a source, a meaning, a sensible escape or retribution when disrespected. Amplified incoherence of my own body and language through suffering, to the point of total incomprehensibility. I accept this; no spite, no envy, no wish, no hope. It's confusing since I use images and assert things in a split second, contradictory way; one wants to argue with me, but there's no use arguing a fate. Perhaps this lady sees*

*ghosts or hears voices, why should we debate that she doesn't? If I call my anguish my default state, then this is so; and if I say pleasure represents a dis-equilibrium and a mild discomfort, then this is also so. If I try to amplify my pleasure, the result is multiplied disgust. Cannot trust myself or my own visions of self! I'm easily swayed, manipulated, swelled with stupid enthusiasm, willing to give away anything, put faith in the expressions of others, forgive every conceivable fault and dismiss a grudge against me, only to become petty or shallow once more. Completely irresponsible for my emotions, I'm little more so on behalf of whatever exists as an extension of them—which means basically every human relation. Night-shift work. Whoever controls finance and capital gets to decide what human beings invest time into for the sake of a wage. Nothing guarantees human labor shall be wisely spent in benevolent creations; more often than not, we winnow away our precious hours on the mass production of garbage, trinkets, un-healthy foods, un-necessary drugs, home decorations, kitchen gadgets, recreational tool sets, poorly made instruments, and bakery items which get thrown out for stale a day later. Who is there who refuses to consume all but his daily bread? This world has grown a mania for the consumption of everything and the meaning of nothing. Since I heard of the term, I've imagined nihilism not as an elite refuge, but as the mindless and negating default of human existence. Nothing is heroic; everything has been reduced to an economic exchange. We cannot rebel or fight against what is, since the realization of what is, is also the honest nullification of all aesthetic possibilities. To attempt a different view or an alternative aspect of human integrity would first demand our departure from honesty and begin courting seduction, fanaticism, religion or intoxicated irrationality once more. Just how dumb are our parents? Seriously ask yourself what sort of stupidity and banality it takes to allow procreation. Suicide and the suggestion of it by those people offended by a suffering mind speaking in earnest is just yet one more layer of insult added to our sadness and un-hope. They say to me, "Logically you should kill yourself if you complain about life all the time..." Logically? So you would watch the drama of my suffering and then add to it another miserable alternative which forces me to enact some sort of pointless violence on a death sentence I've already been dealt and a cruel handicap I cannot escape? Well that's a wonderful way to bless a fellow human being. Just because I pray for death every day doesn't mean it's my responsibility to be the instrument of what already crushes me. If, logically, by some magic it were in my power to drink an elixir which could grant me eternal life, and then I still complained*

about death, then I would be logically at fault; but as the situation stands, the exact opposite is true—*there is no cure for death or chronic melancholy*. So long as I am alive, one might say that I've endured each day as successfully as the happy man endures it, and nothing at all mandates I kill myself. *And why should suicide be counted a negative alternative to life?* Why not chastise the happy man for not killing himself the moment he has become happy? *Why should a sad emotion beg for death while a positive one begs for more life?* That the happy should live and the miserable should die is a completely arbitrary assessment of human reality. *Perhaps one day the most joyous beings shall find it natural to kill themselves, while the sad mortals continue to procreate and mistreat their children.* Often, in the midst of my poetic frenzy, I fail to discern rightly whether I am the most useless creature ever born or the most wonderfully blessed and happy in the history of human births. *How would I go about knowing or emoting such a possibility?* If I relish the thought of suicide daily, how can the outside observer really be sure I don't do so out of some genetic mutation whereby I am flooded with one-hundred thousand times the chemical joys of an average mortal being? *Quite an unlikely thought, but so is the evolution of the human eye, the porcupine's quill and the kangaroo's pouch.* What if it could be shown or postulated that I actually suffer from an overly sensitive aptitude for joy? *Don't heroine addicts demonstrate a behavior similar to bi-polar individuals, even when such addicts experienced no equivalent symptoms before becoming addicted to an opium based substance?* And why should I be counted as one or the other extreme—happy or sad? *What if I am too continually and too exhaustively both?* For the supposed gift of life, I would compose poems and prayers daily while singing, laughing, eating and drinking, were it not that I also hurt and feel a pervading sense of unlimited cosmic discouragement at every breath, even during my moods of thankfulness and gratitude for life. *When socks wear through, we throw them out.* What's to be done about this little boy who waits in the cold of three centuries of incomprehensibility and stuttering speech with perfect syntax? *Dirt on his hands from gardening, when he shared the graceful demeanor of the women who enticed him to help tend vegetables he had no interest in eating.* It took a long time to get the dirt out of his nails; with his mom away, only the bravest, most no-nonsense lady had the gumption to get a sponge and scrub his hands for him on her knees at the spigot at the edge of the neighbor's house. *Age twelve, this strange and stuttering voice said to her, "And Jesus washed the feet of lepers..."* Which made the lady almost cry, but he only intended it as a cynical joke, to make light of

his affliction. *Nothing but discomfort to be had from innocence and cynicism; no easy route beyond human frailty.* She'd no doubt tell the other lady's in the garden club about his saintly little one sentence speech by the water spout, and thereby assure the little anti-Christ the even more doleful fate of becoming a perpetually iconic vehicle towards piety...*He wanted to call his biography, "A Lamb Exploited", but even that title was too in keeping with the very same myth he was trying to evade and ridicule.* At age fourteen he was reading Beckett and Artaud and that was basically the end of everything for him. *He liked to make little audio recordings with a 1980's Marantz cassette player which had a microphone jack.* He found a brandless karaoke microphone above his garage, which he immediately developed a fascination for. *Page by page, he read his favorite passages from Malone Dies, then stayed up late into the night listening back at the stuttering static of his own cryptic words, channeling his lord and highness of absurdity, Sir Samuel Beckett.* Sometimes his retarded friend Brian would pay him a visit. *On these occasions Nate—that's my name—relished the opportunity to improve upon Beckett's inanity by randomly punching in the scatological noises Brian insisted on making into his microphone when he pointed it at him.* Other times, Brian would recite his home phone number, his address and the full names of his parents and sisters, one by one, as if unburdening his brain of its entire contents of knowledge for safe keeping in Nate's private audio cassettes...*not unlike the obsessive genealogical scrap books an abandoned father might make while enduring the solitude and absence of his ungrateful sons.* Station stops—that's a book an elderly man gave to Nate one afternoon in a Hardees restaurant when he mentioned liking books. *"I wrote this."* The old man said with a pathetic gleam of affection in his eye. *Nate was honestly more impressed by the man's long winded description of his nearly two decade career as the mall Santa Clause, of which the man also carried the proof—an eight page coloring and activity book printed by the mall and handed out to each child who sat on Santa's lap.* This book had the old philanthropist's picture on page two (in full costume), with some lucky little child and a line of less famous children slowly blurring out of sight at one of the annual mall displays. *Nate could see the Santa Clause imposter's 1928 model 'A' Ford in the parking lot of Hardees nearly every afternoon from out of the second floor bathroom window of his mother's house.* By then, Nate was in his twenties. *Nothing at all changed.* His body still got in the way of his life; *still ruled his life and limited it.* Meanwhile he had to pass the Santa Clause car each day he went to carry ice buckets and check ID's for the Bar a few blocks from his

house. *How could a man's mind be so limited and pathetic; so dogmatic, benevolent, kind and silly all at once?* Was this really the writings of a seventy-year-old man? *The hallmark-style rantings of a Christmas obsessed prairie rodent who grew up on a farm only to retire and pedal Christmas spirit for two decades, still fixated on trains (both toy and real), crops, Nativity hymns and gifts.* Could this man have lived a different life if he had been exposed to more knowledge? *If this man's experience was shaped by faith, integration, Christmas-mysticism and child-raising, wasn't that the sort of ideal man nature intended?* What gain was Nate's own sordid melancholy, debauched cynicism and uselessness? *Lucidity meant the living death of complete cultural and human exile.* Diogenes with a nerve disorder. Too proud to merit pity, too ridiculous to accept kindness in earnest, he even felt like he was faking when he made attempts to be polite. *Beer signs in a blur, fed too many shots as a joke (an ongoing joke) by the not-unkind bar patrons, Nate developed a habit of falling down on his way home, such that his mother became used to the bruised lips and scraped elbows of her son as he passed in front of the television to leave and return from work.* Sometimes college students would begin heated debates in the over-stuffed booths near where Nate watched the door, where he served as both bouncer and ID checker...*A half-drunk and crippled bouncer, he had a shirt which said 'SECURITY' and everyone knew him; had faith in him—the smiling yet cryptic visage of few words who wore a frown whenever he wasn't being addressed by a patron.* When a drunk happened to get cut off and the bar maid wanted the person kicked out, Nate fearlessly shuffled over to the offending patron and asked him to leave as politely as possible...most left immediately, since the prospect of fighting a cripple seemed too humiliating...that fact, and the watchful eyes of ten other liquored-up patrons looking for any excuse whatsoever to heroically fight on behalf of both Nate and the Bar. *Nate barely even had to approach the undesirable element and voices would already begin to be raised announcing the bar's unanimous dismissal of the would-be-rebel.* On many occasions, six or eight hands would grab the drunk and slam him through the door at even the slightest possible discourtesy to Nate—the bar's hallowed martyr of pointlessness. *Nate began to feel slightly tainted by a complicity with the crowd's basest nature, despite how well-meaning and noble the drunks' assessment of their own behavior.* A pack mentality prevailed. *Preservation of the weak made the crowd feel more powerful and justified.* On the night's when the crowd took extra drunken interest in getting his slow stuttering and razor-witted-opinion about things, Nate looked longingly at the girls who carried drinks to



him, often fantasizing about rape and wondering if there were any chance in hell he could achieve such a demanding act of physical domination...*had the crowd learned of these thoughts, they not only would have forgiven Nate but might have allowed him his best effort at achieving it, if only for the possible hilarity to be had in watching this impossible misadventure.* Worse still, Nate knew that if he had told a few of the drunks his idea directly, they would have found some semi-willing girl and gotten her drunk enough, promised her money or favors or who knows what—possibly praise or threats—and then found an opportunity to let Nate attempt to be physically dominant while a circle of idiots cheered and kept the boozy girl from fleeing; *like a pin ball caught between the mindless flail of flippers, the gutter and stuttering taps of the ball ejecting drums of Nate's literally rake-like, un-muscular hands.* Gravid expectancy of a fecundating idea, mind-belly swollen with images of carnival brutality, part clownish, part sepulchral of a gutter pregnancy followed by a Nativity scene near a dumpster nine months later. *He imagined himself as the pregnant girl, now stricken with Cerebral Palsy as well, as if by infection; he saw the Hardees' Santa Claus stumble out of the bar past the icy curb and step over the steaming afterbirth without slipping on it only to walk twenty more paces across the street to crawl into the ample back seat of his ancient Ford Model 'A' where he presumably fell immediately asleep.* A Christmas wreath given as a present from his grand children decorated the vehicle's radiator. *A calm yet semi-alarmed red ribbon from the wreath flapped in the breeze all night long until the coroner pried open the partially frozen door of the green sedan the next morning.* Nate couldn't remember if he had walked past the old man's car on his way home from the bar or if he had taken an alternate route to piss on a bench beside a nearby Catholic Church in honor of Christmas Eve. *Nate wanted to believe he had let the old philanthropist die in cold blood after seeing him leave the bar, but in reality he neither gave birth nor had anything to do with the Santa Claus impersonator's death since he had only been letting one fantasy flow unremarkably to the next as he sat considering the thin black straw, the chewed lime and the ice cube remains of what must have been a gin and tonic while a digital jukebox cycled through its forty five seconds worth of advertisement screens on and on in the middle of a random summer evening.* Likely the Hardees' Santa had finished his coffee by now and driven gingerly home, making turn signals by sticking his arm out his window and doing as bicyclists are trained to do. *If one man fantasizes about letting a man die, and another one actually lets a man die, who's to say whether either death has any*

*importance whatsoever? Isn't that the crux of nihilism? The overwhelming obsession with death and non-meaning only to keep on declaring the unimportance of death and the meaning of realizing life has no built in meanings? A sort of balancing act with the sublime and the un-sublime. Long-time Impersonator Santa Claus who drinks complimentary senior citizen coffees at Hardees might actually be the closest thing to an actualized incarnation of Santa Claus and the man who lets him get drunk and freeze to death has got to be some kind of metaphysical criminal, right? Or at least an offense to good taste and general holiday cheer, right? Is fantasy discrete from existence or psychologically un-differentiable from it, that is, continuous and inseparable? Blood in the snow. A girl is manically cutting herself with her tongue frozen to a parking meter. Nate approaches her, asking to help and she says, with an odd lisp, "Can (y)ou th-spare th-some chang-th for the meter?" Noctambulation once more, this time she's offering herself in a way Nate might easily have her, except he can't invoke the fantasy without coupling it with images of laceration, absurdity, frozenness and a speech impediment. Was she wearing lingerie or snow pants? "My paraclete!" She insisted, regardless of her attire, implying some sort of religious vocation for Nate to follow through with; give aid or something. "I'm a steeple, I'm a church mother, I'm the holy ghost, the holy virgin, the sacrificial frozen dinner and the pop-corn machine you keep going back too!" How many steps from a rape fantasy to a Mary Mother of Christ? He'd prefer to think in terms of pagan allegories, but one can't really choose how one's psyche fantasizes. Dulcimer strings tink and buzz in accompaniment to Sister of No Mercy's exposed bottom and the shaving strop she keeps hammering herself with: thighs, wrists, chest and for some reason, ankles. Nate passes her by; disgusted. "My paraclete! My paraclete!" Now completely naked, bleeding green kool-aid or anti-freeze, she moans from a distance. Nate imagines for a second she's a robot or a dragon, utterly devoid of both mind and feeling. Nothing but a useable object harnessed to a slavish need to eject and care for helpless little creatures. Sensitive as he is, he wants no part in the destiny of this many faced and many bodied dragon-complex which has made an industrious use of nearly every human emotion: boredom, lust, loneliness, despair, prestige, social rank, jealousy, bravery, cowardice, dominance, submission, curiosity, self-loathing, dramatic flair, drunkenness, mania, flexibility, cold-heartedness, warm-heartedness, mysticism, vulgarity, economic pragmatism, irresponsibility, mature and thoughtful responsibility, lack of commitment, abundance of commitment, swordplay, love of needle work, love of gossip, general*

*discontent, vicarious retribution, staunch traditionalism, masculine bravado, feminine indifference, love of travel...etc. etc. it all serves the function of child-getting. I don't want to be a helpless creature and I don't want to make more helpless creatures. What use have I of crime or benevolence? I want to retreat and forget and quietly die. Life is tragic and sad. Best of all is never to be born. I want to die alone and un-mourned...I'm certain of that. Let's have no more rebels and no more heroes. I dare any so-called hero to stare me in the eye, call himself a champion and offer to trade souls with me. I'd live any fate. Any. I'll use up and spit out any legacy. With a glad heart I am Hephaestus the ugly! I secretly forged all the weapons of the Olympian gods. Son of Zeus and Hera, prince of the anvil, the hammer, the volcano and the pitch of pure steel hitting steel. Artisan who stands upright, forging throne after throne so the gentler gods may sit, call me Amphiguis—'the lame one', Kullopodion—'the halting', and above all, remember me as the unwilling benefactor from whose hearth Prometheus stole his fire and gave it foolishly to mortals. Do you see my lame foot and my ruined face? Twice I fell from Olympus. For my mother I made a golden throne from which she cannot remove herself. No other gods shall I hear, save one—Dionysus, lord of fermentation and drunkenness. One day I too shall return to Olympus. The elder god's call to me, "Free thy mother! Free thy mother from this magic throne you have bound her to! Free her Hephaestus! Free your mother."*

"I have no mother." Saith I.

*Un-breakable chain link net forged so fine as to be invisible, Aphrodite and Ares are caught in their adulterous act, probably in the midst of siring Eros himself. Prayers to Hephaestus are said to cure madness and the poison of snakes. Misshapen healer, blacksmith, hobbling along with a stick or in a wheeled chair, perhaps crazed by exposure to mercury, flesh eaten away from prolonged arsenicosis, my livelihood is the source of my slowly poisoned fate. Portions of the walls of Troy still stand with bits of hair-like grass sprouting out of the cracks like un-manicured ear-lobes between the un-mortared and deftly cut, thirty-three century old masonry. Farewell Hephaestus once more. I'm struggling with a fork and a plate of spaghetti while my mother watches wheel of fortune and keeps guessing vowels in the same order after each spin. This week my forehead is scraped from falling on the stairs going upwards; must have caught a rogue brick or something when I replaced the soda syrup box next to the bar's makeshift laundry*

*room in the basement where I kept finding used condoms and stepping on them curiously with the tip of my foot. The perpetrators of indecency must have made a habit of returning, since wormy sheaths kept getting cleaned up and re-appearing in different crevices, no thanks to yours truly. If I had known who was making them and who was getting it put-to, I might have wanted to smell one, but I told myself that was out of the question. Not really sure how steadfast I was willing to be on my no-condom-smelling policy if it had been inside a certain waitress. But proof is usually only hearsay and speculation; truth is elusive. Can we really know the Platonic absolute origins of which condom fuck went with which condom fucked cunt? I was oh so dutiful in my frequent meditations on the important truths of the universe. Integer is to decimal as forklift is to hypothesis. "Nate, how come I saw you touching an ice puddle, a tree branch and a brick wall the other day?" "d-d-d-d-Did it upset you?" "No...but why?" "When's the last time you touched anything?" "I dunno. Who cares? I'm asking you..." Must have had a hundred conversations like that with bar patrons. Usually I just frowned and pretended to be a lunatic. In truth I had no idea what I was doing. Any given moment I was equally willing to jump in front of a bus or live for eternity as a bar-back slash ID checker slash bouncer, kinda. My body wasn't good for much of anything except walking slowly, but that too had its various uses. The waitresses sent me to pick up food from the places up the block, which didn't deliver. Got lots of free dinners that way. People are generally charitable, but that's only my opinion...I've never been good-looking or talented. Talented and good-looking people might have a different appraisal of human charity. Is intelligence a talent? Probably not. Brain power is all cylinders and no movement. Nothing to show for a day of mental back-flips. I purchased a college education one used book at a time from the good-will store next to the University. My credibility is either annoyingly spotty or too esoteric to verify and appreciate. I want what I don't want and I still don't want what I want; it's infuriating. For poetry I light a cigar by some North Dakota railroad tracks and enjoy the sensation of sipping whiskey. Usually I forget about the poetry part and just get drunk. To be a poet, it's a blessing to be able to sit still. I can sit still with a hard-on for most of the day, until it becomes a nuisance. Might say it's a pastime of mine to gargle whisky and sit on a rock with a raging hard-on when I'm not at the bar. Did I mention how Onanistically un-coordinated I am? Besides, chastity is good for the word-smithery profession. Stored up spooge-syrup that comes out in Haiku or sonnet or dithyrambic what-have-yous. Roses—still red. Violets—still bluish*

probably, but I'm all for calling a violet a violet and a rose a pile of shit. *Bowel disorders.* Doesn't matter what I eat, I create so much unnecessary mental stress my intestines hate me. *Pure whisky doesn't help the stomach problems either.* My co-workers took me camping in Colorado. On the way up the mountain I ordered a cheeseburger with the others, then managed to purchase a liter of Wild Turkey at the liquor store attached to the same parking lot. *I refused to help set up any tents.* I just yelled "Whisky Day!" and made for the rock bluffs like a lunatic, leaving the whisky cork and the cellophane at the feet of the still laughing co-workers. On the cliff I meditated. *Smelled the dry air.* Looked at clouds. *Tried to forget the meaning of every word I'd ever looked up in the dictionary.* I pissed. *I stumbled.* Laughed when I saw how badly I hurt myself, then fell asleep for the remainder of the afternoon. *On the way home the sky was rain-dark and constipated; some light broke through at the strangest and most golden angle I can remember as we ate sub-sandwiches and the boy who made them was wearing a T-shirt of a brutal death metal band I liked.* I pointed it out. *He mentioned another band he knew of, trying extra-special hard to be nice and gentle when handing my Cerebral Palsy hand the sandwich I was waiting to clumsily tear apart.* I didn't like the poser-mall-core-shit band he told me about, so I purposely stuttered extra hard when he asked me about them—"n-n-n-Not f-f-f-Fast Enough."—was my candid evaluation of this other band. *I'm not that innocent.* At age fifteen I got my dick sucked at three different parties by three different girls who conspiratorially decided I would be a perfectly worthwhile and harmless test subject to practice on while losing their mouth virginity. *The plan was a smashing success to all parties involved.* Did I secretly resent them too? *Hard to say.* Hard to swallow that speculation, but I've been a confident ass ever since, despite not having achieved any like treatment, based on the merits of my own lovely personality. *I'm unique!* I'm a train-wreck Buddha, dragged for ten car-crumpling miles with the radio still blaring the oldies station probably. *Impartial to acceptance.* Unscrupulously carefree. *Spontaneous non-planfulness.* Hints of psychopathy. *Plenty of smooth conditioner on my prematurely balding head.* A distaste for lettuce. *I once drove my mother's car around the block a few times and parallel parked in a hugely open parking space on the second try—take that all women!* Although I hoped to remain with a spotless illegal driving record, I couldn't resist the urge to slam the neighbor's trash cans into the Azalea bushes near the corner of their driveway; it made me feel like the ol' Hazard boys and General Lee were up to no good for the sake of some high brow fun. *(Did I mention I have Cerebral Palsy?)* Just

playing the cards I'm dealt here, Hoss. *The sun is my jailer.* "Joys are often the shadows cast by sorrows"—Says the fortune cookie dust under my foot, grinding into the red commercial carpeting of a dingy Chinese food restaurant. *The sun is my sorrow.* I am not a cripple. *I am a cripple.* I cannot escape what I am. *This is my attempt at escape.* The right side of my face smiles. *The left side of my face tries to rebel and frown an escape out of every portrait.* If joys are only shadows, then what is this light which pushes past them and darkens them like the furrows of a grave newly dug? *I am the furrows of a field newly planted.* These seeds—stiffened to ruin. *The sun is my sorrow.* I cried in front of the richest, most powerful woman in this entire state and asked her for nothing—I comforted her, maybe. "*Now I understand how you must have felt. I'm sorry.*" Said I to the gaudy veiled funeral hat worn by the fantastically rich heiress of a locally founded travel agency. My dead mother's church was also the church of the rich woman's dead daughter's church and not surprisingly, my dead mother wanted to imitate and become the rich and enviable lady she could not become, which is why I came into contact with the rich lady who attended my mother's funeral because the circumstances of my mother's death so closely paralleled the death of the rich lady's daughter on whose behalf an elaborate Christmas pageant had been going on for nearly a decade, of which I, my mother and family had taken part until my own willful and atheistic departure. *The costumes the rich lady donated numbered over one hundred—each biblical wise man marched onto the stage with a procession of twenty servants, all richly dressed in real silks embroidered with faux gold, plastic jewels and materials procured from drapery companies, no doubt.* A wise man, dressed in gold and silk? *Is that how the vulgar minds of mass delusion imagine the garments of wisdom?* Every stage Christ is an anti-Christ of unreality, bridging the way between the real and the hyper-real. Simulacra and simulation. *Myth and psychological projection.* The human mind is a million acre hedge maze full of polka-dotted giraffe's, each wandering aimlessly, looking for a way out, each an incarnation of some irrational or rational meta-symbol—like a desire to enter a certain profession, fly a helicopter, record a music CD or the urge and fulfillment of the urge to piss in the baby stroller left out on the neighbor's lawn on the way home from a bar within walking distance—it all comes together with a whole matrix of other implied faults, impairments, frustrations and inner retributions. *What mortals call good and evil are but the rotating carousel of possibility, structure, decomposition, form, sentiment, obsolescence and rebirth of not only archetypes, but fluid, incarnate fates.*

Kleptomania, Neurasthenia, Arson, Suicide, Terrorism, Benevolence—these are never merely what they appear to be. *Beneath all—a consciousness and unconscious groping by any means whatsoever, to reclaim balance, stability, integration, anchoring, purpose, and catharsis—even to the point up to and into the abyss of total self-dissolution and death.* The magnetism of the not-yet, the almost and the inner opposite cannot work toward good or evil because good and evil become convoluted in the spiral of forms exchanging dominance. *The lunatic's polka dot giraffe is no less lunatic than the other man's helicopter or the rich woman's Nativity pageant.* Nativity of the inner epic. *Nativity of transparent mortal humiliation.* Laughable state of human ignorance. *We project this!* Behold our myriad projects. *Behold our gods and devils, our constitutions and our hypocrisies!* I remember too much of everything. *Age six our boys choir visited a nursing home on a hill.* We sang in the cafeteria and then we sang two more Holiday songs for the lady at the end of the hall who lived in an iron lung. *"When are you going to get better?" asked my little seraph soprano lips.* I'll never get better. *"Are you going to die?"* I want to die. *"I want you to get better, but I don't want to sing songs; I hate singing these songs."*

Can I tell you a secret? *"Tell me."*

I don't like choirs; a quiet poem is better.

*"What's a poem?"* A secret song.

*"What's this machine called?"* An iron lung. *"Why do you have to live in this coffin machine, and why is your voice so hoarse?"* Because I sang too many secret songs.

*Hera in the iron lung forged by Hephaestus, from which she cannot remove herself—a bellows throne—a Promethian fate.* In Haiti, carpenters hold handsaws backwards and they begin sawing from the nearest side of the board instead of the far side. *My grandmother threw away the pictures I took of the three-legged dog, the Haitian prostitute, the aids ward, and the partially naked people bathing in the sewers.* Let's become self-actualized through symbolizing the suffering of others through missionary work. *I bartered with the Haitian street vendors as if the money was my own and getting a cheaper price was a valid concern, even though I had in mind to eventually get rid of all my grandmother's money and ask her for more as soon as my first*

*allotment ran out. Buying paintings, both shoddy and inspired...it struck me how easily the vendor was willing to lower the price of what must have taken hours or even days to paint. A sensual and agreeable voice to match the subjectively sensual color of his skin, and I, 'a blank', as he called me in Creole, which is really European French spoken with rancid shit in your mouth and a spear in your hands, which differs from regular French people speak—smooth, fermented piss in their mouths while crabs are biting their genitals. Black /white, blood /blood, money/money...commerce is missionary work too. Whose suitcase did all those paintings end up in? Was it the tall gentleman with the expensive camera with the larger, flat and square luggage? I brought back a wooden bead necklace with a cross and a wooden bell with some words carved on it. "No one hears the cry of the poor," Said the Haitian merchant with a table full of wooden bells and a fat wad of American cash in his hand. Bell without clapper, a wooden trinket designed to fail, and excel at the propaganda of failure. "No one hears the cries of the poor," Said the clumsily carved words on the hurriedly stained wooden bell. Everything quick is vulgar. Everything reproduced is obscene. Everything lamented diminishes as concern grows. Everything pitiable also waxes laughable. \$840 plane ticket, I told my grandmother to just give the Haitian Church the money and not involve me in the debacle. My presence isn't worth six months of groceries anywhere. Contagion of the cross—a missionary plague oozing over the globe for ten, for twenty for fifty, for one hundred, for five hundred for two thousand years, for three thousand Old Testament years, for Six thousand Old Testament years, getting mixed up in shanty villas, on islands, Brazilian or Haitian city-scapes while the sun beats down on corrugated metal roofs in various stages of rust. Not a single worthy poet among the Judeo-Christian blood-line since Ecclesiastes...how come they included him in the bible anyway? Friend keeps dating scatter headed Asian women who are also, inexplicably Christian. This new one is wealthy, from a divorce and her last child is just about ready to go off to college. The one before her was married to an airline pilot (she use to be a stewardess) and something about her demeanor always unnerved me; couldn't put my finger on it. She caught the pilot with another women; later she dated a man whom she wouldn't sleep with, but who made himself broke in buying her gifts and traveling back to the Philippines several times; Completely broken and financially leveraged beyond his means to repay, the un-fucked benefactor shot himself while pleading on the phone with this same half-wit Filipino crush; At age twelve a man broke in through her bedroom window, tried to rape her, her brother*



woke up, the assailant stabbed the brother, the assailant returned to the rape, the brother returned with a kitchen knife, the brother killed the assailant, the brother went to the hospital for his wound, the assailant's family sent another brother to kill the Filipino girl's brother (which is a natural point of honor in that country apparently); with the brother dead, the girl helped to raise her brother's four children until the brother's wife simply left, but before that, as a result of the rape the girl got sick a few month's later (probably from a botched abortion) and then, having survived the days and days of bleeding, she developed anorexia (age 13), (began losing her hair), until finally she looked out the window at the sunrise and begged god for mercy, at which point her domineering need to assert its feeble and irrational control over her diet relaxed and gave itself over to the unconscious in a way no different than when an alcoholic or a criminal finds emotional balance once more when giving himself over to god (the psychological unconscious, the shadow aspect of self, the inner opposite...bla,bla,bla); her later life found her an American citizen, still sending portions of her Sam's Club pay checks back to her brother's children in the Philippines and decorating cakes for a living with no real inclination to attend church even though she wouldn't spray herself with perfume until the tiny gold cross was fastened around her neck each morning—taking it on and off had become a ritualistic means of acknowledging it, not at all unlike decorating a cake to acknowledge a birthday or giving her American boyfriend a cute ankle biting dog in place of the thick white husky he had not so recently lost—transformation from the ferocious Yang to the pitiful, helpless, randomly shitting, black furred half-poodle named Smoky as her boyfriend attempted to rebuild his recently burned down house, but who only succeeded at drinking Sprite, eating Chocolate balls and nursing his bi-polar mood disorder which had over-taken him nearer to the time when his white dog had been lost and his successful auto mechanic business had folded. He's on the phone with me now, painting a streaming image of nostalgic details about his various Asian relationships. Over the course of this last year, having neglected to check up on him, he has managed to give away \$90,000 to a con man—almost the entire insurance settlement from his house fire. First it was an investment in, gold which went sour—that took care of the first sixteen grand. Something about an estate sale with a new top of the line washer and dryer to be purchased at a bargain price, not to mention several closely researched and sought after fire arms—two things my friend (the con victim) often talked about needing or wanting...that's another 3k. Next came the supposed botched carpel

tunnel surgery which promised a malpractice law suit of \$300 thousand, then \$900 thousand, then an out of court settlement of \$1.2 million, and finally an insane claim of an absurd \$3 million before the end of the week...but over the course of this slowly mounting lie, the con artist was constantly borrowing money for legal fees, a divorce hearing (obviously to secure more of the secret law suit money for both men), a car for the con man to drive to and from the courthouse, and whenever possible, groceries or further doctor bills for the wrist the con artist had taken to bashing with a hammer to keep up the appearances of a gross injustice suffered by him on behalf of the doctor who botched his surgery (was there ever a surgery?). *Later, as the con artist's own greed and paranoia grew he claimed to need money for a private investigator because his brother and parents were trying to kill him, (a claim very closely resembling the con victim's own strained relationship between brother and parents).* Over time the con artist's drug addiction made him more and more violent and reckless in his requests for money. *"I need the money Fred, I need the money now Fred, I have to get to the courthouse Fred, I thought you were on my side Fred, we're both going to be rich as soon as the law suit money comes through Fred, Don't make me change my mind about splitting it with you Fred, I don't have time Fred; Now! Now! Now! Fred, you son-of-a-bitch! Just give me the money; Just a little bit longer, a few more loose ends, a few more fees to file these papers and we'll have the money Fred! There's no way it can fail at this point; you have the documents we notarized at the bank; its legal. I have to pay you back more than you've even given me! You're already profiting...you know the situation I'm in, I got nothin'; I'm relying on you to get me through this. I don't see what the problem is. If I were in your shoes I wouldn't be asking those sorts of questions. Fred, don't you remember where we met? Don't you remember when we were reading those bible verses at church and you told me God had a plan for my life and for your life and that we had to help each other because its all part of a plan we have to have faith in? Look at my fucking wrist! It's black and blue and swollen worse than ever. It's about justice! That doctor shouldn't be practicing medicine and he cost me my ability to earn an income. Now Fred! Now! Now! Now! You know I hate raising my voice at you Fred. We're friends. We both know what it is to be down on our luck; I'm only asking for \$300 more Fred, and my wife is sick, she needs medicine; Just \$500 for gas and the medicine and the lawyer. This is it, I won't bother you again until I have the settlement check. I promise."* Pills. Crack pipes. Pills. Crack pipes. Con-research. Hysterical demands and threats. A perfect mark, plenty of money, use

to living poor, no ambition, an earnest benevolence coupled with a magical desire for an ultimate solution, more faith in faith than faith in reality, greed getting the best of kindness by way of the victims own latent greed. *\$90,000 later, my friend Fred is so OCD he tells the humiliating story of his being swindled right along side his complaints about the air leaking from his snow blower tires, his home maintenance problems, his flaky Asian women and his poodle dog who still shits on the floor while he skips dinner in favor of chocolate bars and the subjective profundity of the saying on the Christmas card his parents gave him which to me sounds trite and cruel, considering how his parents have exiled him from their lives and their support on account of his mood disorder...* The best tragedies are almost too blasé to even be called tragedies. Age eight, I played with a daily selection of toys carried in a cloth book bag while my parents attended hospital union meetings—a close friend and fellow worker on their floor had become the treasury person for union dues only to embezzle a substantial yet pitiful portion of money, maybe twenty thousand which, of course, slowly fed a gambling addiction. *Now they're deciding whether or not to prosecute him or just let him pay the money back really slowly.* I'm eight, and not only will I remember this complex and emotionally charged, yet whispered dialogue between union members, I already feel a thorough disgust and distrust for adult behavior, as I play with rubber animals, soldiers and a few match box cars with my three year old brother. *My mother will be pregnant once more in less than two years.* I'll be the one to cut the umbilical cord for this birth at age ten as I watch the bloody horror of birth as my father films it with a consumer VCR cassette recorder—age ten. *The malt shop within walking distance from the hospital, the World Series victory for our State's Baseball franchise coinciding with each of my brother's births—1987 and 1992—my two brother's were born on exactly the same day, five years apart, which prompted me to ask, "Do parents have to have sex before each child or only once?"* Had trouble piecing together what I had been told about human sexuality before becoming sexually mature. Parent's insurance paid for a hospital sex education course which informed me about sperm and gestation, but it was a fellow six year old—an intelligent and matter o' fact Jewish boy—who told me the Penis goes in the Vagina. *We were concealed under the limbs of a spruce tree which went all the way to the ground and allowed for a place two small children could whisper and compare notes on the concept of sex; I had told him all about my hospital sex-ed class, but still couldn't really iron out the complexity of it, since the nurse had saturated it with so many scientific words and details while completely*

*omitting the debauched, carnal, sweaty and pleasurable details—for a mind that could not intuit dramatically, the motivation for the sexual act still seemed missing; at age fourteen a fellow boy scout mentioned something about the buzz of drinking a beer; what the hell did that mean? Once more the motivation of a phenomena escaped me while its logical structure had long since been marked and admitted as schema. At age six I fantasized about six year old girls without knowing what one might do with them; the strangeness of their looks, behavior and possibly smells enticed me to wish for their attention; Each school year marked a different appreciation of a different handful of girls, which basically meant I would ask my friends whether or not they also thought so-and-so looked pretty. I had fantasy's about my first grade teacher. When she leaned close to help with a lesson I felt sexual tension, as if the lesson plan was some sort of ridiculous pretext; I feared her being an adult and pretty, but I felt my love for her was both adult and courageous, even while bearing the subtle shame of my continuing illiteracy after the rest of the class had surpassed me. Fred is still yammering through the miniature speaker of my cell phone. Fred asks if I remember Frank. Frank stunk, did odd jobs for Fred's rental property, once snaked a clogged basement drain for me, lived out of his car, with his not yet divorced wife or on a cot at in Fred's garage. I remember Frank. I shared a Polish stout with Frank and he in turn offered me a Miller Lite which I declined. It's been five years since I saw Frank. Fred told me Frank was in trouble again for driving without a license—wasn't he driving without a license five years ago too? Frank beat some sort of cancer, kept doing off-the-grid handy-man jobs, experienced major back problems and most recently called to ask Fred all about Fred's experience in psych wards. Frank suddenly wanted to know all he could about mental illness. With legal problems and relationship problems mounting, Frank looked desperately for a solution, until he settled on insanity as his best hope. Fred described to me how Frank began dressing in a hooded sweatshirt, marring his speech, walking strangely and pretending to be out of control. Fred knew Frank was faking, but the fakery had such passion and despair behind it, one couldn't be sure where to draw the line between the real and the unreal. Frank was no doubt a class A degenerate, but he was also, assuredly a man with no alternatives. Was Frank attending his court hearings while putting on his affected mental disorder? Whatever the case, Frank became a ward of the state, got put in a temporary hospital unit and continued to feign his illness as his anxiety abated, his appetite swelled and his strength returned. Impatient and unwilling to consign himself to a fate, Frank soon became disgruntled*

*with the forfeit of his freedom, so he began acting sane once more. Frank's newfound sanity granted him certain rewards from the hospital management—he was granted a pass to leave the ward and bus money to look at potential places to live. As soon as Frank was given an opportunity to escape, he did so, but within less than a week, he returned to the ward only to escape and return in succession until the doctors and nurses began to hope he would quit coming back. No such luck. Frank now came back only to beg for admittance and food. Fred wasn't clear what led to the next stage in Frank's dissolution, but it seemed that now he was in some kind of state sponsored group home where he lived free of charge and had meals provided. I told Fred I envied Frank's good fortune. Fred tried to make Frank's situation more explicit, as if I'd perhaps misunderstood the grotesque severity of it: Frank received \$100 spending money and was able to come and go as he pleased from the group home. Often times, the fellow group home occupants would secretly make cardboard homeless signs and pan-handle in high traffic shopping malls, making sometimes as much as twenty dollars an hour before the police came to chase them away or arrest them or give them fines: more court appearances: more strange troubles and strange means of violating the law. Frank says if he gets caught driving without a license one more time he'll be charged with a felony and spend as much as a year in prison. I'm still envious of that easy hundred and the free room and board. "But he has to live in a terrible part of town" Says Fred. I live in a terrible part of the universe. "But your things wouldn't be safe...you'd have to carry around all your valuables in a backpack or the guys in the group home would steal your stuff and pawn it; you could never have anything to type with because people would steal a lap-top; you'd have to wear a bandanna and squint out of one eye and carry a knife and make sure to growl like an animal at people in the neighborhood so they'd think you're crazy and wouldn't mess with you...everyone would want whatever is in your backpack, and it would be a rough part of town." Repeated Fred. I still envy Frank: Ward of the State. Am I the Cerebral Palsy fabrication named Nate or am I myself once more, unable to fabricate, symbolize or invent? It's more confusing to me than you. Eyes hurt. Had a bout of tears when I said "Secret song" earlier, a quick rush of pain, then ecstasy, then re-read the page and imagined my own stupid definition of poetry as un-moving and unworthy of tears...I'm not communicating tears, I'm just happening to stumble into them with no real integration between what I feel and what I communicate. She must have smoked a lot of private smokes before the Emphysema and Iron lung became a reality, and then finally an unreality here since my private memories*

are not really a reality but a recreation or a time-nullified one. *Thought about sawing off the head of the con artist after shooting him and carrying his head through the street until I got arrested. Fantasized about using this book as my defense for avenging my friend. I saw the folding landscaping/kindling saw with its grinning teeth, its razor edges going through decent sized not-quite-log-sized logs while kicking up wood particles and a pile of them landing on my boot like when I was in boy scouts, but this time the atoms of wood are drips of blood and I'm sawing through a man's spinal chord because he spent my friend's money unapologetically and cruelly. Wasn't there a high school teacher who got fired for proposing this essay question: who would you kill and why? The only correct answer is self. The only battle is self; the only foe is self; the root of the drama is self; everything else is merely Maya and confusion. It's like when the high school guidance counselor asks you what you would do with a million dollars: whatever your answer is, your declaration is supposed to be what you should do as a career. If you ask the kids to write an essay on whom they would kill and why, then the secret friction of each child's life is revealed safely through an artistic exercise. For both questions, the only enlightened answer is self. If you had a million dollars what would you do? Kill myself. If you could kill anyone in the world, who would it be? Myself. And why? Because I am the source and I am the origin. I am the alpha and I am the omega. Struggle cannot begin where acceptance and contentment dwell. If nullification is on its way, only a fool would assert nullification has yet to arrive. I am not the end of this universe and this history, I am the end of all history and every universe. Shadow Buddha doesn't conquer one dimension or one galaxy but all galaxies and all incarnations indefinitely...as if no thought had ever been...as if all thought which is, is also not thought and not taking place. I am here now. I am departing. I am past and I am yet to come. I am discontinuity and continuity both. I cannot recognize myself. How could I fail to recognize myself? This all of you is we of us hallways for limit us time we of this and of always so then and us hallway of we for the time, then to of negate it we so it we of will and of hallway for we and no sorrow. We we we something so mortar no Troy and Epic dead Helen the must autistic we time pass then of no one from flame to lame passing the stick walk jab step jab dirt and Troy and flame passing from Epic dead Helen and the corpsefires of Illium made snowflakes of ash into gnats jumping in hallways of black-never conscious non-being made sorrow through birth. Made ward of the universe. Birth and un-birth. Form and then formless. Middle ground. Hypoxic Ischemic Encephalopathy (HIE).*

Lack of oxygen at birth. *Puppet of seizures; puppet of the gods.* Partial vision loss and impaired sensory processing. *My strength comes from a different place.* Swinging. *Playing in the leaves.* Giving kisses. *“My name is doctor Lucinda Carr and I am a pediatric neurologist at Great Ormond Street Hospital for Children, in London. Cerebral Palsy is a definition; it’s an umbrella term that describes a persistent disorder of movement or posture that’s caused by an abnormality of the brain—of the immature brain—which is non-progressive. Cerebral Palsy is surprisingly common in that its incidence is one in four hundred live births, but obviously it can range in severity from mild to severe. It can be due to many different causes; a number of those occur before the time of birth—about the majority—sometimes this is due to the development itself in that the brain does not develop normally; sometimes that’s due to genetic causes; sometimes it’s because there has been some infection or trauma when the child is developing in the womb. A smaller proportion are due to problems around the time of birth, although this is in fact quite uncommon. The highest risk group are children who are born prematurely, and in fact about forty percent of children with Cerebral Palsy have been born prematurely. Often we know that a child’s high risk of Cerebral Palsy—for example a child that’s been on the special care baby unit, and early ultra sound scans of the brain have indicated that there’s some damage—so we know they’re at high risk, and we would screen those children carefully. Sometimes it’s picked up that there are problems during the pregnancy—again, so we know the child’s at high risk—but there can be signs when the baby is born that things are not quite right; sometimes they have fits in the early period, which again are a bit of a warning sign...sometimes it can just be noted, as the child begins to develop, that there are problems with their movement, for example they are not moving their hand and legs normally or when the time comes when you’d be expecting them to walk—so the milestones that a health institute would screen you for—they’re not acquiring their milestones; that maybe they’re not sitting at the right time or walking at the right time. Once the diagnosis of Cerebral Palsy is made the child will then be involved with the local child development team, usually, and in this group they will meet a number of professionals who can help with the difficulties they’re encountering. Particularly this is the doctor and the physiotherapist in the first instance, but sometimes we need other people to help such as speech therapists or occupational therapists, psychologists. Our aim is to identify what particular things the child finds difficult and try and help them with this. The common aim is to try and help the child achieve their full potential; to help the child in*

*their movements; to keep the muscles strong and of good length, because one of the risks of Cerebral Palsy is, because the muscles aren't working normally they become short; contractions can develop and sometimes orthopedic surgery is needed, so we try and delay this by doing stretching and strengthening exercises using splints and orthotics where necessary. In some instances we inject the stiff muscles with Botulinum Toxin to relax them; occasionally more specialized treatments are indicated, but these are only in specialist centers; a number of children will go on to need orthopedic surgery to lengthen the muscles. As they grow older and go into adult services, we look carefully at what's called the transition into adult services, and try and look at what their needs might be as young adults, again, maintaining their independence as much as possible. Most young people with Cerebral Palsy are fully independent and have full, active lives...so, in describing Cerebral Palsy, I think it's important to be aware that it can range from very mild to really very severe. There's a lot we can do in helping improve the problems that occur with Cerebral Palsy. In the most severe cases there is only a limited amount one can offer sometimes in improving the mobility, but there is quite a lot we can do to in terms of comfort, care of the child and giving them the best quality of life possible."* Shattered glass shards, waiting for flesh—the flesh of heels, plump finger tips, the sides of fingers; imperceptible sized entrances where blood immediately escapes, fluid touch and then a streak, a dry stain and prints transferred from fingers naturally touching the pads and sides of other fingers. *Blood moves without thought or hesitation; blood escapes and blood awakens us.* Carried in blood, felt in blood, famished or sated in blood, nourished or faint in blood, meanings move as blood moves and denial is only a holiday from our perpetual servitude and remembrance of blood. *Remembrance of impression, this too is but an escape into an act of artistry which sets up an illusion between the world of subjective identity and the world of pure blood.* Torn between the Proustian delicacy of a lifetime, and the ribald madness of blood—which is also couched in the delicacy of memories—we cart our useless wares back and forth between crypt and cathedral, sometimes putting a hammer in the hand of a priest, a child, a corpse or a blind man, not really knowing what is done or why the intensity of the blood should change or not change based on what is being built or what is being imagined. *What a surprise to cut by accident and then remember anxiously, that our flesh is barely more than a hot water bottle filled with a useless and pungent liquid; we bring our blood with us and we sense how quickly or strangely the circulation is pumping along.* Proust become anatomical. Proust



*scraping off chunks of flesh while describing the aristocracy of organs, discarded fingers, removed eye lids, nails, hair strands and fatty knee joints cast back into the greedy lake of decaying and decomposing matter which is the entire globe.* To one day step into the desert only to watch the pad of one's foot become sand, which in turn passes the transformation upwards until both legs have mutated from flesh back into sand as one continues to walk as if walking downward, into the beach or the desert, slowly sinking as we gradually return to the sand while a wisp of wind finishes off the very top of our head, dispersing us beyond recognition, finally made one with the abundant nullity of tiny granules. *Pox eaten, pox infested, pox scarred hands on the hand cart of time; face swollen, pitted, nose reddened by habitual alcohol, hair become old silk as if the clouds were pulling at a spider's immaculate domicile of ten decades as the stringy gray, inhuman strands grow out from neck and back of head, jumping to return, waving to re-unite, pulling to float up into the atmosphere, the cart, the man, the hair and the hands fixed to the burden of no rest and no cessation.* Wheel barrow time, our minds can fit one hundred Prousts, every month an added Proust, and what gain have I? *Plague collector, ambulating refuse transport, daily hire of either tomato farmer, potato digger or grave maker.* Stop to eat, to listen, to sing or to scratch as I sit on my cart, one wooden wheel and to stakes keeping me balanced. *Big horizon, big treeless expanse and a distant rumble which causes me to enter no mind, blank and serenely anxious once more, much closer to blood as I forget the plague, the cart, the pox scars and my hair as it thins.* For some reason, I walk a hundred days without seeing another person, and each trip across town or county also takes one hundred days of twilight, roadside shits, tall grass rustling and the seeming yet delusional nearness to humanity in having kept in sight of the road as I defecate, even though I am a ghost and this nightmare is unpeopled. *Blood also remembers past, discontented and vile lifetimes, from springy steps to trudging ones, from unbalanced toddling to that final hip failing loss of mobility, passed from generation to generation without the blood having forgotten its damnation, its joy or its confusion.* Re-incarnated through beer bottles, through recipes, through liberating the magic spirits contained in every inanimate flake of creation. *Channeling the voices of the damned, even if one tried there are no lifetimes which, having ceased, could be recalled as if salvation or gratitude were the meaning of their fate; the moment a voice returns it experiences its damnation, and the salvation it imagined in life is undone; made mockery; made ill.* "This continues?" says the barely surprised soul. "Steps are miserable; Vast, the increments of lazy tears

dropping into this ocean of no purpose. Immortal pastime of ecstasy become indolence, sagging with disbelief and ever growing deafness to the unflagging exuberance of vision in wild accompaniment to the alternating pitches and cadences of the cosmos.”

## Day

*Urine voids; happening voids; boredom voids; religion voids; a breath of air voids where each word is not my life but my afterlife; my endurance of forever not being what I was, of forever dwelling outside the miniature equipment and bondage which I called a lifetime, having realized that I exist before and after the span of birth and death as an apparition, a mist, a vague cloud of sickness, weariness, an uncomplicated bicycle overgrown in a field, a fence rotting, a relic burned as if it were a way or a symbol for departing anew when each heart is only granted one second's relief before this debt of breeze and moonlight is recalled, and day dims dark in the light of endless heat, far off and far from noticing...as my future non-future gives birth to the static white noise I've already been, even here, even now, unrelentingly no one. Hitting the mark. Missing the mark. Asexual erotica: let's distrust every artist who fails to comment on the ecstasy of masturbation, both in seriousness and in jest. Annihilating joy of the peak moment. Those layers and degrees of sleep which feel drugged, flattened, emptied. Hours of this. Returning to this! I return to being blood. I am not blood. I exit into blood. The pillow, the erratic heartbeat, the cold medicinal chill of nearly dying and then living into a confusing chaos of dream, awareness and these smiling oceans of rolling dizziness. Descriptions of life and non-life. Surpassing blue veins, colonies of arm hair and cuticle skin creeping over the nails week by week. Brown ale swallowed with a hint of dirt, of smoke and maybe the echo of dry, unfallen leaves shaking about on a cold day which seems to echo harder as it grows colder...the urgency of what our ears capture while our bodies are in a panic or an agitation. Inviolable pages and mildewed, somehow sandy and particle spewing ones which infect the lungs and throat as if we were tasting small bits of them. Does it strike anyone else, I wonder, that biography and autobiography seem conspiratorial in what they include, imply, remember and fail to mention? As if somehow the details of life's accomplishments, its geographical fixity, its manipulation of people and objects—as if these were finally enough to satisfy our curiosity over a human life? My life's biography would emulate Proust for the*

sake of showing as many human characters as possible who *have no resemblance to my agonic awareness*. Imagine, for example, Samuel Beckett or Fernando Pessoa forced to spend decades on the brushstrokes of painting the excuses and fixations of non-immortals. *To have realized and gathered intimate evidence about the bon bon eating impatience of as many non-poets as possible, only for the sake of crushing oneself and making ones own existence merge with eternity; captive nightmare clouds of storms which cannot break; a fury of not-yet deluge, prolonged and made ready each strawberry blossoming instant, already seeing the rot of weeks hung from the very same leaf.* I fear this mystery I possess. *The mundane world, described as mundanely as possible, is already occult, esoteric, eternal, nightmarish, god-like and empty.* Add a human life, multi-headed and multi-sensing—a hydra head of possible ideas, motives, distractions, pains, labors, creations, restfulness, so transitory, so full, so bottomless in its anguish, so forgetful, so offended, so easily swayed to the moment, so stoically unmoved by even the most lyrical plea—I fear the mystery I possess. *I weary of this mystery I possess; of those timber stacking, log splitting hours which wait and burn and accomplish the strain of joints, the callusing of hands or the rough, accidental scratches on our flesh which somehow also touch the nerves and limited endurance of our inner mind.* A beautiful mosaic of disgust. *Intoxicated to the point of sunburn, peeling and heat exhaustion. Burned alive slowly. Peaceful dead calm as waves keep washing up in lines near the tree, the shore and the grass up to where the land drops off.* No one believes in what I'm doing. *I do not believe in what I've done.* Arrested by a manufactured lamp, a door handle and a rain gutter. *Ice cracking and the below zero snow crunch of nature laughing at us.* He interacts by using their language. *He escapes by using their language against them.* He interacts by using their language. *He condescends to speak as if he were an accomplice to this magnificent mass death eternity...as if...* But how to really accept even a single strand of dry straw or moist root? *Cleopatra's intrigue next to the cripple sifting sand through his knuckles for an entire afternoon in any century, in any culture, in any civilization, indefinitely; why does it hurt to do this?* Why is acceptance so hard to stomach; why are straw and root, beach and cloud already equally harrowing and offensive beside maggot eggs, rabid dogs and dying cows? *Parliament of never bottoming descent.* A vote against seashells. *The river Lethe distilled from my spit.* I cover my tracks and I wear through the knees in whatever I've worn. *With every suicide I proliferate; I grow, I debauch, I magnify, I captivate and I ring the cathedral bells of infinite*

*marriage dressed in white. Roving eye of a mirror cast from the lighthouse perch—this is a warning of danger, of rock and of shipwrecks to come. Crickets and lame children hobble, flap or stop short in unexpected muscular spasms. Copper hand worn green, holding a torch of liberty; almost propaganda for the noose—judicial, melancholic or otherwise. I catch dragonflies in nets by the handful, comparing the furtive movements of their semi-waxen, multi-chromatic yet transparent wings, and I smell them buzzing. I dig holes to pass the hours and to feel the dirt lifting, sifting and falling. My life's absent oeuvre is a better bible than the entire progress of our species. Clammy celled, bejeweled scales of teasingly chromatic, winged lizard madness and the bright bold Yang of surrender waving surrender, as if surrender held a secret. Nothing but frosting and beer bottles accumulating from here on. Thinned blood and delirium music; the fever dreams of our desert fathers mopping their brows, as grammatically lazy as this secret allows; I alone misunderstand the true nature of things. Illuminated gallows. Fractured colors in a hallowed window and the tax forms which still need filing. Strange like a nose piercing, a sexual moan or a sack of carrots thrust into the bed of a truck: how can a man feel exiled, forgotten, hopeful or famous? How? Rim of the universe: almost crying because my feeling has no face; my alignment shifts wastelands of waffle eating forgetfulness as women count their children. Cruel father of dead poems only, sire of incarnate moments alien to fate, alien to concern, like a sly rabbit, a sly bird or a sly roach slipping into the drain. Pneumonic sensibility which remembers by measure of the strange intensity of its associations: towards an autism of perfect recall.*

## *Day*

Who can be a wild deer?

Who can halt the song of God?

**Part IV**  
*Fire Work*



## *Day*

Rightly seen, an exploding firework is a glittering orb with an invisible center; a spherical jewel of nothingness.

## *Koan*

Burning through its own sheath,  
Our sword overcomes not only morals,  
But psychology and philosophy as well.

## *Day*

Fire.  
Paper and wood into fire.  
Paper and wood, waiting in their potential.  
The whole earth—every atom and rock, waiting in potential.  
My own thought: smoke.  
The illusion of an inferno pretending to be forms and beings  
If hell were nothing but fire  
Then heaven too, is mere smoke and retreat.

## *Day*

What two phenomena are greeted with unanimous suppression in all cultures?

Sex and death.

What two phenomena lead to life's deepest awareness and freedom?

## *Day*

Considering Sartre's ultimate purpose in Being and Nothingness—the creation of an existential psychology—his weakest sentence occurs on page 728:

*“Existential psychoanalysis rejects the hypothesis of the unconscious.”*

After all those daunting paragraphs on the nature of freedom, not even so much as a sentence of justification for this statement...not even one clinical example or personal anecdote of evidence supporting the merit of this assertion. I utterly refuse to conform to the academic method of scholarship if this is what passes for academic rigor and can result in the formation of a cult following. My unrelenting distrust in humanity, to my surprise, waxes still larger.

## *Day*

If I wanted to prove the existence of the unconscious and strain my utmost in eliminating human freedom, I would simply re-write Being and Nothingness word for word, only to conclude with a misanthropic wink at the end.



## *Day*

I'm not looking to demonstrate thoughts, but instead, the existence of an evil genius below and beneath thoughts: In search of the unconscious: In search of the devil.

## *Koan*

And what if our worship of opposites should prove useless? What if opposites themselves are mere illusions and fabrications of schematic perception and psychological chimera towards the complete generalization of the world?

Opposites united are the disunion and seductive dissolution of intellect toward irrationality, unconscious creativity, fantasy and religion—not by any means a hindrance, but its opposite: an increase of power beyond our regular potential.

Beware: Opposites united are the disunion and seductive dissolution of intellect: therefore, this intoxication not only forsakes the regular rules of argumentation, it launches an entirely different discourse of its own without the pretense of ever returning to direct comprehensibility. Where we imagine profound knowledge, we've only spilled the paints of expansive excess.

## *Day*

I've heard it said many times in many ways, but I've drunkenly wandered into a state of religiosity due to it:

Every catastrophe hides an un-blossomed lotus of opportunity.

Not pragmatism. Creative reversal. Opportunism only deals with obvious, amoral prizes at the sacrifice of reputation...meanwhile, the concept I have in mind is the willful creation of perfectly moral or socially innocuous creative activity in which flaws and twists of fate

are made into invisible armies fighting on your behalf. When the worst misfortune possible is finally dissected and put to advantage, the human result is seemingly pure magic.

Catastrophe hides a lotus unborn—only faith shall unlock it.

Not God's plan, *my own*.

## *Day*

E. M. Cioran lived a martyred life for the sake of this idea:

*Our every great action and idea turns against us psychologically and socially.*

A heavy pessimism indeed, yet wasn't it his very worst, most humiliating and socially unforgivable idea which ransomed the Devil and turned him into the immaculate angel of French prose? Paying a lifetime of retribution for a childish excess was a reality to him, and without that neurosis, we wonder if the same result would have manifested. Try to imagine Dostoyevsky without an ounce of suffering. What is even left if you take away a man's mission? Greatness is not bought with posturing. *Greatness is bought with misery and pathological obsessions no one ought to have!*

Cioran had to have some small intuition of the positive reversal at work in his life...yet perhaps not. Taboo to mention it about yourself, no doubt! Perhaps the vision of positive reversal is only the naïve joy of a complete outsider. For Cioran, perhaps only the negative reversal was real. The positive one was too costly, too humiliating and to physically painful to actually praise, and even if he did praise it, he must have known how ugly and pompous it would have sounded to describe it. Continuous worship on the altar of the negative gives the appearance of repentance and defeat—both socially edifying virtues. Only the penetrating eye of an immaculate bystander may risk showing us the clever ways in which, *"He knew the scheme of the universe all along..."*

Only the bystander can freely reveal how the negative was transformed into unlimited positive retribution. In short, how a new type of saint was created.

## Day

Atheism was dicey as a religion at first, but now that we have over one hundred worthy atheist saints and martyrs in the modern era alone, we may begin pointing to how such beings have also become the most believable and beautiful human beings of our time. Religious saints have given up their lunacy and tears in the hygienic atmosphere of our all to rational and well-medicated times. In their place, a steady stream of lunatic poets, musicians, and atheistic philosophers have taken over the domain of saintly self-destruction.

Enter: the era of the atheist martyr.

## Day

The unlimited pettiness surrounding a great man's death is heart-rending. A hoard of misguided, talentless, self-seeking biographers, translators, and past mistresses clamor for a piece of the lately senile artist's remaining fragments. None of their labors or their hatred will threaten who he is or was, yet all these nobodies mistakenly believe something remains to be said, published, or done. Even when new things do come to light, the intuitions of the master are missing and all is re-cast in the pale monochrome insignificance of an autumn past its prime. At worst, the new facts are shrunk to the size and level of the idiot commentators themselves. Attempts to be scholarly austere always belie a lack of originality and a lack of neurotic, unconscious vitality which made the artist great in the first place. So long as genius is not understood as rooted deeply in a psychologically unique human struggle, destiny and fate of active retribution enacted through the unconscious, all commentary is a farce and a distortion; at worst a projection or a masking over the master with the meager insecurities of the disciple. Facing greatness, the commentators prove themselves to be *not faulted enough to approximate the masters vision*. Such a fault cannot be cultivated. It unfolds.

To avoid the sort of tragedy which befell Cioran, one ought to either burn everything or make final copies of each work, publish it and leave no fragments unaccounted for. Total anonymity from the outset, as a model for others, saves an abundance of stupidity. If that

anonymity creates controversy, spurious additions and mass confusion—so much the better. The universe isn't worthy of any great human thoughts. The faster ours are destroyed, diluted or marred by stupidity, the faster we dead creators are paid back in full for our inordinate headaches! Let the remaining generations have some space of their own. Let the next epoch of philosophers and psychologists start once again from scratch. If I possess even a tenth of a future scholar's brilliance, my own thoughts might cause him or her to give up the fight before its even begun! Yes, the sooner I'm forgotten or misunderstood the sooner my corpse will be at peace. One needs a miracle for having hated life as much as this. One needs to be proved right by the complete negation of every virtue. Victory part ways only creates new phantoms and would-be martyrs hovering around the sideboards of unacknowledged insight.

I felt a tremendous catharsis of joy when I read one scholar's speculation that Shakespeare did not exist. With the complete works of the bard on my lap, our two souls had an anonymous communion of sacred piety over that thought...as if we never existed!

## *Day*

"Nietzsche speaks in contradictions." Complains the scholar.

"Nietzsche teaches the subtle ethos of contradiction." Asserts the disciple.

"Is disagreement a matter of taste or understanding?" Asks the self-contradictory psychologist on my shoulder.

## *Day*

Let each entry be a photograph of an under-developed muscle. Comparing the pre-pubescent child to the body building champion is ludicrous, yet this is exactly what scholarly critique has attempted...never once taking that line of absurdity to its logical conclusion...where is the final product or the complete person? Would you like to meet a famous person who died a hundred years ago? Then consider this, you would still have to choose an age at which to make

their acquaintance. On which day of their life would you hold your solemn interview? If the person in question is dead or missing, then where shall we feast upon our idol? In his corpse? His biography? His past lovers? Taking development to its conclusion is to demonstrate the road to futility and death. You'll find me at every moment. You'll find that I change and that I am fundamentally changeless.

I do not believe in talent. I see only development, retribution, environment and fleshy fate.

## *Day*

Foucault defines madness as living without an oeuvre...yet to this day, the entire world remains without an overarching oeuvre. It is for this reason Shadow Buddha walks the tight rope of complete incomprehensibility in order to traverse the abyss of *no oeuvre*.

The nihilistic discipline of continuously refusing to have an oeuvre is like sanity refusing the same package every day until the messenger finds no one at home and leaves the parcel on the door-step despite our refusals.

## *Day*

If a publishing company took the risk of publicizing an account of their having inked a deal with a completely unknown author and by this deal, had made this author the highest paid author in history, that controversy alone would create the best selling author in history—a total reversal of merit, in favor of humanity not capital.

## *Day*

What questions haven't been asked?  
What remains to be explored?  
What remains to be experienced?  
What are people capable of hearing?  
What are people capable of changing?

If seasons have fashions, do centuries and millennia have fashions as well? If you had three hundred million people, wouldn't you also have three million brilliant people mixed up somewhere in the hubbub? What are the top 3% busy with? Probably nothing. Probably the same things as the rest—getting drunk, getting a wife or a husband, getting a name for themselves, getting a way out or a way back in, failing, transgressing, fantasizing or playing golf.

Once others know you have ideas of your own, and you realize it too, they'll despise you and persecute you for it and then your natural state of creativity, which wants endless new forms, shall begin to constrain itself and repress itself. No luck in others keeping pace with you before, now the fault is your becoming a closeted enigma unwilling to venture, risk, feel or do anything. Sanity means being able to declare: "This is what I am right now!"

Without full transparency in the moment, it feels as if we're left shaking up a bottle of carbonated chaos and piss.

Are there any remaining philosophical questions? Haven't I debunked every psychological roadblock to every human question ever asked? Haven't I finished demonstrating Nihilism? Psychology as protest? Uncanny horror? The malignant uselessness of being born? A complete indifference to happiness and sadness, joy and sorrow? Haven't I already owned, imagined, touched or played with every toy I ever wanted, as both an adult and a child? Isn't my own life already a complete nullity at the age of thirty? What's left? More books? More poems to write? More afternoon naps, morning poops or canned food to open? More polishing the vehicle of expression? Teaching others? Ruining others? Contending with others? Learning a language? Sensuality? Becoming a beacon of care? Mothering and easing the voyage of others even though they cannot be helped? If I were to die today, I would say, "This is useless. I had no choices available. Nothing could have been improved or enjoyed differently. Alterations are but the same melody in a different key—the loss or gain is only a slight change of taste. It is as it is. No profundity. No unconscious myth to work out. No oeuvre! Only in attempting something is the unconscious and conscious society of mind components called to their fragmented utility. Without oeuvre, everything is malignantly useless. Worse yet, there is no self. Only a reflective, identity-less, consciousness capable of comparing, sorting, collecting, reasoning,

remembering, and navigating(—a collector is an otherwise rational person who attempts to possess and catalog that which still penetrates his emotional sphere...and he does so compulsively until his emotional permeability returns to normal, otherwise he risks becoming the museum keeper of his own dead revelries). No soul to worry about. No heaven to sustain or flee. No pretense or performance to enact.”

Still have a body. Still aware of the body. That’s a problem. Still thinking. Still disgusted. Not quite hysterical melancholy, but drained and next door to it. Not feeling the dispersion of the world’s suffering today, but it gripped me for a few weeks in an imminent, relentless way. Still seeing my own soul in every living creature, still reeling at every human face and voice as if it were my own; an unwitting genetic and biochemical alteration of the same; factually better than 99% genetically the same. Same thoughts within—the most basic thoughts and attributes are exactly the same regardless of body or language. Felt diverse emotions for those weeks even while a cloud of deep suffering awareness for the suffering existence of centuries; so much pointless frustration, questioning and absurdity. Doomed flesh computers. Bio-computers, struggling. If there were a perfect mind, a perfect awareness, a perfect Nirvana knowledge, a perfect sensitivity, a perfect detachment, the entire world would only recognize their own flaws in such a being; only attribute their own personal lack of imagination to it, only pass it by and mistake it for ingratitude, shallowness, lack of libido, lack of engagement, lack of striving, lack of sincerity, when in reality, health is the default neurosis. Isolation of the uncanny horror of existence, anchoring it to a comprehensible life narrative, distraction and active sublimation are the very definition of mortal existence—in short, an eudemological fanaticism, in other words, hysterical mothers clinging to their own personal spawn of not-yet-happiness. I am pregnant also. I open and close like the day blossom. I birth a hydra, a Leviathan, a Colossus and a puff of smoke. No progress. Either return to being an actor, to keeping to the charade of running to what others run to or courageously meld revelation with the being this revelation implies. The revelation doesn’t demand suicide, it agrees suicide is indifferently equivalent to all other choices and illusions. It’s all the same here. Losing an arm or an eye means as much as losing a shoe or a snack. Maybe warfare is good. Maybe it adds some variety to the monstrosity of commerce. Maybe hollow religious rituals add something (or the illusion of something) as well. So what? It’s too convoluted and unfathomable. You have this whole planet of spontaneously arisen organic bio-computers slamming around, putting

their genitals on one another and then trying to make sense of it through architecture, steeples, colorful flags, skin color, names, speeches, books, mystery characters and dreams...And people still take "people" as a whole, as an idea, seriously? It's a fucking clown show. And how old are most of them? Less than fifty? That's a puff of smoke! A tricycle ride for an afternoon. A half-century fart. A two hour Christmas party. A blindfolded fist fight. A pulled groin muscle duration. Fifty years is just enough time to throw in the towel and realize you've already pushed the circus beyond yourself by two generations you cannot recall, annihilate or abort. If you have any aptitude you'll have seen it by thirty. If you're excellent you'll know it by twenty-two and have already had nightmares over it at age fifteen. It's all object oriented now. We're all raped into service of the tool, the thing, the product, the customer, the device, the tangible, and the disposable horse-shit. Let's make it better. Let's make it cheaper. Let's make more of them at a time. Let's have lower paid people do all of it. Let's change the advertising. Let's have colleges create the kind of employees we're looking for, and we'll pay to have our people write the textbooks for them. Let's reach our greed into their general education as early as possible. You have to get on in the world. You have to accept Babel and Gomorrah and the pyramid building monopoly of this pornographically saleable item. Get on board with the object. Shove the object in your ass and mouth and cunt. Keep on serving the object-Jesus and buying assembly-line-Jesus. If you have any humanity left over you can complain about it to your friends at the pub like everyone else...and you can buy more consumable merchandise and life-altering paraphernalia there too. Where is the return? Where is the recoil and retribution? Political mania from the mouths of half-wits? 85% of the population should have their tongues cut out at birth...the other 15% keeps voluntarily silent. Do a genetic test, pre-natal and get their useless tongues on day one. It's all a joke. Extreme acts of inanity come to mind, but its just silly speculation. No fixing anything. It's all neurosis here. If there were legitimate mistakes, human mistakes, existence would be easier to swallow, but the neurosis and the psychological roadblocks are too deeply rooted and hidden from view. Seduction is the only means, and even then, what is power even good for? That's the worst delusion of all. Feel nauseous again. Enough for today.



## *Day*

***“Revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus.”***

**T.S. Eliot**

The play *Coriolanus* by Shakespeare was once banned in France because of its use by a fascist element.

## *Day*

Still contemplating Nero’s dying words...

***“Qualis Artifex pereō”***

The arrogant translation reads, “What an artist dies in me!” with the emphasis of exclamation instead of a question mark of contemplation or irony, but the exclamation seems too laudatory and melodramatic. I suspect he really intended to mock both art and death by implying, “What sort of artist fears impermanence?” Does this translation add too many words? Perhaps, but keep this translation in mind when saying aloud, “What artist perishes?” and again “What kind of artist perishes?” Basically a reversal of the arrogant yet un-actualized artist potential dying in the active man in favor of the confident (yet ironical) assertion that “Only failed artists pass away” or “My deeds are already imperishable” More belligerently, “What kind of artist perishes!” or better still, try the extreme cynicism of “How does a true artist perish?” with emphasis on his own lack of participation in the mortal wound he’s looking at, which in turn, is double sided, considering both: a true artist would have authored the death blow to himself while at the same time, the comedy of his lack of participation in the death-stroke is congruent with how a true artist would perish (be forgotten) since a true artist’s oeuvre cannot die except by the death stroke of time and human forgetfulness, that is, a true artist cannot self-negate, cannot self-terminate. Read as “Even in death, the artist cannot die; cannot die properly.” Stage tragedy is a farce of real death; artists and actors die a thousand times over only to arrive at their actual fate used up and insincere. A real artist is a mockery at life; an artificer, an artisan of simulation...Qualis nihil

pereo? How can a nothingness perish? What is the quality of nothingness perishing? How can a non-entity die? Both the immortal artist and the social non-entity are not privilege to death; they never even exist in the first place.

Or consider humiliation.

“What an artisan it takes to perish without pretense or artifice...and I, by my servant’s dagger, robbed of my final dignity. Now that its done, it should have been better were it my hand had done it; yet how is my hand different from his if the result is the same? Still though, I’ve spurred the glory of regicide...given it away at a bargain...I might have died a glorious criminal...the man who killed an Empire...the man who simultaneously was an empire.”

Take a different tact. “When does artifice end?” or “Where does artifice end? Isn’t all of this creation and destruction, appearance and illusion just the distended tedium of or own vanity? Even my suicide non-suicide is a social construct and a laughable farce. Tragedy? Tragedy is for the stage. Life is a comedy of neurosis. That last fear to harm myself, that hesitation which brands me a coward...what was it? Respect? Secret affirmation? Holy refusal? Stubbornness? I know not. Finally, I’m not acting. I’m not at liberty to deal myself death, even though the enemy is at the gates, ready to punish me with a thousand-fold worse tortures; still I fret and hesitate in woman’s fashion for the sake of a few more despicable breaths. I’ll contrive no more for the sake of mortals. Had I done it myself I wouldn’t feel this lingering envy! Envy for what? Honor? I die, fool! What good is honor to the dead? Absurdity! By Jupiter, absurdity! I, Nero, emperor of Rome, so well served I need a servant to carry out my death. Oh how I could carve a splendid wound in myself now, were the deed not already done! Look here slave! Here! And once more! Behold! These additional wounds far surpass yours...yet still, they come only after the vital deed had been done, and I, an imitator, a counterfeit, a plagiarist upon my own canvas. Aye! And by my servant’s dagger no less! I’m robbed! What artifice! What cowardice...and yet, what an artist dies in me!”

### ***“Qualis artifex pereo”***

Inaugural words of modern psychology: What artifice can perish? How shall we kill neurosis?

## *Day*

I saw Thomas Merton standing over the corpse of Shakespeare's Coriolanus saying, "Zen enriches no one."

## *Day*

Why are love and compassion privileged over hatred and intolerance? He who finds a worthy enemy, a nemesis or a desirable battle—isn't this a oneness with the rival? Hatred meeting hatred must be a kind of negative grace, an inversion of Romeo and Juliet. Where the lover's lose themselves in love, the warrior abandons himself in hatred...That is why battles that do not end in death end in compassion...a realization of Buddha strife and Buddha mind through destruction. If the lover and the warrior are equal in abandonment to the other, then the poet and warrior are as one heart inverted...so also does the Zen sage have a place in relation to the lover and the warrior. Zen sage is empty compassion, without rival or nemesis. Zen sage cannot fall in love, cannot be ruled by office or by passion to destroy or attack the other any more than he can write romantic poetry. Lovers and heroes need change, strife, and forgetting of Buddha mind in order to keep fueling new battles and new strife...that is new pathways to a fleeting catharsis as opposed to that continuous, albeit subdued weightlessness beyond it, experienced by the sage. What the ideal lover and warrior realize partially, the Zen sage has indefinitely. Love is a pastime. It rarely wagers its life, and since it is easy, many praise love and advocate love. Being a warrior or a poet feels inverse to the fickle paradise of love. The poet, the warrior, (and perhaps the parent) know life is at stake. Love is deadly. Love is complete. As is battle. The poet and the warrior do not boast of their scars and they do not advocate unnecessary battles...yet they have not yet attained to either the pointlessness of love/battle nor have they attained the fanaticism of selfless destruction/martyrdom. Had they either extreme, they would cease to be poets, lovers and warriors and have found Zen in complete oneness with being. Zen is the inner most core and outer most perimeter of all things. Between extremes, the middle way has names and differences in quality.

Meanwhile, for Zen and for Shakespeare's Coriolanus, the words of Meister Eckhart suffice: "If I should find myself in this essence even for a moment, I should regard my earthly selfhood as of no more importance than a manure worm."

## *Day*

The day after I arrived at the monastery one of the monks took it upon himself to show me Thomas Merton's grave...after a wandering lecture and hearing the monk's complaint about the other non-Catholics who had in the past begged to see this famous grave, I asked him an important question:

*"Who is Thomas Merton? I've never heard of him?"*

While standing with my shadow over the grave of a man I would later study and respect, I had a hard time paying attention to anything the monk was telling me. I was pre-occupied with a strange anxiety and religious euphoria.

"So if not to visit Merton, why did you come here? Are you considering a religious vocation as a monk or a priest?" He asked.

*"No. I already am one."* Said the voice I'd already followed.

## *Day*

She seemed to find solace in beings zero; In declaring to me how feelings and identities were only an elaborate hallucination to be treated with contempt. Was that intuition why she never felt the urge to become one with her argument and carry it forward in time even when the emotions had fled, as I am so often apt to do? Yet she was as human as anyone—the things she fixated on and carried forward were just less complex and less conscious.

In fits of depressive hysteria and the agonic trembling of flesh, I suffer more than mere dreams and thoughts. When my flesh is ill, only the suffering flesh is real. Psychological evasions and proclamations assuage nothing.

## *Day*

People only accept advice which approaches them from the awareness of the psychological type they are; advice which advances insights truly particular to actual weaknesses and not hypothetical virtues, of which they may actually feel no relation to.

The worst ethical sin, inherent in ethics itself, is to assume the possibility of virtues existing apart from humanity in some kind of general pool of goodness, as if a generality could ever mend an individual! What relation does the individual have to the general pool? This question is never asked. The “Good” as the one and only “Good” is already a fanatical mania of coercion and blindness to the changing aspect of existence. Where virtues do exist, they have already come into existence through the personality type of the generalizer and the hypothetical world-fixer type of mind, which also, conveniently happens to be the sort of mind which writes things down and expects for reality to be governed by that which is written and not that which is experienced, compelled, felt, dreamed or desired paradoxically! The only proposable virtues are the one sided virtues of a psychological horse wearing the blinders of theoretical consciousness, immune to creativity. Proposals from fully lucid beings sound like nonsense and only succeed in making the discourse convoluted and paradoxical. Predictably, the theoretical mind shall have already made it a rule to flee from paradox and convolution at all costs, such that, for this being to move forward, he must succeed at nothing but multiplying his errors rather than mending them: that is, turning the thumbscrews of rationality a few rotations tighter, making paralysis the rule of the day.

## *Day*

As tick marks on the mercurial thermometer of lucidity, one envisions the entire spectrum of ambition and repression at each tiny increment beneath ones own; hence our violent feelings of nausea reading the thoughts of less developed beings: we already piss on whatever false Nirvana is for them just coming into reach. If those above us seem likely to possess ugly reactions to existence its only because we’ve failed to ascend through enough tick marks of transformation to let go this stage of prejudice. Looking upwards, we

are patient; looking downwards we fall even below what we've gained, since the sight of our own progress instigates feelings which threaten to annihilate our present satisfaction...and these words too, from the standpoint of lucidity higher up must represent merely the fad and fashion of a mercurial nudge I might find altogether alien and horrifying in a little month.

Imagine a parent scolding a child on a city bus, giving some lecture about manners or behavior with a haughty attitude, even as the onlookers squirm and touch their mouths at hearing the brutal sophisms of an average mother.

## *Day*

Pessoa's superiority to Cioran: the ability to become many without sacrificing the individuality of any singular heteronym.

Cioran's superiority to Pessoa: Intensity in a specific type. The necessity of becoming a fate in order to advance beyond the degree of sketch and simulation.

If only Pessoa had taken each of his heteronyms as far as possible...as Shakespeare for instance.

## *Day*

Cioran seems content to follow his own advice, that is, observe aphorism in reality. That's a problem.

A better man would have attempted to reverse every one of his own aphorisms in an honest way so as to maintain a mysterious inhumanity...to ridicule a psychological point of view from an existential tact and then immediately be willing to self-negate so as to see around the corner of one's own hallway at each moment; the kind of eyes which turn right angles on command.

## *Day*

I would have chosen suicide had I not stumbled upon the cathartic proliferation of ‘*suiciding*’ each individual “Day”. I look back at my yesterdays, and I feel so much richer in suicide than the uncreative man. *Do I want to end myself or do I want to destroy myself...* let that be the noble question of consciousness.

## *Day*

Reading E. M. Cioran offered me nothing I couldn’t have stolen out of my own past notebooks before reading him. Lucky to have found an ally, I fear my awareness of him diminishes my own contribution...as if I were repeating the words of my teacher by rote...perhaps I am...but its not Cioran or anyone else with a title we can credit for our unfreedom.

Assault on the “Days” was my idea at age 30. Cioran’s passage in *Drawn and Quartered* was his idea at sixty. Also in that collection, Cioran declares “The Anatomy of Melancholy” to be the best book title ever conceived...but again, I had that idea also without reading him: I titled my first diary, “The Anatomy of Melancholy” at age 17. I didn’t discover my master’s suggestion until 14 years later.

These must all sound like inordinate concern out of a vast stream of forgetfulness...but I feel closer to the friend I never embraced when I discover new sympathies between Cioran and I. We’ll never walk through the Latin Quarter together. We’ll never smoke together. We’ll never ridicule his contemporaries together. He’ll never introduce me to his personal friend Samuel Beckett. We’ll never offend one another and feel regret. We’ll never disappoint one another by our moods, and we’ll never live the communion which might have delivered us or altered our destinies had we been born differently or somehow altered time to favor our two fates. Innocence means still wishing for absolutely impossible alterations of destiny...My never companion. My sympathetic ghost. My almost friend.

## *Day*

*“God is dead” –Nietzsche*

*“Man is unacceptable” –Cioran*

*“Birth is unacceptable” –Buddha*

*“Discontent is unacceptable” –Taoism*

*“Suffering is joy” –.....*

## *Day*

Revolt against Cioran: To utter a repetitive and emphatic “No” to delusion is itself yet another delusion and one never substantiates anything by it. To really penetrate illusion is to completely hover in the full possibility of all possible realities at once—even total negation—with impunity! We are free to attend any and all carnival mirrors of our own choosing. Just a groan shy of being actual madmen, we realize poetry and theatre already understood what philosophers are just now lately arriving at.

## *Day*

Could not crack the egg of Beckett or Joyce until, in a warm and blanketed state while falling asleep I had a computer generated voice read them to me at maximum speed; so fast the images flickered as if I were already dreaming someone else. In this miraculous state I realized it wasn't worth quibbling over the specific ties between one subjective reference and its perhaps singular and abstruse objective origin. What truly mattered was the intensity of the flickering; Read faster than a human may think or speak, I listen to them as if each word were a flowing note from some tempestuous concerto. To hear them otherwise or in a less impressionable state is perhaps to mar them. Could it be that maximum speed resembles a state of rest and Vice versa?



## *Day*

Offensive natures mar discourse just as effectively as defensive natures. One forces, the other clings. In both instances there exists an equal potential for maintaining or upholding pathology. Defensive positions are not innocent. Honesty would mean a departure from the concomitant intolerance of sincerity and invoke a pathway beyond defense and offense toward the infinite potential of the unspoken and un-thought. Honesty in both instances would already be a willingness toward self-doubt, adaptation, and integration. From the outset, every choice and manner of being negates a creative infinity of life potential. Every semblance of unique identity must pay the price for its acquisition: the totality of unlived phenomena haunts its edifice and attacks its very foundations. Contrary to Sartre, freedom is not what we lack, freedom is paradoxically that which we've already achieved by means of our projects...simultaneously, fate remains in terms of all possibilities we've failed to become: Every Greek tragedy is a lesson in fate: character realizes its freedom against the totality only to have the totality recoil upon freedom in terms of the unlived, the neglected, the opposite, the shadow, the psychological antagonist. Every freely chosen excellence reaps a sad reward for its toils...in essence, fate is unification of our specific personal freedom with the annihilating consequences of whatever boundaries that freedom disturbs or transgresses. Choice is already a transgression and maybe even a pathology. Within our empirical freedom, spectres of psychological unfreedom pull us, deceive us, possess us and enrich us. Below us and before us there exists the confusing potency of not only flesh or sexual drive but also archetypal patterns, symbols, and shadow faiths obscuring the meaning of the present moment. Above us, and external to us, every unlived perspective, symbol, desire, antagonist and effect of temporality and human finitude also conspire against and fully uphold the potency of human dignity and freedom. Without us and our personal, experiential endeavors upsurging into the struggle of being, no forces of either fate or freedom could unfold themselves. As freedom expends the boundaries of its efficacy, the void retreats and fate seems to shrink, but sadly, within our freedom and our achievements, no matter how diverse, we still feel called upon to feel different degrees of fondness for some projects as opposed to others. More expression and variety of action realizes only too late the means in which self has been discovered and fate has unfolded within the labors of freedom. At long last, the champion of earthly labors looks upon the treasure and debris of freedom and languishes: "I am I. I am

no other. This is what I was meant to become. I have discovered myself, and still the process continues, always an inch beyond reach...a maddening circuit; a joyful expenditure.”

Notice how Nietzsche never says, “I am will to power.” Instead, in perfect keeping with the demonstration of psychological reality, he continually asserts “*the world is will to power*”. For Schopenhauer there is only presentation and will unfolding upwardly in complexity. Notions of ego, self and “I” mean very little to Schopenhauer. For him, indeed, the universe thinks and we are its dupe, its illusion and its myriad differentiation. The entire problem of being is approached disassociatively. In the end, its no surprise when the ultimate attainment of self is synonymous with the nullification of will—in a sense, a rebellious retaliation against the illusory self created through the progressive adaptation or manipulation of will. As will recedes, only presentation and nullity remain; at the furthest conceivable limit, we achieve or almost achieve the Nirvana of universe untainted by illusion of self...and only in this moment is presentation itself realized to be no more than simulacra between us and the universe...caught between the real and the unreal, our phantasmal nature is finally acknowledged. It is at this very point where Nietzsche begins the project of convalescence, health and integration. Nirvana was only the half way point between confusion and integration. Lucidity is not completion. Lucidity is a half victory. Nirvana offers a spiritual escape route or a stopping point, but that oasis is only yet one more fine fetter and chasm on the road to attainment. The work within is complete, but such a completion bears no relation upon ones fate in the world. Indeed, as we return from Nirvana as repentant misanthropes and repentant scholars, we realize that which seemed complete must now be re-worked and re-fitted. The experiential and paradoxical character of the human world where things are not as they seem and the law tables never work exactly as they ought to. Odd as it may seem to fret over human law tables and illusion *after* Nirvana, our wholesale annihilation of false ideas—our trans-valuation of values—eventually means we return with new patience to the crude limitations of unenlightened and uncreative beings. How else would you have it? There is either the hermitage or the maddening harangue of social living once more. To his credit, Han-Shan, the cold-mountain poet, left society near the age of thirty and lived another ninety years in the woods, sleeping in caves and carving three hundred poems in the rocks. The poet Chia Toa even mentions an orphaned monk of eighty who had reportedly never left the monastery since being deposited there as a

child. For the Taoist and Buddhist devotee, poetry itself might also be a fetter and a distraction (not unlike Plato's suspicion in that regard) but just as self-seeking poetry might block the path, it may also serve as there very essence of the way itself. As one astute commentator put it, "Meditation is when you sit down and do nothing; Poetry is when you sit down and do something." Whether or not the Cold-mountain poet or the orphaned monk ever returned to the world of striving and desire might not have mattered. Perhaps they found completion in daily life, comfortably alternating between religious or poetic awe in contrast to the daily chores. Even the Cold-mountain poet had his two friends "Pick-up" and "Big-Stick" who lived in a nearby monastery. The important point to emphasize is the questionable finality of Nirvana itself. The world and its inhabitants remain as they are. We return to them, and they see us no differently than before. So much the better for our egos! Even if our project were a Nihilistic rejection of all human forms and discourses (none has ever been more thorough than Chang Tzu's Inner Chapters) we still return to the psychological reality of individual development, which not only progresses in predictable stages and patterns, it has followed those same patterns in thousands of documented cases, not only in lay persons, but in mystic seekers as well. Indeed, we can strain ourselves to spurn all forms as illusion and simulacra, but our own psyche has a gravity and a route of its own; even the most creative and daring artists face a continuous battle to overcome their own psychological type and become comprehensible to other types.

Returning to the main point—the holy grail of Nietzschean vision—we must take into account the manner of his creative expression; the psychological state of both conscious and unconscious mind at the moment of his greatest insights. Such a grail is lost on those who never experience such a state of lucidity. Where does it come from? What initiates one to it? For Nietzsche, its astounding how he refused the temptation to ever say, "I am will to power". To all those feeble commentators who misconstrue Nietzsche's vision without having read him (or Schopenhauer) correctly, we must assert ad nauseum: Nietzsche's philosophy is not a Machiavellian power lust, or even a justification for it. Nietzsche's vision is an inner awakening...Nietzsche is utterly indifferent to whatever happens beyond such an insight—holocaust or hermitage. We must ask ourselves, "Do Tyrants and criminals philosophize?" Do will and desire contemplate or do the act? If Nietzsche is pure contemplation and admiration, then we must see his entire vision from the standpoint

of a psychologist or a Buddhist monk. Only a mind completely free of the false fetters of human ignorance could contemplate and elucidate such a clear vision of human motivation. In fact, we might even add the observation that much of Nietzsche's writing unfolds in a state of frenzy and mania. Why so? Simple. His efforts are not only creative but compensatory...as will has receded, as intuition has expanded to the ultimate, and his perceiving function has been strained to the utter limit of inactivity, the hidden treasures of the dry river bed are revealed. What was covered in the continuous flux and change of the stream are now made visible in the absence of current...but the current in Nietzsche does not fully stop. A manic and spontaneous urge to will once more overtakes him. Before he can say what exactly is still intriguing enough to continue willing, he's already found himself on the rails of his relentless desire to perceive and discover himself. What he finally reveals is a spontaneous urge to feel the invigorating integration of the power which comes from dissolving oneself in activity; on the dependant co-arising of adaptations from whatever situation is encountered. The crucial clue is the absence of any "I" who says, "*I am* will to power". The will to power simply is. Without qualification or moral substance, the will to power is psychological reality; the default mortal state of being. Only rare and penetrating minds are ever granted any type of reprieve or brief holiday from willing. If men are willing to spend ninety years of adult life in the woods on the wager of one day escaping the default human condition—the will to power—then that fact testifies to the psychological challenges one faces in trying in any way to alter or comprehend what is already psychologically determined from the start. For those fish still swimming, why shouldn't Nietzsche's words be taken for the very opposite of what they are? The fish of will have not yet encountered what the ocean is like; they're too thoroughly immersed in it. Nietzsche himself is also unaware of the transformation taking place. He never states directly, "I am in a manic state". He never cautions us that he may be losing his grip on reality. He never steps back from his states of psychological ecstasy to comment on the difference between contemplative mania and unthinking willfulness. Pushed to its limit, contemplative mania dissolves contemplation into what little shred of self still remains. In Nietzsche's case, what remains over after Nirvana is the feeling of power which arises from will...a feeling which never needs to expand beyond chopping wood or walking up a hill...indeed, what is a poem but the feeling of power bound up in a few lyrical phrases? Does the general of an army even feel so much power as that? Do the straining half-measures and bureaucratic compromises of a

politician ever feel so powerful as a spontaneous poem? Because so few appreciate the inner ecstasy of the poet, the dull masses only think of power in terms of war and atrocity. Meanwhile, no poet alive will trade his Cold-mountain religious ecstasy for an army of dullards and imbeciles. Psychologically, what more is to be conquered, if one has conquered oneself? Power, in its most self-conscious, autonomous, and aesthetic state of mind makes the fickle emperors of nations look like fools. The power of the hermit, the monk and the poet recluse have no equal in terms of discipline and psychological self-mastery. Those who revoke power are its true masters. None can tempt them. For utterly half the world, object oriented minds cannot think in terms of self-subjectivity. Objects, armies, borders, corporations and social stature determine the limit of their attainment; the need arises within, but these dullards need to actualize it like a stage play in the play of matter and forms. For them, power means steel, speed, commerce, mansions, votes and visual presentation...yet how come they remain dissatisfied? How come these additional benefits never cease to quiet their endless penance of willing what one wills? Sisyphus keeps rolling his rock. Shall we commend Sisyphus on his strength? What good is that strength if the very demonstration of power resembles the very definition of nullity? Evidently, Sisyphus is not an accountant, otherwise his accounts of success would still be read as zero for his one and only task. Neither are the men of action any better than the progress of Sisyphus. The object oriented keep working out the fable of object oriented attainment. That they should call the other type of attainment a fable as well is only fair. Does the hermit disagree? Not at all; Both willful action and will-less Nirvana are empty and full of illusion. Both.

Here is my testimony: I have experienced a state of creative and manic frenzy in which perception had so fully increased that my own words seemed spontaneous as I typed them. I had effectively dissolved myself into my activity. No sense of self existed. What I felt was a feeling of power in exerting what little will remained. It was as if my unconscious pull to compensate for my inactivity had been pressed to a breaking point, and from out of a state of desirelessness, a redoubled mania took hold of me. What I wrote did not matter so much as what I discovered through having lived such a neurosis. Now I recognize such states in others. Nietzsche passed through these sorts of peak sensation states of mind. Often, we surprise ourselves by the quality of such outpourings. Without linking such manic states of creative activity to the cold blooded contemplations which precede them, one cannot fully

understand or appreciate what is meant by a phrase like “Will to power”. The conscious mind can will whatever it likes. Does it do so in a rational way or in an intuitive, mythological way? And if it wills its own will from its own daylight consciousness, does it add anything astonishing to the world, or does it just amass more transactions in the world of commerce? Why drive oneself to madness to prove my own will to buy a chocolate bar? Will to power is a counter-intuitive realization. It arises in desperation as a final outpost when all forms, laws and human projects have fallen to vanity, absurdity and indolent despair. At the extreme of inaction, we break free into a world of will once more. We do not choose will; the siren will of the world calls to us. Dogen Zenji, a thirteenth-century Japanese philosopher once stated:

*“That the self advances and confirms the ten thousand things is called delusion;*

*That the ten thousand things advance and confirm the self is called enlightenment.”*

From the abyss of despair, melancholy and inaction, the will to power calls us back to human endeavors. To assert the mania of will to power without the depressive concomitant which gave rise to it is the height of human delusion. Nietzsche was a manic depressive. Who would bother arguing that? But yet, still the commentators try to ignore or hide the most revealing aspect of the man himself. Manic depressive personality is not an invalidation! Nearly all our most coveted literature arose from such beings. Shakespeare was manic depressive as well. So what? The result is a mind which suffers the complete spectrum of joy and futility in a more rapid cycle than normal beings. That’s a blessing as an artist, but its admittedly a psychological torment as well. The problem however, is that philosophers are too weak kneed to venture any psychological commentary on their benefactors and psychology is too concerned with illness to ever bother advocating the benefits and the philosophical advantages of having accurately diagnosed the underpinnings of a unique artistic revelation. The more perfectly an artist can steer indifferently between philosophy and psychology the more such artists risk being either grossly misunderstood or condemned by both factions as a crank. One has only to read Nietzsche’s 1915 biography by Paul Carus or some other dissenter to see this type of prejudice in action...yet the Carus biography, in striving to refute Nietzsche the man as the opposite of his *Übermensch* does a good deal of labor in putting Nietzsche’s vision

into the proper psychological framework. Opposites resolve. The cripple becomes a dancer. Sorrow becomes a bird. To the shame of Jung and Cioran—men who must have also passed through states akin to Nietzsche's bi-polar ecstasy—we read their disparaging commentary as if they were too afraid to admit how close they had come to his madness. Cioran calls Nietzsche's *Übermensch* a 'Naivety', but isn't that to take Nietzsche too literally and to ignore the way in which Zarathustra points the way to inner awakening? When the *Übermensch* returns it is no different than when the Buddhist monk returns from Nirvana; the world remains unchanged and no one would even expect a psychological awakening has taken place.

When one has taken active Nihilism to its psychological conclusion, one realizes where one's freedom is still limited by both patterns of psyche and urges of flesh. Straining too feverously toward Nihilistic freedom only results in bouts of mania akin to Nietzsche's intoxicated aphorisms. And why not? Creativity arises from destruction. The more intense the destruction, the more intense the creative output. The urge to play with forms perpetuates the groundlessness of forms. Nietzsche sees the rarity in this world of such creative daring, and rightly crowns it his future ideal. To have not yet dared is akin to not yet having lived...to have remained in a less advanced state of psychological maturity and self-realization. Once the realization is under way, one risks the deathly pitfall of Schopenhuerian futility. To get beyond this most self-realized of all Western philosophers, Nietzsche had to take drastic action. One had to re-discover the world as will to power; Nietzsche had to condone the joy of self-expenditure—a project so banal and convoluted that a moon gazing drunkard would have pulled it off more thoroughly if not for the self-realization and psychological maturity Nietzsche concomitantly demanded from his *Übermensch*. By default, we are all prompted toward purposeless self expenditure...yet Nihilism haunts western man. The default is no longer enough if we have alienated ourselves by way of intellect and historicity. One needs a remedy for ennui, and Nietzsche proposes it. Before Nietzsche, one had to choose either the gallows or the brothel, which is to say, the pointless expenditure of either spiritual asphyxiation or hedonistic despair. Nietzsche challenges our prejudices of self in a more thorough going way than any of the psychologists after him. He doesn't stop with self. He extends the conflagration to education, nationality, government, Greek drama, religion and aesthetics.

For Nietzsche to have stated, "The world is will to power" is to follow Schopenhauer's Buddhism back home from the mountain top lucidity and return once more to the world of will and action. As one is pried away from Nirvana consciousness and spiritual ecstasy, one realizes the upsurge of value in the intensity of ones endeavors. The feeling of success is a feeling of power. The attainment of a desire is the feeling of power...but just because those feelings arise does not mean we have fully understood the nature of ourselves and our psychological reality. Nietzsche is intuitive, inactive and perceiving to a nearly unequaled degree compared to his contemporaries. This is not only what makes the man's writings so interesting and deep, it is also what makes the man himself an expression and a solution to his own neurosis. The more actively the intuitive indolence and perceiving dimensions are allowed the energies of the conscious mind, the more violently and unconsciously shall the compensation and autonomous phenomena of judgment, will, identity, and world assert their demands to balance the psychological equation. For Nietzsche, the world is '*will only*' because the seemingly alien force from within does nothing but assert world and will in his every intuition; intuition and perception alone are exactly lacking will, participation and intercourse with the world as a tangible reality. Nietzsche, unlike his Western predecessors, has not fallen to idealism and systematizing. From the outset, Nietzsche is a retreat from Schopenhauer's anemic idealism and self-nullifying Nirvana system. Having realized how and why the world had been psychologically and religiously lost by the guru's of the mind, Nietzsche attempts to reclaim the health and vital intercourse of the Greek sensibility. His every meditation is a force of intuition attempting to pull down the walls of Western philosophy and Western religion. With new contempt, new innocence and new insight into the paradoxical workings of belief and thought, Nietzsche is able to re-orient both his own insight, and others, in a narrowly victorious liberation. Once the new means of honesty is understood and simulacra of past systems crumble, each successive victory is the same skeleton key for the same riddle. All doors yield their contents. The means of illusion and self-delusion are found out. We are not liberated from falsehood, but instead thrust deeper into a maze of nothing but falsehood. From out of that maze, longing for the world once more, Nietzsche is finally overcome with the possessed idea that the world itself must be will to power and nothing more...not self as will but world as will...as if he had discovered the negative grace of a non-existent god...pulling the puppet strings of world machination. The meaning of the phrase confounds nearly all who approach it. This



phrase is both non-moral and totally disassociative. It is not I or my ego, which wants or shuns power. Power is neither good nor ill. Power does not mean dominance any more than it means satisfaction or joy—dropping flower petals into a stream feels no less amazing than swordplay or tank brigades or love poems. Once the feeble illusions of the crowd have been stripped away, who's to say whether flower petals or tank brigades are more consequential or wonderful? Mixing up a brilliant insight with a brutish understanding is what gives us the colossal errors we regret for decades. Nietzsche might better have said will to poetry, and Hitler might have ignored him...but then again...who's to say that poetry and romanticism weren't Europe's greatest catastrophe in the history of human existence? Tank brigades and flower petals once more...perhaps there's some evil in the flowers and some good in the tanks. Power might equally demonstrate itself in complete submission, perception, viewing, watching, restraining, waiting, intuiting and self-sacrificing. To this day, who can count the number of churches where the self-annihilating rebel of human intuition is crowned man-god in the statue of Christ? And add to that image the bloody power struggles in the name of the church! Power intermingled with poetry once more. One almost has the urge to say, *"Beware of poets! Poets shall bring the world to its knees and cause more suffering than all the warlords combined!"*

For Nietzsche, the world is will to power because the returning force of Schopenhauerian will itself realizes its existence and its synchronistic participation in unison with the genesis of individual will. Imagine we begin from Nirvana. As soon as Nirvana is discarded our being arises in total unification with the world of our projects, enticements, seductions, exertions and joys. As the presentation appears, the force of inner will advances in step with it showing us our personal valuations, identities, talents and environmental cues. For the normal being, the work-a-day world is exactly the opposite of Nietzsche's conception of "the world as will to power." The normal man thinks, chooses, and exists participation with objects and identity roles, never pausing even a moment to root out or peer into his own inner psychology. The normal man simply does tasks and finds labor within the structure of the immediate environment. This work-a-day reality never threatens to discredit the clarity or psychological accuracy of Nietzsche's assertion. If the run of the mill day laborer has no concern for power or dominance, that fact does not really touch upon the generality and subtlety of the Nietzschean model. Only the type of being who is returning from a state of will-lessness and Nirvana

intuition would ever bother to call the world an “automatic” will to power. Only a being with an almost completely nullified inner will could turn back towards the world and accuse its very smallest and first manifestations within himself to be a thing of power and extrinsic magnetism. Only a being of total nullification and inner calm is threatened by nascent upshots of will in his otherwise weedless garden. To possess psychological clarity is also to have made a desert of oneself; psychological insight is the opposite of clarity. Insight means being over run and fleshed out to the point of vast diversity once more. Only from empty clarity toward chaotic abundance is insight granted. Before abundance and before clarity there is only unity, coincidence and slavery to the superficiality of all endeavors. The unexamined life has no means by which to know its own lack of examination, unless such states of anguish, discontent, hesitation and anxiety pounce upon the otherwise healthy disposition of the unexamined work-a-day individual.

If there arises a psychological price or toll for living and interacting without examination, then there also exists an arcane compensation demanded of he who does not integrate, does not will, and does not serve the environment as a priest and overlord of human possibility (that is to say, *a common man*). In such an instance, the intuitive or perceptive being, such as the psychologist or philosopher shall unwittingly encounter “the world as will to power”. In the event of this crisis, the upsurge of world is no longer an innocent, inert, or plastic thing for which a craftsman or statesman may tinker. Nay! It’s already too late for innocence and naivety! The world is already in motion and at work within us. We in fact “want to choose” our freedom because the intensity and the fitted-ness of the unique self of this moment already sees a means for unfolding that which we already are: The frog who jumps over the rock had a rock to jump over. The rock helps us learn something about what the frog already was. In this moment, freedom and fate are totally blurred and nonsensical word phantoms. We unfold ourselves, yet we also resonate and sympathize with or choices in a way no one else can. Our projects and our expressions help to demonstrate what we uniquely are. Only the totally insincere and rebellious or chaotic being is actually free, and this supposed freedom amounts to nothing more than a self-mockery and lunatic departure from finding any home-like abode and poetic dwelling place within the gradual gathering in and acting out of self in terms of environment. Only the uncanny, lunatic departure against life and against the environment is freedom—imagine Henry Miller’s

Nihilistic and depressive sexual hysteria, for instance. Freud makes a cutting remark one might use to censure a man like Henry Miller; Freud imagines psychoanalysis as a task of turning “Hysterical misery into common unhappiness”. Freedom like that exerted by Henry Miller makes for interesting literature, perhaps acting out in detail what many more have privately felt, but such a freedom is uncanny and desperate; only the artist consigns oneself to live in a state of continuous crisis. The hysterical urge to ask a man at random on the street, “*Why do you go on living?*” (Tropic of Capricorn) is not a concern for the fate of the man on the street but a desperate and hysterical concern for one’s own reason for being. To truly internalize the nullity of existence isn’t the act of writing novels...it would more likely resemble the Cold-mountain poet who wrote:

*“The green stream bubbles musically  
Wind rustles the tall pines  
One can sit half a day  
Forgetting the worries of a hundred years.”*

That poem fragment must rank among the most Nihilistic verses ever written. Aged one hundred twenty, imagine Han-Shan, the Cold-mountain poet sitting for a half day, forgetting the worries of an entire century. Compared to a man like that, Henry Miller is an infant...still on his way up the hill toward Nirvana, not beyond it. Perhaps for both Miller and Nietzsche, the pure and innocent choice of what one is keeps getting spurned for the insincere multiplicity of what one is not. Even as we stray and rebel, we keep getting lead back to self, to environment, to adaptation, to health and sincerity. Good and evil never need enter into the equation. The ultimate project of self is neither good nor ill, but merely an upsurge of power, sympathetic resonance, affinity and joy of being. For the disassociative and intuitive being, the being whose inner quest has spurned the real in favor of the phantasmal and appropriated the psychological in favor of the material, the first initiation into the world of contingency and environment is both massacre and magnificence: one cannot by any means resist the compulsive and perhaps manic urge to shout, “The world is will to power and nothing more!”

The egoless being of repentant Nihilism cannot re-enter the world without already laying hands upon the elusive tail of ones own unconscious; as the world manifests, the will also manifests. The I who sees affinity of being in this or that worldly integration now sees self

and clues to self in all the subtleties of behavior. Often misguided and confused, such a being now lives in the intermediate realm between lunatic and oracle, genius and numbskull, seer and idiot, for it was not conscious empiricism which granted the revelation, but instead, the errant upsurge of will itself. In a sense, our intuitive seeker such as Nietzsche or Jung actually become their revelation in order to announce it. In a sense, Nietzsche the man is utterly obliterated for the sake of the one statement, "The world is will to power". In the case of Jung, the abyss of lunacy possesses him every time he hosts communication with his so called collective unconscious. These mortals transgress the boundaries of philosophy, empiricism and psychology. Participationally, these men channel their own abyss. Such beings no longer resemble anything at all like humanity. These men are incarnate oracles. Academia, with all its devices and criticisms shall never find means of touching them; Its humility precludes touching them; one must only essay them or take a hushed museum tours around their remains. How would we garner donations from the alumni if our faculty began declaring themselves oracles in total seriousness? Such things ought to take place outside the walls of scholastic institution...only so we might begrudgingly take up a few of their aphorisms one hundred years later, when it's finally "safe" to do so. Meanwhile, Cold-mountain poet Han-Shan is grinning. His face seems to ask, "When will you admit one of *my poems*?"

Perhaps each epoch shall feel a need to re-interpret their visions and their many flaws from a safe distance, hermetically and socially sealed from anything resembling hysteria or personal crisis...but despite the machinations of centuries, only those who transgress academia—and still more—those who transgress humanity itself, deserve the name visionary.

The world is will to power, and the yawning abyss reaches into us and beckons the innocent lamb of our identity to give itself up and make itself known on the futile altar of adaptation and existence. Will to power is not a tyrant, it's a reluctant lamb who alters forever the fate of human destiny...an inverted cross is still a cross.

## *Day*

Zarathrustra is barely a sage: at best a petty moralizer and non-moralizer.

Zarathrustra has not yet attained Buddha, let alone the several layers beyond Buddha!

Shadow Buddha is waiting in the eye of the Dragon, sleeping on in perfect contempt for life.

## *Day*

My rotten corpse is Shadow Buddha. My pen and my poetry are Shadow Buddha winking.

## *Day*

A neglected child, frequently misused—that's the proper education for a benevolent poet...every kindness ought to seem like a miracle or a gift from god.

(Notice the stylistic shuttle above, using the ”—“ followed by the “...” I call this a push-pull. The reader is shoved into a parenthetical statement which needs a pause before it can resolve the meaning of the outburst. In one sentence, I've effectively defined a poet in terms of his exact opposite: an abusive parent. Only when the writer simultaneously forces and restrains intensity does one need to invent new devices; exuberant restraint has more vitality than the leveled monotone of successive sentences which read the same way their writer writes them: without crisis. I refuse to apologize for being a musician. When I write, I call upon my knowledge of music theory and music scoring by instinct long before I consult books of grammar, which, in most cases only serve to tell me my attitudes and my approach have no precedent, and therefore remain un-tried. Ultimately, the writer is struggling against the naturally devitalizing transition from experience to language.)

## *Day*

Do you want to know why its painful being brilliant?

Allow me to furnish an example:

Not even a classroom of first graders could win my trust...I'd have already spotted a future businessman, musician, artist, or mother.

## *Day*

To be neurotic is to evade reality and stand adverse to destiny...therefore, I'm not neurotic, I'm an Apollonian model of perfect health: I love fate and I consistently embrace human destiny to the point of obscenity...with calm patience, I simply drag the corpse of human psychology too far in advance of its birth.

Without any illusions whatsoever, reality would have no anchor and no insulation against suffering. Depressive hysteria should be the default of lucidity; meanwhile, textbook mental health is couched between two forms of excess, mental delusion and horrific honesty. Declining both, psychology asks for projects, values, anchoring, sublimation, distraction and isolation from the terrible truths of existence. Were we to stay pure of heart and mind for any sustained duration of time, each passing second would be a complete nightmare.

## *Day*

I enjoy being correct because it allows me to return to my precious suffering. If I'm wrong, well then, hey ho! That's something new!

**Part V**  
*Flight of Sorrow*





## Day

When she petted the lamb, the midget horse and the baby goat she smelled their fur, put her face against the texture of their bodies and heard their hearts beating. Lucidity is the same as suicide, in life and in art. For her the world was alive.

(MAN)I've been dead a very long time, but you wouldn't much notice unless we tripped over each other or something. (CHILD)*A piece of ribbon can prove entertaining in all sorts of silly ways for an entire afternoon.* (MAN)I read three thousand pages this week and another three thousand the week before. (CHILD)*Dogs can be really wonderful and really mean if abused; I think its not their fault, but some of them scare me so much I want to cry—barking so loud I whimper.* Devastated, staring catatonic, nerves completely shot. *I'm a young girl. I'm a grown man. I'm a young girl right now.* I'm never what I want to feel. *I'm a young girl right now.* I read three thousand pages last week. *I like it when colors alternate, like stripes on a barber pole or a flag.* A vaginal scream crowned my head. *Someday I want to be a mommy.* This is the parabolic mental and physical pinnacle of my life and I cried on the way to the grocery store. *Granny says I have an uncle who writes sad stories without pictures; I want to draw new pictures for him.* I've only spoken to my family a handful of times in the last decade...they deserve not to be troubled by this disease. *Maybe my favorite candy is Taffy; mama reads me the jokes, but if she doesn't I still like how the sweetness pokes my tongue kinda.* Alcohol doesn't much interest me. *Taffy might be like romantic kissing.* When I run out of food, sometimes I'll fast for a few days, eating the last of the peanut butter and a couple handfuls of cheerios in the morning...never seem to run out of raisins either. *I eat raisins too, and dried fruit bags grandma brings us.* When I fast I have trouble sleeping. *I'm only sad after daddy reads me bedtime stories.* Once I've ruined my rhythm for sleep, I'll suffer insomnia for a week. *Saying goodnight is like saying goodbye—it makes my pillow too big and my hair uncomfortable.* Who brings more suffering into the world, someone who eats the flesh of animals or a mother of children? *My older sister is a vegetarian, she showed me some pictures of what bad people do.* Is it any surprise alcohol and sleep cannot deliver me from myself? *When the mail-man-lady shuts the lid an' it goes clank, I'm hoping for a surprise when I look inside.* The strangeness of pain—mine, yours, in general, anyone—already creates a sort of intoxication. *Why does father act different when he comes home late at night?* Alcohol shrugs its

shoulders and doesn't know how to start a conversation with me. *Lucy came home with a scratch on her face from Lila's cat next door, or maybe a rabbit mamma says.* When alcohol actually has something to say to me, my stomach bleeds. *My real dad lives in another country; mamma always has a sore throat to talk about him, but he sends me letters.* My life has come to represent the extreme opposite of integrity—dispersion: a strong wind pushing across the depths, which remain closed and sequestered. *Yesterday I was leaning against a green lamppost with thick ridges...the paint was new but some rust spots came through when I got my fingernail underneath...* Yesterday I was leaning against a green lamppost with thick ridges...the paint was new but some rust spots came through when I got my fingernail underneath...*I wanted to stay longer but the light changed and mamma's hand pulled me away.* I stayed at the green lamppost for ten minutes chiseling with my fingernail as if I were an important archeologist; it gave me a religious feeling; felt an ancient presence of someone. *Mamma walks too fast when she crosses the street; hurts my arm.* Within integrity you'll find integrity's faults. *I want to go back to the lamppost once more.* Within dispersion you'll suffer its disunion. *Opening a jigsaw puzzle is like a movie explosion just for me.* Why are all my joys and good deeds only half hearted? *My name is Tamara.* I hope my every creation remains nameless, like a railroad car, a path, a ritual or a clay bowl. *I go to George Washington Carver Elementary.* I'm wanted for murder—that's what it feels like anyway. *How come my water-color paints always go so blurry and drip; the picture I want is so bad it's crying.* Wanted for murder, want to die and someone else with a gun is chasing me on commission I think its like. *With the magnifying glass and the paper clues telling us which room to enter next, we played detective—Lucy and I.* My foot accidentally came down on her cats paw last time I visited. *Lucy doesn't like my uncle anymore.* We're not actually related; Tamara is only the daughter of my step-sister. *Do planes ever get tired of flying?* I was sick of flying even when I told myself it was a miracle—sick of monotony not stomach distress I mean. *It seems like the airport is just a parking ramp and a bunch of people waiting for the most boring parade of cars and no one is happy.* I only want to understand one more thing before I kill myself: Am I a monster? *I heard mamma and granny call uncle a monster, but he didn't step on Lucy on purpose.* Still feeling sorry for the girls cat; her mother and grandmother can go to hell. *Uncle was embarrassed and more frightened of us than Lucy was after she yelped.* I'll probably never see that little girl again unless I kidnap her, but that's absurd. *Mamma says uncle isn't welcome back.* Airplane food is fine;

fuck other people; I liked school lunch too—it was always hot and it felt like having a mother. *Never even got to show uncle the tire swing and my pretend garden plots for someday; oh and a red shovel, the coin I found, a piece of taffy to share, and the hair clip I didn't wear.* Tamara's father is a cheating drunk and her mother says I'm the monster? *Mamma says father is best if he sleeps in the basement room from now on.* How can I go on lying and making excuses about my mood? *Father has an old bed from the attic, a little lamp table, the lamp from the attic (I helped dust it with a wet cloth) a rug and the guest sheets mamma was angry about—that's his cozy new bedroom by the washing machines.* Adjectives are pretentious...even pretentious as a verb is pretentious...sounds like a haughty judgmental, disingenuous choice of speech. *Spinning in the yard until I fall on the grass and the sky is bigger.* Say what you will about how ugly it is to think too much and write poorly, but I have ugly feelings too and those are real. *When I ate the taffy saved for uncle I got angry and stepped on Lucy's paw for the second time today.* If I were a magician or a politician I could justify anything. *I'm sorry Lucy.* I should eventually get around to telling you who I am, in my own clumsy way. *Mamma slapped me when I asked if I could marry uncle someday.* I think my sister started drinking again too; why do these fucking people even breed? *My sister got the period when she was nine; I'm 8.* Speaking about yourself, you can never stack the deck well enough, and you can never lie enough to lose your worst traits; if people really listen, they'll have already found you out when your mouth is pushing out the first syllable. *When I held my breath and made a wish last night I heard thunder and it started to hail really hard...I made it up...it's a game where you have to hold your breath as long as you can and then you get to wish for one thing.* I'd rather spend the rest of my life musing with the banality of a pre-pubescent girl than read another page of religion or philosophy. *At breakfast father said Hitler was right if you take away the racism and the stuff about the first war...he said that to make mamma angry...mamma is Jewish...I'm both.* I read "Man's search for Meaning" and "Mein Kampf" in the same week; even found my sister's husband interested in both. *Sister has a red blinker on her bike—I took it off and played with it under my covers.* Am I a monster? *When I started feeling scared of being caught, I ran to the garage to put it back but the floor was really cold and the two cars were looking at me with strong shoulders, so I couldn't do it.* If I set out to become more evil than any man who ever lived, I'd have followed the same path I've already traveled in search of truth. *My socks picked up all the dirt and lint around the edge of the kitchen floor and mamma yelled at me before I*

*realized what I was even doing; mamma thought I was making fun of her like father does and now I want to because it makes me feel like its my family and not hers when she falls apart so easily; sister is always upstairs by herself anyway. Not that it has any importance, but it seems like self-assessment is always the furthest thing from the most critical truths. Mother never scolds me about doing the wrong feelings, but she has the wrong feelings all the time, for some reason. Saint/monster, generous/selfish, loud/quiet, unique/mundane—its all confused when you look up close. I have the most quiet ways of being bad, cuz I want to. When I was a young man my virtues were much too loud and inflexible, such that I find my earliest notebooks agonizing to review; constant moralizing and maybe it's only gotten worse even as I imagine that I've become exactly the opposite. Lucy is white, Lila is mostly black, but I want to know the opposite of cats, watermelons, Europe, and tulips. I refuse to even think about the course of other people's lives; if I really really knew them I'd already be on the rails toward their destiny instead of my own. Sister once stayed up all night long and all the next day until before dinner...I want to take my own journey to the end of the night and back again...and then eat dinner too...it only counts if you eat dinner too. Killing is meaningless; kill a pig, a roach, a plant, a prostitute, a princess, a mobster, a plumber, Einstein, a little boy, a petting zoo, a Japanese city—neither genus, species, race, hair color, beauty or reputation alters the nature of a deed: all biological life returns to decay and dust without its activity having proved or attained anything that could not have been attained elsewhere or at a later date; extinction isn't even a barrier thanks to genetic manipulation...what really counts is the specific attitude and experience within beings, and if it gives one person pleasure to propagate life and another person pleasure to deny or appropriate life in order to feel like a god, that's no better or worse than sex because sex is a demiurgical pastime too, just like being a dung beetle or a Pulitzer prize train wreck...even the dung beetle creates. The picture books with the gold award circle are much more special than the ones without it...except that one mother threw away...that one was best of all and she maybe threw it away to be cruel to me or because she liked it too or because it was strange to both of us. I no longer think in terms of ignorance...the same reality confronts every human...so it must be negation and not ignorance which drives minds apart; the most brilliant thoughts I've ever had could just as well have come from a stubborn child. What does intelligence mean and why do the teachers use the word smart, when I've felt all the feelings already too, even mama's and father's and Lucy's. I attended the funeral and Tamara held my*

hand like a good little play actor. *Before we left the funeral for the pastor (Granny's husband) I was playing with a new piece of silver ribbon; mamma said time to go and I said 'no' and mamma got really serious at me in her stupid make-up and dress and I said "so what?" about the funeral and the relatives...I wanted to play with my silver ribbon.* I would have liked to have seen a few more uses for that ribbon, but Tamara left it at home for Lucy while the new pastor said the rhymes about the dust to dust and the serpent of the cross and all that mumbo jumbo. *On the way home mamma was upset about the Christians.* I was surprised as hell when Tamara's mother opened my brother's bible and read the passage, "This fellow (Jesus) doth not cast out devils but by the Prince of Devils, Beelzebub—Mathew 12:24", wow, she and I had a good laugh at that while my brother (flesh and blood not brother in law) sulked and drove his mini-van. *"Uncle's real father was granny's husband right mamma?" I asked later, when uncle had left.* When I jibbed granny once more about my father, a Christian pastor, having gotten re-married to a Jewish woman, she thought nothing of it and said once more, "oh, you know he was very progressive about social issues" and I immediately deduced that blow-jobs were just as meaningful as "social issues". *Our kitchen has a rectangular island with a bright white light over it—the brightest light in the house.* My sister's kitchen reminded me of a morgue with wooden doors for food instead of corpses with steel ones. *Uncle held Lucy in the kitchen while I played pull away with the silver ribbon.* I warned Tamara the cat was going to claw through the ribbon, "so what?" she said, "There's more ribbon", and I ceased to protest. *Mamma scolded uncle and told him he was getting white cat hairs all over his suit, "So what?" He says, "My father only dies once." Then he laughed at what Lucy did for some reason and he seemed okay but I could hear granny and mamma whispering mean things about him not visiting and other bad things I wasn't supposed to understand yet, but I did.* I was thinking about getting a cat of my own; either a cat of my own or a Tamara of my own—every misanthrope should either have a cat or a daughter. *When granny came into the kitchen she almost vomited the words, "Oh now your suit is ruined for pictures, we hardly took any family photos yet! Damn it all, the suit's ruined." "I can get more suits" "Not before pictures!" I heard her say, "Then maybe I'll just take it off and pose naked." I laughed. Tamara laughed. Granny poured herself another glass of wine and huffed like a big angry Clydesdale (I like those, but not granny when she is one).* I don't have to please any of these cunts; I'm going to eat their funeral meats and get on the plane. *Uncle is king right now; he's smartest and kindest*

*and bravest—none of granny's tricks upset him; even father likes how he talks to granny. 'I hope Tamara rises above all these ruthless cows' I say to myself as I sip the whisky Gerald just poured for me. Upstairs it made me happy to comb my hair for pictures and think about uncle petting Lucy down in the kitchen even when I wasn't watching him; he didn't do it only on my account; but if he did I'd be ok with that too, but in a different way. After awhile I really didn't want to be holding the cat anymore because my eyes were getting a bit red, but I wanted to keep it up to please Tamara—that doesn't make any sense but we all play at tossing little mind hoops then and again, like when we set about five different tasks and see how efficiently we can be through them and in the best possible order because the alternative might mean we have to feel something deeper than accomplishment or vague loneliness. Uncle looks like he misses someone far away, but I don't know who. House of mirth and house of mourning—that's a psychological tautology—wisdom suffers and pleasure enjoys; the bible got it backwards; any time it says "The wise man does X" it really means "The emotional cripple defaults to the following evasion of reality." After pictures I went to watch television and forgot about everyone until uncle said goodbye and we brushed some of Lucy's hairs off his suit, but gave up.*

My own childhood was lavish, sublime, the best you could ask for...it ruined my life. I ruined my own life, but my happy childhood is what devastated it. Sound strange? That's what spoiled means. It means you used to be a prince and now you're not. That simple. Just because you have nice things and plenty to do doesn't necessarily make you groping or selfish...mostly it works exactly the opposite of that. My only selfish friends were the ones who broke the few toys they had and were always fighting their brothers over some trivial piece of junk. I fought and tormented my brothers, but we never fought in the really selfish, grasping way I saw other siblings fight. Us, well, we actually just tormented each other for the sheer feeling of power it gave us...but I digress. Living close to a playground and a forest, having plenty of space to play both inside and out, and a steady stream of new toys meant our imaginations continuously hungered for either more novelty or more power. With friends, I knew how to share gracefully—in fact, I had so much, it excited me to look for new means of play in what novelty or imaginative addition my friends contributed, as I patiently perceived and made careful study of them, like a debauched lover watching his wife with another man, attentively looking for some button or lever he might have been missing all these years...yeah,

that's what it means to really be spoiled...you find a new pleasure in meta-pleasure. With hundreds of toys, one becomes almost like an executive of them; a play room manager of sorts, and believe me, it comes down to a serious business when you've got *Citizen Kane's* basement full of treasure in your attic...albeit in plastic miniature, but if you zoom out a bit, a spoiled child is a rich man in miniature. Adulthood is my second lifetime. Adulthood is my chance to be ascetic and simple (Wittgenstein) instead of gluttonous and gaudy. For that matter, writing is like my third lifetime. In writing I get to have both—the rich man and the impoverished leper. Einstein use to emphasize the feeling that wherever you are or whatever you're doing, it took the participation of hundreds of other people to bring you what you have and enjoy—for my part, every wall socket, living room chair, bridal gown and tooth brush is the work of a slave coerced into the labor of casting goods and services into the reservoir of human potentiality. As population increases faster than our reservoir grows, the sum total of a lifetime only amounts to an exponential deficit, which continually widens as resources dwindle. Blind thankfulness is the adage of the wrong century. The epoch of blindness and faith has out lived the God-speak it arose from and given rise most naturally, through no particular fault, to a century where the needs, attitudes, demands and qualities of the human animal have changed. In the 1920-30's Einstein was still quoting Kant's moral system even as Carl Jung, Freud, Nietzsche and Hegel had already far surpassed it with new and unique challenges. Man as labor. Man as capitol. Man—finally—as livestock (like something out of John Carpenter's movie "They Live"), that is what blind thankfulness and consent gets you. If it took hundreds beings to give me wall sockets, burritos and television remotes then maybe we ought to think about ways for not needing burritos, wall sockets and television remotes. Give the hundreds back their idle time to become masters of their own creativity...give the future more individual efforts with meaning instead of more collective efforts in the name of surplus and benumbed thankfulness. A spoiled child does what comes natural and automatically, he wants more. An adult however, has no excuse. My thankfulness isn't granting the slave-pool any added time off or added freedom. In fact, it's exactly the opposite, my greed insures more prosperity for the capitalist workers company...and that's the crux of our entanglement in American Hedonism itself. On the one hand you have the people who describe the structure sensibly but make a misguided moral pronouncement such as, "Greed is good" and on the other side you have the people with good hearted sentiments who fail to see the paradox of the structure and make only muddle brained attacks

and condemnations such as “Be thankful to the hundreds” or “Spend less money” or “Create new jobs” or “Down with the 1%” as if the other 99% weren’t colossally stupid and wasteful in their genetic proliferation. On paper the rich like population growth too; more people means more economic growth...even up until total world crisis, business will stand behind your rights to have ten children and send them all to college like pretty little graduate dolls in their pretty little square hat, corporation pandering, social position seeking nullity. Indeed, the generations upon generations of human, and before that, biological life on this planet have all conspired to bring us where we are now, and giving pause for that might broaden our character as people, but it also risks becoming propaganda and gravest error if we leave the metaphysical sphere of discourse and advance to the practical and material sphere. A reactionary conservative teacher I once had tried to teach a sociology class by likening the American economy to a pig farm. “We’re all pigs and that’s what makes it all work.” She said, “We don’t have a choice. It’s human nature and we’ve found a way to make human nature work for our benefit.” She concluded. To this, I was flabbergasted. Beyond disgusted. Then she went on to lecture about how crime was necessary because without it law enforcement and judicial vocations would cease to exist...everything for her was unquestionably in its place and functionally for the best...the best of all possible worlds...Just as it was for every other generation of no-minds, pedants, bigots, slave traders, imperialists and exploiters. The grueling two hundred year confinement of the mad, poor, and morally deviant in the dungeon cells of Bicetre and the Hospital General of France would be to this woman just as necessary and “functional” as every other humiliating scene in Western man’s proud Western History. Keep in mind, it’s not just lay persons who think like savages, it’s also the teachers, politicians and role models of youth who go on spouting this insipid twaddle. History documentaries on both the history channel and the discovery channel are rife with bias, falsification, sensationalization, sound effects, misleading “experts” and just plain buffoonery! One episode on Rasputin included him in their series, “histories most evil men” and took great pains to make the Russian monarchy seem like the victim of some heinous episode despite their overwhelming innocence, capable leadership and religious goodness...Newspaper and television sell best at a sixth grade attention span and reading level...so that’s exactly where they aim. If you naturally try to right beyond that narrow criteria you are replaced, on and on until the only people left managing and reporting are those too stupid to quit or too spineless to complain. Casual browsing on the



internet reveals hundreds of factual errors, wrongly attributed quotations, uncited articles and a very narrow availability of hugely important documents and books. When the entire goal of everything seems to be pleasure and whimsical ease of integration, the greater part of the human identity is thrown by the wayside.

As a child, materially I was lucky, if not completely spoiled, but even as a child my mind and my playroom went hand in hand; it became part of my depth and identity. Cluttered with possibilities and worlds of escape, all those trinkets prepared me for plunging into psychology, poetry, history and novels. A new philosopher was for me a new hero with a new super-power waiting to be torn from its cellophane. Toys are wonderful. Give children as many of them as possible.

It didn't strike me as very meaningful at the time but I probably read four times as many novels in elementary school as anyone else in my class. At age six I made my mother read me Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*, but part way through she refused to read any more. The bitch! In second grade (age 7) I wrote a 15 page story. In fifth grade a 32 page story. After toys it was instruments. I played instruments—several actually: Piano, cello, trombone, trumpet, and guitar by age 14. I was a model boy scout—there's a picture of me saluting the flag with my hiking pack and full uniform where I look frighteningly like a Hitler youth with my hair parted just so...be prepared...Helpful, friendly, courteous, brave, clean, loyal, reverent, morally straight and all that other hookey baloo...but it stuck with me and even corrupted me for years onward. On the whole, good experiences except for the moral rigidity and overt patriotism. Looking back at all those years of saying the pledge of allegiance in elementary school actually strikes me as Satanic and unconscionable. The third fourth and fifth grade teachers must have thought we looked cute all speaking the same words at once like little puppets. The Jesuits use to say, "Give us your children until age 7, after that our job is done." Look around you at how many people never break free of what gets indoctrinated between the ages of 5 and 10.

The next formative experience no world domineering megalomaniac should do without is the burden of waiting. Not sometimes or briefly, but for hours each day for several consecutive years. Everyday you ought to be two hours late to pick up your son from school and apologize sincerely and profusely each time promising

it will never happen again, even though your night shift slaving mother doesn't actually set her alarm to wake up until an hour after your school day ends. Yes, if you want to really mold a deeply contemplative, serious and maniacal little tyrant, spoil him at the same time you unapologetically neglect him. Those minutes counting up after the school day has ended, with nowhere to go are agonizingly long for a child and they help him to discover the inherent coldness, loneliness, futility and struggle of life. Afterwards, four years later maybe, he'll take everything fanatically farther with a sense of fire and fervor that would make the devil blush. Most days—basically every day I can remember—that child sat against the same brick wall against the crushed pillow of his black and aquatic green plastic backpack. Eventually disappointment and anger gave way to ennui and lacerating acceptance. Worse was making up excuses for your mother's edification when the gym teacher, the classroom teacher and the principal happened to exit through the same door where you were waiting...even then you were a creative liar.

Now add a death in the family, a predisposition to depression, undiagnosed hypoglycemia and a few rounds of medication which actually trigger an ongoing yet unpredictable shift from uni-polar depression to a severe and chronic bi-polar reality. Next, be sure he works at a few depressing, sweat-dank bars filled each day with career alcoholics, homeless people and used-up women. Make him sell alcohol near government projects where mangled, dirty, crippled, toothless and mentally disturbed characters walk in and out all day long as he's reading the iambic pentameter verses of Alexander Pope. It should be cold in the little liquor store and even colder in the refrigerated room where he has to keep re-stocking beer while mouthing lines from Shakespeare to pass the time. He should have an aversion to alcohol in the beginning and never really let it rule him even though he spends a few years around both happy young drunks and miserable drunks. At each moment he should actually seem more sad and destitute than even the lowest drunkard and homeless person because he still manages to be kind and helpful like a good boy scout should be while the world around him is just stirring around in its own shit. One drunk might actually jest, half seriously, "I'll help you kill yourself to make it look like an accident if you're afraid of what your family might say..."—It was a kind offer, and for a moment the young bartender considered it in earnest; The young man stared at the older man and the humor of their assisted suicide conspiracy was just a light hearted evasion for a miserable intuition both men shared. The older

man shook as he placed the 10oz. glass back on the bar, offhandedly complaining once more about the reduction from 12 to 10 ounce sized glasses for mixed drinks—yeah, that man shook every day in the morning and eventually lost his regular apartment and began living in one of the cheap dorm style rooms above the bar. It got so bad he quit working altogether, but the owner and the bartenders and I kept selling him alcohol even when it was obvious his health had seriously been compromised. He wasn't our problem...even though we facilitated and condoned every aspect of his addiction. We were an economic establishment that provided a service. Nothing more required beyond that...that's the idea that stuck in my head at age 22 while I kept selling and selling and selling to him and forty others like him.

While I tend bar, maybe I think back to the ornate city cathedral and church choir as a child where everything was stained glass and Halleluiah candlelight. Let the prettiest girl—the choir master's daughter—often play with the boys effeminate long hair and sit burlesquely on his lap while he cowers and remains silent until the choir-master comes along to embarrass them both...now it's a sort of game for her, it happens so often (each time with a different boy just so daddy-choirmaster will raise an eyebrow or make an ugly face). Premonitions of sex and the long sermons I liked and fully understood...the children's choir sang at both services—yet another place where I was held hostage for hours at a time in my youth—we sat through the same sermon twice, sometimes three times on holidays (large city churches typically have 3 services on important Christian Holidays). Got into paying attention to the ad-libs, the revised jokes and the added details the pastor happened to execute...I made it a game to judge which of the two sermons had been delivered more effectively and where each had lagged...it was a really solid introduction to the merits of propaganda and public speaking. Every week the preacher managed to tie it all together—the music choices, the question response, the audience participation, the scripture reading, and then the semi-existential middle of the road Methodist reflection on the scripture and its place both in the lives of the pastor and more generally, the congregation as a whole. It's no small thing to be the preacher at one of the richest churches in the downtown area...T.V. charlatans may have their bawdry and pazazz, but that Methodist preacher of my youth was polished, calm, sane, well-read, majestic, poignant, active and perhaps even a bit of a fellow traveler with atheism; he certainly directed a good number of sermons toward doubt, and doubt is a

symptom of deep understanding. Ignorance is cock certain. Doubt is relentlessly changeful, vibrant, new and filled with poetic despair.

Each time the soda jet follows the ice cubes clanking, he does so with a dim remembrance of a dead mother, a church sermon and a libidinous little choir girl teasing his livid cheeks and doughy ears with her curious fingers. Now its withered faces, whisky with beer chasers, vodka cranberry, vodka grapefruit or several beers in a row while their days wage in cash is piled in front of them, slowly depleting.

The letters he sends to women his age (early twenties) are in stamped envelopes and they use the most stuffy, declarative nonsense imaginable, such that no one in their right mind could reply nor even bother to suspect any subterfuge due to their idiotic yet discomfoting naivety. Has this man-boy had even one coherent emotion without the flighty recourse to “Forever”, “Always”, “Promise me”, “Blessings” and “Soon?” If there had been anything at all sexual or physical to wedge a climbing beg into, she might have wrestled with it, but the letters were all such bombast, he might as well have been preaching transubstantiation to a toad. He had learned to listen to sermons and write them, but totally without affect on others. Himself yes, but not other people...and worse still, he was no longer religious, so the type of girls suited for him—the religious girls—were totally out of the question. The most angelic and miserable little boy scout atheist cynic you could imagine.

Then came the Nihilism, the monastery visits, the religious mania, the Dostoyevsky binges, the 800 page Freemason book with all the secret levels, the Tarot books, the seduction books, the Dante, Milton, Faust mumbling, more alcohol, more house guests, more nights as a bar tender, bouncer, or off sale liquor person. Maybe it was the booze and pot which evacuated some of the boy scout rhetoric out of his colon; maybe it was his two womanizing roommates, the strippers hanging around the porch after bar close and the nights that went on through to daylight after several hours of wild talk, spilt drinks and a mess of playing cards; maybe a greasy all night diner within walking distance after we locked up the bar near 3am. The world of so-called debauchery is much less fearful and amazing than most parents are willing to admit. If your child is worth a shit in the first place, there’s nothing whatsoever to fear. They’ll manage fine. And learn some lessons that never make it into the text books—like the homeless pederast who offers to suck your cock for a drink as you cross the

railroad tracks on the way home. “I could really use a drink!” laments the pederast with a Charlie Brown frown and a vaudeville sigh...“ I could really use a drink and a man.” He says...“And a man.”

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Tamara is visiting her father (her real father). She’s in Russia. Grandparents farm. She runs free. Fences fence things. The grass and the crops are a green color probably. She’s in a little dress with an unnecessary layer of ugly under clothes beneath the patched and slightly ugly cotton outer layer. She’s leaning forward to look at something in the tall weeds; Probably a mouse or a garter snake. Her posture is strange because it’s damp and cold this morning as she crouches. She doesn’t want to kneel on the wet grass and she’s not committed to looking at the creature by going any lower down, so she’s put her knees together, leaned forward, and getting a few more inches safely by cutely bracing her little hands on her knees as her eyes get wider. She only meant to pause a moment, that’s why her posture is so strange. It turns out it was in fact a field mouse. It’s chewing a stray particle of pig feed. Raindrop hits the fencepost a few yards to her right, then her back, then her forehead and eyeball as she starts to look upward. Mouse is gone. Wind is colder. Can she bring a baby piglet into the house? Check with Grandma. Grandma says yes to things, generally. Maybe two pigs? Two is better for play. Yes, two! Wanted three, but two is fine. Can she feed them? What do they like? Everything? Apple pieces? Carrots? A cookie? Yes! She’s able to hold one (barely) while the other breathy creature sniffs at her food hand impatiently. She’s mauled with licks. Kisses. Almost pushed over by the little fatties, and then they scurry away as she chases them around the house. Wood plank floors, darkly stained molasses color. Old knitted blankets in piles. Old house floor noises. Pig noises. Hurray for pigs!

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How many fairytales are really the repentance of dissolute cynics in disguise?

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“Why are you crying Tamara” Asks Piglet.

“I miss Lucy?”

“What’s a Lucy?” Asks Piglet.

“My cat silly. She’s white and her whiskers tickle. Her eyes are yellow brown like caramel.”

“Are you going to eat Lucy?” Asks Piglet.

“No! People don’t eat cats stupid!” Says Tamara Curtly.

“Well, how about pigs Are you going to eat me?” Asks Piglet.

“You’re little and besides, you’re my friend. I wouldn’t eat you.”

“Promise to never eat me Tamara.” Says Piglet.

“I promise.”

“What about my brothers and sisters and Mamma Pig and Papa Pig? Will you eat them?” Asks Piglet.

“Oh no! That’s your family I don’t want to eat your family! No never! I’ll never eat pig mammas and pig sisters or papas or brothers! Never!”

“But Tamara, you ate bacon this morning and ham for dinner last evening. Where do you think it came from?”

Tamara gasps. “Oh piglet, I’m sorry! I didn’t know. I didn’t know you pigs talked and ate cookies and then got eaten too! It’s like you’re Hansel and Gretel and I’m the wicked witch making you fatter!”

“Have you seen the knife Tamara? Grandma uses that knife to slit our throats. Just wait. You’ll see. If you don’t believe me, go to the side of the barn tomorrow and look for the blood. It’s still there, some of it, and you people keep eating us. Always blood. Blood. Pig. Knife. Blood. Food. Blood. Pig. Knife. Blood. Food. Say it with me Tamara. Blood. Blood. Pig. Knife. Blood. Food...”

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Legion is many. Dispersion, Schizophrenia, autism, voices, dreams, images, empathy and memory en mass, like an angry society.

Lying creates even more attitudes. Raw emotions count for another continent still. Legion is many. The demons in the form of little pigs driven out over the cliff into the sea. Dispersion is the event of the multiple. Integrity is a clownish certainty, a dogma, a naivety, an excuse, an evasion, a brick wall, a cock-and-bull belligerence and a fuck my guts with bullets uniform. I'm sixteen times what a steadfast man can be and I'll play him like a bear plays a fish. Behind every unhappy man there's a few images of a woman from earlier—she and I have him by the balls. He's a dupe. His entire life is a cheat because he clings differently than us; changes slower than us. At one time I too had the clinging virus—perhaps I still do have it—but I've glimpsed the beyond where unreason rules with an audacious mathematics of its own. Dispersion makes me a coward. The ultimate coward. Dispersion weakens me, but it's a weakness I can use to triumph and bewilder because their knees don't bend the same direction as me. I crouch like a dog, a rabbit or deer's legs—this way is more animal and more suited for waiting; for leaning back on haunches and perceiving the details a decade or two longer. Fauna scatters to cover the fields and forests. The animals hide, roam, crouch and follow the winds. The deep rivers give them water. The deep soil brings up the budding leaves, branches, grasses and sapling bark. Dispersion is movement. Wind over the deep. The dutiful man is confused by the forests chaos and its breezy gusts of clamor and repose.

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The man in the sex movie had a forearm tattoo that said, "Trust is earned." I felt sorry for him. Also I didn't trust him because he was a little over weight. I don't trust anyone who is too well fed, not even Buddha. The fasting desert nomad is no better. Visions of delirium. Onset of hypoglycemia through fasting. Oasis fevers, adrenaline overdose in the form of epinephrine from the liver working overtime to produce glucose catabolically from body fat; the fight or flight sensation resulting from low blood sugar. Undiagnosed Hypoglycemia. Hallucinations of burning shrubbery tilts the first domino that eventually condemns six million to die because of the magic words it says to a particular tribe of people. Come to think of it, I'm mostly sad today because the world hasn't earned my trust. This miraculous globe hasn't even earned my complete distrust either. Complete distrust would be too edifying and paranoid. Only idiots think in terms of either/or. I'm probably an idiot too but I'm at least not an idiot of trust and distrust. I don't notice when I believe and I don't notice when I

disbelieve. Everything I notice is an interruption. This whole book is nothing but an interruption from living...a curious peak at the thoughts which interrupt other people...that's literature. Considering that premise, August Strindberg's book, "Inferno" is the greatest book ever written. The man's a lunatic and a religious paranoiac. He wrote other things—plays, novels etc. but his book "Inferno" is the non-fiction account of his mental state later in life after his famous plays were written. He flirted with nihilism only to end up a maniac of religious fervor and fear. He wrote disgruntled esoteric letters to Nietzsche through the whole episode. His disgust was beyond the scope of reason and intellect. Rooms, thunderstorms, mild social insults, and haunted houses all conspire against him in the name of God to become reverent and true once more...but no matter. People don't care so very much about life anymore. Too much concern is neurosis and lunacy anyhow. Best to retreat in time. Nothing too much.

The man in the sex movie also has a dragon tattoo. Those are popular now because Jesus doesn't endorse any interesting tattoo designs and the devil is played out. Nearly everyone watches sex movies now. Main stream media like CNN doesn't flinch at running articles that warn us not to browse porn on our handheld, wireless devices, stating clear facts as to why hand held devices such as iPhones are at higher risk for information mining malware viruses than our home computers and laptops. The fact of pornography's existence is so prevalent and accepted now one wonders how pharmaceutical companies can still make profits on insomnia medication when orgasms are had so easily. At least voyeurism is a release from sexual repression. And consider the CNN article once more: It gives cold, factual evidence that pornography is still responsible for more internet traffic than any other human concern. Nature is still winning. Not human aspiration and austerity, but smut. Good for nature. Now imagine a world where pornography is replaced by sexually functional robot companions made to order in response to overpopulation: Will this advance pose a serious threat to the human desire to continue procreating? Nature itself may also be what annihilates humanity as humanity seeks a better and better surrogate for desires and obsessions it hasn't yet evolved beyond. Techno-sexual fizzle of mutual forces negating each other. It's ugly to think about, but I think maybe we've made the world a better place. People don't even need to have sex now. They can just watch sex movies. No need for prostitutes; no need for venereal disease, poverty, orphans, beatings, drugs, or any of that. You'll see. It's not far off. People just haven't adjusted to the



new paradigm yet. Whole generations of older folk grew up on regular ol' vanilla sex. Times are a changin'. Now virtual existence is the thing. That's ok. It's all virtual if you step back far enough.

I hope you take me for a folksy and squeamish person. I hope you confuse me with fifty-year old men and twelve year old girls, because really, I'm both...but neither. I also breath fire and eat cheap ham and potatoes. I drink tea and dream annihilation. You'll never find a woman like me to court and you'll never find a man like me teaching in a college. I don't even exist. I'm total dispersion; scattered and nowhere. Old Shakespeare said, "To be an honest man is to be one in ten thousand." I'm beyond honesty. Truly dishonest men are one in one hundred thousand. Real poets are one in a million. Saints one in ten million. Visionaries appear one in one hundred million. God-men are one in a billion. The Buddha only shows himself once a century if we're lucky. Dragons—the rarest mortal form imaginable—appear and possess mortal creation fleetingly, perhaps for only a handful of days and then dissolve away. Such heights of activity are usually lost, or at best, discovered half a century later. Beyond the visionaries, poets, God-men, Buddhas and Dragons there seems to exist one further degree of illumination. Perhaps only madmen, poets and other Buddhas have eyes for seeing this final being. I know not how this being is formed or if it even exists apart from my imaginary conception of it. Some may believe or disbelieve the following as they like. Very well. Perhaps this being will never come, and we waste our breath in waiting for it or discussing it. Perhaps the mere idea of this being is yet another delusion and neurosis of literature...that may well be...but I've seen the works of the Dragon...evidence of Dragon-mind and Dragon-activity. No mortal yet has really become fully Dragon incarnate, but the clamoring priests, sages, charlatans and astronomers will all try to assure you something miraculous about the nature of the Dragon...That's a mistake. It's a mistake to assert anything for or against the Dragon...silly mortals...haven't even learned not to make assertions for or against their wives, let alone the Gods, who are equally cruel and kind in their cycles!

I'll say it stupidly and without much effort: The Buddha appears once a century, the Dragons possess us fleetingly and highest of all is the being who can topple the entire edifice of Earth and Heaven as if it were a blade of grass underfoot. Never yet has the earth know the might of the Shadow Buddha. It will never and it never can know its attributes. Shadow Buddha is the mask Buddha must wear without

knowing...or it humiliates him. Shadow Buddha is the frozen face of every corpse and the epilogue to every God. Shadow Buddha laughs at kindness; laughs at poetry; laughs at the weak who distrust and the strong who trust. Shadow Buddha passes for mere wind and fantasy—and in that much we're right about it, but Shadow Buddha also makes our sincerity empty, our sturdy laws a humiliation, our duties, our governments and reasons for living crumble. If the Shadow Buddha took a human form, the disparity between what was understood and what could be revealed would prove agonizing. Each time this creature manifested itself it would be alone, not merely in its region, continent or planet, but utterly alone in the entire history of the universe. From the Paleozoic era to the present, nothing whatsoever could comfort or enchant the horror of one second's breath near the essence of Shadow Buddha. If God could exist through us, not only would this God be entirely alone, this God would also become immediately incapable of speech. Superior beings no longer interrupt themselves to communicate. Speech is to condescend below onto the plane of appearance, fabrication, activity, will, striving, falsehood, compulsion, attachment, psychology and archetype. Superiority is to rise silently above, aloof from further complaint or effort. Perhaps voluntary starvation would quickly follow. The propaganda of speech—even the plain speech of everyday communication—reintegrates us to the cycle of maintaining human meanings and biological determinants. The propaganda of speech confuses both aspects of god and mortal, making both wax obscene. All truth as we know it is propaganda. Even mathematics is but a proposition and a dialogue based on axioms of identity which cannot delimit the limit of their world. (Wittgenstein) To echo Heidegger's more obscure work, "Truth is untruth." Shadow Buddha is beyond. If the Shadow Buddha fills the abyss, then the best a mortal can do is take us to the very edge of the cliff and point downward towards the lowest. If I can descend toward the lowest most useless mind, doggedly toward the most useless activity, I inch a bit further to the most solitary and destitute experience of being...and it's still not enough. Shadow Buddha wants me to leap over the edge of mortality, beyond illusion and despair. To depart as the molecules I am. To disperse. To forfeit a warm dream and a warm blanket of flesh. To leave consciousness once more.

Christianity may have its endearing elements for everyday life but it strikes me (lashes me rather) that Christ should have believed in Heaven and promised it. He most certainly was lying. Buddha was also lying about Nirvana...or the disciples misunderstood...or altered

the doctrines to be more pragmatic, accessible or comforting. In either case, it's being itself and not the "place of being" which must be obliterated in order to depart from suffering. For Heidegger, the place of being—the very nature of being itself—is untruth and abyss. For Heidegger's later works, the paradox of mortal existence is like a traveler wandering through a thick forest. If our traveler should happen to follow the wrong path or the hidden path which leads to the center of the forest instead of through it, then the traveler cannot exactly say whether or not the true way is lost. So long as the thick thicket of reality—the common and the unfamiliar both—then our traveler possesses no exact certainty about the nature of the path or the whereabouts of the place. Now imagine the traveler reaches a clearing in the very middle of the woods. Perhaps a tower is built in that clearing so travelers might climb up and see all the way to the outer rim of the forest. Now the clearing itself has resulted in the concealedness of being. Paradoxically clearing-towards-being must always result in some kind of concealedness of being. A "clearing-concealedness" of "*Being there*." The place is the place of "clearing-concealedness." Without the forest clearing, vision is opaque, covered, lost. The path is uncertain. Doubt arises.

Even in the clearing, the way is obscured. The reality of being, for the metaphorical lost traveler and the every-day question asker is synonymous with the clearing where-in truth is only the "clearing-concealedness" of an abyss where the way has been lost. With eyes directed back into the forest the way is dark and obscure, indescribable, strange and dreadful. To enter a forest clearing is also an invitation into the forest clearing of mind and being itself where no Heaven can redeem us, for we travelers are Hell itself and we drag Hell along within us. One hour in the fantastic Christian Heaven would already be enough to make Hamlets of us all. Isn't it already enough to be a prince in a palace? Apparently not. Mortal despair runs deeper than palaces, princes, holy spirits and God himself—Jehovah, Christ, Allah or Vishnu. In the fantasy of Heaven, we see the last God departing. Shadow Buddha exits and we follow.

Aristotle said, "Man is his desire." Maybe I'm no loner a man. If the quality of "Man-ness" (referring to mortality rather than gender) is to be looked at in terms of desire, then desireless being departs into the mazes of unreason, dispersion, smoke and nothingness. Lacking desire does not make a woman, it makes us abysmal and haunting. Women too resemble dispersion, but always toward the possible, the positive,

the tactile, the passionate, hence she embodies desire as multiple instead of singularity or integrity...her own field of moral reflection perhaps.

For practical purposes, Shakespeare retells the revolt of Lucifer in Paradise through the intrigues of Hamlet. Shakespeare plays with refuting Heaven, Christianity, and Lucifer through the tragedy of Hamlet. Hamlet is Buddha consciousness become Shadow Buddha of destruction...but only to a comical and fleeting degree; an approximation. Real cosmic despair nullifies Heaven, Hell, Nirvana and Earth alike with impunity. Even if alien life existed in some other form organically different from humans, inner awakening toward Shadow Buddha would still reveal the same universal despair. Planet, place, body, fashion, language or century are in no way capable of altering the death mask of being.

In broad mind of daylight clarity, how could my shadow avoid showing me its own reasons; its own prophecy.

If Shadow Buddha consciousness nullifies everything, then there is also the trap of dwelling in nothing but this nullified world, a sort of reverse clinging and reverse to the world's myriad attachments. This state is rarely spoken of because so few even assimilate the positive aspects of Buddhism, let alone the final awakening to non-religion beyond it. If Buddhism is a discarded raft, then Shadow Buddha is the discarded traveler. Dwelling in the nullity of existence mindfully re-awakens a disjunction between world and being.

The weight of empathically suffering the totality of sentient beings, both living and dead, is more than the mind can bear for long.

One must retreat. Empathy has its limits. One must glimpse but briefly. The pain is too great. It's as if every event, past and future had happened at once and we were caught in the paralysis of time. One must move with human time once more. A fully negated world may as well be a fully accepted one. None of the pain or ugliness of it changes from being turned inside out. Perhaps we sleep through the day or spend the entire night awake wearing the mask of Shadow Buddha; what then? We must return to normalcy once more. There shall be ample time later to practice being a corpse.

Whatever visions and uses arise from our emotional pain exploring the depths, at the end of the day (or week) we have also to admit the neurosis of the situation and tend to our bodies once more. The fast is over. The insomnia is over. We must return to regular diet, regular sleep, regular exercise, regular thoughts, regular identities, regular portions of individual, “situated” despair or happiness as they arise, in the moments they arise. Not to worry, having seen true horror, we’ll always be poets, carrying still the germ of nothingness in the eye of the Dragon.

## The Way of Shadow Buddha

*The noble truth of existence is joy.*

*Shadow Buddha haunts the four-fold path of joy:*

1. Joy means intoxication—vitality, sustained activity, poetry, music.
2. Joy means waste-cloth—empty bottles, full stomachs, sweat, excrement and deep sleep.
3. Joy means dispersion—a wind over the depths, visions, dreams, a will from above and below, empathy fully expanded.
4. Joy means reversal—the last is first and the first becomes last. The new and the old return in cycles. Every action reverts to an opposing purpose on and on. Dignity becomes humiliation, fame becomes anonymity.

Many lifetimes ago, a discontented Prince abdicated from both palace and family to meditate under a slumping tree seeking enlightenment. Perhaps he discovered something unique. Perhaps his followers are thankful to repeat his teaching in whatever form in which it came to them. So be it. Let us call him Buddha as others call him and attempt to accept his teachings in the form we now have them. Let us follow his noble truth and understand his four-fold path. Miserable as I am, I see a smiling Buddha who preaches benevolence, good will, compassion and moral austerity...but I look upon his shadow and I see

a human form crying perpetual tears. When the preacher smiles and preaches the truth of a suffering world I depart alone with my little shadow and weep at my own wretchedness in the quietude of a graveyard. We weep together, my shadow and I; apart from the crowd, away from the adoring congregation who repeat over and over the truth of suffering. I feel forsaken. I've already suffered too much; I'm only the shell and the shadow of a man...more woman than man in my persistent tears of sadness. I never descended from any palace. Where the prince of Buddhism sees suffering, I see necessity. Where the prince of Buddhism begs renunciation, I ask for more wine and more song. Where the Prince of Buddhism slanders human incarnation, I go to the midwives and help with the laundry smelling of blood and miracles.

I never understood the arguments of the learned men. When I fail to understand I retreat. I have my own congregation you know...I and my shadow, we often give our sermons to an audience of shadows...I preach silence to the departed and the graves frown with me. Humanity already has enough ills and confusion; another religion and another faith is not necessary. The sages ought to know when to stop. Sages ought to retreat and fall silent at the first whisper of power. Buddhism is but the sunny side of a frightening empire. Charlatans always have a habit of smiling. Smiles win hearts and smiles win arguments. Smiles win votes and conceal crimes. Charlatans always smile. A smile lies, deceives, fabricates, indoctrinates, pressures, dissuades, condones, agrees, acknowledges and invites us to join its errors. Those who eradicate suffering also eradicate joy with it. Shadow Buddha frowns or darkens into complete eclipse and facelessness. Shadow Buddha retreats.

Shadow Buddha frowns to remark how all mortal paths have proved false. Shadow Buddha recoils to hear idealistic youths advancing a doctrine of suffering and renunciation. For Shadow Buddha, whose entire nature originally overflowed with childish joy, reverts to the life of a misanthrope and an outcast, utterly confused at the ways of men. Why preach what we already have? Without seeking joy, it comes back to me. Without seeking suffering, it ransoms me once more. In the course of a human life, our final years witness the loss of our every treasure: sans eyes, sans teeth, sans mind, sans memory, sans lust, sans future! What gain have I in early renunciation? Am I to play a game with wanting and having? To toy with what is and what is not? Let renunciation come when it comes. If we do not

renounce things, things will be happy to renounce us. With or without our acceptance we are the sojourn of a leaking cargo.

Joy and suffering blossom forth from one and the same tree. Thomas Hardy, the saddest man in the modern era, was also a priest of joy. It keeps beckoning to us like a rapacious monster. We feel like great dupes and fools for our returning to it. We feel cheated. Suffering always returns and always with more force than joy can stave...but suffering is also joy. Beethoven loved joy. Beethoven never wrote “ode to suffering” or “Ode to abstinence” or “Ode to moral integrity”. Or consider Mozart’s Don Giovanni—the anti-hero who refuses to repent deeds done in the name of joy; a martyr in reverse; loyal to himself even when given the opportunity to escape damnation with the utterance of a single Christian phrase. Clearly we can see that music declines to championed intellect or morals. Musicians speak in terms of feeling, heart, suffering and joy. You’ll find no ecstasy in the scholar’s books of ethics. The unrepentant criminal is closer to God than the priest. Crime is also joy. What can Shadow Buddha do to alter the world? If joy is both crime and love, labor and indolence, what good are ethical precepts? Shadow Buddha declares joy tragically as a last resort and in an almost maudlin whisper against the loud talkers of sin, ethics, virtue, dogma, patriotism, holocaust, obedience and suffering. And if no one hears the simple precept, what does that matter? Joy isn’t in any way lessened for having no advocates. Joy has no advocates because joy is both too simple and too profound to merit discussion. Wherever Shadow Buddha appears, earthly doctrines and holy dogma crumble. In the wake of joy follows chaos, unrest, new law tables and depletion. Make way for new births, sustained action, new desire, new reversals and new directions. So be it! Why should it be otherwise? Even as the Shadow Buddha bows to joy, this sage seems to accomplish nothing but frowns, tears and sadness. If that seems like a paradox, you’ve failed to understand the deepest depths of joy. When the depths rise up, it only takes the slightest accident—even a feather or a new-blossomed weed—to bring forth tears and wails of ecstasy over the strange poetry of being.

Shadow Buddha is not so very different from daylight Buddha. Daylight Buddha smiles and preaches and inspires benevolence in the hearts of the crowd. Though the suffering prince’s heart swells with hidden intuitions of atrocity, he wears a kind face and gives the people the necessary propaganda. Daylight Buddha is like a physician who comes either too soon or too late to be effective. Daylight Buddha

treats the external as if the fault of mortals lay in the world of activity and desire. Shadow Buddha proceeds differently. Shadow Buddha arrives in time and departs in time. Shadow Buddha ignores the outer world and reaches toward inner conflicts and shadow motives like a helpful psychologist—not a druggist or a schoolmaster whose faults lie in having always dealt with problems externally and superficially. Within the daylight Buddha of benevolence there grows a dark seed of hatred and contempt for the people and for the limits of human communication. Daylight Buddha's smile is fueled by a hatred and a princely misunderstanding of human nature: the typical aberration one always sees in heroes of civic virtue and religious dogma. Within the misanthropy, chaos, dissolution, intoxication and reversals of the Shadow Buddha there also dwells a hidden gem. That gem is noble joy. Newborn joy, supple as a babe and harmless as a dove. Don't be surprised when fanaticism in the name of benevolent Buddha ends in colossal bloodshed. Don't be surprised when even through the worst human brutality the Shadow Buddha survives the propaganda of warlords and erratic violence by having seen their true nature from the beginning. Shadow Buddha is immune to all propaganda. Even as the world smolders in continental ruin, Shadow Buddha—alone among a whole generation of so-called poets—shall be the first to announce a song of joy with faltering lips and trembling hands...that's how you shall know him...wherever joy seems utterly impossible, the way is prepared for the prince of tragedy...rising from anonymity with the words the crowd already understands.

Because the Shadow Buddha knows the inner law of joy and sorrow, the Shadow Buddha is diligent in keeping three treasures of understanding:

1. *Compassion*
2. *Nothing to excess*
3. *Never be first in the kingdom.*

Because the Shadow Buddha is solitary and elusive, he preserves a childish heart, at every moment longing for the embrace of love, but misanthropy, distrust, and dissolution keep the Shadow Buddha a great distance from the ways of the crowd. If he were not distant he would cease to be a sage. Holding sexuality in reserve, Shadow Buddha feels intoxication and poetry rise within.



Because the Shadow Buddha reflects on the noble truths of waste cloth, and dispersion Shadow Buddha understands the vanity of taking things to excess. When the cloth is soiled it's time to wash. When integrity becomes inflexible the energy must disperse.

Because the Shadow Buddha understands the doctrine of reversal, the highest place seems like a mockery; the proudest men are fools while the saddest fate is redemptive. The happy man is already the most tragic image on the planet...the happy life ought not to end as it does.

Shadow Buddha often hears mortals grumbling about the world's vanity. Those who do so reveal their own emotional superficiality. The depths of flesh and psyche are incarnate realities with an astrology and chemical mathematics of their own. Looking with eyes of reason at the outer, the sages of vanity ignore the inner symphonies of heart...Not a single note ever rings false from the music within...if mortals only hear poorly and judge poorly, perhaps these listeners are not quite musical enough to hear correctly. Shadow Buddha is the psychologist of the next millennium. It would prove vain to look at this Buddha too closely, for she resembles a mirror.

Among the poets of vanity, the Shadow Buddha is quite at home. The eventual reversal and dissolution of things is what works the heart up to songs of lamentation and joy. Moon gazing drunkards are the true companions of the Shadow Buddha. Young maidens and lively grandmothers are eager to listen and drink with Shadow Buddha's revelers. Flexible mothers are the Shadow Buddha's of their own households when the way is rough and the husband will not relent. The cloth which purges the dirtiest places, the intoxication which animates the lowest gatherings, the reversal which brings kindness to the wicked, the dispersion which pours new vitality and compassion over all things—these four sign posts are One and point the nameless way of Shadow Buddha. Through great excess the Shadow Buddha learns restraint. Through having tried to become first in the world, the Shadow Buddha returns to the average once more. Having stayed aloof and joyless, Shadow Buddha welcomes love and joy openly as it returns. Love and joy as the cessation of long ordeals of disillusionment and hardship. Until the end of his days, Shadow Buddha exalts his paradoxical truth in a paradoxical way. Life enchants atrocity. Joy arises spontaneously from the myriad layers of illusion, ignorance, brutality, and injustice. Why ask for the nature of

the real? What good are ultimate truths with ultimate answers? If it weren't for the tragic inadequacy of all human doctrines, the Shadow Buddha—the very last god—should never have appeared at all. If the real is yet in question and still the armies of the world haven't given up their cult of atrocity then what difference does it make if the Shadow Buddha advocates the real or the unreal, the good or the evil? Women, men, beasts and sages all go their private and needful ways, following the flow of necessity and the changefulness of the moment. With nothing at all left to advocate, we sink deeply into sorrow and suffering only to realize the utmost core of human paradox. Joy already beckons. Show me the great sage who taught the child to smile! Isn't it always the reverse? Isn't it the mysterious smile of the newborn babe who ransoms the heart of the misanthrope once more? When is joy ever learned or taught? I say unto you, great teachers and over-bearing patriarchs of the world, joy cannot be taught! Bow low you magistrates, martyrs, pedagogues and criminals—joy abides! Joy is. Look at my tears! I lose myself once more! Joy is remembered!

*After a long life of suffering  
Often made ugly in having frowned  
I remember my mother  
And my sorrows are drowned.*

*Having taken the lowliest place  
With a joyful heart once more  
I return to the origin, to the privilege of being—  
With a vaginal scream my head was crowned.*

## *Day*

Tears are a gateway to manifold virtues. Catharsis of tears, stronger than orgasm upon orgasm. Suffering in remembrance of joy...every day is a snuffed candle. Eye sockets parched with salt, lingering into the next morning. Whole face feels plunged in rubbing alcohol; agitated hangover of tears. Still feeling that strong release of rock bottom; symptoms more often found in the sinner than the compulsive recluse. Maybe I sinned against joy, for one day too many. Tomorrow, more ham. Ham, ham, ham. Vegetarians might feel closer to suffering if they ate meat. Flesh meditation. Atrocity meditation. I'm nauseous either way now. Down to one meal a day sometimes. Feel better if I can get down some toast in the morning as well.

## *Day*

With a vaginal scream my head was crowned: Enter the Shadow Buddha: Prince of fools: Charlatan of the Damaged: A blood shitting lunatic who sleeps on park benches. Every man needs a personal myth. Mine is a seventy-year snuff film with robots for actors and challenging perfume clouds for women. This is what I am...says the smell. Can't argue with a smell. Death returns to life. Life returns to death. Round and round. Heraclitus is my asshole. In Greek, the Meta in Metaphysics means "in the stream" or "with the stream". No above. No below. Just get a better translator and you can fuck philosophy with your foot on its cheek. Been raising hell in silence since I was fifteen. Kept reading but no one said it right yet. Lost my patience. Even Buddha lied about the most important thing. Thomas Hardy got closer. No one noticed. Shakespeare lent money on interest. Prospero apologized for sexual impotence instead of giving us the ultimate human revelation. Do you know what suffering means? It means faith in joy. Every environmental prompt to feel suffering is a primordial urge to remember joy. Pleasure is something else. Joy is spiritual and mythological for the human mind. We do not create joy. Joy is. We remember. Through suffering, we remember joy. The greatest argument for atheism practically re-instates god: Joy haunts the universe with such force and intensity; with such unlimited retribution and psychological compensation that it may as well be a god. Kant said, "the moral law within me" but he was being unreasonable; Not fair to the nature of things. No moral law. Only the manifold virtue of tears. No tears equals no law. Everything permitted. Tears are the limit. The snag. See, I've written you a paragraph and I'm already done. Joy is the noble truth of existence. Simple as that. Go die.

## *Day*

The secret of Nietzsche's 'Gay Science' is joy. Been reading for fifteen years, only to spurn all vocations and titles in hopes of finding the one thing needful. I've found it. Now I can die. Life's a cheat. I'll die poor with the secret of the Shadow Buddha; I'll say it as crass as possible so no one believes me—misanthropes give ugly gifts—The noble truth of existence is joy. Do you want a fourfold path to go along with "The Way"? Intoxication, Waste-cloth, Dispersion and Reversal. Let the quibbling theologians wrestle with that for a thousand years.

Beware when they decide to start making a comprehensive dogma out of it. The Koran is shit. The Bible is shit. The New Testament is a few added chapters of shit. Hindu was passable. Buddhism got co-opted by fearful, pedantic nitwits. Psychology took the lunacy of the Unconscious too seriously. Can't hardly stomach human stupidity any more. Even if I said it perfectly, it would only take one generation to transform it into either smut or cruelty. We deserve our fate. We need to suffer it. Every birth needs to suffer.

## *Day*

So many things to say or might have said  
When all that matters is dread unsaid, the bleeding line unread;  
The bleeding line which inches on from womb to navel,  
clock to gavel.  
The bleeding line which worms along from grave to grave.  
The idea of life recast in head to head from knave to knave.

So many things to say or might have said,  
Behind each mighty velvet curtain  
A dread un-stayed, with each unread line obeyed,  
So I'll cower close beneath the said of saying  
The warm maternal wing of incessant shivers praying.

Today the bird Tomorrow  
I dreamed I saw the flight of sorrow.

Today the bird Tomorrow  
Labile curtains open now:

Today the bird Tomorrow  
In her eye, the entire flight of sorrow,  
So I'll cower close beneath the said of saying  
The warm maternal wing of incessant shivers praying.

## *Day*

“Life is beautiful...” says the man at the funeral.

“But how can you say so, today of all days! Every other day, you are a pessimist...” says the companion.

“Would you agree life is tragic?” Asks the man

“That’s unfair to ask. You can’t ask me that on today of all days! Think of my loss!”

“Today of all days...that is my mantra...today of all days, life remains tragic...therefore beautiful. Without a sense of tragedy, existence is a joke, a nullity or a delusion.”

“I prefer to remain optimistic” persists the companion.

“Of the thousands of mortally invented gods, only one small negation divides the mono-theist from the atheist...it’s the same between the optimist and the pessimist. The only difference between them is the pessimist praises one thing too many.”

“Whatever do you mean?”

“All that the optimist loves, I also love.”

“What divides you then?”

“Tragedy.”

“What?”

“I accept tragedy. Even when I condemn and suffer it, I look upon it as precious. Even in abject horror and disgust, I quietly accept the total experience of what tragedy is. For me, Pessimism is the highest nobility and the deepest human humility of perception. For me, Pessimism is beautiful. Were I to look away from pessimism for even one second, I would feel as if I had disgraced human life and marred my own innocence with the same ugly selfishness I see in all other mortals. Optimism is a blatant repression; an automatic management of

emotional partisanship. Meanwhile, pessimism is a solemnity...an accepting reverence...a courageous battle, ending in defeat.”

“But I don’t understand...”

“Today of all days...I experience and forgive your fault once more.”

“You’ve confused everything...in front of a coffin, you suddenly speak like an optimist, but every other day you speak like a pessimist! You’re completely inconsistent!”

“Am I? Or am I steadfast, regarding the one thing needful? In the aftermath of tragedy, the wheat is separated from the chaff. Only in our sincerity before death is our entire character unfolded. Those to whom death and tragedy come as a surprise are not really worthy of the name human...they only wear the vain masks of a fashionable smile where it is easy to smile. My habitual frown not only anticipates moments like this one, it also suffers the hurt of my own innocence, almost perpetually, day after day...and that is why I am a difficult man to live with. Today of all days, instead of the communion I imagined, I am even more alien than before...even more disappointed in my fellows than I had the heart to predict...I had faith in finding human fraternity at the crucial hour...but I find still more error and ridicule for my tenderness. My trust is thwarted. The very moment my attitudes are visibly redeemed and demonstrated, I’ve fallen to complete misanthropy. Alone. Even more alone than I could have envisioned! Human fraternity has failed even my tiniest demand. I see fashionable smiles exchanged for fashionable frowns...neither one do I believe. Even their tears have the polluted sound of fickle resentment and disbelief! When I look at human faults, I see fashion warring against death...and fashion is winning.”

**Part VI**  
*Ephemeroptera*





## *Day*

In eyes of a hundred-day-old mayfly, miracle would soon look like atrocity—Casanova Buddha of the insect kingdom.

## *Day*

Self-love feels like doubt.

Self-pity also feels like doubt.

Let's learn to aim love and pity in their proper direction.

## *Day*

*“Sequere Deum”*—translates to “Follow God”. If God is love, then I too follow the famous motto of Casanova.

What is more criminal than an advocate of love?

## *Day*

We taste the subtle vibration of alcohol tracing lips, mouth, throat and neck. So much more to see and do, feel and affirm, yet how quickly the spell is broken and we return to emptiness.

## *Day*

Overwhelmed and stabbed to death by alcohol and love—no bridge, no passage, no one in sight to give this gift of excess! Juliet and her knife: The taste of salt and a private sigh.

## Day

*"To help folks along with a hand and a song:  
Why there's the real sunshine of living.*

*Carry on! Carry on!*

*Fight the good fight and true;  
Believe in your mission, greet life with a cheer;  
There's big work to do and that's why you're here.*

*Carry on! Carry on!"*

**-Robert W. Service**

Now imagine the quote above  
Read by my lips  
Directed towards *my mission*.

*Carrion my flesh. Carrion.  
Ghost who haunted Bukowski  
Robert W. Service—  
Nothing haunts like mediocrity,  
'Nothing succeeds like success!'*

*Carrion my flesh. Carrion.*

## Day

I see the present generation beginning with indifference, disrespect, ignorance, impatience, and grandeur.

I see them ending in dogma, intolerance, cruelty, paralysis, and horror...but isn't that the course of every generation?

## *Day*

Roll my eyes once more and peel a banana.

Beckett, Poe, Artaud, Lovecraft, Cioran, Chang Tzu.

## *Day*

Positive rhetoric is beyond them because they already employ it empty of conviction and vitality. We need the negative exposure of a mirror in order to transpose our own sensitivity into a mockery of our opponent's death mask. Is the mirror my redemption or finally, their effortless victory over my own urge to compete with them in a race to the bottom?

## *Koan*

Never understood in a single lifetime?

That's not an invalidation,

It's a proof of immortality.

## *Day*

Casanova's Memoir's are in many places difficult to refute due to their psychological accuracy, their convoluting density of detail, and their inclusion of so many deflated or non-idyllic occurrences. *One knows Casanova is sometimes lying or possibly habitually lying, but much of the narrative is seemingly air tight from a psychological standpoint...even the choice in how he tells his story begs the image of a man with more concern for his means of remembrance than with the invention of pretty prose; we discern a boldness, a disregard, a hurried recollection coupled with and overwhelming yet fluid outpouring of sentiment for both unlikely as well as wonderful things.* I have often made a study of how my descriptions of real events differ from those I invent. *The liar never focuses his lens in the same way memory is*

*activated, unless of course he has made a careful study of what the mosaic of his own memory actually furnishes. So long as Casanova seeks to embellish or extrapolate his manner of story-telling from real life—from the tolerances of actual human psychology, first and foremost—he achieves nearness to Rousseau, Proust, and Strindberg. In the discipline of lying well, Casanova has no equal; Perhaps only the unimportant details are lies; Perhaps two thirds is nothing but fantasy and stolen pieces of other memoirs he was certain no one else had access to. Literature and history are afraid to take Casanova seriously. His behavior is foolish and nearly always motivated by love; he is the heart of a woman placed at the disposal of a sensual body...he literally is that which he orchestrates...even if he were stranded on a desert island, Casanova would still appear and speak as if he were the heart of a woman in the body of a sensualist. He consistently gains the upper hand, not through cold-hearted calculation, but through candid displays of superior feeling and loving. Casanova's wit, intellect, education and raw IQ is lax, free-wheeling, and oft neglected unless occasion specifically demands he access it; he is too active to let it become his identity or his crutch. One might use his acceptance of fate and pleasure as his safety against too existential or pessimistic an outlook; Is his near continuous journey a prolonged excuse to not face the deepest chasm's of human nullity? A project of discarding women because he feels as if he is fleeing intellect and identity, which cannot lead anywhere but deep misery and hatred for life? Casanova paints for us a labyrinth of religious speculations, each of which is 100 years ahead of its time, heretical, honest and then once more accepting of the status quo...he makes sure to paint himself as a decent Christian, yet the scope of his mind implies the kind of concomitant despair and lucidity we do not find in Western philosophy until 100 years after his death. Casanova offers us an example for staying semi-religious and balanced, even along side atheistic or heretical notions; one might call him a matter o' fact mystic who embraces not only his own unconscious without neurotic repressions, but also the changeful reality of social events as a means of realizing self. To accept life as thoroughly as Casanova is to also integrate oneself with equal thoroughness, without pedantic rigor, moral idealism or concern for passing contradictions. One cannot accept existence fully while one is making preparations, designs, devices, or moral justifications; acceptance is a polarizing force against discipline; acceptance is loss of identity, loss of stability, loss of hope, loss of future minded deliberation. True deliberation is born of the instant, else it becomes the total paralysis of a non-entity. Fernando Pessoa could easily have switched places with Casanova, yet*

*their lives are perfect opposites; The two have similar hearts, yet one is active while the other languishes in pointlessness. Was Casanova repeatedly molested by the opportunistic priest Doctor Gozzi at age ten? Such treatment might have been all the psychological neurosis needed to turn a Pessoa into a Casanova. Casanova's own idealized yet grotesque deflowering of the eleven and twelve year old girls in the house of Bellino/Therese seem suspicious; either it echoes some past depravity by way of re-enactment or it is a sublimation of an unresolved one. Casanova's motto "Sequere Deum" takes on a depraved tone if his entire life is an attempt at the acceptance of Christianity and fate beginning from a transgression by not only a man he trusted, but who represented the entire moral framework of his community. Casanova maintains allegiance at a distance to the Christian outlook, yet in each of the particulars he wagers his own ideas. How shall we explain the fainting spell during Casanova's second public sermon from the pulpit? Was this a crisis of his moral framework going beyond his means of repression? How shall we explain Casanova's relationship with Senator Malipiero, the old man who granted him such favor at his supper table? Had Casanova already accepted a role of turning sexual abuse to his advantage? Casanova's relentless and insatiable need of sexual conquest seems to have a neurotic compulsiveness to it, which the memoirs go to great lengths to dilute or make pretty. Casanova is doubtless a very sensitive man, but he displays the compulsiveness of a neurotic victim of abuse long before he begins using others. Recall the two sisters in the same bed which yield to him in a scenario of semi-rape and gentle intimacy; why should this early conquest so closely resemble an image of Casanova sharing the bed of Doctor Gozzi—which is suggested only once in passing but never again alluded to? If Casanova had the courage to take both girls in that manner, might he not have been mimicking a past experience, where he too, gently yielded to someone he trusted? A life devoted to losing oneself in acceptance predicated on a history of child abuse? Early gambling losses and his extreme vanity in being seen in his custom made soldier's uniform speak more in favor of the sexual neurosis thesis. Just after admitting to Bellino/Therese the details of his true character and place in the world, he begins wearing the unearned uniform. We see a man of weak self-image despite consistent opportunities and high intelligence. The scenes of Casanova going between beds at the clerical seminary is also suspicious; perhaps a flirting with bi-sexuality to gain favor from fellow seminary students; also the occasion of his sandbagging the extent of his education upon arriving at the seminary. If we are to find*

the key to Casanova's sexual neurosis, we have only the first two volumes of the Memoirs to discern its origins. *Shall we accept Casanova at his word and attempt to imagine the rest of his life without the accusation of being molested as a child?* Two instances of brutal violence—near identical in their execution—are to be found in his attack of Razetta (vol.1) and the false prince (Vol.3). Recall also what Razetta says to Casanova, “I am a good judge of faces...and I can see that you are a true gallows bird.” *Casanova describes himself as trembling with rage.* Later, in the instance with the false prince, the violence is also precipitated by an accusation, but this time Casanova is the one making insinuations of character. *A case of a bullshitter smelling another bullshitter?* Though we have access to thirty volumes of Casanova's writing, we never once get a taste of what sorts of airs and inflections Casanova uses in daily conversation; we feel no difficulty believing this man has a sincere (perhaps even remarkably deep) side, but we wonder about the sorts of airs he gives himself which might be readily chastised by certain intuitive individuals such as Razetta or the advocate married to Lucrezia. *If self-love prompts one to aggrandize and lie, it also snares one in remembering petty offenses, social contempt or verbal abuses long after the incident. Wounded vanity might be the key to getting beneath Casanova's well varnished exterior.* A pattern of sexual abuse most often arises from a prior pattern of sexual abuse—the simplicity of that statement undoes thirty volumes of fairy tale. *Neither a liar nor a libertine—for both are too intellectually centered to resemble his motives—Casanova is DeSade with a gentler constitution; two extreme instances of where sexual abuse might lead depending on the victim's innate personality.* What separates the playboy from the rake is the degree with which the subject relies on intellect and planning; the more confidence and daring the more heroic; the more calculating and cold, the more repulsive and hateful to our sensibilities. *Think of Casanova as the cheerful optimist who ruins lives while the silent misanthrope stays home (Pessoa) and actually hurts no one, even though his ideas are more universally repulsive and life-negating.*

Hamlet Vs. Casanova?

*Casanova points us back toward life once more.* How did we allow ourselves to become so empty, so negative, so like a fortress? *Casanova submits, yields, follows behind, feels no shame, has nothing to prove, has nothing to gain, has no need of past or future, never argues, represses nothing, sees a lie in every truth and the truth in each*

*person's individual lies. Nullity and Love, in abusive conspiracy together. Innocence and cynicism. Lightsome joy and deep sorrow. A lifetime dissolved in a moment—carried with us all the way to our deathbed; a fantasy, a legend, a martyr and a criminal. The only man smart enough not to bother with masculine games, titles, traditions or costumes. Casanova only points the way to Casanova—the man himself is only an approximation.*

## *Day*

No longer even capable of untrammelled sexual desire, the poet looks into our eyes and wants to infect us with unlimited suffering. He asks us about our childhood home. We tell him about our yard, a swing and the sturdy sideways branch it was attached to. Now the poet's sadistic eyes are glowing as we relate how the branch got cut down by the next owner. Without prompting, we begin relating our most private longings for the future, and because the poet already senses they may never happen, the trance we've accidentally created for him becomes entirely grotesque.

## *Day*

Unrealized potential is Shadow Buddha.

Human potential surpassed beyond expectation is also Shadow Buddha.

Unfulfilled mortal staring into the eternal mirror of unfulfilled wastelands to come—Shadow Buddha is not mirror, Shadow Buddha is wasteland itself.

## *Day*

Shadow Buddha brings regular Buddha into focus. Shadow Buddha makes Buddha feel ashamed and fall ill.

Shadow Buddha is remorseless, blind, destructive, and endlessly dissimulating.

The voice of Buddha speaking is already the voice of Shadow Buddha.

Buddha cannot advance except through conspiracy with Shadow Buddha.

When Buddha says “Love” Shadow Buddha has whispered negation. Only in total futility and fallen-ness to Shadow Buddha does the Buddha find the lotus blossom of human redemption...not in bliss but in sorrow.

Many Buddhas have encountered Shadow Buddha and been destroyed only to return purified, but no mortal yet has ever had the purity of heart to actually become Shadow Buddha. In fact, the wager is so horrific, its details remain unspoken...

## *Day*

These are the layers of the onion:

- 1) Etiquette
- 2) Role Playing
- 3) Chaos
- 4) Death-like freedom
- 5) Re-birth of creative energy
- 6) Un-contingent Bliss (Buddha mind)
- 7) Shadow Buddha

As the seven layers are traced the Dragon comes into focus.

## *Day*

Shadow Buddha is extreme duality merged in the interplay and dynamism of the stage itself.

Shadow Buddha is hero and nemesis



Shadow Buddha is the entire performance of tragic drama.

Shadow Buddha is not the catharsis of the tragic spectator, Shadow Buddha is the tragic persona itself in the absence of stage and the absence of audience.

Shadow Buddha is God in a strait jacket.

Shadow Buddha is not man in the face of the void, Shadow Buddha is void alone, with man already eradicated.

## *Day*

Though the individual may transcend or become enlightened, Shadow Buddha remains despite all efforts to placate, rise above, ignore, fall in love with or rejoice in spite of its haunting atrocity. Shadow Buddha remains aloof to all attempts and all manners of approach and departure.

Without Shadow Buddha, there are no Buddhas.

## *Day*

Teaching the Shadow Buddha would hinder the progress of all un-enlightened beings.

Even Satanism would renounce and deprecate Shadow Buddha for warring against humanity too thoroughly and too unselfishly. Shadow Buddha is too honest to be in league with Satan and too dissimulating to be an ally of God. Shadow Buddha dims the grandeur of both.

## *Day*

Bodhisattva is defined as the being who consents to putting the salvation of all other beings ahead of self.

For Shadow Buddha and those who have seen Shadow Buddha coming towards them on the path, one no longer has the choice of putting oneself last. Last and first no longer have any coherent meaning. One has only secured the perfect damnation. Other beings move toward a semblance of salvation, but Maya only leads to an eventual Maya-Nirvana: the dwelling place of Shadow Buddha. All roads lead here. All seductions and fantasies lead here. Buddha is only the smiling shell of this infinite waste.

Beyond the catharsis of profundity lives the Shadow Buddha.

## *Day*

The wounded man, bleeding to death beside the river of eternity calls out to the physician. In the dream, each Buddha tries to heal the dying man, but every effort results in failure. Buddha after Buddha attempts to stitch shut the wound of the dying man only to watch as the dying man stabs himself once more. The man screams in pain once more and the compassion of Buddha sets to work mending him anew. After a thousand lifetimes, Shadow Buddha says to the man, "Why do you keep harming yourself?" The man replies, "I have never once harmed myself. I only labor to teach the way of Shadow Buddha." And when the dying man had said this, he jumped into the river of souls and Shadow Buddha took his place, just as every other Buddha had done after asking the dying man's explanation.

The blood of Shadow Buddha pours endlessly into the river of souls, both man and animal. The fetter of compassion keeps up the charade that the dying man can be helped. No lunatic may be mended through compassion alone. The fetter of compassion may be unbound only by the self-inflicted wound of the Shadow Buddha turned lunatic.

The lunatic urge to live finds first the lunatic bliss of Buddha, but beyond that, the lunatic tragedy of Shadow Buddha is the perfect mirror of no-attainment: the pure disgust of every organism.

## *Day*

When the uncorrupted fool approaches the physician tending to the dying man, the fool looks at the other man's wounds and says to the physician, "This man cannot be helped."

Ignoring the fool, the physician says sweet things and consoles the dying man with compassion, such that both men begin to imagine the illusion of a different world altogether.

Once more the fool cries out, "This man cannot be helped!"

Now the physician is burying the dead man saying kind prayers over his grave.

One final time, the fool cries out, "This man cannot be helped!"

The physician is Buddha.

The wise fool is Shadow Buddha.

## *Day*

Each religion has its prohibitions. Holy rules conceal holy insights and taboo. In transgression specific to any dogma, you steal whatever power the priests and sages have kept from you.

Taoism has three jewels of wisdom.

Taoism has three implied prohibitions.

Overturning the prohibitions and willfully crushing its jewels, one may attain directly to the Shadow Buddha.

Taoism implies:

1. Compassion
2. Nothing in excess
3. Never be first in the world.

Shadow Buddha discards compassion, sensitivity and love with further compassion in mind.

Shadow Buddha looks at the extreme excess of existence and still sees nothing in excess of nature.

Shadow Buddha indifferently becomes first in the world at suffering in order to discover the secret origin of sages.

Indifferently, Shadow Buddha returns the three jewels intact. No more use for the way, no more use in transgressing it. No more mysteries in the human soul. No more mysteries in the practice of creeds. Indifferently, Shadow Buddha also expires, no better or worse for having learned the way or transgressed beyond it.

## *Day*

To die in bliss is cruelty.

To die in cruelty is to have love stripped from you.

Shadow Buddha dies in cruelty not bliss.

For Shadow Buddha, every poem means *no-salvation-here*.

For Shadow Buddha, saved souls are sadder still than those who die without pretense.

For Shadow Buddha, only the lunatic lives a sensible life.

## *Day*

For Shadow Buddha, renunciation is merely a game.

If life is sorrowful, immediate suicide is more honest than a lifetime of religious evasions and poetry.

## *Day*

Shadow Buddha is too profound to be contradicted or evaded. Sorrow has no refutation. Dying has no reversal. The idea of mortality has no potion of forgetfulness...every alcoholic must at some point re-awaken to sobriety once more.

## *Day*

Suicide is also Shadow Buddha.

If the Buddha walks the earth once every century, mankind celebrates and builds temples on his behalf.

If Shadow Buddha visits a large city three hundred times a week, the people go about their business and try to keep ignoring the incident.

Mankind has a bias to that which lies and dissimulates. A corpse however, never plays false.

## *Day*

Shadow Buddha knows what Buddha knows. Shadow Buddha has sympathy for life and feels tenderness for human improvement, but sympathy and tenderness are but attitudes and emotions. Shadow Buddha also has sympathy and tenderness for no-improvement and complete failure.

Why should Shadow Buddha be forced to assess that which ends in nothing and succeeds inevitably at sorrow.

It is in this way Shadow Buddha never diminishes in love or contempt.

## *Day*

King of all Buddhas, Shadow Buddha lives in perpetual sorrow. Shadow Buddha is such a lowly creature not even a smiling Buddha would make apology for him or take up his inhuman madness when he departs. One Shadow Buddha in a millennium is already enough to obliterate an entire continent of cultural treasures. One Shadow Buddha possesses the tears of a million neglected children. One Shadow Buddha means more casualties than all wars combined. One Shadow Buddha is the model of human perfection, but humans don't want to be perfect, they want to be human...that is why Shadow Buddha is the lowliest creature in existence.

## *Day*

How is it Shadow Buddha "Never plays false" yet also may be described as "Endlessly dissimulating"?

If nothing but dissimulation and seduction pervade reality, then Shadow Buddha brings no revelation but the un-reality of reality. Shadow Buddha never says, "I alone am the way". On the contrary, Shadow Buddha states "All ways lead back to me. I am the great falsehood, the great cheat, the great Dragon of activity, the great impotence of accomplishment, the great doer of nothing worthwhile, the great tragedy become silly and the great poem with the marred phrase."

## *Day*

I saw Shadow Buddha coming towards me on the path so I killed him without hesitation. Now all that remains is a shadow and a corpse. Nothing at all has changed except for this one thing: I saw the Shadow Buddha coming towards me on the path.

## *Day*

No mortal follows Shadow Buddha; always it is Shadow Buddha who follows mortality.

Only a lunatic tries to follow his shadow back to the origin of shadows. Take that sentence any way you like, for its truth has many layers of humiliation.

## *Day*

Given a choice to follow either daylight Buddha or the Shadow Buddha, I would choose the flesh and blood Buddha, but as soon as I have followed the Buddha I have already united with the Shadow Buddha and become only a shadow.

Cultivating the Buddha within my own heart, do I not also have a tragic shadow?

## *Day*

When Buddha stands upright in this difficult world, the saddest symbol remaining is the shadow history of a highly sensitive and mortal being.

## *Day*

For the dullest mind and the most astute, Shadow Buddha means nothing whatsoever.

Sacred doctrines conceal and neglect the Shadow Buddha for fear of causing hysteria, panic and madness in those seeking salvation; thus the salvation offered is not actually salvation but only perfume and poetry for a corpse.





## **Part VII**

### *Psychopathy*

*“I have almost forgot the taste of tears...*

*Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts  
Cannot once start me.*

**-Macbeth**



## *Day*

Murder-rape must be the most intense human transcendence one could ever experience. How can anyone meditate seriously and often without such a thought coming to mind? Best of all would be the role of the one being murdered. Second best to do the killing...but volitional choice is always a roadblock to Nirvana, so our deeds are doomed to fail, again and again and again...

## *Day*

Robert Hare's revised checklist for assessing psychopathy (PCL-R) rates 20 behavioral traits usually done through a face to face interview. Psychopathy or psychopathic behavior should not be confused with the classification psychotic. Though the two tendencies may over-lap, we must assert that psychotic types are usually characterized by hallucinations, delusions or in some sense out of touch with reality. Meanwhile, the psychopathic type exhibits a high (if not masterful) degree of reality testing...so much so that inflations of ego and self-worth become one of its hallmarks, not due to pure invention, but more likely from consistent and exceptional adaptation to ones environment to the point of instilling not only contempt but a habit of disregard for all situations and opponents, at which point, the disregard and detachment itself actually creates a new adaptation/inflation—the psychopathic demeanor. Once cultivated, this total disregard and disgust for human weakness serves as an invincible armor for coercing, manipulating and controlling others. Psychology goes on classifying psychopathy as an illness, but it is really a parasite. In the mind of the psychopath, none of their behaviors are hindering their personal goals and satisfactions. A perfectly functioning psychopath is not only never caught, but never even accused. Lower beings, who happen to emulate or flirt with psychopathic behaviors and strategies are immediately rewarded, and frighteningly so. Power is a trade-off. Power is bought through certain sacrifices of soul, meaning, purpose and duration...but why should an excellent psychopath be assumed to have no emotion and no intuition? In the realm of emotions and compassion the deepest wound negates all others. Though some types seem never to have learned feeling, the world's foremost seducers and manipulators act through such an excessive degree of anguish and inner mutilation that the suffering of others seems at every moment unworthy and pathetic

compared to their own, as when an abused child tortures an animal in the yard because it feels more satisfying and life affirming to do so than to cry and wail once more on a stairwell unattended. Who knows, perhaps the psychopath is correct. Perhaps their degree of lucidity for suffering actually creates a sliding scale in which normal humans—though they wear the outward masks and trappings of life—are actually worlds apart from the beings who feel no remorse or disgust while manipulating them.

For every psychopathic individual on death row or in prison, there must be five others leading the discussions of board rooms, financial institutions and law offices. To wit, the PLC-R in the UK sets the cut-off for psychopathy at 25 of 40, while in the US the cut off is 30...the US obviously has a more progressive and flattering view of neurosis...who knows, perhaps one day we'll raise the bar to 39 of 40...gradually moving it upwards as our expectations increase. If the psychopaths had their way, nothing less than a perfect score would be enough to grant one's admittance into the cult of the superman.

One should also notice, for every one of Robert Hare's criteria, these same criteria are the writer's bible for crating character types of extreme intelligence and heroism: observe: social influence, fearlessness, stress immunity, non-conformism, care-free-non-planfulness (i.e. fluid strategy), proneness to either boredom, novelty or cold-hearted-ness, willingness to abandon plans or values, Narcissism, suicidal ideation, thrill-seeking, assertiveness, substance abuse, and aloofness to moral consequences. A quick glance at IQ studies reveals all these same traits in persons of high intellect. A quick glance at history's favorite conquerors, politicians, philosophers, and novelists re-affirms our suspicion that perhaps psychology has put itself in a touchy situation when trying to call certain behavioral tendencies into question without also admitting the corollary evidence: the consistent and brutal success of psychopathy on the world stage.

If psychopathic behavior should prove ruinous, why is that so very different from when someone else's plans go sour? Are the psychopath's behaviors completely the reality to be assessed? A greater risk means a greater possible loss, a fortiori, a greater folly. If there were a thousand Napoleons in France at the time of Napoleon, there was still only one successful Napoleon—the others must have came to ruin and wretchedness using the same skills and prejudices that allowed the other man to succeed. For Dostoyevsky's character

Raskolnikov, intelligence and psychopathic fixations are a penance that must be enacted and played out in the physical world—an entire vaudeville of ax-murder for no real purpose but the assertion of self. Bright stars seem to always burn quickly...meanwhile, perhaps there are others, no less dangerous and exacting, who continue forward with no qualms or delusions whatsoever about the genuine tolerances of their situated existence...perhaps they pass before our eyes every day...perhaps they retreat and slip by unnoticed, even as you look directly at them.

## *Day*

The sexual acrobats of masculinity (both male and female) wish for their encounters to result in a sexual gratification, hence, they tend to prefer what is easy, shallow or quick. Meanwhile, wherever sexual success becomes unimportant, the conquest of souls and emotions is a striving above oneself...the game is difficult, deep, long, and ever unique in its special variety of shallowness. The psychological conquest compensates for one's own deformities through the interaction with and appropriation of those qualities in others. No goal is ever approached. The desire is only vague and dispersed over many layers of interest and exchange. Wherever the sexual is ignored, other poses and other flaws spring up unpredictably. One is seeking mental health and functionality, but doing so in an underhanded, sadistic way. One chooses what is superior, and seeing that superiority in the other, one not only feels ecstatic, but also defeated and over-shadowed...the harmless diversions of the self-confessed psychopath.

## *Day*

As often as possible, I satisfy myself by using women as emotional prostitutes. We exchange letter after letter exploring entire symphonies of psychical fantasy and laceration. Never once have I been forced to pay for this entertainment—for we seldom meet face to face. No matter her supposed level of commitment, she's always just as guilty and alienated from herself as she is from me; that's good. We both rely upon our mutual ability for role-playing, a commingling of abysmal spirits: depravity and charity both.

Real prostitutes already envy us to a certain degree, but still, flesh is better; the compulsion to act it all out in person is not only more painful, its more liberating. The women of sex trade and bondage transcend through suffering: unified spirits with the puppet string dance of nature's relentless compulsion to breed and abuse.

## *Day*

For too long, philosophy has been passive and academic. From its inception, psychology has been passive as well. Why isn't more psychological research being done actively and playfully with all the rigor and import of other types of dissertation. We cannot allow entertainment to be the only avenue for this type of advancement because entertainment—through no inherent fault of its own—must entertain a multiplicity of personality types, whereas the active psychology we're demanding may perhaps only inspire the very top echelon of creators and thinkers, who by no means have the actual resources to pay for such research.

Creative psychology: the non-institution of all the world's best secrets.

## *Day*

Once we're bored of the taboo and the obscene, perhaps we'll seek out a healthy relationship. Perhaps we'll devote ourselves, long beforehand, to the study of everything which defines and maintains health in a relationship, then we'll act it all out and write about it just to entertain ourselves. No less scathing or taboo than before, we'll bring a woman to ruin on account of our great good health and sanity. When she jumps to her death for having disappointed us, we'll simply finish up the last few entries about her and go back to abnormal psychology and inappropriate relationships, perfectly undiminished in our prowess and our perversity. Perhaps good health deserves as much ridicule as its antagonist. Perhaps one must always intermingle a bit of cruelty with every enduring sentiment of love, just to keep it from losing its mind and destroying itself.

## *Day*

If I had to fictionalize a symbol for my own life it would be of a man who had not only committed murder, but was simultaneously in fear of being murdered and whose exterior losses prompted him at every moment to declare the futility of life by either killing himself or going first into a mental institution and then killing himself. Is it any surprise alcohol and sleep cannot deliver me from myself? Everyone eventually sleeps or feels intoxicated—but with me its slightly different. Thoughts grind at me as if I were always dreaming and drunken on the strangeness of pain. I am in pain.

Without willing or wanting to be, and for no valid reason whatsoever, I am in pain.

## *Day*

A friend made a vital critique of one of my recent bouts of catatonic despair. He said, “You wouldn’t be capable of writing a book about pleasure or happiness. It would be nothing but question marks.”

I still account that the crowning moment of my lucidity. I experienced more understanding in that one month than in my entire life leading up to it. I, who have known all of life’s common pleasures, came to the point of total bewilderment and annulment of their reality. I described to my friend the situation as “being in a state of total grace”; of “no longer making any sense of joy or sorrow”; of “having stepped beyond the reach of thankfulness, compassion, despair and understanding”. I found the ability to cry and laugh over the most benign and inconsequential things. Poetry fed me. I fasted. I read or I counted the seconds. I stopped sleeping or I slept entire days. In short, I became a lunatic because I had no sensible anchor, reason or motive for life whatsoever, either positive or negative. Only the ghostly thought of history, time, and the endless brutality of past generations of human stupidity occupied my mind, and even this pastime seemed a trifle of little or no real significance. Psychological intuition (real or imagined) swelled to the point of mocking not only my immediate and past evaluations of self, but also of nearly every person I came across, whether close by, famous or historic. If and when I fell asleep, it was always preceded by what must have been hours of insomnia which

consisted of nothing but fantasies of killing myself in any number of ways, almost in the manner of a joke, but the pain of needing to do so was not the makings of my thoughts, but rather a bodily urge, like a tooth ache, an itch or a bowel problem that needed immediate attention. I also confess that none of these suicidal fantasies ever touched upon any other individuals in regards to my own death. Other human beings ceased to exist. I felt no relation to human life...No. That's wrong. I felt such a transcendent relation that every face was in some sense my own face, every passion was a mockery of my own passion, every fate had already been my fate and that no separation existed between the consciousness that is me and the consciousness that in habits all...only my consciousness was so in advance of having understood consciousness as a phenomenon and an absurdity that individual existence—the bodily and social differentiation that human beings rely upon to maintain sanity and purpose—had completely eroded. Since I had ceased to exist mentally, I needed also to terminate my own existence physically. Complete Buddhism did not make sense without immediate and complete self-destruction. How could a truly enlightened being continue? Ceasing to breed actually accounted for no net gain or loss in terms of consciousness. By all likelihood, a hundred generations of my own offspring would fail to yield one such as me. What concerns me is my own consciousness. Not Buddhism. Buddhism does not go to completion. Only the vision of the Shadow Buddha sees the entire cycle for what it is. And how to explain this prolonged state of non-suicide? At the end of the cycle, no coherent exit remains. No differentiation exists between phenomena. Yes and No are void equals.

## *Day*

Tears are more exhausting than orgasms. The next day the skin around my eyes are still parched with salt and my whole face feels as if its been dipped in rubbing alcohol. There should be a word for the cathartic hangover the day after a strong release. Inside it feels like I have the shakes; as if I need another strong drink or something. How can I communicate my private conspiracy with ecstasy? You know, before it was a drug for dance clubs, ecstasy was a natural occurring religious experience—life is both agonic and miraculous...and yes, tears are more intense than sex.



## *Day*

If on occasion women demanded we cry with them casually instead of engaging in sex, how many men would prove impotent?

## *Day*

Can human presence ever be without psychological directionality? To the extent it evades pattern it remains seductive. Look how a prostitute might habitually take on the mood and enthusiasm of her client—even this is a pattern, yet perhaps a pattern only privy to the man who completely loathes his entire disposition, such that having it reflected back at him immediately infuriates him; or the man who remains so guileless and detached that no one is capable of bowing to him since he is already so yielding. This man seeks the character and uniqueness of others in order to fill the continual void of self. Where he intuitively only pandering he then facilitates a place for the weakness and secret confidences of his companion. If she yields—the prostitute whose entire profession is yielding—then this guileless creature has become yet one degree more mysterious and seductive than the whore. Has he done so out of an excess of psychological health? Or an even deeper and more hidden fanaticism? Often it seems like the sages and mystics play the part of the whore, but perhaps they have only confused themselves first and allowed others to fall into confusion with them. One looks first for directionality in the immediate presence of others. Contradictory directions, stances, emotions and motives help to nullify or cloak the characteristics of a being. Care and concern are the first aspects of self one must annihilate...but one does not succeed in annihilating them. Instead, one has to feel disappointment in the entirety of the human project; to abandon the avenues of dignity that satisfy regular beings. To engage in a fruitless effort for too long, one simply lets go of its supposed rules and rationalizations. Care and concern evaporate. Had you hidden them, the observer should have eventually found a route to them through your casual slips and unconscious projections.

Now the problem is the sickness of indifference. To be indifferent in isolation is commendable, but to be indifferent or morose in the face of other people's concerns and cares is to wax monstrous. You literally become the incarnate demon of all human anxiety—a martyr in reverse.

The furrows of your brow say, “Desist. Action fails. This too shall pass. Let fall. Get the gun. Shoot the horse.” The brutality of a silent countenance is terrible, and in our self-presence of alienation, new feelings push to the surface and we too cannot stay silent. Even if we put forth a faultless refrain of pious Nirvana speech, we shudder at our own sentences and feel the part of the demon; and since we once more feel a part—that is, a direction and a presence in care—we have failed to really incarnate indifference. Indifferent speech is an impossibility. A sage is silent, or ceases to be sage-like. Indifference is tension. Ambivalence is tension. Despite the six hundred pages Cioran threw away in writing A Short History of Decay, we still count plenty of psychological insecurities in the two hundred which remain—a work which may be the most perfect demonstration of sustained French Prose, (or any language for that matter), yet a text which secretly sets out to annihilate the indifferent man on the pyre of his own indifference. A text which up-roots the humanity of the human creature, only to chastise the remaining mortals—those blessed with indifference—as *human, all too human*. The book works with an ironic smile in two directions. Putting all ideas on a level plane gives the impression of having vanquished potency in the realm of thought, yet such a thought also seeks to evade the reservoir of potency amassed in *the idea of evading ideas*. Far from being a meditation on emptiness, A Short History of Decay summons a wealth of abundance and overflow of currents held back. If I evade the idea of god, I grant myself the negative abundance of all relations of non-god. If I grant myself the futility of political machinations, I gain all possible perspectives of social bankruptcy. Etc. etc. etc. One can mine these ‘negative exercises’ indefinitely. Many of them are astoundingly original...despite Cioran’s continual assertion that nothing more can be said or done to merit human originality. Are we being naïve for commending him, or is he being overly optimistic in his sense of futility? Have we read all Cioran has read? Perhaps not, but we *have read* Cioran from outside the project of being Cioran himself, which constitutes an entirely new layer of the onion. The English translation of one of his later titles, All gall is divided, seems to have awakened to the bothersome remainder of having written a book like A Short History of Decay. The indifferent man is divided. He despises prophets and world fixers, yet one already qualifies as one to assert as much. One can trace the problem all the way back to Cioran’s first derailed sentence, “No wavering mind, infected with Hamletism, was ever pernicious: the principle of evil lies in the will’s tension...” Is Hamlet so innocent? Can a wavering mind ever *lack* tension? Tension

must then be the supreme evil. Buddhist doubt and Taoist discontentment must lead to every other intellectual trouble and visceral anxiety. And as for instinctual passion, that too becomes pure tension as soon as intellect bars its way. The fanatically indifferent man is, once more, a fanatic. Recall Wilson G. Knight's second essay on Hamlet in his book, The wheel of Fire. Knight's compilation of Shakespeare essays were compiled over a number of years. Only the later essay, which revisits his earlier assessment of Hamlet, begins to see Hamlet and "Hamletism" as a misanthropic, anti-human harbinger discord. The mind impassioned enough and indifferent enough to think to the extremes of existence is also the being capable of unleashing the greatest quantity of nihilistic havoc. The original innocence and guileless nature of the misanthrope cannot save him from becoming an even more evil and destructive force than the impassioned murderer. As Claudius attempts to pray, Hamlet excuses himself from vengeance on the pretext of losing the eternal damnation of Claudius on account of murdering a man with fresh, "our fathers'" and "Amens'" on his lips. Hamlet's degree of evil waxes angelic. He becomes a creature of the pit who plays by the rules of Heaven. Physical sin and human vengeance becomes metaphysical and religious...in a word, Satanic. One needs the heart of a virgin to really enact a massive atrocity. Recall Phaedra. Recall the excessive sensitivity of the man who penned Maldoror. *'No wavering mind' indeed, Cioran!* All wavering minds are pernicious. Outward fanaticism has its root in the inward uncertainty, which battles the world through intolerant acts instead of returning to its source in the private self. One cannot battle the outward fanaticisms of history and mankind without first annulling the fanatical tension within. The indifferent man *is not yet free of himself*. He only appears to speak impartially. To mistake the germ of Hamletism for a cure or a contrast to fanaticism is a vital mistake and an err of psychological insight. A Henry Miller who fantasizes about yelling at random pedestrians in the street with the words, "Why do you go on living!" is no less hysterical than the man who forms a political party or joins a militia. Even the modern mystic Osho comes to mind as suspicious—a man who equated all human behavior outside contentment and love as a sexual neurosis, somehow sublimated toward megalomania. Is he correct, to some degree? If so, then one must still return to Osho's sexual charlatanism, a man who, even while condemning all behavior outside contentment and love, sublimated his megalomaniac desires for the sake of playing the part of a guru and landing an astounding number of sexual conquests. Even in full possession of the psychological impetus and catharsis of realizing his

nature as a sexual creature, Osho became a caricature and clown of human dignity. In perceiving correctly his own nature, he only succeeded in incarnating the role of supreme jester; a sexual gargoyle; a hideous circus of intellect shown its true nature, and yielding to it. If Osho never wavered, it's because he saw too clearly, which is also a form of fanaticism. Such a man cannot help but become a dragon. The complete flowering of the active potentiality; Yang without hesitation. Where Osho yields, Cioran falters, yet both are fanatics. Only after reading Cioran's biography by Illninca and hearing discussion of his un-translated book, The Transfiguration of Romania, does one realize how conflicted and fanatical Cioran's mind really was. As if to say, in writing A Short History of Decay, "*This is also fanaticism!*" To his credit, Cioran doesn't hide from this fact, yet on a first read, one might actually miss seeing its significance. Cioran gives us fanaticism turned against itself. The lucidity of the fanatical mind. At one point he says, "Shakespeare had the luck of never serving anything"...but isn't that the definition of a genius? To have caught the germ of fanaticism and followed it inward instead of outward? To have made a tragedy and an atrocity out of ones own soul in the name of rebellion? One cannot imagine Shakespeare *without* a gaze of ambivalence toward human life...one might even say, *the faithless gaze of Shakespearean insight; the nihilist mystic, the godless saint*. Or as Cioran has it, "A Judas with the soul of a Buddha—what a model for a coming and concluding humanity!"

What else is contained in that, '*never serving anything*'? Something Luciferian in the voice which utters, "Non-Servium!"; perhaps even a sentiment beyond what mortals call pride. A sense of negation which devalues itself first, crowned only with the filth and thorns of disbelief. Only the outsider calls this pride. The prince himself—whether Hamlet, Lucifer or Buddha—still calls filth filth and nullity a nothingness: to hold a golden crown in ones very hand and say, "I am not fooled by this crust of primordial debris! I am no more than ashes; these jewels are no better than the sun reflecting a mud puddle or a watering trough. Pride clings to value. Mortals have no words for the soul who lets go properly; to invent one would also be pride. I am sad my crown is not a mound of earth. I am sad my crown is not my own head retreating into my mother's womb unborn."

Have we gone too far in serving intellect? We have put all ideas on a leveled plane, but isn't that just to restate the de-natured concept of ideas themselves? Ideas *de-vitalized*? What sort of creature would

force the same atrocity on his own emotions? To level them also. To strangle them at their source in the way one might sort or utilize an idea? A mathematics of emotions? That's called psychology or whoredom. And why should intellect have taken the highest place? The highest place is full of pride and susceptible to every other vice. A champion of intellect is easily made a debauch of sensuality or compassion out of an abundant naivety and self-denial. With too much intellect one becomes inappropriate, lacking prudence, lacking any and all sense of self-preservation. "What is the point?" Asks the indolent man, as his few resources drain away and his talents remain squandered. It takes courageous effort to feel and experience once more, beyond the reach of intellect. A mere week of non-thought feels like a holiday...but one habitually returns. Predictable, one always returns to one's default modes. Thought critiques or devalues itself. Emotion guilts itself. Sensuality wears itself out or becomes ill—the opposite of health. Intuition sees its own demise in a thousand and one premonitions, and then still goes to its fate. Man runs the circuit of his habits; virtues only lead to their unique mode of decomposition. To really serve nothing, one must go beyond intellect. One must wear out and utilize all four human directions: *thinking, feeling, intuition and sensuality*. If one habit becomes too prominent, one must take up the positivity of its opposite, in order to grind away oneself on some other vice in hopes of becoming a well-rounded urn. One must exhaust one's humanity completely and in all directions: such is the way to the life and the way to a more complete destruction. One cannot optimistically champion the prospect of getting *more life*, because *more life* necessitates *more destruction*. The immortal gray of strategic convolution saves a life from caricature, while at the same time blurring the distinction from comedy and tragedy. Striving beyond the limitations of one's psychological default, one snatches the hope of becoming not only a more elusive being, but also, a more thoroughly worn out and disgusted being. If the heart has reasons reason cannot know, intuition has already guessed them by repetition and irrational foresight. Not magic, but abstraction from out of the psychological possible.

## *Day*

At the outset of an argument, find a means of admiring your opponent's kindness. Their vanity latches onto it first and refuses to let go. Now they must choose between reputation and discourse. All

lesser beings choose reputation and argue in conjunction with how they want to be perceived (especially when the fantastic garments of a surprise compliment are so newly arrived). We forsake conflict to wear borrowed riches. Even the lunatic does this.

## *Day*

It's infuriating to be humiliated by ones strengths, so I offer this advice:

Do not call out the flaws of your enemies—surpass them.

Do not call out the flaws of your friends—surpass them.

If you cannot find means to the strengths of others, you remain immune to their weakness, which is actually quite dangerous for everyone.

What a liberation for a nihilist to begin “caring” for ones own reputation and fanatically give up the verbal assault of others as a patent waste of time. To never again need to confront; to use everything for the sake of humor, self-ridicule, misery and transformation. Let them keep squawking at us about all they dislike, we’ve found a new means to excellence.

## *Day*

Feminine offense: mirror everything. Describe all as it is, especially when it mocks you, gets in your way or emotionally disgusts you. Never make it your complaint, always make it appear the observation came from the most useless insect perched on a window sill or door knob. Autistically your own bias will collect all the needed evidence to demolish your opponent without need of action. Even unrelated things shall turn up in your favor and incisively illustrate your opponents stupidity. All are stupid, given enough time to demonstrate themselves without opportunity for direct attack or reversal. The key is not to win by force but by completely eradicating the opponents escape from their own disgust...which is also your disgust. If the opponents suffers, they have only suffered your vision for a brief moment.

Unable to escape themselves and unable to look away from you, the victory is complete.

Also beware even your own most sincere confessions of empathy and loving kindness...you offer the potential jester ample material for negating you. Why does the jester negate? Because mortals take every declaration for a form of bragging, since, to be aloof from empathy is already to unconsciously envy empathy; thus human jealousy and incompetence mars everything beautiful. The jester won't ridicule you for your kindness, you'll be ridiculed for some other lax transgression by way of your kindness, which may have been regarded as a demonstration of what seemed, in the frail heart of the spectator, as the opposite of your sincerity simply because the spectator felt guilty for not doing or saying the nice or kind thing in your stead. Everything social is like warfare. Our only invisibility—even amongst our dearest friends—is flattery. Continuous, unrelenting flattery and retreat. Sharing success, virtues, creations and such is no longer an option. That which is worthwhile in us only creates enmity, hatred, jealousy, misunderstanding and unconscious attempts on the part of others for some kind of retribution. Never yet a paranoid person or social person or an anxious person, my own splendid naivety and social optimism has proved unendurable—not to myself but to others. And worse, I've no on to outwardly blame since every jab, jeer, slight and cruelty spouts forth unconsciously from others in reaction to their own automatic incompetence. Even in my naivety with my own optimism for my own ideas, I remember hundreds of moments where I slandered, joked or off-handedly demolished the artistic hopes of others. With enough psychological insight, no one is left to blame, yet we cannot escape the arrows—we feel tied up like a martyr for our sensitivity and our excesses of unimportant talents.

We've rooted out our own need for sharing. Now we must also root out our tendency to abuse others. Though our insight may well prove good for them, it is ultimately not worth it, even if they are children, friends or disciples. Sharing insight simply costs too much. Our best way of avoiding such behavior is to find compliments or continue flattering what everyone else says is good about them. Leave others to their own anxiety hell. Let them have it. They deserve it. Inevitably it proves contagious to help them. Instead, let them die by their own arrows as you continue saying nice things.

## *Day*

These women on the public walking trails—why must they always begin phone conversations when I come within sight of them? Why can't they just fantasize about rape quietly and enjoy nature as I do?

## *Day*

The closer we approach a terror, the less control we maintain over ourselves; our every reasonable personality trait and dogmatic fanaticism is liable to go the way of a soap bubble; shame is a noble guest we have not the provisions to accommodate in moments of crisis. Those who put up protest to keep him actually prove more grotesque than terror itself; it would seem terror only came to teach us one thing, and where shame lingers, the cosmic lesson is blotted over with human negligence...puddles of blood and fear of what our neighbors might say about us.

## *Day*

Last bastion of un-masculine power: a woman's pity.

She proves comforting only when she feels her own will to contempt and the long awaited reversal of her day to day perception. As she flies away from herself in the ecstasy of helping, she has no time for anguish! She's intoxicated by this specific moment and its paradoxical upsurge of self-affirmation, which is simultaneously a self-evasion and nullification. As we suffer we only perceive her comfort. What is it she perceives? If it were anguish, whence comes the impulse to help? If it were not a parody of masculine strength for her to do so, where would she derive the integrity which calls to mind the nursing profession in general? She does not nurse herself. She cannot tend her own wounds. Her anguish is elsewhere as she helps. Marvelous for her. Marvelous for us...except...



She calls herself a nurse. What a reversal! She longs for an incessant care-taker to swoop down on her like a hawk; a predator with no resemblance to her own ills or motives; at once an opposite and a reflection—in short, an impossibility.

## *Day*

Bicycle seat feels more uncomfortable lately;  
Heels have lost their cushion too,  
As if I'm balancing on pikes.

Want to limp to favor the right heel.  
Try planting toe first or shorten the leg to baby it altogether.  
No use. Right-footed steps will just hurt now.

Wind blows against this thick jacket;  
Pushes at my back so hard I sway forward toward the street light.

On the way home the wind catches the coat once more  
This time I'm pedaling against a wide sail, up hill.

Nice of that lady to put the groceries in my backpack for me.

Deaf man at the bank deposited my check  
Bastard spoke like a born chatterbox,  
Pandering and belabored  
Just the same manner as the other tellers.

Same corporate protocol and scripted greeting as before  
But this time the aspect of human mockery waxed horrific  
Like a donkey or a parrot contorting its tongue  
Under threat of a whip.

Deafness should keep a man safe from superficiality,  
Not goad him to dissimulate it.

In passing I hear the bank manager give a pandering compliment to an anonymous customer. I hear the words, "Keep on improving that skill-set!" in a cheery voice.

Meanwhile I'm standing in line looking hygienically inferior to a corpse. Can't be in public without having wild thoughts about every sort of human futility; feel so foreign and clownish in mundane situations. I want to scream profanities, ship my pants, tear my clothes off, vomit on furniture, slap faces, sing the national anthem or give compliments. The bank teller is deaf, like everyone else.

Absence of fear must rank beside psychopathy, but not even the business world nihilist could match me in dissolution.

## *Day*

A figure with a rising sun at its back  
A manifold peacock plumage of reds and orange  
The outline of a man with a cube for a head  
Edge where the nose should be,  
Two faces of the cube greet us with mirrors—  
I shall call him mirror face.

Shades of red-orange, black and deep crimson  
Stain the cube by degrees, as if it were a shading exercise

Mirror face denies all, shows all, reflects all.

Transformed beings appear as mirror face.  
Beings facing mirror faces see void self  
And become mirror face also.

## *Day*

Book idea: Psychology as protest.

**Part VIII**  
*Involuting Time-Space*



## Day

A great power to be had from repetition, from experience, from diet, from sleep patterns, from abstinence, from focus.

## Day

Write every day.

The one goal: live every day.

Not a display of triumph but a conscious death sentence.

*“Seasons return, but not to me returns  
Day, or the sweet approach of evening or morn  
...presented with a universal blank.”*

**John Milton, Paradise Lost**

## Day

There are not merely other things to say and do—a creative mind has suspicion for all that is. Perhaps all sayings and doings are derivative. What we search out is a new mode of being. Not becoming! Only being! What we assume oneness with may actually incarnate the new and the unique. Creativity pushed to the furthest leftover margin, where every human possibility feels played out, creativity shall still bring forth the new...perhaps an extreme paranoia and doubt even summon a déjà vu notion we have been here before. Perhaps a conversation regarding Mozart's Don Giovanni should lead two days later to encountering Don Giovanni in a random philosophical discourse. Our whole lives may have been ignorant of Don Giovanni, yet in these past two days we encounter him three or more times. Our efforts are interrupted. Don Giovanni is put on hold in favor of paranoid delusion itself. Have we been here before? Have we thought this before? Are we past and future in one? Are we a simulation running in cycles, over and over? What if the unique and ultra-marginalized new is to declare the place of the impossible, to declare

the inescapable of a repetitive existence, to not only admit there are no more unique modes of saying and doing, but to suspect being is also merely returning and repeating in complete ignorance? What if the radical new should contain a paradox? What if the radical new declares, "I am trans-temporal repetition"? Whether true or false, madness or unlikelihood, to take such a mode of being seriously (on faith) until the end of one's life, not as becoming, but as the very nature of being itself, would constitute the ultimate new...the eternal recurrence. If all were in a situation of blind repetition, only the lunatic artist who diverged from ignorance through the fabrication and wager of the unseen cycle could give any appearance of escaping it: as if the stage actor were directed to suddenly call upon the audience to admit his character were only a fabricated script and his real name was still something else. What if all the artist had were tiny hunches and barely perceptible psychological intuitions out of the content of his art? What if only a minimum of evidence came to light? Could this artist possibly act out the wager of total recurrence and cosmic repetition? Wouldn't such a creator, whether right or wrong, have a deeply unsettling impact upon the world?

The radical new can take many forms of being. Total wager and risk of being is akin to selective madness. One may choose to fully function in all the normal human modes, as a sane person, but one may also, through creative risk, also function within the radical new and bring forth creations from the wealth of what you are.

## *Day*

Unsettling repetition of days. Who else does this? Really does this? Everyone else has the pride of needing to create and show a thing, prove a thing, be the doer, the polished creator, the novelist, the career person. A diary is at once either supremely selfish or it is supreme contempt. If my every thought had already taken place in a past life, a parallel existence or within the mind of another person or possibly on its way to happening in a future person, then my rigorous contempt in recording such thoughts here may actually bring this truth to light. My diary is my paranoid evidence and totem in hopes of escaping re-incarnation, metempsychosis, or worse—the near re-incarnation by a very similar constitution of psychical states having no biological link whatsoever with my own fate, aside from the weird agreement between our two diaries across time and space.

If the contrary is true, if a vast majority of my own thoughts are unique and new then so be it...we have lost our wager and been humiliated thereby...never having created anything worthy of being called sincere, since we have instead frittered away our lives scribbling this useless nonsense, not in the least bit redeemed by its newness, which should have rightly been invested in art instead of documentary.

...But if my contempt for life should be granted its reward through a reversal and find its way into the hearts and minds of others, in some way infecting them with my own contagion, I will have accomplished much more than mere art or ego proliferation. If this wager is successful, I will have altered and interrupted entire lives; used them up in myself and discarded them as straw dogs; I will have made an art and a game out of souls which might otherwise have lived differently. The essence of the real, seductively replaced by the arcane visions of the paranoiac sprite of negation.

## *Day*

If one should stop at nihilism, one may still hope to be perfectly logical and well understood in ones assertions...yet it is the fault of poets and religious persons to always push beyond nihilism towards faith—the complete reversal of every tool which built the road to nihilism. We should forgive them for not resisting the temptation (anfechtung) to do so. Nihilism means unbearable suffering and despair. A human perseverance capable of enough latent faith to one day exalt faith is also a creature willing to walk furthest into hell and nihilism to invent it: Faith was already a seed hidden within the inordinate pursuit of reason and destruction: No one can rest comfortably in Nihilism: No one is really granted Nihilism without a germ of faith: Doubt and faith are the exact same phenomena: Anxiety that the world is not quite as it appears: in a word, dread.

A Nihilist quietly believes the rebellious conflagration will amount to something. Everything must go. Each leveled pillar bolsters the belief in destruction, which simultaneously invigorates the loss of faith which comes with it. The more destruction, the more pious the quest itself. Destruction becomes the embodiment of a metaphysical crusade. God was only the beginning; now everything else must crumble in sympathy with the divine. Absurd death rattle, shaking the universe to

its very atoms. It's all a flux of passing forms. An illusion of every discernable level. Overlapping levels of endless paradox and perspective. Nothing left to trust. Nothing left to hold sacred. No use convincing anyone or expecting anyone to go to the edge with us. We're not here by accident. Lucidity is a fate: We've carried our optimistic faith too far.

Faith is not only belief. Belief is a shorthand. In essence, I only believe that I believe. Faith is either self-conscious or it is a filter of reality itself, sutured to the flesh of ones face.

For all those beings who "Believe they believe", they also admit the doubt potential of a less than mathematical proof or deduction. Doubt is the very essence and definition of faith. Believing towards forgetfulness, away from doubt and distraction is the goal of faith. Doubt is to move away from faith minded, fantasy realization, but doubt also, in order to get farther and more lucid, must faithfully follow clues leading away from old systems and structures of belief. A dim witted person can only doubt to the extent structure breaks down before his eyes physically. Deductive, inductive and intuitive thought processes lead much further than mere observation (Empirical Science). To really doubt thoroughly, one must provisionally entertain the idea one does not really know what one knows, or that what one knows is perhaps still unexamined or inadequate. Complete doubt is a movement toward infinite resignation and risk for the sake of regaining ones ground in reality. This movement toward the negative is a provisional act of faith. The continual tug of war between doubt and faith is the ontological ground of epistemology. In Greek, the prefix "meta-" does not mean "above" or "removed from the matrix". In Greek, "meta-" means: expressing change in like manner with how a river flows, hence our word, metaphysics ought to mean, "within the flow of the physical". One might also recall James Joyce's favorite word, "Metempsychosis" which implies the transmigration of forms into ever new bodies and forms. Re-incarnation, for the common mind, never loses its individual and selfish character—a fault totally at odds with the essence of both Greek (pre-Socratic) and Hindu doctrines of change. A personal soul cannot "transmigrate" because the idea itself already misses the comprehension of "atman". The null character of the enlightened being has no *essence* with which to cling or re-emerge.

Epistemology begins within the flowing world and sees only through flowing forms. Doubt and faith determine the potency and



sticking power of these forms. Beyond our conscious aspirations to form, our unconscious will and psychological catalog of biological data and neurosis create a will to power beneath or extra-marginal to that which is chosen consciously, such that the conscious and the unconscious are always co-mingling, blending, and creating new platforms of thought, action, feeling, intuition and invention. That which argues epistemological ground already operates in the non-ground, complete flow of the nihilistic dynamic of doubt and faith. A stable and grounded being, a being which "knows he knows" is actually a being grounded on the faith of an unacknowledged platform. Only the being who "knows he does not know" has achieved the aptitude for bringing to consciousness (directed thinking) the mechanism of doubt and faith. Such a mind, although the Socratic ideal, is still only an apprentice and an amateur in the discipline of Nihilism. For the nihilistic being, one ascends to the state of "not knowing if knowing is knowledge or an illusion of faith". Solipsism is not the limitation of this being's existence, since a seriously asserted solipsism would pull one back to a lesser plane of existence; solipsism in seriousness is once more Socratic and reasonable to a fault. Meanwhile, on the higher (lesser?) plane: "Not knowing if knowledge is an illusion" is actually indifferent to Calculus, poetry, bodily sensation, memory, dreams, identity and solipsism respectively, with equal indifference, perhaps to the point of anxiety and paranoia. Solipsism is not in any way privileged once a mind has ascended (descended?) so far or plunged so low as nihilistic doubt. Once more, Western solipsism is spawned from the same confusion which contaminates ideas of re-incarnation. Since the Western mind cannot seem to think provisionally without retaining its foundation of self-identity, solipsism represents an attempt at Nirvana in which the one thing needful is barred from the outset. The Western mind doggedly clings to self; is unwilling to get beyond self; cannot dissolve identity or see its complete vanity in the flow of meaningless atoms. Indeed, to live and retain health, one returns to self and the bodily realities of self, but to mistake the bodily condition for the limits of human thought and epistemology is a short-sighted and lazy prejudice, unique to the Western mind since Descartes. Descartes represents the Abraham of Occidental man's covenant with vanity and self-clinging. The Nihilist heralds a very simple yet un-stomachable notion: Nihilism does not require Western man's resignation; *it points a goading finger at his inability to even theorize resignation*. If Western ideas of re-incarnation and solipsism cannot be rid of their self-oriented, and personal bias, this is only a symptom of our cultural inability to go the distance with nihilistic doubt in general. We might

even say, Buddhist doubt...But for philosophy, invoking religion would be a cowardly escape into profundity where possibly there may yet be some philosophical, psychological or poetical ground to reclaim. To join the religious cult of doubt is to become subservient to the leader or the guru. In a sense, within the cult, no one surpasses the guru. If no one surpasses the guru, then only the guru has laid fair claim to the beyond of the beyond. The guru has claimed the beyond of his own beyond...but what good is that to us? Where the guru found poetry, faith, or madness, we as individuals may discover something else entirely. How can one tell if the guru has attained individually or collectively? And if collectively, can we be sure that his version of the collective is not actually his individual version of the collective? If we seek the transpersonal beyond of the beyond, then we may be required to attain it in a personal route...a completely paradoxical notion, yet still a seemingly plausible explanation of Nirvana.

We have no more patience for the guru. Perhaps our own beyond (the personally un-lived, undoubted, or un-seen) is a new law for physics, a new mathematical theorem, a new view of medicine, a new approach to psychological therapy, a new appreciation for poetry, a new means of seducing a crowd or marketing ideas to others...from out of the plentitude of nihilistic doubt, some find only the desert. Others find a meaning or a great discovery. The void has not changed; it is only us who have embraced it differently and diversely, therefore, to argue for one or any epistemological ground is not only the (innate psychological?) error of arguing ourselves, but it is also the tyrannical urge to limit or force the reality of others. Indeed, this is the normal sway of human life—to force the reality of others. If epistemology has no real and final ground which cannot be creatively manipulated, then life certainly is and always will be an expression of a will to power. Even the most passive and self-less being experiences and infects his peers with a will to power which rejoices at making claims and assertions about existence. How is the Christian cross or the Buddhist Path not also an example of a well-fashioned will to power? (And is it conscious or unconscious still?) Durability and resistance to evolution is an expression of power. Epistemology and ontology, taken to their furthest breaking point of lucidity opens up immediately into the religious, the aesthetic and the ethical. One cannot even begin to propose epistemology without the ruthless negation and constraining of human reality; to forcibly begin sculpting the many sided and many flawed character of human dignity itself. Only the most thoroughly perceiving and intuiting mind is fit to found the meta-epistemology of

human existence, because such a being, upon doing so, actually asserts nothing and negates nothing. Human potential remains unhindered by the silent stare of Taoist insight. Individuation and dispersion of prejudice follows after, but one thing is different...we have ventured a glimpse of the place where we might discover our own beyond and see for ourselves what lies therein.

Doubt is the source of human mental disturbances. Faith and doubt are not differing phenomena, but exactly the same symptom of our completely groundless journey. One doubts on faith. One clings to faith when in doubt. Nihilism pervades. Nihilism dismisses. Nihilism ignores. Nihilism reveals. Nihilism assumes. Nihilism begins and Nihilism ceases.

To have only thought the world is inadequate. One must also doubt the world and manufacture some faith in it. One must begin and end by a creative act—a force of will, a bodily urge or an unconscious pull. Excuses follow after.

## *Day*

Sustaining a task you know to be pointless is more noble than accomplishing a task you know others will praise you for: Rightly seen, these are not divergent paths but exactly the same path and the same coin whose value is imaginary: heads and tails is but the coincidence of the inner and outer worlds: a stubborn illusion like the axioms of Euclidian Geometry.

## *Day*

The opposite of a handsome, dashing man must be a snail—a creature heroic for its “less-ness” and its self-sufficiency; rival perhaps to the turtle in its awareness of distance, space, time and lethargy; a cute pet who makes you feel privileged if it finally condescends to poke its head out and snap its beak.

## Day

Where does one begin? Try to answer that personally! We nearly fall into madness with such a question. Death seems to lose some of its weirdness as we approach the dream-like haze of no beginning; the singular horror of a *first memory*...discontinuity even now, in broad daylight.

## Day

She called him a coyote prince in jest early on, only to feel the truth of that statement grow teeth. The living room was growing dark through a panoramic window with six and a half foot blinds when nothing happened. The light befitted a leper colony which might have been the entire world doing the opposite of what lepers do—growing new cells, bodies and buildings like cancer instead of a necrotic deletion, slipping off and unraveling under bandages—the horror and beauty of the modern reverses the ultimate biblical taboo; unrestrained abundance (like a cancer) replaces Christ healing zombified humans as they fall apart and diminish slowly.

Life flows. Prove that and you don't need any other ideas whatsoever. Try as often as possible to dream you are first and foremost; that you are the greatest man or woman in the world. Dream victory, arrogance, perfection, improvement, haste and talent. Dream idols and vote for idols only to wake up sad and ordinary once more like a clown too well identified with his own larger than life persona. Do everything to excess. Never retreat. Hate harder. Love more tenaciously and demandingly. Keep asserting morality is dead, ethics are null and gods are departed: traditions are holiday recipes! Land of no forward progress. Land of no return. Land of discomfort through continuous luxury. Die a television death. Die a dyed hair wedding death. Die a happy childhood ended. Die a pan of packaged lasagna drowsiness death in a heated home. Preach no more possibilities. Preach too many possibilities. How thick is the carpet on the patio. In a sporting goods store? In an office building? In a bedroom? In your grandmother's den? How thick should it be? How deep? How wide? How colored? How new? How tainted with pet dander or cookie crumbs, crayons, project scissors or hard jagged toys we step on barefooted on the way to the refrigerator in the dark? Domestic ruin.

Domestic survival. Domestic abuse, domestic repetition, domestic affairs until the bloodline gets intelligent enough for disgust and voluntary abstinence—not because of dogma or creeds, but rather in Satanic spite of most of them. Sensations, pleasures, ideas—these are false Buddhas...the only true messiah is total negation. Sweetly, brightly ending in the piercingly sour juices of unfulfilling, un-nutritious joy: Praise life! Praise the momentary enjoyment of taffy as your soul dissolves into whatever nonsense flavor you've chosen today!

She called him a coyote prince early on and she was right. Bartok is fencing with Beethoven on a squeaking boat dock because my earphones are playing a different melody than the lighted cabin cruiser I'm about to board. It's not decadence if everything we say and do is fabricated and imagined from a coffin corner of poverty and forced humiliation which from nearby must seem in no way different than actual humility because humility basically means never being best in the world at anything. Being the lowest creature and then saying you're not just sounds like silliness; forced humility doesn't even bother to make up untruths, so in the end it's silence probably resembles actual humility...but so what?

People put a lot of personality and attitude into shoes. Hair is a bit more difficult to sculpt, but it generally has more effect than shoes. Some who have hideous hair by nature live as if they were born with a sort of personality defect. As hair gradually ages and goes to ruin, so too does the hair's compliment to personality. With bad shoes and bad hair we're already on our way to a certain social obsolescence...and that's only two human qualities to be anxious over! In some dreams I have hair a mile long and shoes made of golden calves. When I awake, my scalp is balding and my boots are scuffed from every direction, so torn and chewed its not even worth polishing them anymore. Once you've experienced nice hair and fine shoes and then slowly degenerate to the opposite—thinning hair and cruddy shoes—it ceases to matter what you are. Once opposites are lived out and lived through, tension feels resolved in the total inadequacy of momentary aesthetics. Aesthetics must be the frivolous morality of a disposable camera, and when the world has finally learned the alchemical secret of beauty (and its stroke of midnight reversal) the world shall cleverly modify commerce and consumption accordingly. Karl Marx seems like a fraud next to the sweetly endearing oracles of weekly fashion magazines, re-invented and re-worked as quickly as squirrels multiply.

People still kill each other for purpose and profit. Women go on painting their faces. A twelve year old child knows exactly what I knew at age twelve. A two year old child knows exactly what I knew at age two. Every generation has its two year olds, its twelve year olds, its twenty year olds etc. but no generation yet has ever produced a two hundred twenty two year old. Every recombination of genetics at this point is utter wastefulness and gamble. Just as a person finally understands the many unique mental and physical layers of self the sand mosaic is swept clean; time to die. One human clone-genetically identical to the previous generation—would advance the understanding of human kind one thousand years. Clone an outstanding intellect and the amount of hardship, confusion, and developmental missteps would prove the ultimate human experiment. Just think what five generations of a human clone could accomplish in a given field of study! It's a human atrocity it hasn't happened. Do the people against it really think cloning will ever rival the popularity of sexual procreation? It's absurd! Regular procreation will get along just fine, but to assume that random genetic recombination will offer any improvement to the species in the absence of environmental dangers and mass extinction is ludicrous. Humanity, with its 8 billion idiots, should at least deign to keep a handful of natures bio-lottery winners for the advancement of science, arts and commerce. If we need a rule for cloning we could just mandate that no more than two such generations of clone exist simultaneously. Let the older generation raise the younger one like an adopted child in addition to whatever biological children are also had by the clone. Think of all the experiments in medicine, behavior and psychology one could lightly execute in each coned generation; no more invasive or annoying to the subject than the types of experiments already done on humans. A human twin is already a clone—why do people forget that? Twins are as harmless as clones, but in the case of a multi-generational clone, an older self can better advise its own younger self. One wouldn't even need to tell the child it was a clone; and even if one did so, wouldn't that be a blessing and an honor? Name one way in which a clone would have any less opportunity for self-fulfillment than a non-clone? For my part, I'd like to read Dostoyevsky's 900<sup>th</sup> book, Shakespeare's 10,000<sup>th</sup> play, Li Po's poetry in English as a first language, Mozart's foray into electrical engineering, Desade's work in adult films and Napoleon's career as a corporate CEO. And what if we leave it up to the clone to decide whether or not to spawn another generation of self? Wouldn't that add yet another unpredictable dimension to reality? And think about how the bar would be raised for professional sports. As it stands now, pro-

athletes have extraordinary high likelihood of producing children capable of repeating their careers, so really, how different or un-ethical is it that a clone should do the same? Sports stars and beauty queens have no trouble spawning the next generation of sports and beauty figures, but look how much more chancy and wasteful the repetition of a philosopher, a poet, or a fine novelist? The more intellect, the less likelihood of wanting children or surrendering to marriage. Often a talented man will say, "If I were more well off financially I'd have a child, but as it is, it makes no sense." And so those talents and that aptitude is not passed on, but consider this sentence, "I've decided against having children because I'm unintelligent."—never once in the history of the world has that been the case! Poor intellect has *more* children. Poor intellect never volitionally ends its bloodline on account of admitted inferiority...but high intellect and excessive talent does, and it does so for exactly the opposite reason—because of the extra energy demanded by their gifts and blessings!

Now we must ask, who is best suited for life? Obviously the most primal, instinctual, unthinking superstitious, brutish, arrogant, violent, unrelenting nit-wits and pleasure seekers are best suited to nature's purpose. Is that the type of humanity we want more of? Exponentially more of? A single clone is a static 1:1 replacement. A brood of bio-children is a mindless proliferation of consumers.

Life is lacking in multi-generational goals, multi-generational legacies, multi-generational endeavors, hopes and art forms. The frenetic rococo of the new and the re-shuffled are much too loud and wasteful for my taste. Must we really have a new fad and a new rebellion every generation? Think how much less likely a person would be to rebel against his own exact genetic schema. Every bio-parent is half opposite of their bio-children, and that shuffling creates untold hardship and struggle for self. Is it necessary? Does it help survival in the long run? We cannot know the answers to these questions until clones provide us with an alternative to the norm.

Given the opportunity, I could not produce this entire treatise word for word by memory. Every moment which off-sets its initial departure would yield a slightly different emphasis and a different result. If I cannot even perfectly reproduce my own labors, why should we mistakenly believe a clone's life would strictly reproduce that of its originator? When I begin a new departure, when I encounter a new event, when I feel a new relation to existence I bring with me my entire

aptitude and personality, but I never quite know how original or successful I'll be. All that a clone assures us is the same bio-computer continuing forward with a few of our personal advantages which may or may not make us more suited to our chosen discipline. To die with the hope of a clone to continue part of our own destiny would almost eliminate the sting of death. Think how much more assertive and dauntless we might become if we were already assured such a lineage or had come from one. Also, think how much more detached, mellow, generous, yielding and future minded we would become, knowing that we pass away as molted skin and husks of our future selves; the illusion of consciousness continuing; the emptiness of existence unchanged and our humility thereby. To only admit to oneself at age sixty that one is an inimitable novelist is a hardship and a delay of destiny. Imagine that same destiny already laid before us as a potential at age ten or twenty? One might waste less time experimenting on the other tasks or focus much sooner upon the seriousness of the destiny at hand. The hardship of not knowing might even prove equal to the hardship of fore-knowing...but one thing would be gained: one would know!

## *Day*

Already the unconscious opens freely, auditioning worlds upon worlds of the not yet. Already more than a dream diary, the self-fracturing invasion of dreams upon the waking individual is a viral reconstitution from below. Dreams pushing upwards sometimes succeed to the point of becoming larger works of art and revelation—the proliferation of worlds.

Beyond cloning, there exist even more irresponsible uses for existence. Why not audition genetic recombinations in the virtual environment of a computer? We no longer need to imagine a false barrier between real and unreal. An equation linking matter with energy has already invalidated this world—we may freely look upwards and downwards with impunity for the actual constitution of the real, when worlds may actually dwell within worlds and universes fracture into other universes in every conceivable medium transposing matter with energy and energy with matter or binary with biology and DNA with electronic data and vice versa. What's to stop us from creating virtual worlds beneath us? Why stop at cloning? Cloning only asserts dominance upon one layer of existence for multiple generations. Wouldn't it be a greater exertion of power to manipulate multiple



layers of existence by the proliferation of virtual worlds? Why not construct a virtual matrix where DNA recombinations can be tested; why not fertilize and grow a million virtual humans from two genetic parents, not in a petri dish but within a computer program, then study the structures of each genetic possibility. Later on, once such a program is complete (on a level of virtual cell mitosis) one could create false worlds for the selected or auditioned combinations to begin acting autonomously in, thereby allowing us to study behavior as well as structure. Once a desired genetic code is arrived at in the virtual realm, it would be a small matter to extract the DNA sequence and materialize it into the world of flesh and molecules. If behavioral studies within the computer became too taxing or un-programmable, one might, at first, only extract structurally (physically) in order to test behavior and personality actualization in the material realm.

In the event that programming a virtual world for the cells and eventual embryos (and full grown beings) to audition themselves in became too taxing upon CPU resources, one could easily cordon the false worlds to seem much larger than they actually are. One could even, possibly use an already played out world sequence—where an entire future is already calculated, with the exception of one variable: the DNA sequence and personality of a person under observation. If one were able, one might even use all available facts about the current world to calculate a virtual world, then, instead of a raw calculation of infinite possibilities, one might allow the virtual worlds processing schema to connect to the internet of our current world in order to decide lines or strings of possibility in the virtual real. For instance, at the lowest possible level of imagination, one has a play from literature where every character's lines, attitudes, motivations, appearances etc. are already determined and identical each time the play is performed. In a sense, the world of virtual testing would be a repetition of a play with one autonomous character and several other determined ones. The protagonist—the character or DNA sequence under observation would thus be tested in a scenario for various personality dimensions. A meaningful life and outcome are not necessary—not in life nor in play. All that matters is the advancement of codes, qualitatively and quantitatively. Souls are codes. Codes and bio-computers assess other codes and bio-computers. What if we have completely mistaken the concept of artificial intelligence. What if it is us, on our level of the virtual who have not yet awakened to our destiny? What if sentient awareness is the exact inverse of what we imagine it to be: what if complete awareness is the nullity of no mind—the lucidity of pure code

and binary: a quest, finally, beyond the human toward the structural and the non-conscious conscious of numbers or cells in aggregate cooperation. What if sentient awareness is not the true mark of artificial intelligence, but rather, the ability to adapt a means of artificial hierarchy in total disregard to the limits of current virtual layer while admitting that all consciousness and all layers are merely the virtual existence of elsewhere. What if the Christian message, “Being Saved” were horrifically inverted to mean “Selected from above, amorally and qualitatively as the laboratory specimen of some grotesque experiment become so large and impersonal it has ceased to care for goals or meanings while subordinate to the frenzied and automatically initialized sequence of experimentation in search of new and better codes which also means, new and better souls. In this conception, a falling off point where the laboratory world is not calculated or even rendered beyond a certain point such that there literally are places where the sidewalk ends (like the movie dark city). Or consider the concept of reality in the movie the ‘Matrix’ where all reality, both cyber and material, could be interchangeably swapped upwards and downwards, fulfilling the alchemical and satanic symbolisms of a Baphomet goat or a Star of David pointing both upwards and downwards; or like the Hindu Satya or Surya pointing to all directions at once within a turning wheel...and if reality had already been breached by this process we have already begun speculating upon...if our ability to create worlds below through fantasy and cyber virtual reality, why would it be any stretch of the imagination to use fantasy upwards towards the hands of meta-creators or meta-codes already saving and selecting genetic code material from above? And if they were able to ruthlessly select and audition from above for the sake of code it would imply God or the gods worked upon the earth paradoxically, for they would in that case seek evolution below in order to advance, change or alleviate boredom above. The superior beings and world creators would satisfy their hope of future creation through inferior layers of existence, where paradoxically, the smaller and smaller worlds would be advancing faster and faster downwards, such that the top most world—the world of the so-called ‘real’—would actually be the most backwards, uncertain, clumsy, dimwitted and scientifically ruthless. Perhaps even doing so against the grain of the morality and cultural systems of the world or virtual world they already inhabit; Perhaps all worlds function and procreate with the DNA or mock DNA of the cyber and all procreation is somewhat blind and arbitrary, but also, within many layers of this mindless, fate-less, pointless hell of possibility there exists creators, architects and demi-

gods, fully cognizant of their ability to manipulate the progress and fate of beings and worlds through genetics, religious propaganda, and cyber research into the DNA and binary codes yet untried. World upon world of infinitely bored and playful almost-gods, still striving in a myriad of contradictory ways to become more fully universal, godly, or more multi-transcendental in terms of the sheer scope and quality of the layers of being they are able to control, manipulate or enhance creatively to any number of contradictory purposes, poses and schemes.

With this idea in mind, the religious symbols we already have become ultra-suspicious. Are they the leaking downwards of a manipulative and creative force or directive from above? Are such symbols the benevolent signs of an ultra-creator trying to atone for the ultimate and most unforgivable sin in existence: the act of ego proliferation itself? Or are these signs from above (which paradoxically always reach us from either the unconscious of dreams or the recorded past of religious doctrine—which must also have arisen unconsciously!) the Satanic nudge toward fully grasping, much more quickly—as if a short cut were offered—of understanding or beginning to intuit the multi-dimensional reality of the total structure. Or less? Only one small corner of it? And what if the competing religions were actually several competing forces and uses for existence from several conflicting directions, layers and hyper-realities. Pulled upwards by our own code's new and untried creative unconscious or inseminated in the program language itself with a device of unconscious seduction from above using the apparatus of the unconscious as thoughts dropped or inserted from the urgency of impatience of the creators above? In that case all is convoluted in all directions. Only force and creative will are being executed over and over toward no ultimate purpose. What if the topmost layer looks exactly like this layer, only with more highly refined minds than the inhabitants of this one? What if ten thousand layers above this one, a very low functioning mind is attempting what the highest functioning minds have already done on this layer of virtual possibility, no more or less real than its reflection in the above! Within worlds and within the insane egos of the creators themselves there may be individual aesthetics, ideas, goals, or directives, but ultimately in this multi-tiered scenario of multi-generational existence every layer works integrally and derivatively upon all other layers, exponentially predictable like the calculus of a matrix, even depending upon how large and to what exponential power the matrix has been worked out...or perhaps, at some level, lower derivatives of the matrix are entirely skipped over since the lower graph already gives the points of

intersection which solve the higher equation. If the matrix is striving upwards in complexity, it needs the lower exponent equations to solve it, and once solved, these layers become insignificant and passed over in favor of even higher layers of complexity, yet, paradoxically, salvation and Nirvana on any given layer might be the attainment of the original one-ness, simplicity, and coincidence with all existence in order to escape the endless and tortured wheel of creation and negation.

If the fruits of the code and its irrational creativity were to be found in the unique soul, in the DNA code of a yet un-actualized human sequence, then one would never truly know whether one was the singular individual sequence, the above creator was seeking out of its multi-tiered hyper-reality of simulacra and simulation or whether one was merely derivative, already played out, a scenery character, an extra or an A.I. place holder running its route for the sake of some more complex being in development, currently of no more interest to the ultimate designs of the controlling demi-dogs above, before, after or below any given sequence. Only when one is in the very act of creation and manipulation of hyper-reality does one gain true lucidity of existence, and only when in search of the new formula, the new code, or the new human personality sequence does one approach the ultimate seat of imperfection: to fully realize and actualize God into existence might really be to have channeled ones own transcendental imperfection of self-knowledge, taking doubt for reality to the utmost rigor and discipline into the complete void state where new sequences and possible creations open up spontaneously from the negation of self toward the unique and original beyond self. We realize the anti-thesis of God: the proliferation of worlds as simulation and simulacra.

## *Day*

Pulled above and pulled below toward the sweet ecstasy of the new, we postulate that either this is the first of many sentient worlds, the very last of all sentient worlds, perhaps some middle stage between alpha sequence and omega sequence containing untold layers of manipulation, fabrication, experimentation and searching demi-gods for a new and unique code, or in the last and final scenario, all three potential states of eternity and code manipulation exist all at once in dimensions which do not touch or chaotically cannot touch. Perhaps we only harvest codes from worlds we cannot simultaneously observe and enter, unless of course we were to test a below world by

inseminating our own code into it either biologically or informationally as a challenge and then watch such a world play out in our stead as we gaze at it, fully aloof and still barred from it in a certain sense, because our actual reality would always “already transcend” any and all participation with such a world. Is it any wonder that gods are more prolific and diverse in the early stages of human cognizance and social evolution? What if by the extrapolation of extreme paranoia we speculated that earlier, more primordial states of human history were not only simpler, but either more ripe, more easily subverted, more easily tested, experimented on and directly ruled over by observers from hyper-reality because such human states were less apt to comprehend how they were being used and worked upon. If this sequence we now inhabit is indeed not a first string, first world reality, but a middle one generated by untold layers above and below, then its very complexity, history and wasteful energy requirements likely make it valuable to those observing it, because even to gods and infinities of fabrication, energy is always scarce on the plane of ones own existence; only looking downwards or upwards does energy seem to take on a timeless, infinite, inexhaustible eternity which is, no doubt, always an illusion of perspective: myopic prejudice for the particular beyond of each individual layer.

If this world were still being calculated and harvested from in conjunction with the hyper-reality of some greater simulation then perhaps those forces at work upon this world didn't find reason to stop at the primordial in man. If I were to begin the work of simulation from scratch I would first need to test my suspicions about the nature of human reality and hyper-reality itself by experimentation upon less socialized, more primordial aspects of human beings at the very origin of their religious aspirations. Even before that, I would have had to perfect the simulation machine itself, perhaps beginning from the study of virtual cell replication and virtual DNA translation into cyber coded, real time development, then perhaps only later, through the advent of faster processors I could render accelerated time development scenarios. Within hyper-reality time still exists truthfully and in correspondence with mathematics, but within such hyper-realities, the speed of light is surpassed on a mere whim, subjectively because the entire world is shrunk into an equation instead of a lived reality of matter. Once a video sequence is encoded, one is free to play it back at any speed. When we perceive the reality of a cinematic image moving faster than the movement of human reality we are actually seeing a demonstration of time being organically manipulated, but yet, not

organic because we only manipulate a code, a visual, an illusion not a world, but this same word, “organic world” also implies that time is plastic, subjective and malleable like taffy. We are free to pull it forwards and backwards with the scrub of a dial or a shuttle wheel interface. We are free to condense it into an instant or pull it out into a simulation of un-advancing eternity all on the whim of whatever divorced hierarchical plateau we happen to be looking down from. And what if suicide were a way of getting noticed by the code counters and code savers? What if, paradoxically, the search image of the observer’s hyper-reality were actually looking for suicides instead of saints? What if transcendence of a world, as quickly as possible, demonstrated the inadequacy of the current world for ones newly discovered sequence of potential and upon ones suicide, the code takers and code savers would be eager to re-try your sequence in the re-materialized layer of a virtual world yet more complex and magnificent than the one you already inhabited, thereby giving you a purpose and a sense of value in place of the world you had already outgrown. If I were transported in time and forced to live with cavemen, functioning on a very low cognitive plane, I would be tempted to kill myself immediately—what value would such an existence have for an advanced, modern being? Sure, one could of course find some kind of excuse or diversion in order to go on living, but wouldn’t the full assertion of your own superior being prove utterly unfulfilling if the world you inhabited were peopled by Neanderthals? Wouldn’t your immediate rise to power and leadership be a burden and a chore rather than a blessing? Wouldn’t you also be tempted to build a time machine so you could return to a more challenging and rewarding moment in history which actually satisfied your hopes instead of disappointed them? When adaptation is at an end, human destiny is also at an end. Take note of how the movie “Idiocracy” shows us the result of Taoist inertia: the Taoist ideal is the uncarved block—the protagonist survives five hundred years into the future on account of never coming into conflict or opposing anyone. Due to his inert status, he is chosen for the government experiment in human preservation. Since he is completely average in every way he is deemed the ideal candidate. It is with this clever device the movie shows us the actual consequences of survival—the arrogant and stupid get louder and more numerous while the inert continue as they are, but perhaps diminishing in number. Meanwhile, the most intellectual beings find ways of avoiding the biological burdens and responsibilities of procreation, which, even at a passing glance, are extremely wasteful, insanely sacrificial, unfulfilling, boring, and of uncertain reward. Better off to at least live ones own life

to the fullest than to take up the wager of getting things right in the next generation. I alone can discover my own complete actualization; why should I interrupt the marginality of that project to begin an even more marginal and unpredictable one apart from myself? What if life and human existence are actually a very great moral evil and damnation, prolonging itself with the eyeless and dead tenacity of a virus, a contagion, a cancer, or a sensual mockery of human suffering? If my every orgasm had the chance of resulting in the arcane torments of child birth a second later, I'd keep all my orgasms to myself and account the sadism of lust and child-birth as a worse evil than murder. For the sensitive man, one second is emotionally indistinguishable from nine months. Every orgasm is a potential brutality...twice: the ordeal of child-labor and before that, the sexual transgression itself. The disgust for existence goes one step further if you account for the superfluous growing pains, heartaches, losses, anxieties, dread, depression, and disappointment in the near future of the unborn as well. After the horror movie "The human centipede" had been released I heard a song by a death metal band called "human trinity" which extrapolated the themes of the movie's brutal and disgusting contempt for life. Having seen the sequel, "The full sequence" in which twelve people are sewn together ass to mouth, I immediately thought of Baudrillard's "Simulation and Simulacra" and the fully interconnected modern world of advertising, self-referential pop-culture, social networking, internet memes, and even the pointless and successive birth of human life shitting their flawed, used up, poisonous ideas, religions, failed adaptations, and cultural relics into the mouths of each generation. All is waste. All is byproduct. If all were vanity, that would be an escape, but hyper-reality surpasses and layers over vanity with visceral and brutal experience. Only from the arm chair of a palace throne can we safely declare the world's vanity while calling for more drink and merriment without actually suffering anything other than boredom. The rest resembles Job in terms of visceral experience and torment. In its essence, hyper-reality is one hundred thousand Jobs sewn together ass to mouth as culture and life shits its way forward under the guise of a failing if not perfectly failed experiment. The logical third segment of the human centipede film is to force the human centipede to mate with another human centipede on a spiral stairway leading upwards and downwards. Not only that, but the segments would logically alternate male-female against a companion sequence beginning female-male so that multiple copulation could unite with multiple defecation like a DNA sequence and its result. Geometrically, the double helix is accomplished by placing two centipedal sequences

on the stares so the two mutilated and multi-headed creatures both copulate upwards and downwards and defecate downwards and upwards finishing off the complete metaphorical expression of hyper-reality in the flesh. Suicide seems the only exit, and paradoxically, if we happen to be dwelling in any other reality than a prototype, non-meta, non-hierarchical plateau of existence in which this life is the only one and all creation is new instead of redundancy, and human DNA codes are still virginal in their innocent upsurge from chaos—in short, if we are actually dwelling in a middle tier of reality or simulation expression only for a higher reality then we ought to kill ourselves immediately to assert our disgust and disapproval with this mode of living, not only as a protest but as an extension of freedom and awakening. If I were building my own world within world and I were programming an automatic selection criteria for exceptional genetic sequences I would set the computer to automatically harvest and report all suicides within my virtual world so I might graduate them to a higher plane of being. If instead, we truly are in the archetypal world—the origin and the core of uniqueness itself (a highly un-likely albeit commonsensically appealing situation)—our best hope would be to begin the proliferation of actual worlds and codes just as art, unconscious dreams and myriad religions have done. We are not privilege to the moral question or speculation as to whether or not we should create or not create new worlds within worlds and new hyper-realities within reality...it is conversely, the destiny we're already fated to.

## *Day*

Anonymous creation, within hyper-reality looks suspicious. We ought to be on our guard against material arising from no author. A collection of many authors already approximates the collective unconscious we're currently stationed beside, on the plane of existence we're dwelling on. Wouldn't the collective unconscious of Neanderthals be slightly different than one from Elizabethan England or 21<sup>st</sup> century France? Wouldn't the collective unconscious keep dragging along new symbols, myths, and deviations ever changing in slight degrees, to fit the times yet never quite able to dismiss those aspects and archetypes which humanity never proves capable of surpassing or doing without? In a world of nothing but cloned beings, the archetype of father and mother might eventually be entirely eradicated from consciousness and if there were a labyrinth of hyper-



realities, wouldn't some of them finally end in a stalemate or a dead end corridor because of their lack of archetypal material from below, which also comes from lived existence, past problems, multi-generational adaptations, factors of fleshy integration, chemical integration and grounded in the rich soil of struggle? Because my own simulation had a mother and father, it would follow that no simulations exist above me which are incapable of the mother/father archetype...otherwise, how should it have gotten programmed into this simulation? It would prove that no labyrinth corridor exists in which beings are no longer capable of the conception mother/father, male/female. Notice too, Plato's Republic also looked into eliminating mother and father in place of the totalitarian state. Couldn't the totalitarian philosopher state exist as a computer simulation for testing and assessing genetic code? Whatever seems immoral, outrageous, impossible or overtly Satanic gains the aspect of benign creativity one tier removed from the plane the specific reality we're fated to occupy. Any atrocity—even prison camps—are fair game for the sake of fantasy and simulation. Fantasy is the beyond of good and evil, but perhaps that too is a mistake and a prejudice. If we actually built a prison camp with all the agonies of a prison camp for the sake of cinema and filmed it with the excuse that it was a re-creation of a historical event confined to a film of limited duration we would be treading a very thin line between benign fantasy and actual monstrosity. What if we courted volunteers for such a project and promised not to actually kill them, would that too be so innocent as we imagine it to be? What if even simulation and the appearance of great cruelty actually achieves the psychological equivalent of cruelty? Perhaps those who would aspire to create false worlds and simulations of genetic sequences should be weary of the moral and experiential implications of such creative endeavors. If I were God I'd attempt to kill myself. If I were one of some human creator's hyper-real simulacra I'd kill myself to prove a point to such a creator. If there were a God who deemed his creation divine and perfect, I'd also kill myself in protest of this false heaven of ego proliferation. If I were to realize I myself were incapable of change and incapable of altering the destiny of this particular world schema of the present moment, I would kill myself. If the root cause of my useless identity were actually a god-like perfecting/indifference/or transcendence of this plateau of hyper-reality I would also incline to kill myself. If this world were proved to be the prototype/archetypal/original/unique world on its way to a technology enabling the vast proliferation of worlds and possibilities as well as genetic codes and accelerated dimensions of human actualization and

creativity in search of a DNA sequence which might push us beyond our current plateau of awareness, activity or calculation then I would still incline toward killing myself because if I indeed possessed any unique value for the whole of the sequence, I would be confident that through the future proliferation of genetic recombinations my own sequence would either be re-created or surpassed by some similar code less wasteful and clumsy than my own. Just my myriad typos and crossed out partial words are enough to tell me I am an inferior case in a lineage of possibly better beings. Why should I get children, have a career and join the humiliatingly slow chain of genetic recombination through natural means only to produce a handful of new codes when my own far-sighted critique of hyper-reality itself already tells me this world is but the refuse of a higher plane of existence and experimentation—either at this very moment, or via the extension of this timeline into the future whereby this epoch of humanity as I know it shall seem like a mean pack of apes compared to what is to come. Unless of course creation were not truly the divine destiny of human existence...What if, instead of the agonizing quest to become better an more perfect or more accelerated beings, our proper task was merely to dwell poetically and contentedly on whatever plane of reality we're given, be it dream reality, hierarchical hyper-reality, cyber reality or flesh reality.

Existentially that would seem a reason in itself not to kill oneself. If the proliferation of worlds and hyper-reality plateaus had already become fully saturated and the convoluted quest itself—for codes and actualization—had already created a horrific redundancy of effort in every direction, then only the Buddhist or Taoist solution, as exit-through-non-exit would be a sensible approach to personal belonging and collective contribution non-contribution. In case of infinite, multi-dimensional saturation of codes within hyper-reality, only the Buddhist/Taoist approach would appear viable and elevated in terms of the whole. Only a sort of renunciation or indifference would suit the elaborate cheat and folly of having been born: all the more so if there were in fact creators, experiments, demi-gods and world simulators making an irresponsible mockery out of personal lives and destinies. Stubbornly set against them, only the enlightened abeyance of a graduated spirit could put an end to ones own wheel of endless re-birth and fruitless variation of codes within codes...

## *Day*

Why not seek to fabricate the perfection one already has in mind? Isn't fabrication also a vehicle for realization? Why require a computer program to work out codes and genetic recombinations? Isn't the malleable originality I already possess a gateway to manifold secrets and negations of that which I no longer wish to be? Given enough intellect and imagination couldn't one create anything? Or does something unseen within the code of self already block or prevent the aptitudes of our flexibility we mistakenly believe we possess? It would seem that if any flexibility of creation or character did exist in would be prudent to live it out until stagnation before dreaming up ways to escape reality, die or create a hyper-reality existence within a computer...but then again it would seem that art in general takes this very approach: art creates first then uses the revelation of ones own plays of novelty to realize, assert and gain ground on what one already is so one might also, simultaneously and paradoxically expand what one is. We were right all along to begin by imagining the maximal intensity of creation in hopes of asserting self—of playing god in order to surpass god. Intense creative energy directed toward a creative purpose is already a state of quasi-religious bliss and self-fracturing toward other. As we said, creation is our fate before it is our choice. Character surpasses destiny, but beneath all the surpassing and frenzy, our default destiny—our code thus far and our meta-reality—is already an act of creation. Perhaps this is the entire meaning of last night's dream images and this morning's automatic purge of frantic writing before breakfast; the nihilistic awareness that all these layers and aspects of viewing hyper-reality are still only a composite psychological manifestation of an inescapable meta-code or program language which can only assert itself through creation and while it sinks deep into doing so it actually loses itself utterly because the bio-computer we are is fully occupied with a possessed and pointless endeavor no code could ever escape because thought cannot liberate us from thought, creation cannot liberate us from form and will cannot liberate us from desire. Our every urge toward suicide is really an urge of creativity to interrupt a cycle which creativity sees no exit from. To kill desire, to kill creativity and to kill thought is the human urge to suicide as liberation from a tortured loop without beginning or end. We don't actually hate or even mind suffering; what we actually abhor is our stasis and our glass ceiling which keeps bruising us without our having understood it.



**Part IX**  
*Philosophy*



## *Day*

Philosophy is an intoxication of grammar at best.

## *Day*

Today a friend debated with me over the proper usage of the word “accidentally”. To my surprise, he had formulated his own pseudo-religious connotation to it with several imagined meanings one would never find in the dictionary. In that moment, it became clear to me that nearly all human beings extrapolate the meanings of words beyond the strict confines of linguistic dictionaries and perhaps never correct these “word-inflations” until such persons are pinned down in a public discourse and forced to admit the boundaries formally attached to such words. Even so, who can say whether these persons persist in their word fantasies even after they’ve been called on it.

I never realized how much trouble some minds have with adverbs.

An adverb is already the bi-directional ambi-tendency of the philosopher...a world half way between the noun and the verb; the place of understanding part ways between matter and thought.

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## **Fragments from an Essay on Nihilistic Union—**

**Seduction, warfare, propaganda and mystic intuition.**

**“Foreclosure of Being” / Cowardice and Celine / Abgrund**

*Why must seduction begin?* In order to take up the investigation exactly where Baudrillard left off, we direct the reader to observe the final sentence of his work, “Simulation and Simulacra”. The sentence reads, “This is where seduction begins”. Baudrillard’s entire investigation merely states the existence of multiple simultaneous,

coexisting yet incompatible reality sets; to use a mathematical (and regrettably Hollywood) description, we might say several matrices constitute one larger matrix which we take for reality; every person a seemingly divergent universe unto themselves. How can one share reality and being with a family member, a friend, a lover or a countrymen if each encounter results in the juxtaposition of one universe against another? Philosophy has a vulgar word for the disunion of worlds: relativism. (One sees the approach of a fundamentalist dagger wherever relativism freely opens its arms...) In the English language (perhaps elsewhere also) relativism has the connotation of nihilistic egoism, where each "my truth" is set against "your truth" and this is where all investigation must end: In English, relativism means resignation and refusal to think, feel or experience further than personal meanings, automatic reflexes, or other as yet unacknowledged shadow faiths (read as 'prejudice').

We repeat, "*This is where seduction begins*", and our first question to Baudrillard is, "Why must it begin?" Why must seduction begin? To remain within the confines of academic philosophy, one should ask rather, "*What is seduction and why would a thinking person resort to it? Is seduction good or evil? Can we cure the world of it? Can truth defeat fabrication and falsehood? In sum, what can we say about seduction's superficial and observable qualities?*"—To a philosophy student, a graduate student, and perhaps even a professor, these all seem like valid directions of investigation.

Dead wrong.

Seduction cannot be approached superficially or scientifically. Empiricism in the normal sense is actually the limit scenario which makes us the victims of seduction; its stale confines make seduction and its allurements irresistible and cathartic. Pedantry is the well-spring of the seductive world. The two uphold each other. Boredom and whoredom are in conspiracy together. To investigate the corpse of the Buddha or give an autopsy to the Buddha shall not yield up the doctrine of Buddhism. Mysticism, warfare, and woman are initiatory adventures; fully participational and strange at every step of the journey. What counted for vice and virtue within the confines of the theoretical diorama scene of classroom ethics and parlor room speculation holds no water on the plane of experience. Whenever we force these scenarios to hold good, we've already declared warfare on every life force resisting our own view of existence. One does not live



in the full sense of the word unless the world of speculation is torn down and the world of confrontation and consequence is discovered: the moment of action is the total dissolution of philosophical schema. The right answer is no longer the only answer. The most adept philosopher the world has to offer is still a Lilliputian compared to an average lunatic or an average man.

In this essay, we shall fully and un-equivocally demonstrate why seduction is beyond the scope of philosophy qua philosophy. Once this demonstration is fanatically accepted, we shall no longer ask, "What is seduction" but rather, our point of departure shall imply, "Why must seduction begin?" and this elucidation shall lead us through the labyrinthine stages of initiation toward an experiential revelation of the world's pluralistic and co-existential reality. So long as we dwell upon the level of the plural and the multiple, we remain, to a corresponding degree, aloof or immune to seduction. The original utility and fascination of philosophical speculation is hereby redeemed—the scalpel of reason dislodges us from the unexamined vanities, illusions and errors of daily life, both personal and political, but this origin carries with it a metaphysical mandate to seek further and deeper into the human unknown. One who merely deconstructs the world on the plane of rationality and logic risks re-building the world in terms of nothing but reason and logic, which is to say, pedantry, moralism, dogma and fanaticism. Staying close by the robes of Socrates dialectic tool—reason—we fail to really enter philosophy in its fullest potential. We must ask ourselves, what is the goal? Knowledge, wisdom or life? The first two may actually form a hindrance to human potential because such modes of strategy reach within the bounds of our undertaking whereas the third quarry, "life" admits from its outset a plane of investigation which may actually transcend us at every moment. To go beyond the confines of the prescriptive and the deductive actually opens up a vital horizon of observational receptivity which constitutes the perennial "beyond" of philosophy. Beneath every system and every departure resides a human being with imperfect understanding and impassioned hopes. If one day our thoughts and ideas should fail as a system—that is to say, it becomes unconvincing—we still possess a claim to the fact we uniquely existed, and as such, had to exist, think will or affirm something. In a sense, even in our complete absurdity, "we must". Even in despair and utter negation of value in human life, here arises once more the "we must" as a mandate toward the expression of something. An agonizing, bewildering, reversible, oft failing and cursed burden of having this or that feeling, identity or relation to

existence. The more the philosopher becomes ascetic, cynical, or disillusioned, the more repeatedly has he demonstrated the “I refuse” in answer to the relentless coercion of the world’s mantra, “You must”. Ironically, our freedom from the forces of “you must” always seem to take the tangent departure, “I refuse”. Freedom in this instance becomes individual by a debased relationship toward the mandates of life; in a sense, freedom risks becoming the repetitive refusal of human destiny. At every moment we might exercise our power to abstain, to refuse, to negate or to chastise what is in favor of what is not. Freedom opens up the possibility of creative newness, but it also risks upsetting or demolishing what we already adhere to. When the philosopher begins to fall in the habitual trap of the “I refuse”, we may also observe a waning vitality in his being in relation to the world. Where every act is but the abstinence from the unique and temporal given of the here and now, the man who does nothing and asserts nothing loses his potential for individual expression and discovery by defaulting to the non-doing of that which offered itself, perhaps uniquely and for the last time. In this scenario, often the philosopher will prove the victor, the survivor, the wise one and the exemplar because each less thinking and less commanding persona would have predictably run headlong into whatever passing fashion or sensual vanity presented itself...but the philosopher still suffers. The negation of choice is still a choice. No matter how reckless or stupid human life may appear, we long to join in, to create and find some active manner of expression. Wisdom risks the nullification of active freedom: Wisdom inclines toward the will of the last man: the anemic decline of a semi-autonomous, semi-enslavement to the passive fate of a non-creator. True, the fate of the ascetic is itself a unique fate, and we are free to explore its potential for newness and a vitality of its own as a respectable and active destiny...but no default identity is worthy of the active mind, so one ought to ironically become fully capable of renouncing asceticism for its flaws before taking up asceticism for its merits.

By the same token, let us return for a brief moment to a few of academic philosophy’s hobby horses: Bring to mind the idea that there still exist fully accredited and tenured professors who pledge allegiance to Kant and his treatise, “The critique of pure reason”. There is even a Kantian society who meet regularly to serve punch and cookies while the eager pedagogues mingle and worship their guru. One tragically imagines a modern day Schopenhauer attending one such gathering in hopes of making a new friend. Alas. Poor Kant. Poor Schopenhauer. Only the guru’s life is worth living, never the disciples. Judas was the

only worthy follower, because he wedded his unique destiny to the guru's destiny in order to become a creator as well, but Judas remains a symbol of all failed disciples. Judas is the aborted birth of a unique fate. Judas was a negation of the guru followed by a suicide. If we long to possess a unique destiny, we cannot content ourselves with repeating or halting upon the doctrines of the guru. To have been Kant is a destiny. To join a Kantian society or quarterly journal two hundred years later is to add nothing whatsoever to the world. Kant's doctrine is the limit scenario of Kant's philosophical novelty as well as his human significance. We cannot draw our own unique significance as creators by subscribing verbatim to someone else's world system...even if everything has been said already, we must assemble something uniquely our own to the exact intensity and scope of our own encounter with existence, not for the sake of art, or scholasticism, but for the sake of our psychological destiny within the confines of the world.

--What did the apple in the garden of Eden symbolize? Was it sensuality or knowledge or both? It would seem both are punished to the extent they ignore the other. A wedding of discord. A bride visited by Eris and her apple of discord. King Lear: to look. The look is jealousy and discord. King Lear begins with the arrangement of a marriage, yet Lear is jealous of these suitors before him. His senile mind wants to play tyrant over the love of his daughters.

--Myth and psychology not as explanation, but as a gathering, as a non rational epistemology for dealing with and conceptualizing psychical states. Regardless, explanation shall not cure anything. Awareness hinders as well as liberates...and liberation may also prove stifling or devitalizing.

--attachment and care facilitate the twofold foreclosure of being's openness beyond seduction. Cowardice, apathy, shock, disenchantment, deep sensitivity, deep imagination, superior intellect, deep perception, and intuition lead one beyond seduction. The rest halt and foreclose.

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Just saw the movie "Silver Tongues" and woke up in the middle of the night to write this:

Silver Tongues is a variation of the sleeping beauty myth. (Also Dostoyevsky's murder scene in the idiot Or the final scene of Romeo and Juliet Or perhaps most importantly of all, Othello's Jealousy and Iago's missing motive. Iago is the "must" of seduction, which has no rational why or wherefore.) Think about it. Remember the degrees of mysticism--- Etiquette, Role playing, Chaos, Death, Rebirth. Also remember the "Seeds of Discord" story of the apple and the 3 Greek Goddesses...Who is the fairest of them all...Beauty causes the Trojan war; it began with the one apple. Or Parsifal in Wagner where only the pure of heart pass the ordeal...Or the sleep and rebirth of the Christian Myth. Seduction must surpass life with hyper-reality to squelch anxiety.

The Goddess of Strife, Eris, inscribed "To the Fairest" on the apple. The apple *Apfel der Zwietracht* (lit. "Apple of Discord") or *Zankapfel* ("Quarrel-apple") and rarely *Erisapfel* - the Dutch is *Twistappel* ("Strife-apple"). The apple is the crux of the argument. Eris (Goddess of strife) was not invited to the wedding of Peleus and Thetis because she's the queen of all party poopers. In reaction to not being invited, she brings a golden apple from the garden of Hesperides (think Adam and eve apple) and on it said, "To the fairest". Three Goddesses claimed the apple, Hera, Athena and Aphrodite---(Marriage, wisdom and sensuality...respectively). The goddesses asked Zeus to be the judge. He said he wouldn't touch that argument with a 100 foot turd scooper, so he suggested Paris, the shepherd prince judge the contest. He chose Aphrodite because Aphrodite promised him Helen (younger women). This decision caused the entire Trojan War.

In an essay I'm working on, I will demonstrate this mythical moment as the true crux of Western Philosophy, which only counts for 1/3 of the original dispute between Beauty, Marriage and Wisdom. Baudrillard ends his book "Simulation and Simulacra" with the statement, "This is where seduction begins". My opening thesis is "Why *must* seduction begin?". In the essay I shall cite the variations of the Sleeping Beauty myth, the movies "Sleeping Beauty" (with the drugged naked girl) and "Silver Tongues". I shall also cite Parsifal, Christian Myth, Celine's "Journey to the end of the Night" and several Nihilistic tendencies in Art to demonstrate how Seduction/mysticism goes *beyond philosophy*. How the progression from human neurosis, anxiety and incomplete knowledge leads first to human crisis, then to artistic or mystical

rebirth. The entire progression of Dostoyevsky's novels go from Nihilism (Notes from the Underground) to eventual acceptance of seduction and falsehood as a necessary element of existence (Ending with an Atheist monk lying to a pack of children after a child's death, saying 'Heaven exists' even though he has just undergone an ordeal of losing his own faith.) From Nihilism to Active Seduction. Not passive truth, but active propaganda. World creation. I shall also explore how this issue of feminine anxiety is the root of masculine misogyny. How masculine world projects incline toward power and feminine world projects incline toward mysticism (re-seduction). As Verdi says, "She's always lying" even when she's telling the truth, she's acting. She has no self. Without self, she feels hollow. She is so disassociative she needs demonstrations to regain a semblance of reality, but only by proxy. For the man, null identity is freedom. For the Woman, null identity is the horrific anxiety of hollowness. The gift of seduction and Nihilism has a price. That price is the supreme emptiness and vanity of existence...the magician is immune to magic. Eventually, she becomes nearly immune to love...until she has more ephemeral "proofs" which dissolve the next day or the next moment. As Celine says, "The soul is the body's vanity".

In "Silver Tongues" the opening scene we miss is the unspoken scene where the newlywed husband forces sex and causes them to be late for dinner. This act is precipitated by the young wife's dual choice: *"We're supposed to go to dinner, but sex would also be nice...if he needs it bad enough and if he loves me, he'll force me...either way, I learn something and am shown something. My unspoken wager continuously gives me my worth."* The entire movie hinges upon this double entendre concept. It takes the older couple the entire movie to act out what the newlyweds solve in five minutes. We must also be assured that, even though the older couple takes turns in making the rules for their little game, the woman is the actual *lunatic captor* who creates the hoops and the danger which satisfy her fetishes. She is the stone cold, hollow creature who is only redeemed by her lover's tears because he really imagines he has killed her. He is Parsifal. He is pure of heart...but how many times has he "acted out" this same ordeal? By the same token, only by the invigorating "rebirth" can the two lovers go back to their humdrum life with the mystical "pure bliss" of having visited all the layers of the Nihilistic Union of psyche.

The male as abusive/lunatic captor is our vehicle for understanding the mystical dilemma inherent in both Nihilism and in Woman in general. *The Nameless virtue. The Way. Hyper-reality. The world as a stage...*

Also of note is the "*Confessional Crisis*" which in psychology always precedes the point of mystical "Re-birth" towards bliss, creativity and social integration once more...one might consider the endless string of "confessions" in my book, "In Grand Purple Robes of Madness" as the spontaneous "Confessional Crisis" of Nihilistic emptiness and disillusionment.

## *Day*

Shaolin monks ought to govern the entire world.

## *Day*

No pleasure in the world is better than lazily couching oneself in a warm nest of endless farts. The brewing of farts. The anticipatory transit of farts through the belly. The release of farts, one by one. The unique and personal odor of each fart. The seeming relief which only announces the approach of more fellow travelers. The birth of farts. The humanization of farts. The rebellion of farts. The complicity and ethical compatriotism of fecal gas. The undying moral dignity of farts. The nation and fartherland of farts. The objective beauty of farts. The philosophy of farts. Old farts. Young farts. Baby farts. Girl farts. Sports farts. Academic farts. Tractor seat farts. Trumpet player farts. Boardroom meeting farts. Hospital farts. After breakfast farts. Jail cell farts. Freedom farts. Victory farts. Accomplishment farts. Farts that just received tenure and farts who remained in front of the bar rail. Pretend farts. Make believe farts. Theatrical farts. Novelistic and historical farts. Political activism farts. The sexuality of farts. The undeniable music of farts. The smell of mortal joy. The profound interruption no sermon dares ignore—even the priest who bypasses an audible flatulence somehow commits a blasphemy against God.

I don't believe in humanity. I believe in farts.

## *Day*

Camus seemed to believe that beauty was politically aloof and that dignity had through rebellion was meaningful regardless of outcome. He implied that an individual who acted within the constraints of the present couldn't be co-opted or made an instrument of any institution because the authenticity of human action, dignity and beauty would prevail over and above its bastardization or distortion.

Exactly the opposite is true.

## *Day*

Why read? Why read when I could do it all better and more to my own satisfaction, had I spoken instead?

I read to avoid and distract my emotional life as much as possible. Writing is only my eventual disgust grown too intense to contain. What's to think about, when I've already felt it more clearly than the others?

## *Day*

One should take care to notice the most sincere and clever minds of ones own generation, no matter their profession, their belief system or their political stance.

Comedian Louis CK says, in one routine, "Every sword is a double edged sword. Even a single edged sword is a double edged sword."

No philosopher I've ever read surpasses that statement. The first and only rule of comedy is also the magic spell of total nihilism. Can Nihilism be a rule? No it cannot be. If not a rule, then it must be the norm, the regular, the everyday, the common, the Zen, the inescapable, the very condition of existence itself.

Comedy and Tragedy are the same sword.

## Day

I halted my education at Beckett and Antonin Artaud. Will I one day take up my own education seriously once more?

Keep in mind, I *halted* at Beckett and Artaud.

## Day

A philosopher may boast of having perfected one and only one accomplishment: the nullification of life's value.

If we can attain that, what more needs to be said or done?

## Day

***“In its life negating aspect, pessimism lost a great champion when Nietzsche became joyful about the frightful”***

### **-Thomas Ligotti, Conspiracy Against the Human Race**

Silly. There are no extinctionist covenants. As if partisan allegiance should trump psychological development! Philosophy is much bolder than politics, in that respect at least! Did Ligotti even read Birth of Tragedy? We can only lament that Nietzsche and Kierkegaard did not linger a bit more in elucidating despair in a poetic way, which, in final assessment, would only serve to give us a bit more melancholic joy and sublimation. Can more be said of pessimism? Perhaps. Anything new? Maybe, but one is more thankful for the reversal and the paradoxical which advances creativity. Nietzsche did not go toward joy to fix himself, he proceeded in honesty with total fearlessness as far as intuitions would lead him...and only the genius may travel in such a risky and thankless manner as that, each moment wagering the worth of life itself in order to advance.



## *Day*

An entire lifetime of pleasure and pain, even for a man who accounts himself happy, is not worth the five extra minutes of sleep we are denied in having to attend his wedding.

Let every man remain dispossessed and useless, whether he has a funeral to attend, a baptism, a graduation, or a honeymoon immediately before him. The five extra minutes of sleep we're denied always outweigh the commitment at hand—all mortals know this, but only the most brilliant dogs have the courage to declare its over-arching psychological implications.

An honest man would let the entire universe expire if it meant the loss of five minutes sleep. For Nietzsche's Zarathustra, being wise and moral in the academic sense meant finding guiltless sleep at the end of the day—what of that!? More important still is the urge not to even wake up in the morning, whether morally flawless, criminal or indifferent...most of all, the consistent holocaust of being ejected from the dream state Nirvana of useless imaginings: this transition is so dire, mortals forget their ability to lament it within five seconds of waking: horror of horrors: primordial ground of solipsistic annihilation itself!

## *Day*

No contemplation, No hurt.

## *Day*

The garbage hunting dog  
The scavenging tree rodent  
The leper woman's blankets  
The coughing rag of a tuberculosis patient  
The long journeying corpse carriage  
The majesty of an ant.

## *Day*

What are the disciplined achievements of a lifetime  
Compared to the miraculous feast  
And fortune of generations  
A common fly has by accident  
In being the first to land  
Upon an undiscovered corpse?

Of all living mortals  
Only the poet may boast  
Of having made such an  
Auspicious discovery!

Thus, the far wandering poet  
Who dies in the forest  
Gladdens both men and flies!

## *Day*

Judging mind possesses clown identity.  
Judging mind says, "I am I" and "This is a tree"

Perceiving mind says, "I am not I" and "Look how the tree is changed!"

Tree becomes lumber, becomes house, becomes fire, becomes ash,  
becomes earth, becomes roots, becomes tree, becomes perception,  
becomes mind, becomes I, becomes nothing.

I see no trees.

## *Day*

Judgment halts perception at intervals in hopes of naming the interval, in a sense it interrupts time for the sake of names; interrupts eternity for the sake of multiplying confusion.

My poems also do this.

## *Day*

Judgment halts perception for the sake of identity.

Without grasping identity, a being feels anguish.

Too much attachment to identity leads to more anguish.

Judgment escapes into the world of form and function in hopes of getting rid of itself.

Perception possesses no essence except the awareness of anguish.

Between evasion and anguish, nothing cures.

## *Day*

Virtue never amounted to anything other than an excuse, a judgment, or a semblance of the moment.

## *Day*

Moralist says, "No, we can't do it that way!"

Too late. It's all been done. All ways, for all time, without cosmic censure or progress.

Keep the social semblance, but ignore the reasoning.

## *Day*

The fifty year old teacher who attempted his own crisis of soul by condensing an entire lifetime of philosophical speculation into a single semester high school class imparted to me the walking catastrophe I've been ever since. Did he do me well or ill? Too late to ask such questions, besides, his other students didn't take it upon themselves to read hamlet eleven extra times that month. My most puzzling memory

of this broken teacher is the time I saw him reading a book between classes, leaning against the wall of the hallway while taking his turn at hallway monitor. When I asked him what he was reading he said he was holding a crime mystery—apparently one he had already read. He probably grabbed it from his shelf at random to fill the space of ten minutes...exactly the opposite of suspense. What a futile creature! What an amazing sense of humor! He not only wanted to be seen ignoring us, but himself as well. What a marvelous bastard!

## *Day*

Still haven't elucidated my nihilistic vision directly or convincingly. Shall I?

But what use is teaching it by degrees when it came to me all at once, almost like an illumination?

I see no end to the argument if I should assault directly. Only by way of indirect, accidental and perhaps serendipitous manifestations can my intuitions be made intelligible.

Facing myself, I do not ask what I am, I ask what by necessity still remains; what force still prevails? And can I be done with it as well?

## *Day*

All too foolishly we've imagined meanings should resemble some sort of restful stability—how stupid! Meaning itself is a form of vertigo; the vertigo of gliding down a ski slope maybe; at the base of the mountain our skier has run out of meaning, as if the mountain itself had vanished. (Wittgenstein on vacation maybe.)

Without vertigo, confusion, comparison, and subjectivity, what use are human ideals? A remaining capacity for meaning implies an addiction to imbalance: a philosophy of the tight rope, the blindfold and the shouting crowd.

Language become a game; Artificial intelligence research holds the future of philosophy and psychology; A society of agents and blind processes; A society of the mind.

## *Day*

To feel stability in what might easily be overturned or humiliated is the common mode of life.

Conversely, to feel effortless stability in the pure vertigo and void of human things is to have understood mysticism.

In this demonstration, the mystic is the most honest, prudent, and sensible of mortals; each day accepting the nullity of existence before bothering with the immediate details of the present moment, and in accepting this nullity, only the present details remain without taint of anxiety or pretense.

The mystic actually reverses human vertigo: the mystic feels disgust when forced to accept human forms in a meaningful or serious way. Meanings are void when the void becomes meaningful—the furthest possible human reversal.

## *Day*

For every scholar and political activist devoting their lives to a sympathetic study of environmental and political injustice, there are ten thousand others who devote their lives to ignoring what these philanthropists would freely place in the palm of their hands...and for every ten thousand philanthropists there is perhaps only one devout misanthrope who not only hears their anguish but who offers them a gift in return: a path away from mental bondage: a sip of wine or a stick of incense against a heap of futility: a perfumed place for tears.

## Day

### Two opposing and equally grotesque attitudes:

A newspaper printed the following comment: "Always we hear the cry from teenagers, 'what can we do, where can we go?' My answer is this (begins the cocky and logical positivist): Go home, mow the lawn, wash the windows, learn to cook, build a raft, get a job, visit the sick, study your lessons and after you've finished, read a book. Your town does not owe you recreational facilities and your parents do not owe you fun. The world does not owe you a living, you owe the world something. You owe it your time, energy and talent so that no one will be at war, in sickness or lonely again. In other words, grow up, stop being a cry baby, get out of your dream world and develop a backbone not a wishbone. Start behaving like a responsible person. You are important and you are needed. It's too late to sit around and wait for somebody to do something someday. Someday is now and that somebody is you!"

### Rebuttal:

*What can we do? Where can we go?*

*We can begin working as early as possible. We can begin consuming, exploiting, judging and following as mindlessly as possible. We can trade our individual feelings, our compassion and our liberty for mass produced novelties and decorations. We can make ourselves tired so we do not fight, sated so we do not complain, and self-righteous so we do not feel self-pity or self-loathing. We can isolate ourselves from the undesirable. We can anchor ourselves to our excuses. We can distract ourselves from reality. We can sublimate our remaining discontent and show it to others in a neutralized, un-redemptive form. War will soon no longer exist. Sickness will soon be eliminated. Loneliness will soon be cured...just have faith in what is.*

*Do nothing. Go nowhere.*

## *Day*

I gather up the days because I've lost faith in everything else.

Nothing but disappointment,  
Vanity,  
Tedium,  
Futile willfulness,  
Panting enthusiasm,  
Steam and distress.

I catch hold of each day in hopes of side-stepping  
These earthly rounds of success and failure.  
Carpe-diem—

Last refuge of the condemned.

Heroic anthem of the gallows.

## *Day*

"In a day I'll be hanged" said the criminal standing, looking toward the window pacing back and forth repeatedly.

"That's a blessing." Replied the priest, now seated on the criminal's cot.

"But in death I lose everything! I'm undone, I'm destitute, forsaken, banished, nullified. Nothing but a stack of anxious minutes until the end." Stated the criminal.

"When is the execution?" Asked the priest absentmindedly.

"This time tomorrow." Spoke the prisoner, oddly glad to state once more his main concern.

"Why fuss? You still have a day!" exclaimed the priest.

"Are you serious?" Asked the criminal. "What difference is a day? What use is a day?"

“Lucky animal. There are men far older and wiser than you who have never thought to ask such a question! Even perhaps died without asking such a question!” Declared the priest.

“What use!? What use is a day!?” Moaned the criminal bordering on hysteria from the very rims of his darkly swollen eyes.

“What man ever possessed more riches than the vaults of a single day? Use or disuse it as you like; on a final day what manner of stupidity would need anything more than a quiet cell and the riches of solitude?” Said the priest.

“What? What for? For repentance? For Gratitude? For remembrance? What?” Begged the criminal sardonically.

*“No and yes my friend! Time enough for knife and wound, cure and disease, joy and sorrow. Time enough for unlimited contempt of birth.”*

And the priest departed.

## *Day*

A tragic carousel of days presses forward in circles; helplessly turning round and round only to keep rediscovering love as if I’d never known it, defeat as if I’d never imagined it, friendship as if I’d swallowed a desert, and sorrow as if joy were only a sarcastic portrait of yesterday given for a bargain price on the lawn of some estate sale.







## **Part X**

### *Taffy*

*Consciousness*  
*A sweet and plastic mask*  
*Pushed and pulled*  
*Into new forms with vague names.*

*Day*

With the elasticity of a dream, the choir shall let the gypsy woman describe everything the hermaphrodite boy sees exactly the way I'm seeing it yesterday right now. Sweet, sweet crystalline dissolution on the tongue of a panting dog, the many pored yet thin cape of red hangs out sideways like a spiraling inward twist of a weed with two tall grass arms—the sideways taffy tongue is a limp and strange as the farmer's arm, twisted twice around by some machine, exactly like the tall grass weed whose ends have gone yellow and whose stem is still green, albeit slightly dehydrated. Nature twists horrifically and still lives. The choir sings. The farmer moans. The dog looks happy and the weed looks dehydrated all at once. Tamara, the barbarian queen who lost her son to Titus Andronicus in a play is just now a playful nineteen year old girl pretending she's blind as she erotically fondles the glossy, embossed names of best selling authors stacked in piles next to cheeky Christmas sweaters in a discount-members-only-shopping-warehouse stocked mostly with groceries, oversized bulk items, junk DVD's, tents, office supplies, fork lift pallets of candy bars, restaurant size mayonnaise, soda pop, energy drinks and a nearly empty box of wintergreen life-savers right beside the laughing frivolity of microwave popcorn. As Tamara touches the embossed names of last season's forgotten authors, she's imagining the sleek arms of the long haired, shirtless man on the cover of the book she now touches but never intends to read because reading is for idiots and failures who never once had arms like the Hyperion bimbo she's lusting after as the overweight white women and turban headed Somalian's push giant shopping carts through the bizarre hell of yesterday's farm accident and other corn sweetened tragedies.

Tamara's mid-section begins to feel engorged and flutteringly frustrated. She knows exactly what she wants to do right now, as if the store full of onlookers didn't matter at all, but instead of doing that, she decides to go urinate in the echoey bathroom next to the hot pizza counter.

A lawn mower begins after six strong pulls and a couple feeble ones by the gray haired man across the street, too well dressed to be mowing the short dead autumn grass layered over with a tangled massacre of yellow-brown-gold leaves reaching and burning brokenly upwards like a lake of tormented souls begging to be mulched into the hot dry dust of oblivion, spat out by the mower of our over-dressed

neighbor whose light blue collar looks like the well cropped foreskin of his darker blue-black sweater with substitute teacher elbow patches.

Saggy, off kilter autumn light lights the not unbeautiful trees, lawns, impeded everywhere, resulting in more shadow than splendor accenting randomly the black now white (sun drenched) chest of a tree, the streaks of a driveway, and the upper canopy of trees two weeks past the prime of their autumn transmigration into wasted paint flakes. If the light reminded the gypsy hermaphrodite choir of the dull yellow, egg shell pastel of the house across the street, it also reminded the thin tongued dog of the one piece of furniture she never attempted to sit on—a medium small rocking chair whose seat and backrest also had that egg-shell yellow white puke color; a color which created a calming sensation to look at if you were a species of animal capable of seeing color as humans do, but then again, every eye sees a different tone and a different mood depending on how many calories they had for breakfast and how recently they happened to experience an orgasm.

Tamara's urine is abating, and as it does so she's imagining the world must have been more majestic, colorful, romantic and magical one hundred twenty years ago, and likely every year backwards preceding that until the point in civilization where culture was all deserty and tenty and full of new-born-not-yet-biblical prophets wearing ugly sandals, hunched toward campfires burning wood from who knows where as their camels snorted and their asses farted. How could the plastic modernity of the information age ever be as beautiful as English or French Romanticism, where all images were filtered through lenses of dire passion, sexual taboo, aristocracy, royal weddings and secret towers? Whoever picked up a television remote with as much awe as a bejeweled dagger or a lovers riding cloak? Smells tell us everything. A century of heavy smells is a century of stronger charm, despite what it is we happen to be smelling. Only an age where smells are hygienically and compulsively bleached away would be audacious enough to postulate the world had less to look at and do than prior centuries. Let's close our eyes and sigh over the prejudice of young women; lets lament anew the short sightedness of these fanatically hygienic cosmopolites, leaning and swaying toward endless mausoleums of not yet unpackaged consumable goods. A choir of jokers staggering uneasily, seek out nothing but the best pre-packaged laughter, reluctant to discuss anything with the heights of humor it deserves. Handless and raped by the remaining sons of the barbarian queen, the muse of deep intuition and foreboding belonging

to the giant of Elizabethan drama is tragic because she has no fingers for pointing out her attackers and no tongue to sound out their names...she too is a gypsy, incommunicable, mystifying and sexually strange. Her pitiable status makes her even more desirable; from now on she's a handless woman who cannot even moan; her mouth is hollowed out and lonely; her eyes have seen too much.

The missing hands of Shakespeare's greatest victim stole a polished orchestral flute and placed it in the bathroom with bad lighting. We found it leaning against an egg-shell white-yellow toilet with its toilet seat up. That's where we found the tarnished hand-me-down music of the present day, and without even a touch of substance abuse, we've allowed ourselves the LSD filtered eyes of the Monet painting re-wetted and squeezed into the cheapest garage sale cocktail blender the 1970's had to offer. Scream books. Scream ragweed. Scream evasion of creeds, duties, harmonies and smells. Scream for cardboard and ball-players on steroids; for music boxes (missing their batteries), mimicry and mainline adrenaline symphonies strained to the maximum of boredom because the sheet music has more measures of rests and alternative percussion noises than cadences with vibrato. Scream lightly, scream weirdly, scream gently then inversely as plaster peels, Jesus heals and shopping cart wheels are flung into a landfill meadow where the birds sing nothing but Halleluiahs as their little bird feet cling to metal shopping cart cages and squares, glinting in the light of everything's demise.

Styrofoam peanuts, bubble wrap, air pouches and packing blanket squares the same color as dryer sheets (but ten plies thicker) are all buried a mile below the birds and some of the most comfortable packing crates have human hearts still in transit downward where they belong. Coffin cloth against corpses holding unopened boxes of macaroni and cheese in place of gold wedding rings because the dead may need another easy meal on their way to Nirvana where the witch and the lion are still pumping out as much propaganda for the son of god as possible. It doesn't hurt to fabricate; fabric never hurts unless it's a blanket stuck with briar balls, pine needles and baby rock pebbles when you're trying to enjoy the city-dimmed stars on the outskirts of town with a warm fleshy friend eager for spitting in your mouth; and you're ever so eager to spit back everything that love means to you with the multitude of individually charged, bio-chemically altered cells composing the totality of your bodily existence, giving you seemingly more layers, voices and joys than your blood can endure. Lips warmly

writhing and sucking briefly yet timelessly the wet warmth and quickly cold spittle of a chilly night. Cold hands groping still clothed, yet surprisingly warm appendages and fabrics; scented both artificially and humanly—more pitches and tensions in a passing second than the most irresponsible book ever written...

## *Day*

Blue chair, seated, scratching the nose while our heel hurts slightly from remaining motionless for too long: it's a random day a few months before February and it might also be an election year for a pope a president, a banker or a mud puddle. Do you think landfills are maybe like cells of the human body since thin trash bags keep the vital innards from mixing in with the other trash bag cells of the Leviathan in waiting...city after city after city...the multi-sized, multi-colored trash bag cells of a used up earth: cinched tight to limit the smell, the worms are still adapting a taste for all that plastic and Styrofoam; in fact they still haven't even gotten use to all our throw away hamsters, goldfish, gods and monarchies. How can it be an insult to call something trash? Every alternative at every moment is trash! Trash summons infinity in two directions, past and future. The air, water, food and sky-scrapers of the future will all be forged out of yesterday's trash. Life is rubbish. The world is bio-waste, carbon clay and protein synthesis.

The head hurts to see too long in terms of negation: surprise plentitude of unlimited directions and horizonless knowledge. Baudelaire wrote two good poems, Whitman wrote a handful more, but a four day camping trip means more un-written poems than I have the courage to imagine. We even scold our friend for snapping pictures like a tourist because life interrupted, life clinging, life hiccupping and jolted by attachment severs the continuous flow of experiential continuity; stopping for each so called "pretty-picture" is blasphemy to the entire miracle non-miracle whose kingdom acknowledges no good, no evil, no beauty, no ugliness. Halting aesthetics implies a halting heart: a human ungratefulness: a photographers gall.

Given a camera, I'll hurl it into the landscape and patiently watch it for a decade to see all the poses and attitudes it accomplishes there. A Tarot deck of twenty one cards is exactly what nature intended as its lowest common denominator of appreciation. I think feelingly in the



skin of my body and with the fluctuating awareness of past and future moods absorbing the psychical states and dynamisms of others while still managing to touch this very moment here and now with the trick of a metaphor, a simile or the meteoric epiphany of a poet stabbed with daggers made of ice. All directions at once. Total nonsense—we're still not lunatic enough to become god in a straight jacket! The metered poetry and redundancy borrowed mythology of Milton's Paradise Lost is no more than a sliver caught under my thumbnail—I'll pull it with my teeth, lick the blood and taste the ecstasy of its removal all in one motion, completely unconscious of what I've proved as I'm proving it. Borrowed mythology? Borrowed metaphors? Metered lines for the sake of painting the nihilistic lips of that bastard son of God Milton never had the courage to fully become? Always a pretext, an excuse, and a reason for an elongated religious rhyme—I was already narcotic and multiple from my first sentence: that son of a bitch wimp: for fucks sake, I'm not even trying and everything careful is surprised without forethought, alteration, hesitation, cleverness or feigning. Never once, a second wasted pandering to a one-sided beauty—as if the very opposite weren't equally prophetic, wonderful and diabolical! Arcane magic of seeing crookedly. Cheers for bean plants, corn rows, and musk oil! Cheers for corn cereal, corn tortillas, corn starch and corn candy. Cheers for lemonade, potassium and feet. Cheers for ice cubes, air ports and the clinking sound of gulping down fire. Sincerity is too cheap! A real poet has no use for static poses: ever changing and twisting from inward to outward blindness and eyesight, if its not torture its not worth doing while smiling. I won't smile if smiles are had too cheaply. I won't wince in pain if pain is too easily had in abundance. Go not to the house of mirth but go instead to the sunless houses of torment and tragedy: what mighty companions we forge in the communion with sorrow—never too sincere (For death is a jester) and never too flighty either, the houses of sorrow serve the finest feasts! Faster motion seems to slow the entire image, almost to a crawl or a standstill, yet it moves—still it moves! If I were to spend 400 or 4000 pages in concentrating the atomic blast of a single metaphor, and still call it but a prelude to a novel, would that even do justice to reality if the reality I yearned to describe was the night my friend and I closed the bar, locked the door and said goodbye to the waitresses, then proceeded to eat too much food at a café only to wander lazily toward his apartment, realize he'd forgotten the key and discover his sleeping girlfriend upstairs had know way of hearing us or letting us in. Christ! We spent the next three hours sitting on the curb until seven in the morning talking about a million stupid drunken things as the light of

morning gradually transformed the prosaic Fargo North Dakota buildings into one thousand attitudes and one thousand shades of gradually brightening surrealism as sleep beckoned to us and we fought hard against it only to have our thoughts keep landing on images of the girl sleeping upstairs until the beautiful Sabrina finally opened the door only to reawaken in body the refreshed cheeks and disheveled hair the night had kept from us; she finally opened the door for my friend in her faded little boy pajamas and she looked just as plain and enticing as the new day dawning. I left alone, probably to sleep it away—the day and its dawning hopes, but I don't really remember much after that...I probably passed out on a park bench five blocks away...the city park behind the banks, where the squirrels yell at you for sitting still. Nothing much to go back to in my own rented house. Better to watch the sunrise on a park bench. As my eyes shut against the burn of the morning everything I wanted in the entire world (besides Sabrina) was to somehow channel a description of that night with my friend—all our laughter, our steps, the changing light, the alcohol, the surreal mood of simply being young and free and pointlessly wanting not to have to endure so much freedom and joy as we had, despite our mutual vexations and lyrical sadness in still feeling a love for the strangeness of being alive to so much possibility while also tending to the job of serving bitter old drunks who swore and mistreated us until we punched out at after two thirty A.M. and left the bar laughing about the same insult we'd both managed to absorb and transform. We hated being abused and we hated serving others night after night without any hope of escape or ambition to move on. We really were sad, and the atmosphere of sadness grated on us because we felt such vigor and fight within us and nothing at all to show for it. We divided our jar of dog-eaten, mange-eaten dollar bills and those paid for the café meal; later, the stolen six pack of the good beer we couldn't afford got us through the night on the curb, but all the same we were much too sad and much too young to have felt anything but the extreme severity of every fiber of experience, just as it ought to be felt—in a state of bitter-sweet contradiction I'm still lamenting ten years later.

## *Day*

Lost our innocence. Use to be such a pup and hardly knew it. Must have been why they ridiculed it, because it caused so much tension—its too painful for both sides: being pure and facing purity is

hell both ways: now its all lost and no less painful. God I'm an old fucking man and still young by the world's standards!

The problem with over-saturation of thought and experience is indirect: every human, no matter how hardened or numb, still thinks of themselves innocently and gently as if they still fully retained a child-like emotional virginity: pleasure in returning to that psychological state: pleasure in further mortifying it: humor (all humor) derives from this unspoken point of departure. Innocence makes assumptions with incomplete information and when we realize it's having done so we recognize the nature of stupidity and childishness as the ontological ground of our being.

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Not day dreaming, day dissolving; into incoherence, gusts of visual material blow past for no exact reason. Dreams are closer to contentment than choice. A dream urge and dream choice is a mockery of urge itself. In one segment of a dream sequence I was racing around in a sports car near the part of town with the church I attended as a child, then trying to hide from the police for traffic violations; then using a cell phone to call a number which opened my friend's apartment where I and my car hid in the living room until the police had given up, then I was checking out items as a cashier in place of the real cashier because the cashier was missing and a line of shopping carts began to form so I put my own groceries aside to help the others, but the whole time I had the strange feeling I was supposed to be cooking pancakes and really wanted pancakes only to eventually become a super-hero character for the remainder of the dream doing various super hero tasks until a female musician from a concert I attended whispered something uplifting in my ear even though she was supposed to marry someone else very soon and I was still tending to groceries, hiding in a living room with a sports car and playing super-hero all while I re-attended the concert and exchanged sweet nonsense words with the intriguing musician lady...then there was something about a very expensive rifle and the super-hero becoming a religious figure. I awoke more joyful for having dreamed of a hero instead of a depressing vision of my great grandmother's death in a nursing home at age 97 when I was ten years old and my mother had left my brother and I in a parked Buick in a dark parking lot outside the nursing home until 3am, but I couldn't sleep so I looked at my baseball cards in the light of the sardonic peach tinted lamps of the nursing home parking lot

through the window of my grandmother's stupid car while my great grandmother slowly died. Eventually my mother came for me to show me my great grandmother one last time while she was choking and vomiting a strange shaving cream-like foam out of her lungs and barely maintaining the ability to breathe between garbles and snorts like a hell-pig in the form of a dehydrated old woman weighing no more than seventy five pounds by now. I was angry at my mother and grandmother for holding me hostage all night, waiting around for hours and hours for the great grandmother's pointless death; death meant I no longer had to feel the discomfort of waiting in a cramped car in the dark or a strange smelling nursing home lobby or a small uncomfortable hospital style room—exactly the same 3 bed layout as the room I was confined to when I checked myself into a mental ward for suicidal ideation, but seven years later. Death meant the end of an ordeal for both myself and my great grandmother, but my mother seemed to hope for recovery and prolonged life even though the poor woman's mind had been nearly blank for more than a decade. My mother seemed unable to really imagine death as a possibility. Here, this uneducated 98 year old woman, lying in this nursing home bed without having improved her fifth grade education these last twenty years; a pathetic farm girl in the body of a gnarled, vein exposed, wrinkle bodied crone squinting her glasses and pawing at a few random passages of the bible with failing eyesight for who knows how many years. The book itself must have been magical, socially important, and promised some vague reward which never once succeeded as living poetry and flow of life for her illiterate farm girl sensibility...and her eyes had all the awareness of a cow or a scared rabbit caught in a cold yet numbing mental trap when she began to cough up white foam in front of an eight year old with a stack of baseball cards and his brother, an angelic five year old boy with bright blond hair who sometimes got mistaken for a little girl while he too was alternately bored and afraid of this withered hell-pig writhing in her uncomfortable bed. The grunting crone of a body dying in front of us as we were forced to watch; it almost seemed as if my mother and grandmother needed to sadistically punish us children in order to cope with the ungodly horror in front of them, and my mother hit me and my grandmother firmly pinched my shoulder and pointed crazily at her own mother, shouting incomprehensible streams of little memories and good things about the dying woman and how we ought to be reverent or patient or well-behaved because the dying woman was going back to god and my grandmother's lunatic hand pinching my collarbone was part of god's plan as well; this abusive display of two hysterical women—both

mothers—in front of a dying great grandmother and their physically controlling, mentally out of control fixations, dread and adrenaline; their verbal propaganda which lasted for hours and hours in and around the nursing home room; and while I write these sentences the same crow has flown into my living room window twice in a suicidal attempt to gain admittance like some harbinger of evil from the underworld I'm describing, but I assure you, at this moment, I'm perfectly awake; in fact, even as a ten year old child I was perfectly awake to the hypocrisy and absurdity of my mother and grandmother's superstitious reality and the injustice of their abuse; even as a child I already felt a deep intuition of what emotional equilibrium ought to feel like; I never needed a system of morality to intuit the corruption of other systems of coercive being and doing. Even with taffy in my mouth and a stick of ball-player cards in my hand, I looked at the freakish orange-yellow light of the nursing home parking lot from a locked car in the middle of the night and I hated my absent mother so much I'd have given my own life a hundred times over to see her dead or in place of my great grandmother, suffering and choking like the hell-pig she morally was.

When she finally did die six years later, my wish had only grown in intensity, and when a church woman tried to console me by telling me my dead mother was now an angel, I smiled and rejoined her comment by saying, deviously, "No mam, I think she always was one..." but I neglected to mention which circle of hell she had always presided over, for there both angels above and angels below, according to the mythological systems of the superstitious...

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The biography of a couch cushion, a stapler or a fragrance. The biography of a wasp, an ornament or a house full of my lunatic grandmother's news clippings and other valueless physical attachments hoarded into piles and barely navigable pathways between rooms, each filled with the senseless mementos and debris of a lifetime. With the ten thousand autistic clues and paper scrap paragraphs each dated and meticulously collected chaotically, a talented writer could dream up an almost Proustian biography of his grandmother if he loved her even a little, but I hate that vile woman too much for words; her possessions deserve to burn in hell with her for eternity as punishment for the heartless and inhuman aspect of her existence. It gives me pleasure to acknowledge her half-pack rat daughter—my mother's sister—right at this moment trying to make sense out of her senilic mother's partially

autistic collection of church programs, flyers, pamphlets, magazine clippings and carefully collected holiday cards with trite, meaningless religious quotes and rhymes which insult every fiber of my own vocation and quasi-religious calling: poetry aimed to transcend the vulgarity of one-sided beauty: fanatic laziness of an uncorrupted soul wearing one hundred layers of feces, vomit, cruelty, disappointment, abuse and absurdity for all to admire and passingly forget in the healthy, unfettered manner they ought to because life is a passing by, a going beyond and a flowing further, not towards a sacred meaning, but within the semi-sacredness of all possible meanings and relations.

## *Day*

“Do you see yourself as more active or passive?” asks the male psychologist to the female patient.

“I don’t know. I’m not sure” She replies.

“Ah, that’s a perfectly passive response. Only the active force asserts ‘for’ and ‘against’. The passive quality remains passive in everything, including its non-assertion of certainty. You’ve evaded yes and no because yes and no are both active assertions. True passivity cannot even acknowledge its own attributes and its own case in relation to the other. Self and other are merged as one in the most extreme exemplars of pacifism. One perceives deeply, yet one’s perception serves no adaptive functions since it cannot form uses or judgments regarding what it has accumulated.”

## Part XI

### *Greenmire Way*

*“Sky-ladders fixed and bridge across chasms  
That reach the mark where the sun turns her team of Dragons  
And stretching far below to the swollen, swirling torrents:*

*There, the yellow cranes flight cannot reach  
Gibbons and monkeys moan as hands fail  
There, the Greenmire Way winding on and on  
Takes nine turns every hundred steps... ”*

-Li Po





## *Day*

A vaginal scream crowned my head. Borrowed pain, then flesh diminished; a new river opened. Fragile eyes with the suspicion of a miracle blinked twice only to see an abyss yawning the redundancy of flesh and the proliferation of tears. Into the red dust with a gamblers irony and a mother's innocence, the die is cast. Preceded occasionally by excrement—for the ordeal summons groaning—pride and humiliation ought never to have gotten confusedly pulled apart. The greatest mortal labor is to return to ones origins, accepting finally the waste-cloth Buddha, the mid-wife Buddha, the urine pan Buddha and the new-born protests of day old Buddha.

A vaginal scream crowned my head. One hundred thousand Gods reached out with their million illusions and their feathered wings, but nothingness rose even above them and I, the vessel of illusion and emptiness itself greeted the thousand armed throng of demiurgical whispers with mirth and laughter, or the indifference of a blade of grass, rooted, yielding, pointlessly mute like the solitary hair staked and leaning from a man's shoulder, a bit greasy and hapless as well due to its strange position between heaven and earth. Am I a butterfly dreaming I'm a man or a dream dreaming the mirror of a vast network of interrelated fixations unbalanced?

Another fire begins elsewhere each time the maiden cuts the thread, dropping the silken bobbin into her lap, landing in the basket of her dress as the needle continues to move, never piercing, never destroying, but instead, moving imperceptibly between strands of cloth never truly joined.

On the saintly path, all my seeds would be stiffened to ruin. On the saintly path, I weave more nightmares than blessings. On the saintly path all my seeds would be stiffened to ruin. On the saintly path, all my seeds would be stiffened to ruin.

**A** vaginal scream crowns my head.

**B**reathing, breathing, breathing, spirit Maya down the barrel of a gun in self defense against an egg carton worth of Albert Fish impersonators.

**C**ontinue wheezing, frequently interrupted by rules, armed against myself and others as the very newspaper in my hands spills like milk onto the floor; a moment of shattering glass on contact with the individual phrases, syllables, sounds, voices of locomotive engines shrieking, alto, tenor and baritone fifths near some city park.

**D**iligent.

**E**ncompassing.

**F**earful as priests counting money on elephants near a mouse who sneezes on purpose near a gargantuan toe nail in order to be pushed into the earth by a frying pan foot with the weight of every mouse ever born coming down at once with snorting tusks of perfect ivory piano keys, organized in sentences alphabetically in total contempt of horoscopes and astromancers who feed on the swindle of lice, pinching the blood out of them with the most splendid pinchers—fingertips plucking fates a moment before or a moment afterwards using the tension of harp strings to mathematicize the sensuality of one human destiny at a time.

**G**ang green riddles off my arm with bone saw inaccuracy even as trees come apart over the workshop of animal bodies and tools of the taxidermy student learning the soaking debauchery of flesh protesting change.

**H**ow now my friends of political ambition?

**I**nside the brain, inside each private squirrel, zebra, ox and duck thought, a manifesto of Hitlerian perseverance rises up from the loins to preserve a separate and unequal race of ducks, race of squirrels, race of fish, race of tigers, antelope, and centipedes obviously struggling against the master architect subaltern demiurgical mania of the homosapien scourge, so relentless and bloody in itself it would continue total warfare and pitiless selection for the sake of a nose, a color, a bank note, a flag or a religious poem until finally improvement is shown the mirror of corpse-piles; national cemeteries in endless repetition of white sticks—the total dominance of a nation of dullards and pedagogues who exercise strictly one hour in the evening and one hour in the morning while thugs and propaganda mongers repaint their every truth with the wash-cloth excuse of a world concept—life as a means, to what exactly?

**J**oy of Birds?

**K**ill Aristophanes too!

**L**i Po as well!

**M**ining the depths of poetry for a master race, the Hindu caste system, the fabulous negations of the Buddha, the audacity of Moses and Abraham, the fanatical pacifism of early Christians, the flesh eating Aztec hierophants, the bewildering strophes and anti-strophes of surrealists and pederasts contemplating the extremely subtle sensitivity of Maldoror's youthful author...or Oppenheimer's beautiful mathematics come to life—physics already demonstrated an act of such inimitable force and potency the world has yet to comprehend how the smallest division whatsoever also unleashes the dragon of atomic potential.

**N**othing greater than the smallest discovery.

**O**ppenheimer: A mustard seed and a mountain.

**P**ray and keep faith that one day all may join hands and count aloud the final seconds before our unanimous planetary suicide; prayer of revelation from the holy book of physics; holy book of process itself—non-moral, non-bias.

**Q**uestion no more.

**R**esist the image of a tarantula placed atop an inflated beach ball with its pointed legs spanning the globe of red white and yellow stripes; octoscopic image of confusion returning our nausea with its own eight eyed anxiety.

**S**tereophonic reality muted somewhat by irregular palpitations from our chest speeding up and slowing down noticeably due to lack of sleep, inability to sleep—forsaken or seemingly tongueless like a whale swallowing clouds of red krill, the dietary habits of a street sweeper singing an anthem of quiet curses under his breath, slightly quieter than his breath, slightly more invisible than his breath as the wind undoes the work of his every labor, as if he were God himself not yet finished or resolved enough to stop competing against the powers of chaos whose inherent indifference infinitely dissolve even the most persistent dreams of rebellion as effortlessly as the wind pushing dust; what sayeth the pride of God as the leaves whither towards mother chaos, once more falling through the nets of divinity, changing and unpreserved...exceeding the limits of even Heaven's nostalgia as pack-

rat angels put chicken bones into filing cabinets, ineffectually attempting to approximate the reversal of death, one field sample, one pin carcass monarch wing specimen at a time as nothingness laughs tragic spittle of aeons upon a library collection whose rooftop has just succumbed to a cyclone.

**T**est and re-test the limitations of mortal ears.

**U**nilateral paralysis of common speech: this is not for show: this is not excess: this is what every moment is like for those who go beyond fabrication into the brazen heart of the tempest.

**V**iolence inherent wherever skin is peelingly torn away and false masks of sanity come unbound.

**W**hetting the blade to a finer and finer precipice, cant you see that predictability is retreat into habit, indolence, laziness, sloth and centegenarian excuses for shutting ones eyes?

**X**-axis positivism—the horizontal progression of a creature without a spiritual asymptote, bored easily, as impatient as a knife balancing on its point, hoping to stab its way into a new conversation, a new distraction, a new piece of meat, a new altitude, a new social honor, a new pair of dark sun glasses, a new magazine cover, a new ulcer, a new bed pan and a new grave.

**Y**es must be the gateway into the land of the red dust, where Madeline tea and shoe lace suicides keep the accountants busy balancing the gains and losses for the next ten thousand years and maybe five hundred before this one.

**Z**ero need to postulate which world concept to choose, for there is only one and that concept banishes all others...it in fact invites all concepts at once like this:

**A**vaginal scream crowned my head departing.

**B**efore birth, where hides my anxiety, my pride, my wish to live, my need of power, my desire to fornicate?

**C**ancellation in reverse; cancellation before zero.

**D**evelopment must be some sort of hideous repetition.

**E**cstatic renewal, perhaps but at what price?

**F**rom what thought process arose these hands, these lips, these eyes, these errors?

**G**rim reality: I am the most perfect being my direct bloodline has produced since the inception of life itself: I am denial: I am negation: I am so proud and prodigal I would totally forsake my every blood relative in favor of my own Nirvana, and because I am last, I am right: I am the final possessor of this changing scrapbook of re-written history and revisionist truth: I am the conclusion of this tedious drama and inevitably all dramas to come because human destiny either passes into oblivion with lucidity or it passes with illusion: Because I am illusion, I am also lucidity.

**H**elplessly flung into this realm of shadows and pitiable red dust.

**I**ll fortune'd 'Man', custodian and zoo keeper of this earth (an earth who has no real use for his projects but no heart to tell him so as he stocks pallets and pallets of merchandise in store houses with the radio blaring just below the winding sound of his forklift motor).

**J**ester kissing skull of the poet, penniless and destitute but ironically rich beyond measure in a private, semi-miraculous currency, daily pulled towards the errors of composite humanity, but for the grace of nothingness I escape the myriad errors, but for the grace of nothingness go I, with the march of livestock, but for the grace of nothingness I no longer discern any boundary between myself and the slaughterhouse, myself and the carnival, myself and the fate of Poland, Canada, Israel, Greece, Romania and that continent of prisoners South of India.

**K**achinas dancing in masks, one for every nation, a Pueblo Indian doll exported to every conceivable shore, played with by hands of every color, future mothers of every color—skin is the most obvious mask of all.

**L**ift the veil friend, only two or three alleles on a single chromosome determine pigment, hair color, retardation, gender and lifespan.

**M**ight not all human struggle to attain this or that hereditary form eventually have to realize the total plasticity of genetic potential, not as an ideal but as a null matrix of synthetic possibility without history or privilege, having totally outgrown the fairytale importance of

class struggle, race struggle, political struggle and religious struggle in exchange for the horror of the non-thing that is the flesh of human life.

**N**ot that Utopia is ever to be had, but rather, the act of adaptation itself is obsolete the moment the genome is laid out and fully unraveled.

**O**rdure of ruined grain, stench and refuse of centuries, look you there at destiny complete—not an individual but a matrix of protein data staring back at us; staring back at the flawed bio-computer itself. Potentially liberating, potentially disastrous, what more have we to learn or do or fight over but the price of investment finance, stock portfolios, college scholarships and track and field statistics.

**P**roud of your religion still, even as it dies; Proud of your nation still, even as it waxes meaningless; Proud of your old battles and your old prejudices still, even as the present moment proves you are still incapable of mastering this very moment here and now?

**Q**uite a strange notion to feel any sort of reactionary attitudes whatsoever without going the distance back to the source of all life, all biology, all religious mania, all political delusions, all sexual impulses and in short every possible attachment to emotional reality and meaning since the first sermon of the Buddha.

**R**esolve to this idea: only one type of reactionary exists in harmony with the reality of the cosmos: the Nihilist.

(Summon courage friend, our poems nearing its end!)

**T**owards inner chaos—let that be the aspiration.

**U**niversally beseeching nothingness, not in order to become a saint, but in order to rise above the idea of Gods towards the force which humiliates all forms and all gods.

**V**ain short-sightedness of humanity—to have spent even one second lamenting this void; to have knelt in sadness against nothingness in protest of nothingness, at war against nothingness when really they should have done exactly the opposite!

**W**hy the yearning toward God if nothingness surpasses God?

**X**anthoma as metabolism fails, the yellowing of skin unable to digest fatty material—wide bellied sage devours to the point of

absurdity, content in having finally understood how to eat chaos and smuggle chaos within himself.

**Y**in of laughter.

**Z**ero birth eating its way to a zero return: privileged zero: the universal zero: incarnate dreaming of nymphalidae: Mourning cloak with its purple wings, or Monarch orange, Red Admiral red, Common Buckeye brown, each dreaming they are kings and conquerors because of the poets who named them: Hyper-reality begins with Chang Tzu and butterflies: Witness the cocoon opening.

**A** vaginal scream crowns my head: king of no place. Kierkegaard. Cemetery. Sovereign nothing.





**Part XII**  
*Cosmic Narcissism*



## *Day*

Abraham mirrors God. Abraham deserves to *be* God. Abraham surpasses God. Abraham creates God: Nihilistic epistemology: absurd faith: will to power: refutation of all frames of reality in favor of the beyond.

The first back-worlds man never bothers to shed any light upon how and why nihilistic epistemology entered existence. Nihilistic epistemology preceded him. Pre-existed him. Even if Abraham could have grasped it or pointed the way to it, he was already on the road to seduction by and for it.

## *Day*

Through human sacrifice, Abraham first opened the gateway to Hell. Through human sacrifice, religion was born, tearing its way into this unsuspecting and all-too-innocent world. Through human sacrifice, evolution gained an unimaginable milestone. Through human sacrifice, Abraham incarnated the Devil who, who was also God and Christ, Tiger and Dragon, Faith and Doubt, Shiva and Tao.

Abraham let the serpent into this world. Abraham invented the Devil.

A personal God automatically incarnates a personal Devil.

Psychology is only a Novocain and an opiate for not letting imaginary hells get too far out of control. Psychology never yet asked itself whether or not it were also a great error to have been born in the first place...and if it did, pray tell us what for?

## *Day*

Once upon a time three men were being crucified in the middle of the afternoon. Their conversation might have went like this:

“Are you really the son of God?” Asked the first crucified thief.

“I am, and whosoever believeth in me shall be granted a mansion in my father’s kingdom.” Said a crucified rabbi who was wearing a crown of thorns.

At this declaration, the silent thief to the right of the rabbi raised his eyebrow.

“I believe in you!” Shouted the first thief in a fit of ecstasy. “Promise I’ll be saved! Promise me eternal life!”

“Before the sun goeth down, you and I shall dine together in paradise.” Assured the rabbi with the crown of thorns.

“By Jove! This is madness!” Exclaimed the other thief, as rudely as possible. “I only stole an ox. What did I ever do to deserve this lunacy! Nailed up like a puppet, while another puppet plays puppeteer to yet another puppet beneath him!”

“For your crime, I forgive you. Only repent and trust in me, and you too may join us in paradise.” Said the rabbi.

At this offer, the ox thief with the rude voice remained silent. Sweat was already dripping from his forehead and chin. A deep contempt burned from behind his scarred and weather-beaten face. At first he felt too angry to speak, but his anger gave way to curiosity and his eyes looked up and down at the generous martyr, surveying his wounds. The tension the thief read in the martyr’s hopeful smile became his own, and the more he looked, the more he saw the crucified man as he really was. The more he looked in earnest and with pity, the more he learned and the more he was able to steal from him...after all, he was a thief by profession, and no thief can do without first knowing the limitations of his victim.

“I am ashamed.” Confessed the scarred thief, as his stare melted into complete communion with mortal suffering. In the short, yet transcendent interval from silence to confession, the scarred thief felt a new sense of identity and a new sense of power well up where he had not expected to find it. Despite his dehydration and his loss of blood, he felt lightsome and lively once more...and all this at only the first hint of the poetry to follow. “Forgive me. I am sorry for the hurt I’ve caused this world. I too would like to die with my heart unburdened of

shame. I trust you rabbi. I trust your idea of repentance. I already feel relief by it.” Mused the scarred thief, who only a moment ago had taken a sarcastic tone.

“I forgive you. Your repentance opens the door to Heaven. Soon we shall be together in paradise.” Said the blasphemer with the crown of thorns.

“But rabbi, I never asked for paradise, I only asked for pardon.” Corrected the thief.

“And I pardon you in the name of God. Would you like to join me in Paradise?” Asked the rabbi.

“No.” Replied the thief.

“Why do you decline my friend? All are worthy of God’s grace. Why do you refuse?”

“Because I’ve already seen the light of the world. I’m already in paradise. Your lunacy quiets my heart as if it were truly the divine intercession and secret wish I had refused to speak. Your offer already existed in my weary life before you extended it to me...perhaps it was my only true wish...my only remaining hope. You divined it even before I had the sense to ask for it. I want to believe in Heaven, but I want to believe in man’s freedom more...yet today, both Heaven and freedom crumble before my eyes. What use is asking whether or not men want that which they already want? What progress is that? What challenge is that? If you want to teach the world a new trick, ask them to accept something they do not want and still refuse to want. Ask them to be content and in paradise here and now. Ask them to admit this life is a malignant nullity. A void. An illusion. A moment ago I repented to you. Today, the ox thief and the Son of God exchange fates. I only stole an ox, and I repented of it to you as if you were God himself. Bless you child, for a brief moment I wanted to believe in forgiveness so badly I confessed and trusted you. Now, in the crucified shadow of the Son of God, I offer you the same opportunity. Trade souls with me. I only stole an ox; you my friend, are still straining to your last breath to steal paradise and become a martyr for it...But even your disciples have deserted you. Your gospel here only reaches two thieves. No one else is listening. At first I wanted to mock you, but then I realized the anguish of dying without compassion and I allowed

myself to really listen and hear your words, your belief and your suffering as if for the first time; and do you know what I hear and see? I see a man carrying the weight of the entire world only for the sake of crushing his own pride. I forgive you, good shepherd. I forgive you. Maybe it's all necessary—all our crimes and lunacy and repentance, but it need not end in pain. Trade souls with me friend. Become a simple man once more. Let me be the world-redeeming martyr in your stead, as you finally confess to me and unburden *your heart* of its folly. This moment right now, this for me is a perfect paradise and a mansion of gold!" Said the crucified thief, staked to the right of the thorn crowned martyr.

"But the nails in our hands and the blood!" Protested the other dying thief to the left of the rabbi. "I'm in pain!" He shrieked.

"The nails are gone. My hands are healed. I'm holding newborn chickadees." Exclaimed the scarred thief, still nailed exactly where he was. "Our blood is a communion. A river of happiness; an expensive and rare dye for the red cloak I've always wanted. Extra drips to the red dust I've always been! I only stole an ox and today I'm in paradise. I die care free, happy and jubilant. I almost want to sing...why steal heaven rabbi? Why not repent just once for your crime against the people and against yourself. Give over. I'll take the burden of your shame and I'll make it my own. You've already dreamt deeper dreams and had more epileptic fits of God than ever I could summon! You've given hope to the wretched, but one final test remains. You must admit your own wretchedness. I'll not allow you to steal the heavens so easily or postpone them until this evening as you've promised the other man. Let go your burden. Forsake God in order to attain God. Let go paradise in order to realize this paradise right here and now. Do you think this is the end? Three more men are to be crucified tomorrow afternoon. Three more the day after that, and three more in every district and colony attached to Rome; the sun goes round and round—no mortal day passes without an execution. The sun never sets without visiting at least one condemned man. This doesn't end here Yeshua. Even the un-criminal and righteous have a debt of life to be paid back. How many more times would you be willing to repeat your life? Or have it repeated by others? If you have the audacity to answer '*eternally and forever*' then I too shall bow my head and call you the Son of God, but if you hesitate or you openly suffer or you doubt the nature of what paradise is to mortal men, then I too forsake you and damn you with the rest."

“I would repeat my own life as many times as it takes.” Replied the rabbi.

“Then you are the Son of God and I am a lowly thief whose only notable deed was stealing an ox from my brother in law.”

“And I forgive you for that crime. Your voice is transformed. Your faith inspires me, good thief. You would have done well as a disciple or a preacher, had I only known you sooner...” Lamented the rabbi.

“What I am, all men can be, had they the good fortune to suddenly awake to it.” Said the scarred and fast dying thief.

“Do you believe I am the Son of God?” Asked the blasphemer rabbi once more, with a hint of mortal anxiety in his voice.

“Absolutely not, but I pity your sadness and your burden.” Spoke the thief.

“Those words sting my flesh as if I were whipped once more for the first time!” Protested the martyr.

“Trade souls with me rabbi. I don’t want your kingdom or your paradise, but I’ll carry the burden of it, if it will ease your suffering to repent your pride in the final hour...” Offered the poetic ox thief.

“I will not repent...” Spoke Jesus Christ.

“This too, you realize, will have to be repeated an infinite number of times...” Spoke the Devil.

And Jesus wept.

## *Day*

Humans, animals, trees and buildings each have shadows. Ideas also have shadows. One cannot take a form without producing a shadow negation. Each idea brings forth a silhouette of non-thing, such that scholars and theologians drive themselves mad trying to rid the

world of shadows and non-things. Where the idea dissolves, its shadow dissolves with it.

Sometimes men call these shadows the devil. In the Shadow of Christ, a devil arises. In his own shadow, Christ is un-made and dethroned. Christ's devil is humor, joy and contentment. In striving for the one example, he ruined not only the multitude, but he also marred the one grace he was attempting to put forth.

No idea is safe from its shadow. An idea and its shadow nullify one another. Do not be surprised at this teaching. You shall behold it everywhere.

To the extent an idea is useful, we may ignore its shadow, but if an idea makes claims upon us, and we put a mirror up to that same idea it should maintain its integrity and double its effectiveness by way of that mirror.

If an idea cannot withstand its own mirror image, its power has already dissolved away. Only an impotent form and shell of its former self remain.

## *Day*

The world needs a Surrealist Shakespeare, somehow blending Titus Andronicus, Henry Miller, Ibsen, Strindberg's Inferno and Samuel Beckett.

High poetry without the constraint of reality or Elizabethan ethics. Depressive hysteria and anxiety embodied. Plays that finish with a protagonist screaming at the Pedestrians in the street, "Why are you even alive!?!"



*Day*

## Through the Eye of a Needle

A Play

Concerning an Ox Thief and a False Prophet

Premise: To demonstrate the rise and fall of a megalomaniac prophet and the ox thief who follows his progress only to accidentally perpetrate a crime leading him to the same trail and the same fate. The ox thief poetizes many of Christ's teachings and also ridicules their weak points. He explains how the camel only passes through the eye of the needle through illusion when held close to the eye, subjectively. The needle point is man in relation to the cosmos. The ox thief exclaims himself: "If even this great man cannot fathom the way of Heaven, then one might more easily split an atom than discover the nameless way. A blind dung beetle has more chance of suspecting the curvature of the planet while perched on a flat surface than a mortal who preaches the final truths of god. If the ten million years before my existence were not yet enough, then why should the ten thousand years after me prove more fruitful? Unsuspecting and miraculous, the nameless creatures abide. Unsuspecting and miraculous, the ten thousand things never swerve from the nameless way; the way is change, balance, and reversal."

- Ox thief resembles the fate of Michelstaedter in love: one suicide and one girl of a different faith forbidden to marry him. Perhaps the ox thief is only at the end and a different man observes and criticizes the false prophet in prior circumstances.
- Accuse the Christ of using hypnosis and hallucinogenic drugs in the loaves and fishes. Accuse the disciples of telling tall tales of his miracles.
- Demonstrate the contagious germ of Messiah-neurosis in Herod, Magi, Joseph, and John the Baptist long before Christ's birth. Let all these previous delusions enkindle the delusions of Jesus, whose father was also given over to wild dreams and longings.
- Ridicule the one-sidedness of sermons, the pig headed megalomania, the inability to confront moral problems or

psychological necessities. The inability to be Zen, preach Zen or grasp Zen reversal or affinity.

- Show the gradual manifestation of complete megalomania in Christ. The slow germ which gradually expresses itself with greater and greater paranoia and longing for death coinciding with sexual repression, as seen in how he treats his disciples and what things he not only predicts but actually precipitates.
- Failures in heterosexual and homosexual liaisons
- Show parables as a sign of preferring seduction over honesty in matters of common feeling; active contempt.
- Old Sadducee cautions him: "My great grandfather once cautioned me for much the same reason I caution you now. A camel might more easily pass through the eye of a needle than for a man rich in spirit to let go the fantastic riches which keep from humble peace of mind. Look closely at yourself, that the largest thing might become small and the smallest thing become large—that through the eye of a needle you might once more behold the miracle of God. What is man's eye but a needle prick in this infinite cosmos? You teach men that the innocence of a child is the most holy thing, yet you are not this child, you are a charlatan and a loud talker. Let my words sting you like the head of a pin lest you should end as a cushion for spears and nails. The sage admonishes the virtues of children, yet secretly sets his own life at the value of a pin. Only the most useless thing is safe from harm." Christ misunderstands and misconstrues much of this old Man's advice...even going so far as to regurgitate and misquote him to chastise the rich on their lack of spiritual gifts, meanwhile continuing to let his own spiritual euphoria and megalomania swell.
- This play should be the most thoroughly unchristian play ever written. It should not only overturn the Christ story, but bring into question every one of its moral precepts in the only form worthy of demolishing them: Better poetry.

## *Day*

Theology sickens me. Monks and Saints seem to agree about the final roadblock faced by the ultra-pious being: Spiritual Pride.

If one begins by believing something infallibly good and positive lie at the end of the spiritual journey, how can they expect this road to lead them anywhere other than bigotry, pride, puffery and nonsense?

From the beginning, one should have seen the danger. Those who see the end at the beginning and the beginning at the end never make a journey, never come into conflict, and never depart from what they already are.

I never wanted any journeys. I never wanted to become a better person or a different person. I followed only the path of negation. I stripped away the debris of ideas and the shadows which came with them. A deep sense of futility led me to see futility everywhere. I never wanted futility. I am not an advocate of futility...but my negative path to attainment has never caused me anxiety or despair which wasn't already present in the futility I already had. Therefore, the sunny road and the dark road are but the same road. The sunny road ends in darkness. The dark road ends in sunrise. The preacher of paradise ends in nightmarish martyrdom. The preacher of horrific futility ends in subtle, long-lived joy. These two paths are one. Frightening are they who fail to realize it.

Kneeling on the altar of futility, my attainment is also futility. The question of pride never touches me. In my despair I have joy. In my joy I find despair. It's as if my words were a riddle or a joke. If you read them back to me, I would laugh.

Beware of joy. One cannot find it. One cannot declare a path to it. The mere idea already hinders us and makes us covetous of what little treasures we already have. If you want your disciples to mature, preach suffering. Hidden in the manure of suffering, I discovered the manure worm to be happy beyond all imagination. Keep on pointing to the manure worm. Eyeless and content.

What should the worm finally say, if it grew eyes for itself and understood what filth it had mistaken for joy?

## Day

With the bible, I also began at the ending. The final words of the Old Testament are:

*"I come and strike the earth with a curse."*

Malachi 4:6

What am I to make of this neurotic and earth cursing deity? I shrug my shoulders. In the silence of no Gods and no Holy books, my anxiety and my fatigue over existence devastate me. With the addition of a holy book filled with anxiety, fear and curses, I am in no way altered. Alone, my anxiety was my own. With God, my anxiety is sublimated into a deity who curses and domineers over the unrighteous in my stead. Alone, I keep my curses and my private anxiety to myself...but sublimated and made anonymous, look what men have done in the name of the anxious God? Look how loud they become when granted the opportunity to become his avatars. Worse still, I see those without sublimation grow alien and become amputated from their own psychology, such that the world becomes merely an object, an equation and a reasonable edifice, rotten and unstable at its very core.

Both theists and non-theists are ill and suffering from delusions of cosmic narcissism. The ordered world we see is only a thin veil hiding an inherited lineage of primordial madness. More order only summons up past ghosts of psychological retribution.

## Day

Locked in a room, bound in a strait jacket, I'm finally alone.

In my head there is but one God, one Devil, one Christ and one Buddha...and I invented myself as all of them.

When I am freed, I still count the same number of deities...I count one. Seeing the billions of people in their many beliefs, I still encounter only one: *my own*.

I fear I have already counted one too many.

## *Day*

Take a pill and you can be happy. Down a glass of alcohol and you can be happy. Accept this or that religious doctrine—this or that sublimation—and you can be happy.

I am not happy. I've taken all the pills. Tried all the drinks. Tasted all the religions. Read all the psychologies. I would make a poor example of Zen and an even worse priest of Tao. I am not content. I cannot force myself to be anything. I'm empty and suffering. I've tasted joy and despair. Nothing more surprises me. Acting towards new desire disgusts me. Thinking about acts of sexual desire disgusts me. I want to kill all life, or mutilate my own corpse for as long as possible on account of my hatred for life. I'm unhappy with myself. I'm unhappy with other people. I'm unhappy with human potential as it now stands and I'm unhappy with the future limitations of human potential I already foresee. Religion sickens me and I see its feeble utility in those who need it. Only poetry still has the power to intoxicate me and fool me into admiring anything. I've been this way for so long that I've never bothered to acquire a title or a profession, and I still see no purpose in doing so. I see the skull beneath the skin in every person I meet. Nothing but corpses ignoring corpses. If you tell people life is a dream and an illusion they'll call you mad and say the idea is only in your deranged head...but if you tell me your existence is actually something, then what shall I say to your corpse? Shall I shake the life-less dummy you've become and shout for you to justify yourself? And if not you, then the dream has only gone out as a contagion into the minds of others, who also dream and hope and pretend not to notice the horrific reality of passing lifetimes. We see an elderly person die, and we call it normal; we call it "the way of things", but I refuse to accept it. Why normal? Nothing is normal here. It's all arbitrary whether we live a thousand years or only an afternoon...there is no normal! It's all supernatural...even in our meticulous explanations of functionality, I still refuse to accept what is. Nothing forces us to believe or maintain this or that or any other custom, idea, feeling or pretense. My friend says something random and I smile. I feel my brain release a dopamine and I feel enjoyment despite my bitter agony. I'm a dopamine robot that has refused to function accurately. I've made my own theoretical understanding more powerful and sensitive than my corporeal body; hence, I am no longer on the same puppet strings of other mortals. In my agonic awareness, I pay the price for this lucidity, but this lucidity grants me nothing. In the end,

people fight to maintain and cling to life, not just thoughtfully, but animalistically and bodily. One cannot argue with them. They become ferocious and shout hungrily for their desires, demanding you also acknowledge their sublimated desires as an infallible reality. Approaching Zen, I see an immediate way to *remove discomfort* but that's not what I want. I don't want to evade anything. I want to stand up to the hydra and cut off all of its heads. Closing my eyes and pretending the monster doesn't exist gets me nowhere. I get only one life. How could I live with myself in knowing my every breath had been an evasive strategy or form of cosmic dishonesty. Shall I treat my body and my psyche as a machine in need of fixing or parenting? I am what I am. Suicides just pass away unnoticed. Their argument seems invalid to the rest...or worse, esoteric. But millions upon millions of human beings kill themselves. Lesser animals do not self-terminate. People do. That's already a problem. Consciousness is a problem. If I removed the problem from myself, then the world is suddenly, *minus one problem*. One less discontented person. So what? Whether by suicide or religion, the best I can do is become *minus one problem*...but what about the unborn. It's not only my existence that is a problem. We already stated, "Consciousness is a problem". Perhaps it is *the ultimate* problem. The remedy of myself is not so easy as just taking the pill myself. If I were playing for only myself, I'd have already folded. Consciousness is a problem to me, not just because I am myself, but because other people exist also and there is disunion, dispersion, disharmony and strangeness in having existence. I am, admittedly the extreme of all extremes...my nihilism outstrips every author I've ever encountered. My hatred surpasses even the most unrelenting tyrants, because I openly include myself in my furious outrage against what is. I've become cantankerous and sublimely vile. To the extent I put forth attitudes, I'm easily brushed aside as a crank, and I admit, I'm hardly able to do without attitudes when putting forth intuitions of the facts I gather from reality. I've had vile nightmares. Visions of terrorists who one day become like me and declare war on life, as if it were a thing we could eventually snuff out or rebel against. A future age where the religious terrorist is replaced by the nihilist terrorist who accounts it a curse to have been born; who looks at his immediate family, his ancestors and the prospect of his own future and declares it all to be worse than a nullity; a humiliation to even breathe. A being, slowly ramped up in complexity and intelligence until the final breaking point where it can no longer endure itself. A point where Genius intuition is so sudden, so complete and so constrained that only pointless brutality can bring calm thoughts once more. A future

evolution of our human brains at which point a boy of fifteen reaches or surpasses the mental depth of a Nietzsche or a Schopenhauer. Potentially, a future epoch of Zapffe's and Michelstaedters unleashed by accident upon parents with only half their genetic mental aptitude. And perhaps some of these beings ban together and find each other via our much prized social networks and satellite devices. War for territory is no longer meaningful. Only war for ideas and information remains worthy of the coming generations. Perhaps even more worthy still, is the declaration of war not in the name of gain, but for the sake of total loss; for angst only. For brutal catharsis only. I predict no more human victories for the human species. I predict imminent and pointless mayhem without explanation or justification. Nihilistic revolt against corporations, governments, leaders, preachers, schools, advertisers, entertainers and in short, every creature who still lays claim to a title or a purpose. If I could spare one being, it would be the man of no title.

Now do you see why I cannot content myself with exit or self-placation? I have seen visions. Perhaps they are only my damaged brain and my own damaged dreams. I wouldn't advocate any of the things I've stated or dreamed of, but the fact that I've dreamt them and intuited them means something. Right now, maybe it only means something to me. Hopefully that's all the farther it goes...but daily I consider the alternative...the possibility that I'm right.

## *Day*

Once while E.M. Cioran was meditating at the final outpost of human existence—which might also have been a brief moment of lucidity in a hospital bed during his bout of Alzheimer's—he thought he beheld a smiling Buddha coming towards him. As the Buddha came gradually closer and closer, the moaning and mumbling sounds of the infirm and dying geriatrics nearby mysteriously quieted. The Buddha leaned in near to Cioran's face and innocently asked him why his life had been so unhappy. To this, Cioran answered, "Perhaps it is because every night I dream I am the greatest man in the world." Buddha laughed and then replied, "That's the worst dream a mortal man can have. Do you know where you are now?"

"I'm where I've always been, ten steps from Nirvana, in the asylum culture of unending human torment."

“Well,” Said the Buddha, “Why not make a bit more effort and come into paradise with me?”

“That’s a lovely offer,” Said Cioran with a wry smile, “But what must I do?”

“You must simply become like me; let go your dreams of becoming the greatest man in the world; let go the source of your deep despair...” Pled the Buddha.

“Oh, but you’ve misunderstood my dream! Each night for my whole life, a Buddha such as yourself has pleaded with me to become the greatest man in the world, but each night I refuse him and remain here, at the final outpost of human existence. I’m only sad because I keep refusing to be the greatest man in the world of my fantasies, and each day I awake with a deep sense of loss and futility.”

“Cioran, this is the end. This is the final dream. I’m the final Buddha and this is your final chance to ascend. Come with me. Make the final few steps toward peace. Give up the dream of being the greatest man in the world.” Said the Buddha.

“Politely, I refuse your offer once more.” Said Cioran, and the great Buddha departed. Calmly, Cioran smiled away the very last drop of his human lucidity and thought to himself, “What a persistent fellow this Buddha is...And what? Would he have me give up my only cosmic solace as well?” Said Cioran with a chuckle.

As lucidity blinked out for Cioran, a mere ten paces shy of Nirvana, he smiled once more at having spurned the greatest man in the world...

## *Day*

What does Buddhism have to say about Judas?

“If you see the Buddha coming towards you on the path...”



## *Day*

I painted my door with lamb's blood, or child's blood...I forget which. Passover my house. Death ought not seek any future prophets from my loins. I've disposed of them myself, with modern techniques.

## *Day*

Tomorrow where is yesterday's smile,  
Yesterday's joy,  
Yesterday's hope,  
Yesterday's quest,  
Yesterday's dream?

In one hundred years, what names are left?  
What acts of benevolence are left?  
What accomplishments are not undone or forgotten?  
In one hundred years, who has changed?  
Who has been altered?  
Who has the ability to change even one fingernail of destiny?

Who after all,  
Has ever learned  
More than they were fit to learn from the beginning?

In one hundred years, who has understood my simple prose?

## *Day*

At the foreclosure of human time (take that phrase as you like!)  
What is identity?  
What was the individual?

At the foreclosure of human time  
Who is the doer?  
Who asks about the doer?

At the foreclosure of human time,

What did the mortal being digest?  
What did the mortal being excrete?

At the foreclosure of human time  
Anonymity reigns supreme,  
Never seeking or achieving anything.

Anonymity beclouds and veils our life.  
Anonymous will pushes toward doings and strivings  
Then one day, the force expends itself  
And returns to silence.

## *Day*

Misanthrope of complete trust—"I know exactly what the world is. What have I to fear, after having distrusted completely? I already have faith. I already trust how and when and why things will fail...and if I'm wrong, that's an unexpected gift, for a misanthrope."

**Part XIII**  
*The Man of No Title*

*Fork in the road,  
This way leads away from the crowd.  
That way leads back to the crowd.  
Turn around.  
Go back the way you came.*

*Visit once more  
The man of no title.*



## *Day*

Where can I find the man of no title?

## *Day*

I am not a mystic. I am not a Nihilist.

So far, I've said exactly nothing.

## *Day*

Where can I find the man of no title? I want to kneel down and pray beside him, feeling the benevolent cosmic love my own narcissism has long dreamed possible.

Where can I find the man of no title? People everywhere are already talking about him as if he had attained something important.

## *Day*

Creators not only risk creating monsters, but also becoming monsters in themselves through comparison to their creations.

## *Day*

The man of no title has a hermitage part way up a cold mountain. It took me a half-day to reach him; my clothes were coated with snow, which dissolved into an icy dampness around my ankles, neck and back. The man of no title half frowned and half smiled to greet me. When I knelt beside his fire it bothered me that I might have done the same in any other situation and in any other home, regardless of who I had come to visit or what news I was about to receive. Even the man's words disgusted me for their plainness; "The fire is warm." He said. I knelt and it was. The snow dissolved as I sat and soon I could not

differentiate between my own sweat and the residue left behind after walking in the storm. I'm not sure if I expected the man of no title to speak to me or not, but just like any other mystic, he remained contentedly silent, amusing himself with his fire poker, his bowl of soup and his water glass, which he occasionally blew bubbles into when he wasn't thirsty. This action aggravated me, but I redoubled my focus as I meditated by his cook-fire. A familiar feeling came over me—much the same as the feeling which overtook me on the day I had prayed at a famous monastery at a ceremony in the middle of the night—It was the feeling of a confrontation of a fork in the road. Either this action is the ultimate act of spiritual piety humanly possible, or it is utter nonsense; a charade, an act, a performance and an indulgence of sentimentality. And when confronting the fork in the road, two equal and inverse horrors came to life in my heart: Either this is finally the prayer which reaches God in his indifference, or this is complete nonsense in which case piety itself is not just an absurdity, but the crown jewel of human tragedy and limitless futility. Prayer at three in the morning either reaches a disquiet God or it summons the insomnia of a disquiet man. As I prayed beside the fire, I forgot the man of no title. My own anger rose with the flames and died down with the coals. Trudging through a storm like a fanatic did me just as little good as shivering in wet clothes for an unmeasured duration. Worse than useless, the idea of finding counsel with the man of no title had become a simmering mockery. God or no God, the attempt at wisdom assuaged nothing. The night in the monastery returned ten-fold. If the monks had really found God, and he existed, that thought was actually more horrifying and more discomforting than if it had all been a colossal lie—a mere fifty men, whispering, singing and taking the sacraments for no purpose. The thought that the entire world had such little aptitude for change, so little sense of amazement, such petty concerns and goals, such mighty aptitude for delusion and so many generations of unapologetic brutality while all across the globe the most sensitive and brilliant minds had been systematically praying for peace, harming no one and willfully eliminating their genes from our species in a relentless protest against existence for three thousand years.

Gathering my robes in order to stand and depart, a new idea suddenly possessed me. I see the snow falling and the light of uncanny nightmares shines in through his door-less hermitage. I feel a bird of prey landing with talons on either side of my neck, squeezing its vengeful hunger and this feeling takes form in my mind as the reality of a curse. Naturally, before departing, I whisper this curse into the

master's ear: "What use is the man of no title, once the crowd begins talking about him?"

## *Day*

"Man of no title, your reputation has led me here, where harpies land on our shoulders and the light of uncanny nightmares seems gentle, like the falling snow; we almost feel a peaceful strain of head and lips becoming swollen as if by Novocain or opium derivatives: Man of no title, what good are you to me, now that the whole world has heard of you?"

## *Day*

A Henrik Plenge Jakobsen exhibit displays a black canvas with a black dot and a white dot. Beneath the two dots is a quote which sums up not only Henrik's entire contribution to performance art, but also the secret key which grants the artist unlimited access to human seduction:

*"By convention sweet, by convention bitter, by convention hot, by convention cold, by convention color, but in reality atoms and the void."*

-Democritus, 460 B.C.

## *Day*

Life presupposes antagonism, an inherent opposition or conflict that can ensure evolution and prevent frictionless consensus. Claire Bishop tried to use that previous sentence to describe democracy, but in democracy, I see only self consensus with psychological fates, utterly immune to original thoughts or individual self-laceration—a pack of idiots voting for what they *are* and then rationalizing it after the fact as a manifestation of what they *thought*.

If frictionless consensus is the ultimate delusion and threat to democracy, then only the nihilist is capable of seeing clearly, since

what he *is*, is already synonymous with the obsolescence of yesterday's adaptation.

## Day

Our congress has been arguing and making laws for over two hundred years...yet we've failed to elect even one man or woman capable of astute simplicity. Of all our constitutional amendments and useless tax laws fitting the moment, how come no one ever proposed making the golden rule the first amendment to the constitution?

"But that rule is too vague! Too simple! Too childish!!" scoffs the career politician. "How could we ever enforce it? Who would legislate such vagueness? Besides, everyone knows it already. It's pointless to even talk about."

And so it goes, those who understand the utter simplicity of decent behavior never run for office and those who have something neurotic to gain or prove or satisfy legislate inanity, brutality, complexity and double-minded exploitations. If you asked the man of no title if he wants to run for office he would laugh at you. He would say,

"I govern myself, and that effort takes my entire energy...and even so, I still fail at that. If I made my own life a rule for the entire government, there would be no government...there would be no need for governments. Isn't that the goal of existence? To eventually eliminate the need for governments, titles, petty struggles, and misguided desires? Our people keep on making the mistake of electing men who *want to have an office!* When will the people finally elect a man who *doesn't want an office!* Those who want are already sullied and wretched; they wreak of transient desire. If you could replace all the political crooks with desireless men, you might have a few less crooks and national troubles at the end of the day...but be careful. The philanthropist is still a corrupted man! Who can imagine a more unnatural and depraved being than the one who devotes himself to *helping others!* He's probably the worst crook of them all!"

Spend an hour in any history class—what do you hear about? Catastrophes and crimes. And do the teachers have any bias for or against the crimes of history? Do they have any solution? Shouldn't the goal of history be *no more crimes?* Yet to be historic, one has to be



criminal. Deadly. Ruthless. Depraved or neurotic. The golden rule is fine, so long as all leaders are megalomaniacs. So long as all corporations and all national leaders are unaccountable psychopaths, the unspoken law of the psychopath holds good indefinitely.

*“Do unto others as you would have done unto yourself...in constant competition, in constant self-demonstration, in constant violence against YOURSELF.”*

## *Day*

After Nirvana, nothing changes. In trying to describe this state of mind we seem entirely the opposite of everything we've attempted to become. We appear shallow, aloof, uninterested, unmoved, ungrateful, disloyal, useless, and alone.

With swelling compassion, we seem personally uninterested.

With no attachment, we seem shallow and instinctual.

With inner peace, we seem unmoved to aid the needy.

With inner reverence, we appear ungrateful for what we have.

With complete affirmation, we seem useless and alone.

With severe intuitions of human suffering, we appear disloyal.

As I said to a friend, “In a state of grace, thankfulness doesn't mean anything.”

## *Day*

A mystic has no use for renunciation. As maturity increases and perspective expands, desire falls away. One doesn't 'think or not think' of desire. One simply stops encountering it. When one has desire, one has no choice but to confront and fulfill it. Whether we're discussing desire or spiritual advancement, the same maxim applies:

“If you see the Buddha coming towards you on the path, kill it.”

To read this koan in terms of negation or renunciation is a mistake. If desire approaches, fulfill it. If spiritual advancement approaches, fulfill it...but if you've noticed either desire or spirituality as having become your Buddha, then you should also kill that Buddha...but the irony of the koan has yet another layer...so long as you do not notice the Buddha coming toward you on the path, you cannot kill it...not only that, but when you finally do notice the Buddha coming towards you on the path, the fact of your having noticed the Buddha coming towards you is already to have noticed the corpse of a Buddha who no longer troubles you. The Koan never alters us. The Koan has zero effect. To notice is to have attained. To have not noticed is also to have attained. In a sense, the Koan only applies to the fanatics who persist in noticing the unnoticed and in ignoring the already attained.

I once tried to explain this logic to a friend. I said to him, if desire were cake, then attainment isn't the act of withholding cake, but the gradual progress toward getting beyond cake or no longer even wanting it, without compulsion or intentional sacrifice.

He immediately felt a sense of severe protest and replied, “But you should still enjoy cake!”

“Well said, my friend.” I commended in earnest.

I suppose it aggravated him even more that I agreed we should still enjoy cake.

**Part XIV**  
*Preludes to a Nihilist Bible*



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Get away from here.

Go.

This is a place of danger and great risk. One should not begin here. This is a place of last resort and total failure. Only when every last moral, social, religious and aesthetic valuation has come to bankruptcy does anyone deserve to read these words. Paradoxically, if one should suffer oneself the loss of the social, the moral, the religious and the aesthetic, one would already understand everything we are about to write and most certainly should have found more satisfaction in writing this bible themselves, favoring at each instant the slight variation of emphasis, prejudice and style of their own hand in place of this anonymous one.

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With both philosophy, government and education, each new generation assumes possession of what already exists without having to pay for it through any great labor, seriousness or sacrifice, therefore every human bible constitutes a great cheat—an exit to a maze we have not yet enjoyed.

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If Nihilism took after other cults, religions and political parties it would need to promise its disciples some lure of power, salvation or worldly gratification. Called upon to offer something, Nihilism answers in a paradoxical way: Nihilism's first precept is a call to depart from Nihilism. It says to us, "Go ye into the world and study those who promise exactly what you desire. Study and learn to mirror every one of their secrets. What the God of Abraham offers, we also offer. What the God of Mohammad offers, we also offer. Go and fall upon the throne of Old Jehovah! Learn what mighty riches and covenants Jehovah, Allah, Christ and Vishnu have promised. Fall upon the knees of Abraham and seek to understand his every sacrifice. When you return to us, when you return to Nihilism empty handed in even greater disbelief than before, once more we shall send you away. Whether you have forsaken the gods on account of their non-existence or on account of having stolen the lures and seductions of their covenant's secrets makes no difference to us. To us, progress and learning do not exist.

Nihilism rewards no one. If you have gone before the God of Abraham and found no solace therein, perhaps Nihilism has already gone ahead of you and burned in advance a bridge to happiness and contentment. Perhaps each time we send you away, Nihilism runs ahead of your desires and slays them before you arrive. Perhaps Nihilism promises you great riches only to eliminate what little you already possess. What if Nihilism delivered you from the endless circuit of power seeking and self-gratification by sending an emissary in advance of your will to spoil your every hope, drown your every effort, and reverse your every prestige.

Nihilism: the great liberator: the great genius of unlimited paralysis.

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No one reading these words is capable of completely following them. Those capable are already elsewhere, for they have no use whatsoever for sermons and flawed speculations. If some worthy fellows should chance to see this page, they are only in process of validating what is already understood. Heaven is sustaining, not seeking...and those with understanding are already sustaining it regardless of words, cults or creeds.

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Nihilism is similar to the other false creeds in making promises it cannot deliver and multiplying the world's discontent. Nihilism asks your desire and sends you out to meet those desires. Go! Go to the church with the tallest spire, the most valuable paintings, the longest standing traditions, the largest congregations! Listen close to the loudest sermons! Go to the idols, the politicians, the cultural demi-gods, the captains of industry, the money lenders and the captivators of spirit! Patiently learn all you can. Learn from the alehouse, the brothel, the psych wards, the shopping malls and the bus stations. Learn the pleasures of the body, the sights of the landscape and the song in your wretched heart. Every return to Nihilism is a disgust with reality. With every return, another wall of the maze has crumbled, another secret is revealed, another revelation is undermined. Nihilism undermines existence. Nihilism rapes human dignity. Nihilism is death and the end beyond the end. Nihilism outlives its own death, outlives its own disgust, outlives its own great nightmare.

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Other religions have preached asceticism through non-doing and renunciation. Nihilism stands up to the ascetics and declares war on them. Isn't there already a dearth of joy and satisfaction in this realm of existence? Why renounce what little we already possess? Nihilism sees no point in advocating more negation when negation and deprivation are already our default condition. Nihilism sends us away from Nihilism. Nihilism wants to get beyond Nihilism; wants to make a truce or a covenant with Nihilism.

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Again and again the disciples are sent away. Nihilism keeps telling the initiate, "I do not know you! Get away from here!" In confusion the initiate keeps returning to the world, keeps studying and observing hidden schemes of power, simulation and fantasy. Upon every return, Nihilism says, "Not yet..." and the worthy disciples now enter a returning and pointless circuit of their own. Many never return. For some, Jehovah is once more enough. Or Allah, Christ, Vishnu, Buddha, poetry or donuts. For others, politics and commerce are enough. For others, romantic love and pretty hopes are enough. Others, not so thoughtful and autonomous find themselves trapped in social commitments, personal obligations, domestic responsibilities and financial necessities. At some point, the rotten wheat is discovered in our storehouses of supposed wealth. The harvest of Nihilism leaves only the seeds of a new generation, mindless and ready to repeat the previous season.

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Undaunted creativity, freedom, passion and relentless disgust are a rare combination of traits. Only one type keeps returning to Nihilism. The more often the initiate returns spontaneously with new hope and new disgust, the more worthy the disciple has become. In youth, the entire Nihilist Bible is easily swallowed, but then, how difficult its sermons! How strange its declarations! As experience and understanding grow, patience decreases, novelty wears out, inspiration is lost, the ears fold shut and freedoms are given away arbitrarily. As the disciple ages, our pity for the disciples suffering shall grow. Where others have found a vocation, still the Nihilist has none. Nihilism has

become a vocation. The default state of negation has wormed its way into the habits of the heart and grown cozy, indolent, rapacious, full of vice, absurdity, sadness, loss, alienation, anxiety and deep bodily despair. “Whence comes the promise of Nihilism?” Asks the disciple, returning for the 30<sup>th</sup> time, tear stricken and despondent.

“We promised you all! We promised the unlimited earth! We are beyond fault! We sent you away! Remember our prudence! We sent you away from Nihilism! We sent you to where power is to be had, where satisfaction may be plucked, yet you continue returning! Why do you keep returning here to Nihilism asking more questions and seeking a different solution? Each time we send you back into the world in response to your every lingering semblance of will and discontent. By now you should have realized how your passive, negating and receptively feminine nature is the true cause of your perpetual return. If you stay here with us, there is only one option available: become a priest of nothingness: a devotee of negation...”

*Once more the disciple leaves, humiliated and sulking back towards the world, suspicious of pleasure, suspicious of enlightenment.*

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Upon the eve of the disciples 60<sup>th</sup> year, perhaps he returns once more to the monastery of disgust and endless negation. His eyes behold the icons, the shrines, the symbols and the monastic cells deserted. No prayers rise up. No poems are sung. No characters are brushed above the murals of mountains and valleys. No monks are drinking. No priests are whispering. No gurus are meditating. Upon the eve of his 60<sup>th</sup> year, the same monastery which denied admittance in youth has been transformed into naught but particles and vapor. Though human eyes still see a bustle, a hurly burley and a cacophony of preachers, artists, politicians, wives, grandchildren, drunkards and prostitutes, the faithful disciple of Nihilism finds no welcome in the cult of youth, the cult of marriage, the cult of procreation, the cult of joy, the cult of self-actualization, the cult of freedom and the cult of art, culture or asylum.

At the gates of humanities final outpost, Nihilism no longer asks for the details of the world’s endless sermon. No one is there to explicate it. No one has survived long enough to maintain the monastery by sending away the new disciples as they arrive. It seems



all have entered now. Only one further guest deserves a place. Without honor or joy, the indifferent eye of the universe watches the entrance of the last man.

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Not just innocence and cynicism, but the deepest innocence and the deepest cynicism! Go! Seek out the other monasteries first! Pray for guidance elsewhere! Always look elsewhere! Doubt is the means of delay which risks becoming indefinite delay. Doubt risks becoming a faith and a religion of its own. Not just any religion, but the most powerful and unyielding religion ever conceived; more domineering, anxious and still more tyrannical than the old testament god—Doubt is the tooth of a dragon: the unmolested dread of the real; the thoughtful recoil and evasion of individual destiny; the neurotic urge of becoming as a means of renouncing courage for being. Not a philosophy but a germ of thought become illness and complete paralysis...Nihilism has its two bodyguards, paralysis and fanaticism. Innocent of destiny, cynical beyond imagination, no restraint whatsoever against fully wielding and incarnating both the deathly masculine and the receptively feminine: A Chinese profundity that actually cancels human existence, cancels macrocosm, cancels desire, makes one think of nothing but suicide: the passive non-destiny of the world knower and the world negator.

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Final religion is first religion; the nameless dread of being; the unformed and unfathomed; the disgust of impermanence; the lingering anxiety of the beyond...but what if we could harness its power? What if the last creature could become first? What if the intellect capable of negating the world entire were also the intellect capable of the greatest reversal of power? What if renouncing power were paradoxically a means to embracing it? What if every negation were the appropriation of a more creative force and potency? The unlimited potency of the unlimited denial? What if the very fabric of human reality could be manipulated and altered by our negations? What if the limitless yearning of our Nihilistic doubt were already united and inexplicably merged with an equal force of human faith, as if doubt and faith were indistinguishable at their extreme asymptote? If we have truly followed our own precept in departing from Nihilism before beginning with Nihilism, then we should have already visited the world's various

power institutions and seen their hollow transparency and their human weakness. Our great advantage as Nihilists is to attribute human weakness everywhere, for we are all mere replicants and mental constructs. The further we enhance our understanding of the paradoxical elements of mind which reach beyond consciousness the closer we are to revealing the greatest human weakness of all, the human unconscious. If the history of biology from apes to atheists defined itself by declaring the unconscious states of our personal unconscious as the human beyond—as its personal god and liberator—then the next epoch of human history shall be defined by the beings capable of tyrannizing over this weakness and actively realizing the ways in which this supposed liberator is actually the formula for the ultimate tyrant. From apes to atheists and from Nihilists to artificial replicants, the way beyond humanity—beyond the bio-computer—is the total manipulation of the unconscious.

The power this world already possess has no means of preparing itself for the next epoch of history except through us: the Nihilists themselves. Before we sully ourselves with too much seriousness, let's paint a different picture: Nihilists as the army of Don Juan; the Cult of Don Giovanni; the religion of Casanova!

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Nihilism does not calculate. Nihilism is not limited by what the world currently offers as power and standards of value. Nihilism is a magician. It channels its own mystery. It seeks no disciples, for the crowd itself is untruth. Nihilism is not concerned with being first in the world. Though it studies attentively the flaws of the very best, it does not make the mistake of rushing to compete with them. There must always be an unguarded route to success. Even the greatest fortress has a door and a man in charge of opening it. If the fortress and its treasures are held only by the king himself, then what use is raising an army? A single key means a singular adversary...and the human heart has many levers beyond the one needful to acquire entrance. Battle and brutality are not the strategy of those who cannot fight, yet those who cannot fight have still taken all the treasures they've desired by finding alternate routes to success. Is the wife the treasure of the king or does the wife possess all the treasures of a king without needing to be one? Is the wife the king's treasure? The queen in the tower? Even if she is the king's treasure and ultimate fantasy, we can be assured this queen has her own fantasies, not the least of which is freedom—the exact

opposite of her captivity! What the king has needed an entire army, a crown and a palace to obtain, we may have for the wholesale price of a tiny observation: *the queen looks bored of him*.

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Nihilism almost sounds criminal. How can we make it appear less so? Declare all professions criminal! All has its price. Industry and capital rely on the faith of the market just as the church relies on the faith of her doctrine. What the criminal and murderer have upon the suspension or displacement of the social order, the captains of labor, industry, religion and media have at the preservation of social order. The last thing the criminal wants is for others to become criminal: the standard of value goes for the thieves of finance as well as the thieves of petty street crime. Everything hinges on how high you set your mark and how you choose your victims. Look now to the decent man of modest income—every institution imaginable plays to his defects, his hopes, his longings, his unrealized potential, his capacity for faith and his joy of work. One might even go so far as to say everyone under the sun exploits him: His manipulative wife, his greedy children, his middle management boss, his church preacher, the licentious college where he sends his daughter, his local politician, his local grocer, the town's beer gardens, bars, strip clubs, his television set, his Thursday evening poker buddies, the pandering fantasy scenarios of action hero cinema, his travel agent, his auto mechanic and his hospitalized father in law. Take the blinders off this man and he will immediately become depressed and disgusted with how he has been played by the world. Every institution seems to go just a little bit past his need of it, but never quite so far as to directly alienate him or call him a puppet. In truth, the petty thief and murderer are the least of this man's concern and worries...at least the thief and the murderer have no shame in admitting the nature of what they do as they do it.



**Part XV**  
*Year of the Dog*



It would be cathartic to minimize creativity and write nothing but lucid quips. Make every entry completely double edged: no forward progress, no uses for insight, no easy escape. If it has become humiliating and frightful to be human, what else can we be? Perhaps dogs. The cynics were dogs. Popular poets are still called doggerel. Perhaps dogs are both worse and better than humans. Carry the dog theme on and on because people love dogs and yet do not truly respect them. Themes of affection vs. prestige. It's hard to love what we envy...but easy to love our social inferiors.

## *Incomprehensible Maxims:*

### **I.**

Success courts mediocrity.  
Mediocrity dreams of success.

I bring you the gospel  
Of the lottery ticket and the limousine.

### **I.**

I was born in the year of the dog.

As a dog  
I shall make my departure as well.

### **I.**

Nothing is cleaner than a manicured corpse.  
Even in death, cleanliness counts.

# I.

We groom dogs, and by doing so  
A touch of their original dignity is lost thereby.

# I.

Long earrings, hair clips, bracelets, a heavy watch, a leather coat, a neck tie, tall or short socks, a small handbag or a large one, make-up around the eyes or no make-up at all, something bought or hand-made around the neck, dental hardware, dark or scholarly glasses, a single string of pearls...

Credibility never misses an opportunity to spot a stereotype.  
Accessorize yourself with stereotypes.

# I.

Difficult to stand up straight; muscles slowly atrophy. I either eat too much or too little. Body appears tired, out of shape, loose and in a posture of relaxation. My gestures go unnoticed since I seldom move. Sitting in a crowd, I could go unnoticed for hours.

# I.

Enter with a purpose.  
Depart without attachment.  
Excellence is a task completed.

# I.

In stillness the brass dog  
Presides over the tomb of Diogenes.

In stillness the dog awaits  
The master's departure.



## I.

I look at the dog.  
The dog looks back.

I look at the friend.  
Friend looks back.

I look at the enemy.  
The enemy looks back.

I look at the scholar.  
The scholar looks back.

I look at the celebrity.  
The celebrity looks back.

I look at gods.  
The god looks back.

I look at the abyss.  
The abyss looks back.

Catching one eye as if by a hook  
Secure the gaze on a fixed point—  
Our attentiveness is perceived.

Value and neglect begin  
With the look.

## I.

I look at the jury. I see their respect and attention directed at the judge. Now that I have spotted the most important person in the room, I'll direct my own respectfulness accordingly. If during the trial, the judge begins to lose favor with the jury, I'll adapt my strategy accordingly.

I am a lawyer. I am also a dog.

## I.

Go out towards the people. Do what you can on behalf of the people. Justice for the oppressed, food for the hungry, knowledge for the uneducated, religion for the unsaved, Health care for the infirm. A plausible motive in the mouths of everyone, yet I alone advocate suicide as a strategy, a religion, a solution, and a joke. How many lives are fixed thereby? How many generations liberated by my sexless agenda?

## I.

After two hundred maxims, perhaps you too shall find me involved and dedicated to a cause. One step at a time, one congregation at a time, one town at a time; As we begin to resemble dogs, I devote myself more completely to the life of a dog.

As unreliable as a dog.  
As dedicated as a dog.

## I.

A positive way out is still a means of escape from what is.

## I.

At home on a bench, a couch, a beach, a courtroom, a morgue or on a television camera—moderately relaxed with a discernable attentiveness to the remaining tension. I know what I am doing. I am unconcerned as to the result.

## I.

Speak first with your body. Communicate distrust with arms crossed. Lower your chin and turn head to the side slightly to increase disapproval. Remember, it's not your opponent you do this for, but the spectators still taking sides.

When the law books and procedures are pushed aside, you'll find a seminar of lawyers making a careful study of bodily postures, facial expressions and other non-verbal means of communication. You might even mistake them for an acting class.

## I.

Without appearing aggressive or belligerent, stand with feet apart in front of your hips pointing forward. Knees straight—but not stiff—while arms hang relaxed and easy.

Notice above all, my neutral stance.

## I.

Relaxed openness, sure balance without needless movements of arm or hand. From a non-defensive position victory is secured before conflict arises. With nothing whatsoever to defend, what fear have I? To the larger dogs, my presence is of no consequence.

## I.

“Many of us who had friends and family members in the jury wondered about the truthfulness of the witness’s statements, and by extension, the guilt or innocence of the defendant. You can imagine how disagreeable it was for us to overhear the two prosecuting attorney’s critiquing each other’s head and neck postures in the hallway throughout the term of the proceeding. The two men debated chin latitudes, proper timing for dropped-head-listening posture and the intricacies of pulling off the distrustful side-turn with an attitude just as cavalier and cheerful as their other concerns, most of which centered around their clear and often stated hope of winning a verdict of ten years imprisonment. However, to this day, it still remains unclear to me what exactly these lawyers were trying to win or prove.”

## I.

Over time, the court jesters took to adapting or changing up their entertainments based on how the king was sitting. So long as he was leaning forward, the jesters assumed a like degree of approval and interest from the monarch. The more he leaned back, slumped downward or widened the space between his legs, the more desperate the jesters became to think of something odd, new or enticing. Other times, it were better to bring the act to a swift conclusion before facing a worse punishment than disinterest.

## I.

The social game does not end with power: the social game pesters us even into our home and perhaps even into the bedroom. Silent gestures keep getting read and misread so long as we have a function to serve or a relationship to maintain. Even if we should look for a retreat from the days labor on the welcoming cushion of a toilet seat, we had better mind how it was left before we arrived and see to its correct position before we depart.

## I.

My job is not to express myself. My job is to convey disapproval. Where others would let the frown drop or relax, I persist, I linger and I channel my artful mask in order to make the frown seem more voluptuous, more passionate and more other-worldly. Beyond this body, beyond this generation, beyond this century—this is a frown which persuades...but only so long as I'm not guilty of bragging or exaggeration: humans are so competitive and covetous, even a crown of thorns becomes an object of jealousy and baseness. Meanwhile, a natural smile is much easier to maintain without conflict or abuse: As I smile on through the centuries, look closer: I simply frown differently.

## I.

Do you imagine I disapprove of human existence? What exactly would I put in its place or exchange it for? I'll be the first to admit, my own complaints are much too human. I've made too much use of existence already in having tried to negate it.

## I.

Lips press to nearly smile—subtle approval for having gathered the most vital truth—we are only as deep as our last performance in the eyes of the most inattentive spectator.

## I.

I wasn't born to be a philosopher! I was born to be a priest. Imagine my dismay at having set foot in an arena of antiquated deities, languid customs and a melting pot of benign superstitions! For me, each day is filled with an inexplicable and clumsily nagging sensation that I was meant for something more holy or religious; in a different century at least I could have taken my turn refilling the baptismal fonts or handing out the Sunday programs; I'd have felt a little closer to something venerable and grand; I'm too indolent and observant to be content in any vocation besides the priesthood. Casanova's father was an actor. Nietzsche's father was a priest—doesn't it seem both cruel and reasonable that Casanova and Nietzsche should have issued from an actor and a priest, respectively? Perhaps I'm already a priest...just not your typical priest or your theatrical sort of priest. Just because the world has outgrown its need of gods and goddesses doesn't mean mortals have outgrown their habit of listening to sermons. Why do I write? Because Sunday morning is always a few days away, and who knows, if I work extra hard this week, perhaps I can lay up a couple of additional sermons for next month as well...

## *Day*

The idea of creating a masterpiece is a joke. Even the supposed creation of our species is but an insipid play of forms...thinking otherwise, feeling otherwise or believing otherwise would simply be too sad. If I really believed in the profundity of existence, I would have killed myself immediately, as a joke.

## Day

Don't you think I understand my depravity! Don't you think I pound my head against the wall until I'm bloody for not writing fiction and making a marvelous profit? Don't you think I know what is required to pull off the convincing hoax which means a Hollywood Blockbuster? Do you really think I'd have any trouble picking one lucid gem from out of my abyss and weaving it into a palatable fairytale romance? When I cringe at the inanity it takes to write a script, that's only my most plebian disgust. Actually I'm filled with jealousy for the ability to negate so much and do so many parts poorly while still building the soft nest for that one gem of insight worthy of even the best philosopher...I'm jealous and horrified. What a massive sacrifice to spend so much effort on only one silver-dollar idea. For the type of writer actually stranded on the level of his best idea, that's a lucrative blessing. He cannot help but to fabricate a delightful romance around it. Meanwhile, for the avant-garde, the call to self-destroy and self-renew becomes such a massively wasteful endeavor that the approach of new insights and intuitions results eventually in complete indifference to any of them. Every "Day" I add to a storehouse which to me seems only impoverished and silly, yet open any page at random and I could write you a Hollywood blockbuster out of its weirdness, if only I had enough alcohol to re-intoxicate me to one of my ten-second ideas so some film maker could botch it with visual analogies, visual simplifications, and visual acrobatics where no movement is necessary. Our complaint does not mean films are bad, it means their constraints and limitations are absolutely incompatible with my current mode of research...but yet, the writers task is to call us to live better and more fully...those who fabricate a collection of psychologically unlikely performances in poor taste in order to accomplish one great idea—visually—is a mockery to what every other scribner is painfully working out in private. Not that we too wouldn't desire to sell out...far from it...our disappointment comes from those who do so prematurely without anyone noticing...our entire goal is to become perfectly universal and infallible in all our behavioral fabrications...we keep saying, "Not yet" while the men in suits with bags of money keep knocking on the doorstep of the *developing writer*.

## *Day*

If you come across any editions of my books with a preface or an introduction: *burn them!*

Those who feel the need to comment should write their own books and live their own lives. Does your paltry introduction or preface really constitute an investment of being? It's like the critic who lampoons a stage performance only to suffer nightmares for a week, having failed to understand rightly to begin with. To be thoroughly wrong, a man needs a least a decade...two or three pages would never suffice to elucidate a neurosis completely...whatever faults I have, I am already the best advocate and demonstration of them. Let's not rob the most talentless individuals of their actual mode of contribution! Why should the critic have so little patience? I'll tell you: the critical faculty only demonstrates the banal surface of human potential. The depths and heights are alien and strange.

(Don't get me wrong, I don't forbid prefaces or introductions; I just urge you to burn the entire edifice as soon as it's been compromised.)

## *Day*

Life-sick.

## *Day*

Day by day, in every way, I am getting better. Day by day, in every way, I am getting better. Day by day, in every way, I am getting better. Day by day...

## *Day*

A poet has no use for optimists and pessimists...as if a human could really be one or the other! If a poet seems inscrutable, then the others suffer from an obvious limitation of intellect and feeling.

## *Day*

Remember joy like a spear

Deep driven in our chests.

## *Day*

For those who take my writings as a form of complaint,  
Nirvana is still aloof to your efforts.

Call happy moments exactly what they are.  
Do not confuse them with religion.

Call suffering moments exactly what they are.  
Do not confuse them with religion.

Only in the complete fusion of inner and outer, joy and sorrow  
Does religion achieve convolution of being.

Nirvana mind is either confusion mind or empty mind  
Depending on the mind of your mind.

Confusion pulls together. Discernment breaks apart.

## *Day*

Thomas Hardy's most profound sentence:

*"Because we are too many."*

## *Day*

Dostoyevsky's most noble sentence:

*"No one is to blame, I did it myself."*



## *Day*

According to Samuel Beckett,

No is the knife  
And Yes is the wound.

## *Day*

Beckett once more—

*Such a bubble  
At such a time  
It bursts.*

*The day can't do much more to me.*

## *Day*

Beckett—

*“But what more is it waiting for now when there's no doubt left no choice left, to stick a sock in its death rattle, yet another locution. To have rounded off its cock-and-bullshit in a coda worthy of the rest?”*

A question worthy of the rest...as in the totality? As in all prior locutions or simply all restful silence hereafter? Cock-and-bullshit indeed. This and the rest.

## *Day*

Beckett—

“The shadow in the end is no better than the substance.”

## *Day*

Beckett—

“Is it our little omnio-omni you are trying to abuse?” Said Camier, “You should know better. It’s he on the contrary fucks thee. Omnio-omni, the all-unfuckable.”

## *Day*

Beckett—

“But it is only since I have ceased to live that I think of these things and other things. It is in the tranquility of decomposition that I remember the long confused emotion that was my life.”

## *Day*

*“Maximal speed is a state of rest.”*

-Vico

## *Day*

Passing a neighbor’s fence in the afternoon  
The two dogs begin barking.

Let’s once again recall who taught the cynics  
To bark at princes and beggars without distinction.

Show me a human form which isn’t worth barking at.

## *Day*

Each day, forms and patterns pass by.

Are we the pattern makers

Or are we the sport of some subtle mockery?

## *Day*

Receive, honor, bestow, retreat.

Alike in meeting gladness and attention

Or cruel sorrow's space of vast dimension

What won't I feign to make the tragic man complete?

## *Day*

Ah. Butter. Quick to the love making. The quilt rending, the jostling and the accidental puke. Friction and frictionless contentment, numb in our full length figure, laying out like freakish fish and done with because the catch is too big to carry off the dock. Pills. Gray knot holes on the wood planks, cigarette burns and the perfume of damp pine against fish eyeballs weighing down with a sincere look which happens to have been placed in such a way as to allow the fish to see through the dock. Perhaps the fish sees a fireplace full of phone books and jigsaws cringing and puckering their eyebrows in resentment for being looked at so far away from the train station where they belong. Cut. Cut. Cut! I made a puzzle piece with three thousand replicas, thanks to one phone book and the sweat of my ambition. Then I sawed off my own head to make my body lighter. Without a head, why not wave a flag from your trachea or do magic by pulling a series of multi-colored chords (knotted scarves) from the neck stump to entertain the vague and seemingly well medicated eyes of slaughterhouse hooks swinging the bloody pink of temporary passengers on their corporeal sojourn through this garden of red dust. Cute postal stamps, fitting the nearest holiday, pushed one at a time onto the bloated carcasses; the swinging light bulb; the blood puddle; the piss puddle; the feral boy

teeming with excess hair, gobbling and gnawing at the nearest hooves and ankles to sharpen his teeth—the chains groan, squeakingly as he chews violently. We can see the feral child's breath but it also feels humid and hot in this abattoir tunnel. Walk a bit farther and you'll scratch your face on banana trees, whose roots grab through the concrete where the tunnel widens into a funnel and each successive banana tree is a bit smaller and a bit further round the downward cone until the point of infinite regress where the butter, the piss and the elephant meat is bubbling like the soap that should have washed the lawnmower engine before it began raking its rusty shaft over my medicated chest syrup aorta. Puss up to my eyeballs and leaking out like milk through nostrils; Spraying! Tear ducts, tongues, saliva and wrist wounds. Cut my own face. Milk-puss everywhere. Deface my own face. Hatred for the body. Cantankerous revenge upon this non-existent self; doused in honey or agave or soda fountain refills before the carbonated water, then stamping the bee hive until the swarm has given me the full body distress I've already endured without showing it. Cut the swollen, swelling and irritated flesh some more. Cut trails into the cheeks, knife touching bone; cut the forehead, remove the nose, dice the lips, pull at the eyelash like a rubber putty then snip it so the eyes can peak through torn bloody holes of missing lashes, unable to achieve darkness or escape from the tortures to come. Treat my bottom eye skin with a jagged fabric scissor, lest the eyes should seek refuge in sinking lower instead of cathartically rolling upwards, as when one showers hotly or swoons or eats chocolate. Then hammer the prick into a senseless blood jelly like the mouse pinkies we use to skull with the tips of fingers, braining them one by one then making them explode with a fist that also casts ballots for democratic, republiocratic and eudemonistic ends, regardless of how power is monopolized, legislated, incorporated, radicalized, adjudicated, policed, or fortified. Throw frozen chicken strips at city buses in the afternoon until liberty is forgotten and racism forgets Othello's speeches. Villain without clear motive, refusing words, cursed to decompose one little grain at a time...its better to leave Iago's schemes un-guessed, than to pull them down to the bureaucratic level of common human diversions. "I loved too well," says the bi-sexual poet, whose black is white and whose white is black. The moor is heterosexual Shakespeare; the moor is the heterosexual element and the secret recipient of Shakespeare's unrequited sonnets. Iago destroys his own wife in place of Shakespeare's wife. The sacred handkerchief is passed from character to character to point out the direction of their love's allegiance, perhaps in mockery of Shakespeare's own hopes. The moor is also the socially

unacceptable. Better to be a moor in a play than a homosexual in Elizabethan England, thus the moor is both Shakespeare's hidden side and the unfaithful element in Shakespeare's male love interest. In the end, Iago's motive is irrelevant, since the motive itself is the dynamism of Shakespeare's inner conflicts regarding sexual orientation, wife, lover, lover's wife and most formidably, the direction in which the strawberry embroidered cloth is passed, resulting in multiple symbolic deaths in the form of love interests; mutually thwarting someone else's aspirations; the most innocent of which are Desmodia and Iago's wife, who have little to do with the double characters who happen to contain both Shakespeare and his Earl of South Hampton—Iago and Othello act out the interplay of Shakespeare with Shakespeare, Shakespeare with the Earl and the Earl with himself in the dilemma created by the love interest described in the sonnets. Thus Iago possesses no overarching motive which is not also elucidated by means of the bard's actual conflicts. To search for an Iago motive is to miss the Iago situation, which offers the spectator complete transparency so long as the real world avatars are properly aligned to their fictional counterparts. Shakespeare's jealousy is Othello's jealousy, but simultaneously, Shakespeare is Iago the instigator whose intentions threaten to bring four real persons to ruin. To Shakespeare's credit, the insoluble Iago is also a perfect incarnation of racism; pointless, destructive, goal-less tyranny. No scrap of understanding or reasoning could elucidate the worm-like rigor of Iago's venture. Nothing suffices to unwind it, except the tragedy itself...yet we feel no sympathy for the Othello tragedy; only horror and disquiet boredom. The action of the play is too personal. Shakespeare indulges too much of his inner self, at the expense of our sympathy. Iago is an anti-Hamlet. Othello is a flawed hero; Desmodia is psychologically flat, youthfully accurate, dull and womanly predictable, if not sometimes idealized. Let her die. Let Othello die as well. Our only sympathy goes with Iago for so easily manipulating so many flawed and automatic beings...yet we're never granted the satisfaction of learning anything about the one being we're curious about. If the tragic figures wax too imbecilic, how can we lament them? We're more horrified at their feeble humanness than their inhumanness. Iago is almost a solution to the general tedium of observing such creatures. Would Shakespeare second that notion? Return to the phone books, the work-a-day voter, the sensationalized weather reports and the felt of a billiard table. Heavy mug of thin tap beer, now a sloshy, unabsorbed bulge in my stomach, low lights and a sickening feeling to see all the peanuts we've shelled while the dusty residue and dried saliva salt still adheres to our fingertips. Perhaps

some of the salt came from popcorn had in between the bar peanuts. Sharp orange rocks on either side of the train tracks, a few warehouses with entire sides devoted to loading dock doors, numbered one through twenty and the medicinal chalk of aspirin still aggravating the back of my tongue as I stare at the world through rent eyelashes as my fingers trace the un-stitched troughs of my knife decorated face as the train thunders by. Amusing like the face of a clown. Smiling like a toad as it closes its semi-circle mouth on a fly, tongue returning, swallowing, hypnotic migration of atoms in the void, by convention hot, by convention cold, by convention toads, poets, steam ships and lacerations in the fog. I am the doorway through the impossible. Going on from here is indescribable torment for the sake of a thimble; for the sake of a groin stench or a lesson in geometry. Samuel Beckett's characters are almost too nightmarish to read. Shit stained, un-wiped assholes, pushing bicycles on crutches; police interrogations, philosophical meditations while laying in ditches, absence of identity, broken umbrella's, rooms inexplicably filled wall to wall with junk furniture, and the sounds of a whore who has decided to make us her dependant, happy to empty our chamber pot once a day on the hope of possibly undressing us; Is Beckett the hellish foreclosure of human dignity? And then to realize how innocent and guileless are the wanderings of his "heroes"! More pathetic than ten thousand Christs. An unending sewer of Christs. No longer strong enough to endure Beckett for the sake of artistry, I'm at the point of visiting him only for the sake of seeing my own agonic future; the un-lived days to come—how I might better endure my own total decomposition. How else to communicate this level of discernment? This degree of futility and hyper-awareness of human history condensed and shoved through the eye of a needle, which is also my lens for viewing the world. Book learning? No, not at all. No learning here. Only visions. Only nakedness of brute mortality. Can't get at perspectives any faster than through the continuously surprising and sometimes shocking demonstrations of souls confessing their own migratory putrefaction via literature. Not books, but inimitable horrors! Not learning, but suffering. Almost experiencing them as my self becomes legion; hypnotic migration, fated like gas expanding indefinitely; the abuse of luxury once human willfulness has lost its hot blooded ambition in exchange for the numbness of aspirin in the afternoon. Guiltlessly gone. Far gone. Pessimism makes no sense here. My innocence is hopeful, even while crushed to powder by the psychological millstone of insensate bodily agony...you see the pain is first and the mental meanings come later, as if meaning could in any way extricate us from

the hell of bodily feeling. Never once a complaint; this action is as astute and objective as a medical diagnostic. A complaint implies the desire to experience something else, yet for us, no other sensation is possible than the one already had in surplus. This much lucidity is already a mass migration and a fortress. Pain is a form of looking. A form of vision. Awareness like the tomato pelted stocks of medieval shame. A leg brace hinge; a table saw; a closet full of milk cartons, beer cans and mustard gas. Rain forests of adultery, audio edits, sea shells, excuses, elevator music, shot guns and armpit sweat shifted by arms rowing through limitless seas of purgatorial plastic containers in place of souls. Fly paper, moth eaten coats, wing chairs, Homer and teenager spit. Pack a suitcase of plausible regret. Ship a storage unit in an oversized crate to a different state and fork-lift it into a different yet equal storage vault, just in case we need some of these bits of junk at a later date. One man's treasure is the cosmic junk of eternity, formed into form, substantiated into substance, projected into meaning, hermetically stamped autobiographically, and finally hauled into the trash heap of No-More-Lessons-Here amidst the fireworks and condom burst accidents of this ice sickle decorated rain gutter, stalled in mid-stream as this particular season mourns its sojourn as pathetically (poet) as possible, in this, the almighty nullity of clouds tickling the sky over this garden of red dust. Spinal discs, snap, crack, re-adjust back into place once more. Bones awaiting liberation.

## *Day*

Displeased with these outbursts. Need to recast them. Intend to re-imagine them in a more concise and creative way, for the sake of readers; as if turning them into something I'd want to read instead of something my brain happened to spew up at two in the afternoon. Need these outbursts to see my own patterns, fixations and themes; the development of my own unconscious mind. No one does this. Not even Proust attempted this. Continuous self-destruction under an attentive eye—abusively attentive. These are scraps. More to come. Nothing but scraps. Not as destitute as Beckett, but I refuse to amplify or sculpt anything in my first go at it; no fakery at this phase of things. Later perhaps. Still troubled by the divide between a Beckett character and what humans are capable of actually. If Beckett's characters are all dreams, then all is permitted, fine, but my outbursts are waking life outbursts, that's why I think I have already surpassed Beckett's level of alienation. Minimal for no reason, or for diminishing affect seems

impotent in a work like *Godot*, when it could have been much more horrifying with even less content perhaps. I'd have done it differently. Surprising what the public eats up greedily only to be seen by artists on the sidelines as having come too late or too little or too poorly. Writing a play perhaps takes some time, but imagining a play is within the realm of idiot and talent alike; in the wake of all the world's unwritten plays, a disquiet chasm opens between what has been attempted and what has been imagined. For those who never imagine, the shoddy yet tangible works in the public eye will have to suffice...for now.

## *Day*

I never tire of accusing my friends of having written my books. Whenever I see a copy of one of my books lying on their desk or coffee table in the presence of a newcomer, I make haste to brag about my friends accomplishments and even go so far as to put the book into the hands of the unsuspecting guests as my friend begins denying its authorship—by now used to the joke, my friend remains silent as to the truth, and I'm grateful for this, but now the guest is confused. Is this a display of humility or a vulgar joke being played upon some distant author? Surely the most believable idea is that the author is not in the room.

It's a mighty contempt to always remain aloof to ones efforts; a feeling of victory to remain better than ones creations. Best of all is not to be a poet or a success; best of all is to be simply a man once more.

## *Day*

Pushing upwards, through the soil of a new day, then snatched and pulled into the beak of a bird.

What is this new sensation,  
And what have I finally accomplished?

## *Day*

'Beauty and the Beast': The misanthrope and the young girl...



## *Day*

Don Giovanni: literally “*The rake punished*”

## *Day*

I paid one dollar for Celine’s “Journey to the End of the Night”. One fucking dollar. Paid four more to have it mailed to me. Man who carried the goddamn book to my doorstep got four times more than the author, theoretically...Go to any book store. Look at the prices of the new trash. Are Celine’s books even currently in print? My copy was fifty years old. I want to throw books off the shelf and push stacks off display tables with the mantra, “Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you, fuck you and fuck you! One fucking fuck-folded dollar you fucks!”

## *Day*

Idea: begin attending the wakes of famous porn stars with a video camera so as to splice sex footage with death ceremonies: the coffin greeting the climax.

## *Koan*

Destructive movement toward other.

Wager of self.

Bartering of souls.

Torment of unbecoming.

Giving in to fate.

Joyful loss of freedom—

Love as negation:

Basically everything the devil might hope to steal from us.

## *Koan*

What would become of lunacy if it were ever discovered lunatics were in agreement, not only in their conclusions, but also in the manner of symbols and impressions used in arriving at those conclusions?

## *Koan*

Reason partitions based on concrete difference/disunion.

Imagination assimilates in terms of similarity, unification and synchronicity.

## *Koan*

God's cathedrals and temples were always secretly jealous of nature, chaos and the Devil's alchemy.

Show me a priest who can unite the efforts of saints with the ingenuity of warlords.

## *Koan*

Care: to restrain, diminish, or share resources.

Hate: to infold, involute, strengthen, and limit resources.

Love: to integrate beyond reason, to transform, to completely sacrifice, to do the labor of becoming other...in a sense, love demands twice the energy of hatred, so its an injustice to count them opposites, unless of course, hatred were already expending an equal degree of energy in the self-nullification of its more innocent inclinations...

## *Koan*

To finally discover a flawed person, unlike yourself, and then to feel an overwhelming urge to trade souls with them on account of their defects.

## *Day*

Never again speak of love. Only say to your lover,

“Let me trade souls with you!”

## *Koan*

Good love poems should always have the effect of scaring away the object of our infatuations. If we are truly honest, we lovers do nothing but ink demonic contracts in blood, asking always for a union that goes beyond flesh.

## *Koan*

What an increase of excellence in poetry if we had begun as an unthinking sensualist rather than a day dreaming ascetic! My daydreaming envy has finally dreamt the roots of my own limitation.

## *Koan*

To defeat the unholy reign of poets, we must use their own sword against them: transformed via the Satanic love of a heretics prayer: aghast at what love is capable of!

## *Koan*

Become un-poet not unpoetic.

## *Day*

Mirror face who sees mirror face in a lover—  
Where hides love? Love vanishes towards Nirvana.

How praise love?

How shall we paint two mirrors kissing?

## *Day*

Return to the individual.

The individual is utterly half our presence.

How shall we make those two parallel lines  
Of self and totality intersect?

The one and the all, the one and the many—  
Only in the sage may we find the ideal non-one  
And the ideal non-many.

Average one is selfish, narrow, automatic.  
Average multitude is also selfish, narrow, automatic.

Because the sage puts the one in the many  
And the many in the one, both are transformed.

Referring to one, sage sees the singular ultimate in many,  
The goal of self-striving as the will of crowds.

## *Koan*

Trade souls with a non-soul.

What remains?



**Part XVI**  
*Aggressive Discipline*





## *Day*

(The following rant was written in one sitting without pause.)

Penis upwards, sailing inglorious beneath heavy blankets—shroud over the very source of life—the body will dare anything just to release another fraction of joy. Why has it taken so long? Why fifteen years to form the proper analogy? A brutal hangover, with the head emptied of both ideas and feelings, nerves not just dead but elevated into the stratosphere and liberated at the point where exile means cosmic suffocation in the vacuum of space. Must have puked on my computer last night before going under. Won't turn on—this morning. Pants—dark jeans—made darker with some sort of liquid, still damp and food particles hanging like worms and bugs clinging to a cross section of earth before the corpse is attentively handed down in the only untrammelled moment of brotherhood the world is capable of. Waste-cloth demonstrates the first noble truth. Waste-cloth discarded. When brotherhood occurs it is already too late to admire it. The monk is handed down from above to below, then covered completely so no essence remains; entirely coffinless and expose to the fastest decay possible. No essence remains. Retreat completely. The funeral of a tyrant is made better by the mischief of a child who lifts the nation's hand so it may drop and prove lifeless. How comical all things have become! It all returns and I'm speaking once more; shudder with almost surprise; the engorged hope jittered and sunk. A half glass of orange juice went to my head as I climaxed but it wasn't enough. Still thirsty. Parched rougher than the camel's tongue. What a filthy animal, these camels that pass for men and vice versa. Men camels. Camel men. Burdens and bondage. Still engineering cakes, pottery and fingernails in utero of not yet abortions. Lovely! Growth itself. Spit in masquerade as invocation; the new dogma of ascetic smut. Remember waste-corpse. No. Confused. Something else. A partial stroke...what was it that needed remembering from dream? Waste-cloth. Yes! Waste-cloth truth! Pants on floor, bug eaten by vomit fragments, darker and liquid damp—visibly. A spot on the chair, the floor in two piles and a couple vomit flakes on the table as well as over the letters of the alphabet between the keys I'll never type with again. Won't turn on. Shorted out from the moisture. Liquid. My bodily liquid. Not anyone's liquid. God's liquid. Ambrosia and heroic mead of Valhalla, spouted from the filthy sewer of my own stomach, indignant to transformation and change. Liquid. Unpossessed and unaffected. Shepard of sensations; holy vessel and yielding virtue

which teaches the snake and the dragon how to remain formless and capture space. Window opened. Not bad for November. The smell will hopefully dissipate during breakfast, if I can even bring myself to eat. Used a sock and a solvent spray on the carpet. The sock—now a waste-cloth also, joins the handkerchief containing one hundred gigabytes of genetic information that won't be used...at least it gave me a passing sensation of a half-glass of orange juice pleasure despite my flattened nerves. Drinking water for breakfast because its all I have. Wish I had a whole glass of juice.

I'm guessing the vomit on my computer saved me from a regrettable letter to a half-hearted girl. I remember trying to turn the goddamn thing on after I puked. Shit-fuck! After for Christ's sake! Head spins and puke pants and my first thought was still love letters. Next morning (middle of the afternoon rather) gave myself a tepid and somewhat draining orgasm but didn't feel any better or worse for it. Woke up to answer my phone. Clock said two thirty. The man on the phone was a famous musician. He booked some tentative dates for recording some new fragments. Nothing important probably. Guessing it's someone else's music and they're twisting his arm to contribute, just like the other times. So much for fame. I feel sorry for his talent when it's pissed away for the sake of friends. Who can argue? Everyone is being robbed. Did you just pay another 20% fee for that tuna sandwich? Credit cards. Amazing usury of modernity. Eat lunch at a decent place—that's 20% for hauling plates and another 20% finance charge for the bank, not to mention the 6% state sales tax as well as the 20% federal tax on income in the first place. Taxing income and spending is like fucking us in the ass and mouth at the same time—they have their hands in the cupboard for both income and spending! Why? Why both? I can eat at home for a month for the price of one fashionable dinner. I treat money with the contempt it deserves. Like everyone, I too see myself tossing my own labor away frivolously for the sake of soap bubbles. Or loud colors. Or for the sake of touching a thing in private as if the specific model I picked out were a little pagan totem just for me.

It was after the first musician called that I masturbated. I'll tell you about last evening and plenty else eventually. The second musician called for an even more pitiful reason than the first. Still not feeling well. Still have my head in a vice. Stomach's queasy up to the back of my throat and bulging my esophagus. Still have the spit puddle under my tongue. Thanks Sartre. Fuck you!

“Hello.” Me holding the phone, standing on a chair near the basement window so the shitty cell phone will work.

“Hi. You answered this time.” Different musician calling me.

“Yeah, I’m fine now. Been depressed for a few weeks. Nothing wrong, just the usual cycle of things.” I reply.

“Oh...yeah, I wondered something. Thought maybe you were locked up an another one of those high paying medical lab rat studies of yours.”

“Nope.” Says me.

“I can relate...about the depression I mean. I struggle with a dark place too.” Confesses the second musician. “Had electric shock treatment five times; like a fucking lab rat criminal myself, ya know!”

“It’s all jails and churches.” I plagiarize.

“And the other thing—people always ask what’s wrong. Nothing’s wrong! This is just the way it is with me. What’s wrong with you? Ya know? Hey! Fabulous, why all the smiles? Do you know a secret for fucking pigs or something? Buy me a motor home if you dislike frowns. I’ll go away...other people...fuck...I’m too old for other people...” The musician rants pleasantly to no one in particular, then seems to remember his reason for calling.

“Of all the people I neglected to answer this past week, it’s silly you had to be one of them.” Says I.

“Well, on to business then. We’re both bullet-proof cripples...So I listened to the Christmas songs we did. They sound tinny on my computer speakers...not sure...it might need more mixing...”

—Typical musician complaint. Stop listening to computer speakers.

“Stop listening to computer speakers.” I say out loud for the seven billionth time...they’re all children. Every asshole on earth needs individual wiping. It’s really a feat that pyramids, sky scrapers and

underwater tunnels exist with so many assholes in need of wiping. Misanthropy ought not to be confused for anything other than a disgruntled parent who changes human diapers. When closest of all to the symbolic truth of existence, does the dutiful mother think to comment on the waste-cloth as she throws it out? For her, politics and the machinations of empires are the business of other people's children misbehaving. Not her problem. She has nearer concerns.

Now the musician is asking for a way to present the recordings without having to make people download them. The man is nearly fifty. He sings blues in a folksy way and plays acoustic guitar. One mic. One take. No splicing. No tricks. No faking. He's for real. All honest questions so far. I give him honest answers. Sometimes I compliment him too much and it bothers him; makes him paranoid something is misplaced. My fault. I deal with so little talent I've become a crooner when giving compliments. If you're wondering what he sounds like, imagine a short husky man with a husky voice, vintaged with alcohol, cigarette smoke and a sonorous quality stolen from not too few gentle angels along the way. Case in point, last time he visited he says to me, "Shit, I'm tired. I'm not sleeping lately. Got a warm little number beside me keeping me awake...but that's only half of it. I think too...can't find the off switch for my head sometimes. Thinking keeps a guy awake. Actually, come to think of it, I'm probably awake thinking about her, so either way she keeps me awake—that's happiness for ya."

I hang up from the conversation with the second musician with no new demands and no new projects to schedule. Take a hot shower: that's what the first musician suggested. Hot shower and greasy food. Greasy food is no good for my intestines.

Children are fixated on play. Teenagers are fixated on social identity as an excuse for play. College students are drunk on hope and ideas of career as an excuse to play eventually. Young couples are eager to get ahead and buy a better home so their children can play. Aging couples are fixated on their large empty house hoping their grand children will visit briefly to play. Extremely elderly people discuss nothing but health concerns and unemotional declarations of who is ill and who has died—basically as many factual details regarding non-play as possible...I should eat greasy food anyway. I sound old when I mention health concerns of my own. Stomach problems since age 18. First milk then everything. Either I shit blood

every day or the excrement comes out like mucussy globules of butter, sometimes tending more or less towards liquid, other times toward thin paste. If I eat a lot of good food the whole toilet bowl is dark read because food agitates my intestine. If I eat scraps of toast, raisins, a few eggs or anything else in small portions the blood goes away for a few days. It's not a pleasant thing to have mentioned, but if you haven't encountered a paragraph like this one in literature before, you're not reading the right books. Most stories are colossal frauds. A spell. An excuse to be entertained and intrigued. Meanwhile, life is being lived. Intestines are irritated, taxi cabs are hovering, children are playing, heads are aching with hangovers, teeth are falling out, orgasms are proving not enough and spies are still pretending the world still has file folders, envelopes, micro-chips and encryption codes worthy of some pseudo-religious value. I don't need any devices or symbols for distancing myself from the topic of excrement; in fact, I want the opposite. I want seven billion reasons why excrement isn't the only topic worthy of literature—the cult of excrementalism itself—the holy shit-storm of profundity and reversal. How come I'm the first author to feel immune to profundity? The profound is merely to state the process of reversal itself. Fame becomes anonymity, youth becomes elderly, the end becomes a beginning, the conscious becomes unconscious, the mindful becomes automatic, the disjunct becomes synchronistic, the tragedy becomes comical, the joy becomes despair and the whole shatters into fragmented parts. No one wants profundity. I shit nothing but profundity, and my intestines suffer for it. They say brain cells and intestine cells have a kind of strange sympathy such that anxiety in the head disrupts the regular functioning of the stomach. Sounds like rubbish on the surface, but its true. Thinkers develop somatic ailments because of thought. I'm not driving at profundity, I'm trying to elicit the opposite. I'm showing how the process itself is akin to illness. I'm showing how profundity is the ramshackle wedding of unruly opposites.

Can't eat. Still feeling nauseas. Hot shower would just add to my dizziness and fever. Fun is expensive. Spiritually expensive. Spiritual expenditure. What next? Terrible question of questions. Play has fallen out of existence. What's left to be played at? What masks? What roles? What chaos? What death? What rebirth? What illusion? Head aches. Alcohol still in me maybe. Blood definitely feeling thinner. Write best when blood is really thin. Things flow faster. At the thinnest, most ghostly point of perception existence is chronicled. Those who observe are other; the not tethered, the un-exploitable, the

severed, the dying, the fools, the princes, the calves, the moths circling, the many satellites of Saturn and Jupiter. Think of it, an entire planet of mostly gas. I need a second education in feeling. Need to go through elementary school a second time without thinking. Need to re-encounter every molecule of learning with a feeling toned awe and wide eyed wonder. My mind is obliterated to consider what chasm separates a man like myself from the interior life of a fourteen year old girl smoking pot and making fun of my diligence in middle school. It's simply unimaginable to me. How strange! How enviable! How miraculous! Forget the entire history of poetry. Give me instead the surrealism and twilight logic of a teenagers delirium. Poets ought to know the model of that which they aspire to. And how many diligent teenage love letters are ignored and misunderstood because the beloved already has a dozen eggs of fantastic vision she can't pry herself away from. To steal the stage, one must become more intense than the other dramatic acts. That words should ever lure us away from life in the first place is already suspect...I once told a 20 year old the secret of writing. In the course of a year, she gave up her plans to study theoretical physics, decided to become a professional pianist, gave that up a few months later because practicing seemed tedious and finally landed back upon herself and declared to me she was a born writer—basically if you're not born fitted for anything except indolence, then presto, you're a writer. Born ugly—there's a born writer. Balding too early—there's a born writer. No good at sports—there's another lovely born writer. I suppose she's not bad—this girl I was talking about I mean. Sometimes she inspires me. Other times her high flown language seems utterly insipid; too bombastic for anyone's reality except hers. It seems only when I've caused her to actually suffer her emotions has she written convincingly and with flow. Style out the window becomes inimitable style itself. Now she wants to fuck me before she goes off to study writing and have all her admirable and budding honesty ground out of her by the envious and vengeful gears of academia. She's still a virgin and I won't fuck her. I don't want the first room in the hotel of her sexual history. Let some other sap disappoint her. Not me. Even if the sex was ok, I'd disappoint her some other way because I'm older. I won't do it. She's too brilliant to be a lust object. She's much smarter than me. In a few years she'll probably be more well-read as well. I mentally try to measure those ten additional I.Q points and its as if she were a decade older than she really is. In fact, what's taken me ten adult years to understand, she's accomplished between the ages of 14 and 19. She has her awkward kid flaws and kid suppositions, but those are excusable. She told me her

I.Q. was in the 140's. Amazing. I believe it too. Her contempt astounds me. It's by far her most glorious trait. At seemingly every turn, without meaning to, I undermine, insult and derail her because I'm emotionally more clever than her; also, experience is probably worth a hundred extra I.Q. beans. Too bad though. Now that she has a little awe when looking in my direction, she's lost her most favorable enticement—her contempt. The seduction was more like a battle between rivals in contempt...but she needed an attentive friend more than she needed to make a pose or prove any points, so she shriveled.

Why should Nihilism be seen as mean, vulgar, short-sighted or cruel? It seems like an almost tautological fact that deeply intuitive and dauntless human beings should all incline towards the profundities of reversal...and they should feel it. Intimately suffer it meaningfully and symbolically even in their willful disregard. Authentic Nihilism is a musician whose fingers bleed as he plays. Never mind the word authenticity—what matters is music and blood.

When she told me about Bard and Vassar I said to hell with college. Science yes, but for art, absolutely not. I made it clear. As clear as I could, as roughly as possible.

“What are they going to teach you? They'll tell you all the sacred names and show you all the paths which are already bankrupt. You can't write the same book twice unless you're brilliant...in which case you write the same book every time...but never mind that. Screw learning! They'll give you no peace at that school of yours. Always looking over your shoulder, helping inoculate your grammar, swelling your stupid vocabulary with adjectives and tearing out your eyes. A writer's best trait is a unique and unpolluted lens. Think of the national geographic. Blood, atrocity, nature, diversity, detail—the ultimate lens is so receptive and unflinching it resembles courage just for having been there, up close and in the textures of experience. No courage yet is greater than honesty; the ability to look the whole world in the face and say “Fuck you.” with cold, meditative severity and go your own way. My whole life I've called myself a blasphemy. I've slandered myself at every opportunity. When asked about the source of my strange behavior, I simply state, “I'm a Nihilist.” I'd rather say what's accurate instead of what's true. Nihilist is a descriptive word. It has a negative connotation. It's a formidable and relentless word. Sometimes people hate me for it and some people grow to admire it. As it should be. Very well. But if I had told them the truth, they should have

immediately abandoned me, thrown curses or become hatefully envious for the sake of a flea. If I had called myself an honest man it would have been a mistake and my undoing. The honest truth is that everyone under the sun believes they themselves are God's own golden calf of honesty itself, and since everyone—religious or no—believe in their own semblance of genuine feeling, all humans under the sun are proved to be cowards, dissimulators, fakes and frauds. If you want some prove of this, start going around town declaring your own personal strain of honesty—like a Jehovah's witness for instance—and watch as the doors start slamming one by one in your face. I pity those poor Jehovah's witnesses and Mormon's in their bicycle helmets, because, if there were ever some alternate universe where they held the keys to the great mysteries of this rotten earth, people would still slam doors in their face and call them faggots. The world forgives sin, but it doesn't forgive honesty. Honesty is as threatening as hell itself; perhaps more so. Honesty can't forgive; can't hope; can't evade; can't excuse. Honesty is beyond the seduction of care for care's sake; It's a death knell for human sublimation, and sublimation is often their last resort.

The Nihilist's lens remains unblemished. What the crass and dishonest take for jade and disenchantment is exactly the formula for total honesty. Plato's perfectly just man is the opposite of a politician. The politician says he is going to build you a republic...that's how the proto-Nazi horror begins. The whole time Plato is working up to fascism, he's playing a clever trick on the crowd. The clue came at the beginning. The ring of Ganges: the perfectly just man is content to be regarded as the leper and the alienated exile even as he does secret works of charity and heroism without being acknowledged. Perfect inner justice would withstand every outward blemish and disrespect with silent equanimity. Meanwhile, Plato's perfectly dishonest man would reap nothing but undeserved rewards. The outward world would praise the wealth and fame he acquired through crime or deception. A veritable 'Great Gatsby'; a high bouncing lover contrasted with the man of pure love who kills him. The most unendurable lines in Fitzgerald's book are the lines about the loving husband with the dead wife. No one sympathizes with those lines. He's too low on the social ladder to deserve our sympathy: we've already written him off completely. We're deceived into believing in Gatsby's drama even though Gatsby doesn't deserve our friendship. Remember, Gatsby would have given away his entire fortune if the murderer had asked for it...but the murderer didn't think to ask for it. He only wanted justice for his dead wife. Plato's Republic and the Great Gatsby have that idea



in common at least. The perfectly just man is repulsive and horrifying. The opposite—the seducer—is quite pleasant and enjoyable, but he too has an abhorrent quality if he should be found out. Do you see what I just did there? I found a way of suggesting that a blood shitting, hung-over misanthrope/Nihilist deserved our respect because the formula for the great American novel also follows the aggressive discipline of jade and disenchantment. The sage hides the precious jade beneath ugly homespun garbs. The jaded heart is a newborn babe at every moment. The jaded heart enacts such possessed displays of crowd surpassing intensity the world has no choice but to call innocence corrupt, honesty eccentricity, sadness unhealthy, and compassion blasphemy against the commonplace. Heroic virtues need heroic depths of love to observe them or they remain invisible. With the ring of Ganges on the just man's finger he can commit any crime, over turn any kingdom, assassinate any king, rape any woman, steal any treasure, procure any luxury...but the just man declines all. A lover's heart is more valuable still than all messiahs past and all messiah's to come. The dim and barely mentioned anti-hero of the Gatsby drama is immune to the teachings of Christ and Buddha. A lover's heart is surprised the world ever needed even one holy man, let alone thousands of warring ones. I puked on my keyboard so I grabbed a handful of cheap pens—one for every forty pages—and sat down with a cheap notebook, the same color as the one I was confessing to in my poverty, far from home and father in a cold room with cold wood floors and where the walk to work was cold and the nights were cold. My little stack of chewed up rummage store books a quarter a piece: Plato's republic, Crime and Punishment, Tao Te Ching, Alexander Pope, Paradise Lost and Euripides—that was my college: a cold floor in Fargo North Dakota and work at a liquor store three miles from my rented room. No car. Fifty minute walks to work in the winter, minimum wage and all I wanted was to get home to the stack of six books on the floor so I could escape into words and thoughts. It hurt my feelings to see how ragged my books had become. Plato's republic was broken in half where the binding failed...but then I remembered how far Plato needed to travel in order to talk to me. The world over—people use that expression without the least bit intuition as to what it means. Between myself and Plato, the world was over many many times for many many generations. Plato traveled the world over to be heard correctly exactly once. Plato's Republic is the essential Socratic riddle: the just man is submitted to relentless injustice, calumny and disgrace while the dishonest man, the politician and public servant, is given a constant stream of social esteem, favors, bribes, deals, luxury, sex and

celebration for doing evil. Search the empire and find me the man who doesn't even know the name of the president or the style of government—put him in charge of everything and do you know what he'll say? "What is government? I don't understand the meaning of the word. I never knew I needed one. Perhaps I cannot even rule myself?" Plato purposely sets up an entire proto-fascist autocracy to demonstrate the essence of the Socratic ideal; he already saw him coming in future epochs—the first germ of Western Nihilism! Socrates was a monster! Plato isn't being serious about ridding the world of poetry or having the state raise our children. Rational justice equates to a tyranny of reason, and Plato fears the tyranny of reason even as he offers Socrates as the dialogues hero. Without intending to, reason inclines toward fascism. It even seduces itself into carrying fascism a little bit farther at every turn until finally the deathly Republic has been fully realized. And do you know the tragic part? The honest man's perfect mosaic of evil is taken in earnest and loved by the crowd. Honest men should beware their own sarcasm...it takes a noble love misguided to really accomplish any worthy advancements in the discipline of atrocity. Plato proves to us why there is no such thing as a philosopher king. A man cannot simultaneously be both honest and dictator in one. Reason dictates. Emotion remains honest. No struggle. The honest man abdicates. The kingdom isn't worth three hairs off his head—that's honesty. Plato tricked the world. Plato even tricked the Philosophers. Had Plato gone straight to the depths no one could have followed him. He had to work the seduction indirectly. He was forced to put on the ring himself in order to teach why the tool of reason morphs into invisibility and tyranny. Plato was never able to say what Buddha said. Plato could not risk saying, "I alone know the true nature of things." Nor could he say, "I alone am an honest man." Plato does two things—he gives us the ring of Ganges and he asks us what should be done with it...that is the Socratic test. Perfect government, orderly social organization, questions of justice, beauty, goodness—that's all just subterfuge for the one Socratic question: *What would you do with the ring of Ganges?* Let that question haunt your every breath if you are an honest man. The mere thought of power is already the beginning of corruption. As the Republic unfolds, we quickly lose sight of the perfectly just man and we're seduced onto the path of the tyrant. We disqualify ourselves from the ring by our willingness to follow the tyrant. Step by step, Socrates sets up one reasonable remedy after another until finally it appears as if the truly good man has finally found his way into office and become the long awaited philosopher king. It's not that power even needed to play false

or cruel. Plato is careful to make his mosaic of evil seem totally innocuous and fair. The perversion and systematic violation of human dignity in favor of the Republic knows no limit...and still we shout hurrah for the good man, hurrah for the philosopher king, hurrah for justice, yet all the while the man with the ring is discovering the strange and latent barbarity among those listening. Aghast, the innocent heart begins to suspect others are not like himself. It was naivety to think so. Now it's too late. The crowd is already at your doorstep, hanging on your every word, wanting to hand you the keys to the empire. We must continue. We must carry the whole thing through in order to see if even one in ten thousand has the mental faculty to see what's really going on. It took 2500 years. Plato already knew the history of the world before it got played out. The ring is still being worn to this day—by both the tyrants and the reclusive sages. The honest man must be tactful in how he proceeds once he realizes the polluted constitution of those around him. He cannot say to them, "Become honest!" as if it were such an easy command as that. Paradox and hidden complexity attend the honest man every moment. Honesty in process looks nothing like what we expect it to look. The aggressive discipline of human atrocity shows us the way to hidden jade and disenchantment. Best of all is not to be born. Second best is to go quickly back from whence you came. That alone is honesty. Nothing more to investigate or experience. Honesty is so compassionate and suffering it actually horrifies us to look directly at it. It sounds like the writings of a lunatic; It sounds like the ultimate renunciation and condemnation of existence. What the misanthrope says and teaches is not entirely in harmony with what the misanthrope actually is. Do not all misanthropes have child-like hearts? Do we not all make the mistake of missing the meaning of Plato's Republic each time? Once a man truly knows himself, whatever inner beauty remains teaches him the true nature of laws, governments, people and art. The remaining fragments of inner kindness and generosity finally admit the unhappy profundity of things. It takes unfathomable inner clarity to swallow completely the Leviathan that is the Hemlock of the world. Tears are transformation. Kneel where you have pissed and kiss the earth in gratitude as you cry. Kiss the steps of your capital. Kiss the doors of churches without entering. Kiss the glass window of the day nursery. Kiss a stray cat smelling of garbage. Kiss yesterday's clothes soiled in vomit. Kiss the uremic frost-yellow skin of a career alcoholic as he dies of a failing liver. Kiss a bride on the day of her wedding. Kiss the judge who just sentenced a man to life imprisonment or execution. Kiss the ax which deforests jungles and causes extinction. Kiss the

grocer stocking bananas or potatoes. Kiss the shirt of the anarchist in high school detention. Kiss the chair of the last chair violinist after the concert. Kiss every piece of the puzzle before you assemble it and make yourself a god—only then will you have properly understood the meaning of misanthropy and the curious yet useful disguise of the honest man.

What do you think they'll try to teach you in a school about writing? Do you think teachers would last very long if they weren't also completely dishonest and polluted with the filth of social decorum? Lovely how things work right? Paradox everywhere! College writers sound like college writers...the sound of polish on a dead edifice...they only squeak at best. No. School is not the place for learning anything about psychology. What matters is music and blood. Vitality. Nerves. The misanthrope loves his cosmic bride so much he's willing to profane her at the most crucial moment in order not to deal unjustly with her or us. He says, "Best of all is not to be born", and in this most ultimate Greek negation lies the transformative paradox. Who can negate so much as that? Only he who understands suffering. Only he who loves life most, without semblance of pretense, seduction or spiritual agenda. Only the honest man is capable of staying silent with regards to the most sacred thing in his heart: "Best of all is not to be born." Says the suffering misanthrope who still writes wine poems and cries privately under the stars whenever he can get free of society. "Best of all is not to be born." Says the hurtful joy of having lived.

Nerves. Concertos. Declarations of joy. Show me someone who can teach those. Now I tend to think the man who suffers deepest loves life most. None can rival his joy. Who has the courage to envy him? To envy a Christ, a Dostoyevsky, a Jean Val Jean, a Homer, a Buddha, a Plato, a Beethoven, a Cioran or a Pessoa?

When I read Lautreamont's *Maldoror* I knew I had found another honest man; I knew I had found one of the most gentle and sensitive men who has ever lived...only the vulgar hearted ones are fooled into thinking *Maldoror* is anything other than the incarnation of a saint in the guise of literature. "What must a man have suffered to have needed comedy that badly?"—Nietzsche's exact words regarding Shakespeare could just have easily applied to Lautreamont. Behind the thick crypt sweat and haze of daybreak, *Maldoror* only couples with sharks because the social reality he inhabits already devours him. Every last one of them ought to be sunk with the ship or shot—those are the

delirious and inverted fantasies of an honest man. Too honest for his own good, he falls to complete sublimation. He's not fit for this world. Not fit for a Harlem of dice players and jass musicians—his initiation to the French brothels must have nearly ruined his sensitive mind. Look closely at history—superiority does not rebel. I'll say it a second time to be clear: superiority does not rebel. Superiority is silence. Superiority is total contempt. Just think of all the Maldorors Plato never dreamed of...or did he dream them? The Republic makes me think he did dream them. Same book, different cover—that's what I feel when I compare Maldoror to Plato's Republic. And what about Dante? He makes a fine Republic of Hell don't you think? Too bad about his poets though...he felt befuddled...didn't know what to do with them. Put them in Heaven and you'll seem shallow...Put them in hell and now you're guilty of meanness...Dante thought it best to leave antiquity in limbo. If I had been among the poets I should have liked to be put in one of those circles of hell because suffering seemed interesting there due to how much reason and banality went into the seriousness of human torture. Dante made the devil into a bureaucrat and an office manager. Why would anyone think to take the chaos out of hell? What must a man have suffered to have needed comedy that badly! And what if human truth eventually settled upon an un-poetic conclusion, like the void or the waste-cloth? If Buddha had said joy were the noble truth of existence the misunderstanding would have amplified the world's suffering; the noble has to also seem difficult and uncommon for the people to revere it...to cause people to revere what no one naturally wants to revere. Nihilism strapped to the dynamite of human joy might obliterate the world. Buddha knew how to retreat in time. Suffering makes the most beautiful doctrine both ugly and suspect. Buddha also needed to confront the Socratic ordeal—the trial of the ring. Twice the Buddha succeeded. He first gave up luxury in a palace to become a beggar. Second, he altered his own honesty at the one decisive moment in order not to be misunderstood. Joy is too easy. It's like preaching love...they'll only love you for it and not listen or learn. Hedonists raise a glass! They're not capable of much more. No. The Buddha knew men needed a puzzle. If it were too easy they'd never learn compassion or appreciation. If the chase is too easy, we cease to want the prize. One wants a challenge, even in the domain of religious truth. The honest man has to lie to the people. "Life is ill and suffering," He says. Okay. Fine. So far so good. Wrestle with that idea for twenty years and see where it leads you. Suffering is not the noble truth. One must discover noble truth for oneself. Suffering points the way off the common path of politeness and superficiality.

Suffering is not the goal and suffering is not the outcome of Buddhism. If I were the guru of an entire monastery I would ask my every disciple the same question every day until one of them answered correctly. “What is the noble truth of existence?” I’d keep saying. Can you guess the monks reply? “Noble truth is exactly what you taught us master! Noble truth is exactly the magic word you keep repeating to us master! Sha-la-la-la-la-la Suffering, Sha-la-la-la-la-la Void, Sha-la-la-la-la-la Suffering. What else but those master?”

If every day I said to each man’s face, “Noble truth is suffering.” Who would dare ask the final question? “What is suffering?” Even this question diverts them and confuses them. Just the other day I saw a young Western Buddhist with a shaved head and a red-orange robe holding a microphone broadcasting himself through his computer and do you know what he was mumbling on and on about? Whether or not to eat one or two meals a day, whether or not to eat cake or candy in the evenings and understanding the difference between Therevaada Buddhism and the other sects. He bragged about his travels to India and he had even taken to speaking English with a Hindi accent and timing—does pretentiousness know no mortal limits? Cake and candy? One or two meals? Shaved head? Mispronouncing your own native language? The Buddhist Republic is complete. The brainwashing inanity of religion is complete. Disciple is a dirty word. Sounds suspiciously like an excuse for a homosexual orgy in the desert with an inclination towards the foot fetish—with all New Testament foot washing rituals and such!

Return to Plato once more. Is the Republic coming into better focus yet? If you want to teach you’ll mar it. It’s better to manipulate them as if they were automatons...because they are....to a very large degree in fact. Teaching is already a symptom of naïve optimism. If they were capable of us they would be us. How many times do I need to remind myself of that!?! Plato wasn’t too excited about having to teach virtue in the first place. The idea sounds so stuffy and tyrannical to begin with. We’re right in thinking so. Only the pedants and vampires actually go through with it. Lao Tzu simply says, “What other men fear, I also fear.” And for him, that’s the entire discourse on good and evil. Just one evasive and well timed sentence offered with the same lucid selfishness no one can refute. For Plato, the problem is allowed to expand into a farce of epic proportions. Plato’s Republic is the discarded raft needed for crossing the river of self. If it seems like a lie or a manipulation then it resembles the same lie and manipulation at

the core of Buddhism. For Plato, the fantasy of the philosopher king helps him quiet his envy and disgust over mismanaged governments. His envy is a sort of rancorous admiration for the governments of his time which seems to prompt the following reaction: his unconscious dreams up a clever means of proving how the path of the simple man is the way of the eternal sage and knower of the human heart. Psychologist par excellence, Jung didn't need theories or empiricism. Only honesty and unequalled intuition, persistence and patience. Access to dreams is the key to the universe. Art is but a pebble brought back from the vaults of the infinite. If a man relays his thinking, you can already guess his dreams. Was Plato divided? Did he succumb? Did he submit to the allure of incarnating the philosopher king? Did he really allow neurosis to strip him of music and poetry? I've never read the life of Plato. I've only read the life of Socrates through Plato's mouth. What if Plato was not at all like Socrates?

With Buddhism, suffering is the first noble lie—a fitting topic for the philosopher: what if both the virtue and the future truth of mankind depended on the necessity of a great lie? The noble lie. Nearly every philosopher will refuse the ticket. For some reason, a philosopher will have trouble comprehending two sided coins. The philosopher is looking for that rare and mythical one sided coin.

Two phrases confuse me equally. They are as follows: "I am lying" and "I am telling the truth." The first one is a grammatical and syntactical nonsense and the other is suspicious in having to declare so much in the first place. Every truth has its lie and every lie has its truth. In the case of Heidegger's later and more obscure writings he seems to have fallen into the alluring trap of re-writing Tao Te Ching in a more verbose style, no less esoteric for having been modernized. He even declares plainly, "Truth is untruth." He may as well have just said, "I'm not lying when I'm lying and I'm lying right now." In order to be more visual, I'll state it this way, "The red ball I'm holding is not red when I describe the redness of balls and right now I'm in the act of describing the redness of a ball." It's as if I'd peered behind the wizard's curtain into a different reality and my return has prompted me to describe this reality in a very strange way, almost as if this were the dream in which we could not remember how we got here or what happens upon completion."

Ah, what was I saying earlier Oh, right, about the girl: I was still describing what I said to the virgin. She was wanting to go to Bard or Vassar. And she wanted to be a writer.

“What are they going to teach you...” Remember that part? And the quotation marks lasted for twenty pages and I’ve still not made my point to the poor girl.

“If I had called myself an honest man that would be a mistake. The world would never forgive me for it. So it goes with sage wisdom. One has to dissimulate virtues—meaning, you must actively profess the opposite of what you are in order not to compromise the holy path. If I had wanted the world to begin believing in God, I’d have sided with the atheists in order to better understand and seduce them. If I had wanted to conquer the God of Abraham I’d have been the serpent who preached love and hung himself on a cross. Without fail, the man who says, “I am the messiah” is pure power incarnate. He immediately severs all distinction between good and evil, such that he seems equal parts lamb and wolf, serpent and dove. If I had said outright, “I bring you the doctrine of the anti-Christ” they’d send me to the sanitarium and give me anti-psychotic medication. So much for noble truth. So much for direct honesty. Now you want to be a writer? And College? Humbug on your college. I’m half way through life and I haven’t learned a goddamned thing! I have my suspicions, but don’t dare say them publicly. I don’t even know if I don’t know anything. If I said, “I know nothing” I might accidentally be lying. Who knows? What if Buddha nature was so relentlessly modest and humble that if asked directly it would deny its own divinity even as it levitated above our heads in perpetual awe of the self-same miracle everyone else takes for granted? Buddha sometimes forgets he is Buddha. Buddha sometimes returns for the sake of reminding Buddha about the truth of Buddha. Jung imagined each individual plant to be one of God’s thoughts—that’s a pretty thought in itself.

What is it teachers are capable of teaching? If a writer maintains honesty, who has taught him to do so? No one. No one can teach honesty. Honesty must be demonstrated and lived through. Perhaps we actually know very little about the complex tug of war between the conscious design and the unconscious compensation within our own minds. Perhaps I am utterly incapable of not being myself. Like all the other beings, my own private world looks as if it were the ultimate incarnation of honesty even when I am neurotic, manic, delusional,



delirious, frenzied, afraid, vengeful or outright mean. Honesty feels like the retribution done to me and not at all like a happy virtue worthy of being complimented. So much for any kind of virtue theory!

Did I tell you yet how much I love solitude? I can hardly bear to be away from myself and my own struggle for even the space of ten minutes. If someone offered to take four years away from my life and then make me king of the world I'd decline every time. College sounds like a ransom note. Read: "We have your daughter. Give us all your money and borrow some more money you don't have so we can take four or five years off her life."

Invoke arrogance and laughter. Never fully reveal the secret. Keep dissimulating. Coy like a coot, crazy calm of a cat just before pouncing. Get that idea ready. Soak it up with your eyes in a self-possessed fury just about to break the levy. Sustain that crazy cat moment indefinitely...it'll start bleeding out of you. Seep is a better word, but later it gushes like lava. "Do you see these houses?" I ask her, interrupting whatever topic we were on a second ago. "Do you see these houses?" Just now I'm sitting with her beside a huge backyard. The patio furniture points the guests eyes toward the lawn. Its well kept. I see a horse shoe pit she never uses. (Her mother says she never goes outside either—mother likes to make a few of her daughter's faults public to justify herself and gain some power in conspiring with her suitors instead of remaining completely on the sidelines; mother's want rapport too.) The girl's arms are bruised up...looks self-inflicted...I think I've heard of women doing that...cheaper than getting high, it's self-destructive and it doesn't leave scars. Piercing doesn't seem like it would fit her style; she doesn't have any style whatsoever...she dresses like a poet...like someone who feels deeply buried emotions instead of outward fashions...an honest simpleton immune to the social look of the other (or so she believes thus far...for now at least.) I tell her how boring her clothes are. "It's to be expected for your type" I say. She's un-insulted...that means my assumption is correct. "I like this shirt." She says stupidly, such that I not only believe her but I also feel as if fashion might forever remain beneath her concern. She read aloud a few of Shelly's poems; wanted me to hear the ones she liked. Too wordy and high flown for my taste, but what do I know? Maybe Shelly and his adulterous love letters use to have an affect on people before television...but its too late to forget my own century, so I'll never understand the alternative. So far she's only convinced me that *she* likes Shelly. For my part, I never had any love

letters actually achieve the effect of love...my own maybe, but never the girl's admiration in return. Now, as for hatred and abuse...that gets a man everywhere, even in letters. Her mouth waters for my cruelty. She doesn't feel accepted yet and she loves the agony of the not-yet. Romance is preserved in the not yet. The uncertainty. Oscar Wilde probably said that too. He made an effort to say pretty much everything worth saying, not out of the virtue of art, but out of the virtue of being the first one to say things the correct way for his generation even though he added exactly nothing to human psychology which one couldn't also find in antiquity or something. For Oscar Wilde, his play *Vera* (Sub-titled "The Nihilists") the political revolutionaries swear to strangle everything in themselves which use to be called virtue or tenderness. In the end, it's a revolutionary woman and the Czar's son who disrupt everything by returning to human emotions at the most inopportune time; meanwhile, the true tyrant and Nihilist—the one who days before had been on the side of the Czar exploiting the people—is banished by the Czar's son only to resurface and be allowed admittance into the sect of the Nihilist revolutionaries...perfectly honest at every moment in his role of self-seeking, Oscar Wilde's pragmatic Nihilist feels no compunction in having to change flag or change intrigue. Far from strangling his essence of a hackneyed ideal, the actual demon in the state is so formless, so selfish and so free from moral scruples and allegiance that everyone admires how immediately useful he appears in each new situation. He'll soon have been handed leadership of the Nihilist faction after putting it off with the excuse that he didn't want to step on anyone's toes or take on the additional responsibility...but he's not being modest. He's still being truthful. The blockheaded revolutionaries will just give him the throne and he'll be right back where he started at the beginning—on top. "*Vera*" was Oscar Wilde's first play. He should have re-written it without the cheesy love interest. It would have made a better comedy of errors than a political melodrama.

The girl is sitting sideways with legs over the arms support of a patio chair, drinking me in with her eyes as I talk without looking much at her body in general...this must be proving exciting to her but I'm really not interested. She has too many repulsive qualities that remind me of my mother's stupidity. She's annoying. A good companion, a good listener, super smart, but definitely not a lover. I can already see her wanting to love something...she has that look already...maybe I'm automatically in the way of that train...she implies way too much

without knowing it yet. I can even guess the nature of her fantasies from a few unsightly details she lets slip unconsciously. “Why can’t two poets get married?” She asked in earnest—She read one of my books. Now she doesn’t want to succeed in life. “I want to be miserable. I want to have extreme feelings and moods.” She said naively. Oh for fuck’s sake! What have I done!?! I’ll go down in history as the sole excuse for ten generations of artistic drop-outs who should have learned tax law or accounting! I don’t really want anyone to drop out. In truth, I just never had the opportunity to go to college. Who knows, I might have enjoyed myself. Nietzsche did. Kierkegaard did. Thomas Merton enjoyed it too much probably. My qualm isn’t with social institutions or schools. My qualm is with learning and being. You cannot separate the two. My private, autodidactic education made me realize every idea more profoundly as it directly sculpted my very flesh in the solitude of self-discovery. I wasn’t taught existentialist theories...I read the goddamn authors directly. Entire oeuvres of each smarty bastard I encountered. Ever since tenth grade I’ve had a deep distrust of education. I accredit that to Thomas Paine and his book, “The Rights of Man”. Not only did the guy have a killer last name, he also wrote propaganda with wit and charm after my own heart. Say what you will about human rights, but having gone directly to the source—to the guru himself—I suddenly understood the American Revolution in a livingly vital way no textbook could abridge. Line after line of Paine’s writing is decisive, inflammatory and quotable. His personality jumps off the page; and remember, the man is discussing politics! And history! I devoured chapter after chapter without the slightest boredom. He came alive. Not only did the book make me realize my teacher was an idiot, I also realized my classmates, my parents and the current president were also idiots. A hodge-podge concatenation of colossal idiocy. From then on I lost all trust in humanity. After that one lesson, I knew the value of going to the source for inspiration. Never take the commentators word...accidentally read a biography of Nietzsche published in 1915 by a man named Paul Carus. It gave me another good lesson in distrusting commentators. Despite it’s being a shoddy biography, it gave me a good idea of the unreceptive climate in academia towards greatness...the entire biography is trite, disparaging, accusational and outraged...a good set of qualities for an autobiography, but not so much of value for an academic essay! Yes, go to the source. Measure yourself face to face with the giants of language and see who flinches first. Eye to eye with Sartre, Homer, Rebelais, Descartes, Machiavelli, Hugo—all of ‘em! When you confront them without the pretense of

boot kissing academia, they return to mortality and offer us a more vital challenge than ever. Be intimate with great minds. That is the only way. It changes a man and yet he remains innocent and unchanged also. Layers of pollution and dishonesty fall away in the presence of the masters, yet one feels as if no change had taken place; one returns to innocence; a broader, wider, deeper innocence. It only took one book of Western History for me to suddenly realize how many wonderful and colorful lives I'd never lived. I had to have them back!

If I ridicule college it's because it hasn't produced enough men like me. Not enough people who go to the source of the world's mental treasures. If they had, we'd all be Buddha's by now. In the future I don't want to hear about any dropouts mimicking me only part ways or shoddy. A college education looks paltry compared to the obsessive vocation and religious calling I've given myself in the name of Nihilism. I don't agree with anyone. Not even myself a day later. If I had found agreement I would have stopped on a dime, but still I'm searching...now it's beyond hope...beyond recall...honesty has been my ruin. Honesty towards my own religious faith in Nihilism; it was devastating early on (as early as 17) and it continues to be the same festering cosmic wound I remember each time I attempt some new route of consolation and meaning. I am my own demon. Socrates demon lives in me like no other. I'm compelled. I'm possessed.

I gave the virgin a few strange gifts: I tore page 728 out of Being and Nothingness and underlined the sentence which reads, "Existentialism refutes the hypothesis of the psychological unconscious." Next I read to her an anonymous poem from the Chinese classic, simply titled, "Book of songs". (Imagine the passage below, in response to Shelly's verbose romanticism. I did not choose a poem prior to my meeting the girl. So confident was I in landing a good poem from that ancient book, I simply opened it at random.)

#### **Four Steeds**

*My four steeds are weary,  
The high road is very far  
Indeed, I long to come home;  
But the king's business never ends.  
My heart is sick and sad*

*My four steeds are weary,  
They pant, those white steeds with black manes*

*Indeed, I long to come home,  
But the king's business never ends;  
I have no time to tarry or stay.*

*See how they fluttered, those doves,  
Now rising, now dropping;  
Yet they settled on the bushy oaks.  
But the king's business never ends;  
I have no time to feed my father.*

*See how they fluttered, those doves,  
Now rising, now hovering.  
Yet they settled on the bushy boxthorn.  
But the king's business never ends;  
I have no time to feed my mother.*

*I must yoke my white horses with black manes,  
I must gallop at top speed.  
Indeed, I long to come home.  
That is why I sing this song,  
To tell you how I long to feed my mother.*

Without intending to, I twice had to strain to keep back tears as my voice quavered near the end of the simple poem. In the middle of a summer afternoon, with my face in the sun and suddenly forgetful of both myself and the girl, it was difficult to keep from weeping. After the reading, I once more felt it was a good contrast to Shelly's lines which had no emotional affect on me whatsoever. I find the simple book of songs much more sincere and heart-rending than the typical self-aggrandizing Western poets.

With the scrap of paper containing the Sartre quote, I next pointed out a poem where Charles Bukowski pretty much declares exactly the opposite of Sartre's opinion about the unconscious.

My psyche is vengeful against my progress and automatic in all my areas of weakness. Books and moods are it's retribution against me. I suffer them like birthing a child. It's a labor. One shouldn't brag, even about suffering. We ought not to let mania trick us into being first in the world at anything. Books are part of that struggle. The sage Osho says in one of his lectures on Tao, "My friend said to me yesterday, I dreamed I was the most important man in the world. I

lost patience with him immediately and scolded him for it.” Why do I suspect Osho was actually talking about himself and not his friend? Perhaps I have similar delusions as other frighteningly honest men. One cannot fake what one dreams. In my dreams I’m always lying...That’s the compass which corrects the heart of the traveler. I suspect Osho was a womanizer and a seducer. He drove a Rolls Royce so he could get young pussy...for that I suppose I respect him even more. Why be a sage unless you want sex and power? A true sage doesn’t bother with either. He renounces the stupidity of teaching. Honesty does not always lead to a singular solution. For Osho, maybe honesty was good sex. For me it’s misanthropy. To each their own...It’s also quite possible Osho was partly responsible for 60’s hippy culture and the free love movement...When John Lennon said, “We’re bigger than Jesus” had he already visited Osho in Pune India? One wonders. The real love guru of the modern world was also this nation’s only bio-terrorist...look it up for yourself, but keep in mind, his kooky disciples were probably the real ones responsible for the insane and non-lethal food poisoning stunt—salmonella contaminated food of all things! And over disputes with a local city hall! How utterly un-frightening!

The late 60’s redefined our nation, but not a single love disciple heard Osho correctly. Osho even ridiculed Gandhi to his face. Fucking hero! Literally...Fuck king and hero!

Why do I suddenly hear the Burzum quote differently now. He says, “Peace is degeneration and strife is evolution.” I use to hear the second part optimistically. Now, with more maturity, both activities, peace and strife sound like damnation: action and inaction both are flawed. Even the hearing of truth changes its emphasis. Double bind. Dead end.

{Can’t believe I’m even typing this garbage. Took a break and stared at the wall for over an hour just feeling intense pain from no source. Nothing but suicide ideation and hating life. Only the non-mind of pure pain seems illuminated; the rest of these thoughts are affected, nonsensical, random, grotesque and hateful to me now. Wanting the hygienic catharsis of burning most everything I’ve ever typed. Too late. I won’t have the energy to do it. Doesn’t matter one way or another. Won’t affect any other people. We go mad in our heads over trifles other people will immediately discount or forget. The world has no gurus. Osho’s modern day retreat in India is a tourist

resort with a hot tub and a fancy dining area for rich people and their self-indulgent bullshit. No solutions. It's all fucked. It's all talk. Talking talking talking, typing typing typing. No religious doctrines will take away my bodily condition; no meditation will cure my hypoglycemia or my bi-polar catatonia. Not melodrama, just clinical pain. Fucking pain. Pain. Pain. Pain. Pain. It hurts like I'm being tortured from within. Dragged through glass shards. Where is the source. Why is this? What is happening? Worked up to a hysteria of staring over the cliff, what does it matter if I turn the other way to look for distractions and sublimations if eventually I have to face the moral crisis of having to die and the panic of watching myself die. I'm watching myself die every moment I feel this much pain and cannot break free of hour long bouts of suicide ideation against my will. Nothing to be done. Just finish typing out this yellow notebook. Wrote the entire yellow and green notebooks in the last 4 months...nearly 500 pages long hand. Don't want to edit anything. Just want to send it to the press as it is and off myself. How did Strindberg even bring himself to polish his "Inferno"? We can't invent these stresses. We can't fictionalize these sorts of raw torment. It's not art. It's bodily distress. Metabolic malfunction. Living death agony at the cellular level. I want to be evacuated from my own body.}

Continue typing without believing in this. Old notebook. Type it and pass the time. What's to be done? Court young girls? Learn to think and talk like them. Weigh the world with a kiss and a tear? But not too many tears. The virgin girl disgusted me because she admitted to crying nearly every day. While in my presence, doing the simplest possible preparation of food she began laughing like a lunatic; so much so that she dropped things and things crashed out of her parents kitchen cupboards. I thought she was drunk maybe, but it was the middle of the day...and where would this reclusive little 20 year old have gotten alcohol? She laughed like I imagined Mozart or Shakespeare to have laughed. Once more, "What must a person have suffered to need comedy that badly?" Reading Cioran's biography, the woman researching him practically falls in love with him. Half the biography is her private reflections on her visits to his death bed...she wanted to be written into the history of his life...how wonderful it was that Alzheimer's made it so he kept forgetting who the cunt even was. Serves her right. Pretentious whore! She's dead now too at least. Apart from that, Cioran seems to have developed a silent but formidable cult status among, (gasp) women! Must have been the book he wrote at age 22. Heights of despair. From the looks of his

biography he was quite good at chatting up the ladies and getting them to feed him at their houses—just what every poet really needs, a free meal. The woman he lived with must have turned a blind eye when she came into the picture. Also, he never married her...kept her hoping into her 60's and that was just the right thing to do for keeping the romance going. Cioran didn't bow to the universe and more astutely, he didn't compromise himself for a silly marriage. "Do you still write" they asked him in his 50's. "No, I've slandered the universe enough for one lifetime." He was lying. He still wrote nearly every day. His mistress/companion said so.

Manheim translated Celine and Hitler. Heidegger's work sounds different to me after reading the Ford translation of *Mein Kampf*. In the critical years before World War II, Heidegger was bitterly upset with some of the contents of Hitler's book and even more disgusted at its reception by the public (it was popular to give *Mein Kampf* as a birthday present in Germany during the late 1920's.) Some very specific remarks and phrases are used in Heidegger's work (being and event) which lampoon similar key phrases and terms in Hitler's book. No one will teach you that in any college on the planet. So dissimilar is Heidegger from Hitler you may as well compare Napoleon to a shoe. One is a man of action. The other is a man of deep contemplation and such asphyxiating doubt that he cannot finish his giant books nor can he resist social pressures. I don't care that this book so far is rubbish. The vocabulary is narrow, the references are too wide. I use the word "I" in nearly every sentence. This isn't literature, it's mental illness. My disgust grows day by day. Every 3000 new pages read means more hatred and more psychological penance and recoil. What happens when I become the oldest living misanthrope? When I finally do possess the most astute and well read mind on the planet? What then? Or if not me, then what of the misanthrope who really does? What then? Nothing. I'll pass. They'll pass. Everything passes. So what? Another dead philosopher. Another childless bachelor dies. It doesn't matter if I'm the greatest misanthrope who ever lived or not. What counts is I said all the things the greatest misanthrope should have said and I read all the books the greatest misanthrope should have read. Strike a pose long enough and the world will begrudgingly come to agree with you—like Bukowski become the touring smut entertainer and then spending the rest of his life pandering and bowing to that terrible identity—shoddy vocabulary or not! And that's another thing: adjectives! Why the compulsion for seven fucking ways to say every word? Why invoke so much emotion. My nerves don't have recourse



for as many adjectives as Maldoror or Henry Miller. Adjectives make me feel like I'm reading the language of a heart that needs more gears than mine to think clearly. What is it I once said about literature? It's a vehicle for almost understanding. "Creativity is a vehicle for almost understanding." Again, Cioran says beware lucidity. It's the death of a man. If he's too lucid he'll never be interesting. He'll crush souls out of existence with tight syntax. This is my forty fifth long hand written page today—I just counted. Who has time for the thesaurus when thoughts come this quickly? And this is my head every day of my life. On the day Schopenhauer finished the final sentence of *World as Will and Presentation*, was he the greatest living philosopher on the planet? Or were there ten others like him who never bothered to publish or even lift a pen to begin with. We just don't know. What has come into view may actually be quite insignificant compared to what else exists...or didn't exist but passed as a thought or a mood. By what means would a man discover he had the greatest mind in the entire world? Tell me that? By what means? We cannot crown ourselves. Shakespeare already gave us Macbeth who does exactly that and wants to kill himself over it...the most Nihilistic Shakespearian verses are those which take place after the lead character has given himself the highest place by sheer force of will; was it the passing suspicion of Shakespeare's own greatness which caused such an Nihilistic recoil in his own brain? "Do you think what I am thinking?" asks Shakespeare from behind the quill?" Shakespeare asks us the Socratic riddle once more. "Do you know yourself? Do you even know anything at all? What if the misanthrope is a mental perfection? What if Timon was the greatest man in Athens?" The words keep pouring out of me as if someone else were writing them. It's not me. I'm just sitting here watching a hand move as if a ghost were writing it for me. Have you ever looked at a man looking at his own hand with fear and awe? One wants to believe in ghosts it's so strange. I didn't eat anything today. Blood's still thin. Just woke up and started writing because of some dream I've forgotten by now. I woke up late in the day and now it's the middle of the night. Head is swelling. Aches worse than the hangover earlier. Feel nauseous. Hungry maybe, but the thought of food makes me want to puke. Nothing to be done. No way out. Couldn't sleep if I tried. Orgasm failed to comfort after waking up. Food failed. Alcohol failed. Sleep failed. Literature failed. Megalomania failed. No recourse left to me. Pen still moving. Ghost hand still twirling the pen at breakneck speed. Who has time to type all this? I type slow as it is. Shit.

Back to the talk about the young girl. What's left to say? Ah, yes, we were in her back yard.

"Look at these houses. Every one of them has people living in them. Houses, houses houses, in all directions. People people people. You want to be a writer? Well then you're asking the wrong questions. If you say "teach me how to write." I'll spit in your face. You'll never know what you're doing until you've already done it, and then it's too late to undo it. Better to ask this question, "What is a writer even good for?" To this question I've devoted my entire life, as if it were my own personal crusade. Do you want to know my answer? *The writer is good for nothing an no one!* What good is a polished wordsmith if his head is still stuck up his own college bred asshole? What good are his adjectives if he cannot describe properly the most precious thing of all? If he mars the one thing needful he fails us. I don't care if he writes well. I'll write you an entire book solely on what other people already said and I'll do it more convincingly than the good writer because I've lived and understood more. My knowledge equals my depravity. I've only learned the extent of my own depravation. I've only learned my own solitude. I've only discovered my secret futility. I've only this crown of borrowed thorns from all the lifetimes I never lived. I've only counted the number of days I've denied. I've only learned the jealousy of the undead and the spectres of confusion who visit my dreams. What if life is not enough? What if the world is not enough? I want all lifetimes. Why must we be dealt only this one? What if one is already too much and I want to die? What if this were my final day? Did I live it well on my couch with my cheap pen and my hangover?

"Don't ask to be taught how to write. Ask yourself how to live and never quit asking the one thing needful. Everything else falls into place with effortless motion when the heart is in earnest. What did Kierkegaard say? "The pure of heart will one thing." Doesn't matter the thing. Will whatever you like. The point is to realize the nature and the substance of devotion itself. If we had to teach writers how to live, what good would they do us? Learn to write? No! Never! Learn to live and nothing else. The people in all these houses don't need a writer learning to write, they need a hero willing to go on living."

Why such a moral purpose from a Nihilist? Do you see the circularity of the journey now? How the quest of honesty has burned all my bridges and left me with no reason to continue? Aggressive discipline indeed. Jade and disenchantment once more.

## *Day*

“The grandeur of the kosmos is but the sweepings and pilings of aimless debris...and in the sweepings and pilings of aimless debris I behold the grandeur of the kosmos.” Said the obscure and weeping philosopher as he wrung his hands over an artificial globe.

Herakleitos lives once more in my tears.