

Unexpurgatory

By AnonOmIs

For Jay Shiva and Tron Rayfield, M.D.

A Note to the Reader of the Online Edition

This is a work of fiction, as are you, dear reader. If that assertion seems false, itself a bit of fiction, well, take a closer look. We are all figments in God's imagination, and this work is wholly a figment of mine. Just kidding! The events depicted herein were actual occurrences that took place in the real world, with the exception of the short fictions "Suicide Note" and "Transanimation," the parody "Play the Conches, Gents," and sundry small pieces whose fantastic nature should be readily apparent. Names of some people, places and things have been changed. The name I assumed here, AnonOms, is generally shortened to Om. As for metaphysics, I offer this snippet of philosophical dialogue:

"Uh, well ..."
"That's a deep subject."

I welcome you, gentle reader, to this eleven-year-old book that chronicles the psychedelic weekend and its six-month, sober aftermath that capped my two-decade, abstemious, and intermittently successful search for God, a search that culminates when the seeker and the sought become ... gone. "God dwells within you, as you," said Swami "Baba" Muktananda. With this understanding, meditate. See God in each other. And enjoy the book.

Martin Luther King, Jr. Day 2003

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Facsimiles of the letters of Jay Shiva to AnonOmIs (mostly unpaginated) appear in chronological order between chapters. [But not online, as they haven't been digitized. Many apologies.]

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Preface

My correspondence with Jay has been a circling of “the Guru as my Self” in the company of Gurus and gurus and Nietzsche, Freud, Jung and Derrida—along with my own pain, anger, grief, fear and lust. It’s been a homecoming, a welcoming-back to death and to the renewal of life with every breath. Enjoy. Thou art That.

AnonOmIs

*Koloa, Hawai‘i
February 2, 1992*

robots
ohhohoho sounds in the rain still rainforest drums compu-
pupu

I mymy mumu HaHaHawaiian rendez-vous ooh ooh you knew
dinchew?

somewhere on the edge
a chunk of night
fell out
of the sky the
feeling I knew....

“To ‘confess’ is to indulge in a series of self-justifying utterances which claim to be ‘sincere,’ or to offer direct access to the writer’s memories and conscience. Yet confessions are always, in some sense, a strategy designed to ‘excuse’ the penitent by placing his guilt in a narrative context that explains it, and thus dissolves responsibility. Such excuses run the danger that ‘they will indeed exculpate the confessor, thus making the confession (and the confessional text) redundant as it originates.’” (from Paul de Man, *Allegories of Reading: Figural Language in Rousseau, Nietzsche, Rilke, and Proust*, pp. 278-301, in Christopher Norris, *Deconstruction: Theory and Practice*, p. 107).

it was dark it saw

presumption? casualty of causality

Old Koloa depopulates. The store closes. The metaphorical closure of thematics of origins and presence—the *differance* of Western metaphysics—circles on. The United States Post Office of Koloa, Hawaii 96756, stays open. During business hours.

West of **here** (Koloa? My nose? This Apple Macintosh named after a Macintosh apple, a seed-bearing fruit . . . ?).....west of here is the East, over there around the globe a ways. Around the bend. Wayward. The way of the word eastward is mythically mapped by the cartography of divinity, the godly origin of the Sanskrit alphabet, itself considered the abode of the gods. Stories continue.

I hear footsteps; I assume that I know that Jay is awake. The flush of a toilet confirms this. Footsteps approach. We speak, my gaze all the while on the screen of the computer with which I write this. There is no doubt in my mind that I spoke with Jay even though I didn't see him, but I wonder: what is identity, knowledge and communication? What does this have to do with my hoping that he tells me that he just made smoothies for our breakfast? Who he or anyone is is a moot question. Every morning I awaken and in coming to consciousness encounter a facsimile of myself, complete with the memory and sense of what that self is. One thing I know: I don't know anything.

Sunny windy day in Hawaii. *New Fuji Garbage* on the CD player.

Sudhir Kakar locates the *chitta* ("soul") in the perineum. Asleep, I dream I'm about to fuck a woman; restraining ejaculation, I tighten my perineum, and I awaken to find myself actually doing that, squeezing my pubococcygeal muscle, that is. I am alone; the woman was only in the dream. (She bore some resemblance to Lakshmi Wordsworth, whom we were speaking of yesterday. Which way does the dream-recollection-creation net loopily feed back or forth and/or holomovingly on or in itself.....?) No wet dream that time, this morning, August 9, 1991.

Sprung from loins, fallen from pelvic paradises (Freud) or reincarnated through infernal wombs (*Garbhopanishad*, etc., in Sanskrit), we meet generationally in the perineal plexi, giving birth to dreams, desires, pleasures, diseases, disappointments— and each other. The metaphoric matrix of language, Mother Earth, blood and bone, flesh and nerve, biosphere, bios's fear of Mother dear (for life begets death)—the whole fucking mess of birth and afterbirth and more pre-births' further fucking—takes place, is located, happens. Somewhere somehow O birds and bees.

"Mommy tell me please can I do it too when I'm grown up?"
"Yes, darling," Mommy says, "you too—with God, of course, and the sanction of society (our biiig Mommies and Daddies) with its fearsome penal systems and cruel and unusual schools—yes yes of course you will create a creature, like Daddy and I made you, right smack in the middle of our bodies' bags and tubes of shit and piss. Really, darling," says Mommy, "it's heavenly."

Grof's BPM I is heavenly. Heaven, death, birth, genitility, anality, orality, language, culture, primates in the trees—so what? My thinking turns at times to—no—into glossolalia. Thank goddz/goddesses with lovely tresses in astral dresses, thank fwueuncxneucxmeiofnvksfiie!?!&*!!!

Maybe I should cut the grass. Mow the lawn, that is. Cut the grass, distil the LSD. But the grass, the lawn, is too wet. Kaw Valley hemp-pickers' problem. Mr. Clean, meet Mr. Caffeine. Don't be so fucking anal. Anally fixated, not retentive, you asshole. FroZenYoga: moolabandha, cows doing the lambada, then meditating on Elvis reborn with a horseface. No shit. Ganeshshit. Gesundheit. This fucking world is fucked, fucker. I am the world and I eat the world, sayeth the Lord, the Word, the Herr of

the DoG; the *Taittiriya Upanishad* tells us so. And the Lord sayeth, I shit the world; the AnonOmIs Uponashit sure should say it.

Thunderlightning thoughtvision brainweather mind
whether or sought.

My prair two gawed: inwardly screaming silently ablyssfullymally
tonguing uvula nipplistically o mister mistress brother sister mystic flesh
of godd till I Gottcha. Value, Val-me. Ciao, baby.

A Hawaii Number One Grade-A Prime mongoose on the lawn of
overgrown grass approaches the musical house, singing, "I don't need you
any more, I'm not the man you're looking for. Your head is empty and
your body's on vacation." I don't believe it. The words he or she is
singing, I mean: those I enjoy and doubt. I doubt that the long rodent is
doing a cover of an Electronic song ("Reality").

What the mongoose had to do with the music on the stereo in this
old house on a Friday afternoon on Kauai entails this fact: she turned and
fled when Jay entered, clomp clomp clomp, to report the second sentence
of the lyric, which I had missed. In reality. Shortly thereafter I heard the
first sentence, the refrain. So what? Well, I never saw her again, not since
that last time, about ten minutes ago. God. I fart and notice that I'm
breathing faster, savoring the aroma. Nevertheless, this does not
compensate for the loss of the mongoose. My loss, my shame: my fart. My
food, my world. Death is freedom.

The beat. The BEAT BEAT BEAT BEAT BEAT BEAT BEAT
BEAT BEAT BEAT BEAT BEAT BEAT BEAT BEAT BEAT BEAT BEAT
BEAT BEAT BEAT BEAT BEAT BEAT BEAT BEAT BEAT BEAT BEAT
BEAT BEAT. Breathe and eat to the beat. Dine in the heat, cook in the
heat. Die in heat, happy Sunshine. The whirled eggsists, feeling fine.

Scream? Grunt! If I give myself to you and you give yourself to
me, who will be left to receive? Who gives/receives what/whom? What
the fuck.....
depressing keys

electromechanically typing
bipolar symptOmologies Stop!
The mongoose is back!

...and gone, under the house, near the ground-level room, disused
and dirty beneath my body, the chair and floor.

How do I pass the day, Missus or Mister Mongoose, on your way
to conclude the *Mahabharata* (or is it the *Ramayana*?), you may be
wondering, in your curious humanlike way, you may be thinking,
wouldn't you say if you could and felt like it, eh? KLF on the stereo stops,
the phone rings and so begins another chapter: Jay's Phone Call from
Someone Having to do with Money. I pass the day chronicling the day
cynically, clinically, sloppily, floppily. Stop me! Thank you.

Bellydancing local haole girls at the Akebono Theatre in Pahoia,
the promise of a special letter from Shanti, shopping for peaches and

cheese and razor blades, and eating enchiladas, frijoles, rice, chips and salsa at Mama Lani's in Keaau—those were the activities of Friday night, not in that order, and Jay and Tron and I didn't bellydance, we watched three ladies dance in turn, with instrumentals by the oud, wind, and drum players between the dances they accompanied. One bellydancer seemed not to have a bellybutton, though she had plenty of belly—probably so much that it obscured her navel. Or maybe she's a humanoid.

Which brings us to names of musical groups. The musicians at the Akebono were part of a band called Taksim. My favorite names: the Sex Pistols, Jesus Chrust, Ricahrd Hell and the Voidoids, the The, the Dead Kennedys, Cycle Sluts from Hell, the Butthole Surfers, Gay Pregnant Nuns Moonlighting As Whores Spreading AIDS, and Hurricanes And Magnetic Recording-Media Distortion Caused By Dolphins Doing Glossolalia.

O order, achievement and justification for my existence! The sun of my life is drying the lawn about the house; I will be able to cut it, I will be worthy, I will mow the grass. I must get off my ass and exert myself. Labor. Pains. The birth and rebirth—the reappearance—of the clean, smooth look and feel of billiards-table-like ground, unsullied as the cloudless sky or a freshly-wiped baby's bottom. To the task! (Via lunch, and.....uh-oh.....it's clouding over, the coy sky averting her baby-blue cheek.)

Now Jay's about to start the lawnmower. He stands by the driveway in his Gargoyle sunglasses (à la *Terminator I*) in the blazing ocean-breezy sunshine. In the garage I have sheltered a gray 1991 Ford Probe rent-a-car, an example of the folly that in Detroit passes for design: no rain gutters above the windows, no headroom. The sunroof provides scalp-clearance. The key is in the ignition, so the car may be beeping to itself merrily, in the oblivious way of rocks and clouds, which is to say God only knows exactly what it's doing; I don't know (another uncertainty, I'm sure enough to write here in this self-reflective old irony of positive ignorance, acknowledging with indirection the perplexity I have regarding what is complex and paradoxical out there and even all the way through a corelessness that may, embodied, somehow (surprise! here we are!) speak of its (my?) interiority, perhaps necessarily obscurely if at length. Hence briefly I say, "I don't know," the sense of those three words being implicit in any usage of or performance by an I.)

This quiet neighborhood now resounds to the two-cycle tune of a self-propelled but, alas, not robotic yard-shaver which Jay dutifully guides along adjoining tracks across the face of the earth.

Tron was up early this morning, on the phone to Photron in Kansas, and then out in the yard (as we say "out in" Kansas), cutting weeds and fallen travelers' palms whose roots were pulled from their uncommonly moist soil by the high winds of a recent tropical storm that blew the fan-like arrays of twelve-foot fronds down to the ground. Tron went to Hanalei. Jay and I hauled the giant plants into the thick brush

across the road from the front yard. With slow “1-2-3” counted swings, we heaved the heavy palm carcasses into the jungle. After tossing a load I slipped and fell ecstatically into a depression filled with undergrowth, compressing several feet of tangled vine, coming to a safe, soft rest, laughing. The hole I had made we filled with more cuttings, including a four-inch thick mango sucker that had drooped over. I enjoyed the work, the exertion.

Jay cuts the grass, wearing, besides sunglasses and a big smile, his teensy red sunbathing, and hot-springing, suit. The shorts that he soiled in the palm-clearing operation are soaking, so Jay had available only the red bikini, and a blue one, as comfortable clothing options. He expressed concern as to what the neighbors might think about such scanty attire; I quietly said, “Fuck the neighbors.” Tron says it’s a quiet neighborhood, and it is (except when somebody mows a lawn), and I imagine that the neighbors understand and that they’re nice people and it’s OK. So, in a certain sense, I would quietly say, “Fuck ’em.” Meanwhile I type, awaiting my turn behind the noisy machine chopping with blades of steel blades of grass.

Tapping plastic keys with my fingertips is quiet work or play. I hear the lawnmower. I think. Noise and thoughts. I imagine a robot lawnmower in a ghost town. Nobody there to hear or care or see the new-mown lawn. No one sees the clock that tells one time, only one time, the same time on its immobile face now as when it stopped, some time ago. No time like the present, the famous “they” say, for doing things, all those things that need doing, that we need to do, we have to do—yes, we have to (don’t we?), they say. Twice a day the old clock shows (and “tells”) the correct time, fleetingly: at 2:43 am and again at 2:43 pm, only for a moment each time. That is very nearly two more times the exactly correct time than any consistently fast or slow timepiece can register in a day once it has been set. The smaller the degree to which it runs fast or slow, the less often the unreset clock will be precisely accurate, so long as it runs. If a clock could run exactly 24 times as fast as it should, it would be exact once every hour. But if such a clock could be made, so could a clock be made that would always be exactly accurate. Short of that, any stopped clock offers convenient, frequent chronological precision. And it’s as useful as a lawnmower in a ghost town.

This body that works and feels, the mynahs on the grass eating seeds freshly harvested by the mowers (machine and man), and my seeing, knowing and reporting all or some of this and again wondering—those are like part of a day in the lives of the cells in the grain of the wood of a tree that was cut down, sliced open and photographed to make the simulated-wood desktop on which this Apple rests, micro-chipping away at syntax, shuffling quanta of energy and understanding.

The sunset of the day of harvest was ooh-ahh beautiful, reminding Jay of pleasant days of his two months stay in Bali. His saying that reminded me of my idea of Bali, my only visits there having been imaginary. The vanished sun had left a pink glow over a strip of deepening blue above Maui atop clouds on the ocean past cane fields by the road

beneath the car through whose windshield we saw it all until we parked and got out across from Hanalei Pizza. Tron came barefoot up the sidewalk from Kaneshiro's market, carrying a cold six-pack of Corona Mexican beer. I dropped his slippers on the ground, he stepped into them and we turned, pushed past the screen door of the pizza place, sat, drank, and ate six of the eight slices of the mushroom, green pepper and black olive pizza that I had ordered from Tron's house in Koloa a half hour earlier.

The body, the locus of my entire life, this body, my body, in some sense me—me in all my five, or ten (Hindu), senses—I, I say, I went to the rodeo today. My first rodeo, with cowboys and girls and future hamburgers of America. Jay was there—as a spectator, not a participant—wearing a Nepalese t-shirt embroidered with a pair of eyes that stared mystically at young wahines' bare midriffs and cleavages. A very discriminating tantric t-shirt with great wisdom of the body. The bodies of cowboys ignominiously flung the bodies of cows to the ground and rapidly bound them with rope, cow after cow, timed each time in a contest of speed. Several of the stricken cows lay with necks stretched out, as if inviting a sacrificial knife to hurry their inexorable fates as cellophane-wrapped supermarket meat, as fast-food burger patties, as sausages and cold cuts.

A twangy-tongued announcer gibed the contestants between reports of their scores. I liked his voice. He remarked that a bull in the arena had no ears and no tail. He said, "They'll have to wholesale that bull 'cause they sure can't re-tail it." In describing the rigors of mounting an angry bull in a holding pen made of steel tubes, he let it be known that he has scars on his knees from bulls banging him into the "pipes" in the days of his own riding career. He's also judged rodeos and has learned as an announcer not to judge from behind the mike, he explained, pardoning the judgmental opinion that he had just offered of a cow-wrestling performance with features that uniquely merited his contravening the lesson.

Budweiser provided corporate sponsorship for this year's Hanalei Rodeo, along with triangular Budweiser flags (red letters on white fields) which ringed the black dirt field of the bovine-based excitement. The Muscular Dystrophy Association was the beneficiary of a portion of the proceeds.

Upon paying my five dollar admission fee I received an ink imprint of a pink cartoon cowboy on the back of my left hand. When I moved my hand he became animated, though he remained mute the entire afternoon. Some of the people in the bleachers talked, and I heard some mooing. At the rodeo's food concession the specialty was cow.

After the rodeo we went to Robinson's ranch to look for psilocybin mushrooms growing in old cow shit by a waterfall on the soft green slopes of the hillsides. We ate our findings, some on the spot and some later, at Tron's, where we watched a bit of the "Stranger Within" on TV ("Mom!"

yells the Satanic child), after reviewing Jay's mom's death certificate. Then we walked up the unlit, very dark road toward the waterfall until the light sprinkle began to increase, almost becoming rain by the time we got back to the house. Sprinkle of light? We became rain? We stereo-steered our way into the dome of the Taj Mahal with Paul Horn and friends and then took up with the Dagar brothers, who led us to the inner sanctums of *Hustler* magazine.

Yoga. Sitting, breathing with *ujjayi* pranayama sounding through my nasal pharynx, throat and eustachian tubes, doing it with "nectar" (*khechhari mudra*), feeling the *ajna chakra* connecting the area between my eyebrows with the base of my skull. Feeling my spine, relaxing, vibrating.

Now Jay considers taking LSD. I am willing to share the two doses, two small "blotters" of paper containing the drug, the acid, which he has. "Let's go and do it," Jay says. "Yes," I type, as Jay stands behind me as I type. He's having second thoughts, "continual second thoughts," he calls them. He offers me the choice of taking it on my own, without waiting on his decision or indecision. I take it.

Jay and Tron
Joy of Dawn
Nusrat Fateh
Ali Khan
Breathing deeply
Eating guavas on the lawn

Singing and chanting hare krishna hare rama rama rama hare hare with Prabhupada and Muktananda, Gurumayi and Rajneesh; and with the Tibetan monks of Gyuto College, I intone the invocation of essential death, the redeemer of us all. Derrida lays bare the figurative and metaphoric rhetoric that Socrates used to defeat the Sophists, whom he accused of rhetorical subterfuge and using tactics that in fact were his own as well. Dr. D goes on to say that this linguistic legacy permeates all of Western philosophy as an inescapable feature of the activity he calls *writing*, which in his lexicon nearly equates with breathing: writing, for instance, is the precursor of speech, in his extended concept of the integral, bodily nature of so-called writing. Hence he terms his approach Grammatology, the study of writing, in a very broad and radical sense. OK. That's refreshing. And it's an extremely sharp tool for cutting through conceptual jungles. With its aid we may find fruit, eat it and shit out the seeds in mental-ecological harmony. Such is my reading of Christopher Norris's *Deconstruction: Theory and Practice*.

This: this is deconstruction in one form, one way, manner, fashion, as written of and by this body, as I think of the Hindu notion of karma and debt, retribution, guilt, social networks, eschatologies, euthanasia and the "free play of meaning" relating to Kashmiri concepts of the alphabetic and linguistic matrix of reality being Sanskrit, the essence of the language and

its written form being one, and being one and the same as the minds that individually conceive thoughts which in themselves are nothing apart from matrika, the “little mothers” of all and everything, the Matrix, the ground of being; yet these concepts rigidify readily with caste and culture weighing heavily upon those who try to transmit the living heart of the teachings, which is just each one’s own breathing, pulsing embodiment. Which may at times include olfactory hallucinations of, and/or hypersensitivity to, the smell of toast, brought about by the anticipation of eating it, and ingestion of 100 micrograms of lysergic acid diethylamide-25 two hours earlier.

I enjoyed the toast with brie, Philadelphia cream cheese and macadamia-nut-and-chocolate-flavored coffee.

This morning I sent a form to the IRS at their request, reporting the status of my 1989 tax return. I told them that that year I earned only Japanese yen, lived and worked in Japan and paid Japanese income tax. This I swore under penalty of perjury, so help me God. Amen.

Awomen. Goddess, we are thee, helping us help ourselves. Need we grant that this is selfish? Yes! Everyone on board! All aboard! We’re all in this boat together. Row row row your boat gently down the stream, merrily merrily merrily merrily, life is boat a dream on the stream of reality what difference or differance does it or do we make? Action, decision, karma, self self self self self self self self self self self. The beautiful abyss of what death means to me is solace and refuge from I, my selfing unthing (and Kohut’s selfobjects, and everything else).

Death, yes. And psychophysical deconstruction by glossolalia. And singing and dancing, partying wildly with Sidi Sediki, the Gang of Four, the Cocteau Twins, Ofra Haza, the Pogues, Burundi drummers and Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan.

Death, taxes and LSD. I’ve made my last will and testament, naming my son as my heir. I’ve given my sister (who’s the executrix of my estate, and is an attorney and a citizen of Canada and the U.S.A.) my durable power of attorney. I’ve made a “living will” declaration. The paperwork’s in order. The rest is mystery.

So how’s about some fiction? Raindrops becoming birds in the wet wind through the trees...but why the prepositions and verb? Rain birdsong dripping trees wind, Tron teaching Jay yoga in the living room: the whole point of which, Tron explains, is generating inner heat (*tapas*, in Sanskrit). The squealing of the computer’s fan or hard disk has become the chirp of a cricket. The squeal was taken from the desk to the yard by a small mosquito who had entered the house through a small, secret passageway, just to take the squeal away, for which I am grateful. This mosquito practiced breathing exercises for many incarnations before taking birth to fulfill this important mission. This is our good karma for having given our blood to thousands of generations of mosquitoes.

A jalousie could just as well be a smile, as a human body can be a wheel or a fish, in the postures of yoga. Ontogenetically, in the womb, the

human is a fetal fish for a time. And the lotus-legged variation of *matsyasana*, the fish posture, is ideally suited to floating in the ocean. I can even construe myself, as I float, to appear as a fish: a flounder, say.

“Oh, Mai,” I say, to which Jay responds, “She’s not here either.”
Dental floss as drug paraphernalia: using it to remove a bit of blotter stuck between my teeth. Non sequitor?

We celebrate Olatunji’s “Shango (Chant to the God of Thunder)” with ecstatic dancing and shouting, spinning and singing. The God of Thunder strikes us with Nusrat Fateh “Once Again!” Ali Khan’s “Shahbaaz”. My heart smiles.

Jay asked me to describe—

Deconstruction in twenty-five words:

O man! Language inevitably describes itself, inhabiting those who write and speak it, leaving me with twelve words, which just about does it, I think.

Commentary upon commentary, showers on the roof, bonfires in the backyard.

The ways, what are the ways to where? *How* do we look, questioning the mysterious, ultimately unanswerable life we are?

Yet the why, in making the dreadful leap through death in seeking its ground, may fulfill the quest by enlivening the body beyond its mortal constraints, thereby freeing the mind and life from obsessive essential questioning. Then historical, conceptual opacities of philosophy or any signification are no more problematic than musical polyrhythms, the love of dance, human touch and trance. The gods forever fuck and frolic, universally, with great humor and grace. May we visit and become them, over the edge. The strictures of our birth canals, and our bodies’ subsequent cultural canalization, we deconstruct ecstatically via LSD and other energizing means ancient and rock’n’roll modern and yogic-holy and so-called satanic subservive sinful sick misled and deathly to our immediate and future well-being and livelihood. Life’s true newborn freedom bears its own light unmistakably, mercifully exposing the poverty and fearful circumscription of repressive moralisms and ideologies that in their crowd-theatrics do, nonetheless, grant an excited, egoless experience, as may gurucentric cults that also promulgate legitimate, powerful techniques of personal/transpersonal transformation that an individual may utilize on his or her own, apart from the exploitive surround of the cult. The infantile inevitably seeks the parental, however; indeed, an infant requires parents to conceive it, a mother to bear it, and at least one parent to care for it in its early years. The guru-mother/father is as inevitable as the original parents, who form the basis and model for all such transferences.

Stay on the edge, beyond the human, as a human, among the unknowable, lovable humans magically breathing, here, in the middle of space in the utterly unlikely universe we are.

Suicide Note

Once upon a time I thought, Why not write a story about a writer writing his autobiography as one long suicide note: a retrospective of his life, with plans for his future death at his own hands, the very hands that flexed in his mother's womb and now peck at the keyboard in a home of my own imagining. The home is desolate, the author poor. He does not want to die. He hopes that by promising to kill himself in the manner he describes in his book, *Suicide Note*, a publisher will give him an advance that will allow him to improve the quality of his life, the life that will end at a time to be specified in the contract with the publisher. He hopes to cut a similar deal for movie rights.

In seeking an agent, he eventually goes down paths beaten by pornographers and encounters a producer of snuff films, a form of *cinema verité* in which someone actually kills someone else. The producer, Guy Hu, informs him that his idea is a suicidal version of a theme common in the industry. Guy doesn't think it will sell as a book, but wants to draw up a film contract right away. He pulls an agreement form from a desk drawer and picks up a pen.

'Unfortunately, I'm broke,' Guy says. 'We'll do it on spec.'

'On spec? Are you crazy? How can I cash my life in on a speculative investment and collect later when I won't even be here—I'll be dead, remember?'

'No problem. Your life right now sounds like shit. Hang out with me for a while and you'll see that this business is built on speculation, on the fantasies of rich businessmen with bizarre tastes and on the hopes of people selling their faces and bodies—or their writing and lives. For now the cash flow has stopped, but there's plenty of sex and drugs: at least one party a night, all night. That's where the tycoons, actresses and connections meet and make deals. The big shots who throw the parties at their pads in Beverly Hills, Bel Air or wherever get to screw around, and the actors, writers and little guys like me get to eat. Everyone gets high, things develop naturally. Now and then, a film gets made. Just give me exclusive rights, we'll have some fun and see what comes out of it. We'll fill in the date of decease later. You've got nothing to lose.'

'Yeah, OK, I guess.'

'What's your full name?'

'Timothy Richard Johnson.'

Guy fills in the name. 'Sign here, Tim.'

:

Tim knows he'll have to tailor his script to the requirements of the genre. At his first party with Guy's porn-film crowd, Tim chalks his cue and is stroking a bottomless bimbo bent over the pool table, when an idea for the plot begins to come.

It starts with his days as a plumbers' supply store employee, selling lots of pipe. One day he has a vision of all the plumbing in the world: all the pipes and fixtures in buildings and underground, in water towers, reservoirs, sewage-treatment plants, oil refineries, laboratories, factories, homes, offices, churches, barracks, schools, post offices, hospitals, stores, airports, train and bus stations, cars, trucks, busses, planes, trains, spacecraft, theaters, stadiums and funeral homes, underlying and surrounding civilized people everywhere.

He then sees all the people, even those uncivilized ones who live hundreds of miles from any plumbing—everyone, all over the globe. Tim sees their eyes, mouths, noses, ears, ear canals, inner ears, brains, nerves, muscles, skeletons, glands, cardiovascular, lymphatic, gastrointestinal, pulmonary, reproductive and immune systems as organs, tissues, cells and spirals of DNA, all wrapped in the variously colored skins of billions of bodies speaking, eating, sleeping, dreaming, thinking, running, dancing, singing, hunting, farming, fighting, working in cities, watching television, films and live performances, acting,

painting, sculpting, writing, making music, making love, giving birth, nursing, learning, healing, dying, decomposing, mourning, and abandoning, burning, burying, eating or entombing the dead.

He recalls snapping out of his reverie: his boss wants to know why the hell he's standing in the warehouse staring down the ends of thirty-foot-long copper pipes when there are customers out front waiting to be served. 'Are you on something?' he asks.

Tim strokes his stick for the last shot of the game; balls collide. Before the final drop in the pocket, though past the point of no return, his lissome young opponent, sensing the inevitable, squeezes her eyes shut, moans and involuntarily grips and releases Tim's cue stick several times in rapid succession. Opening her eyes, the aspiring actress sees stars. He unscrews his cue and zips it away.

Tim continues to party, making headway with his pool game and expanding the story of his life and suicide. He catches the script up to the present.

* * *

One night Tim, Guy and the usual assemblage are at a home high up on Mulholland Drive. Their host is a wealthy car dealer whose fortune derives mainly from brisk trafficking in heroin. Los Angeles twinkles for miles at their feet. At one point they count twenty-seven aircraft aloft, mostly jetliners—queuing up to land at LAX, spaced at equal intervals on a line extending over the desert, descending through the airspace of barrios and ghettos that are lit up here and there by a handful of police helicopters. A jet lands and another takes off, joining the stream of departures curving out over the ocean, heading on, or banking this way or that, for various destinations. The lights of a dozen emergency vehicles flash red, white and yellow warnings on the gridwork of freeways and surface streets glowing with the streetlamps, headlights, taillights, turn indicators and house lights of millions of Angelenos. Most are asleep, some never to awaken. Some, sleeping on beaches and sidewalks, in parks, dumpsters, doorways and gutters, have no light of their own. The sun is gone and the periodic moon is nowhere to be seen.

The dealer, whose nickname is Mud, is an aficionado of snuff films. Tim is meeting him for the first time. Tim outlines his idea. Mud enthuses, suggesting that they start shooting the movie right away at his place. This sounds good to Tim, who imagines that they can do the scenes of his recent partying by filming this very party at Mud's, then—later on at other locations—pick up the earlier episodes of his life. Mud favors a simple documentary of the night, beginning with a preamble by Tim in which he describes his project and the circumstances which have brought him here, continuing with the orgiastic party and concluding with Tim placing his big toes on the triggers of a double-barrel shotgun with the muzzle in his mouth and blowing his head off. Mud doesn't suggest this. He commands it.

Tim shits his pants, sweats, convulses. Mud laughs. 'Clean him up, and give him a speedball with 500 mikes of acid and 50 milligrams of Hard-onol,' he orders his goons. Tim is speechless. He has one thought as they drag him off, snap open switchblades, slice off his clothes, shove him under a shower, pull him out, clench his left forearm and slip a needle into the bulging vein. He thinks, I asked for this.

The drugs slam into his heart and brain—and penis, which responds furiously to the overdose of Hard-onol. Tim now stands before Mud, Guy, the partiers and lights and cameras with a gigantic, throbbing erection. Tim remembers Greek vases with pictures of priapic satyrs and Aubrey Beardsley's illustrations of cherubic nudes whose penises point at beguiling young women. The giggling females of Mud's brood appear to his drug-altered awareness to be enticing goddesses luring him to celestial sensual pleasures. He stumbles toward them, arms open wide, laughing. 'Wait!' Mud shouts, 'Do your introduction!' Tim stares at Mud silently for a moment then breaks into hysterical laughter, shrugging his shoulders, with open hands raised, palms up, like a child catching rain, or like the pans of the scales of a dope dealer. Or of justice.

The orgy begins. Tim, the nymphs and the drugs have their ways with one another. At last, one of Mud's men, a burly, white-bearded biker in a red leather suit with a big Harley-Davidson buckle on his belt, comes in carrying the tool of Tim's suicide in a bag slung over his shoulder.

'Santa!' Tim greets him. Santa opens his bag and removes the shotgun. Tim runs forward, grabs the barrel, puts it in his mouth, squats, rolls back onto his buttocks, looks through the open doors, across the patio and over the lights of L.A., and drives his big toes into the triggers.

Tim sees a man, shining as though he's a translucent mannequin with a fluorescent tube between his crotch and skull, step out of the night sky onto the patio and into the house. Tim rises to welcome him. He's writing on a memo pad with a pencil. He wears a fedora. The man says, 'Hi! I'm with *The Galactic Inquirer*. But that's not important. I'm from Planet Faust and I've come to take you there.' Tim turns, looks at his body lying on the floor—a mess where his head used to be—turns back to the man and says, 'OK.'

Amen Ominous
Pox 108
Co-low Ah, Ha! USEless

The Ides of Sumtemper, 9191

Jai Slimstim
c/o Mongoose
Over the BamBoo BRainBow

Deer Mistery Stimulant}+

/we I-we-I..... I» no more monolithic
mutoneurantics siriuslee: none are the nuns in
Foetrahn's young Kaliphornia life with her 2.0
0.5-sisters and eggzotic mmomm, Thon's ekswife.
Where the Fuck is pKarma Kappucino? and any uther
game squashwear for the cum-puker is unordered as
are the extra mammaries; Symstym X.Y.Z≤7.8.9
arrived but Manuel, enclosed, said, and eye
kwote, "You fuck with the teets on the
motherfucking motherboard and I fucking cancel
your fucking warranty, man, or ma'am." So sys
seven sits silently, securely secreted in its
beige box while we continue with the Slims' macro
screen saver running under amply adequate System
Sex.

Very smoothly, indeed! The
KobeOsakaKyotoCorridor-KOKC (fukced?)—sounds like
a dearth of fresh air alright (sic). Glad of
course (OK, synpathetically joyful) that Things
are working out. But why not see if you can get
on a subminimum subcontract whereby you arrange
with maybe Sony, Fujitsu and Kyocera to work up a
robot in your likeness that would go to work at
Berlitz in your place, as a bona fide employee.
The robot would hire you as a subcontractor,
paying you its entire salary. It would work every
lesson of every day, never needing a meal break.

Whenever it needed servicing, it would make its way, by Japan's excellent public transportation system, back to the young geniuses who fabricated it. You get the prototype up and running, the bugs ironed out, then clone bigtime: *Voilà!* The SlimsSim Schools of Languages, Arts and Sciences. You're worth billions of yen, even dollars. You can enjoy life: psychedelics and music in massive doses any bimbo-bevied-jet-setting time you please, anywhere, no access denied. After all, what is denial? Just a river in Africa. Don't delay, certainly don't balk. This is your cubic millimeter of chance, a priceless gem of opportunity. Don't throw it away! You know what's next to balk in the dictionary, only about twelve points of type away, so close.....? Bali! Yes! Set your sights, and *Go for it!*

We enjoyed your WOMAD nomad go-mad report. My limited decryptographic facility is stumped by some of your ellipses and abbreviations. What are jazzy *h. m.* licks? What means the following: two electric shakuhachi (alt. w/fol.[spelling?], bamboo transverse flute)...??? I'm ignorant; who are Dave Stewart and YMO? Please enlighten me.

And please send a few boatloads of Burundi body odor. Talk about Market Potential. I can see it: *the* men's cologne of the nineties: **Jungle Drums** from Chanel, with an endorsement by Peter Gabriel: "I don't go on without it on."

The Radio B. CD is e.f.g.*

Last evening as Tron and I came up to the counter of the Subway Sandwich Shop at Puainako Shopping Center, I said to him, "That's KLF." He said, "What is?" I said, "That's them on the radio." Just then the singer goes, "Kay-eLL-eFF uh-huh uh-huh...."

Mullah Nassr Rayfield has erected a minaret inside the Hookah Allah People's Mosque, right in the place of prayer beneath the tin dome that, praise be to aloe, now leaks dust no more in the

violent sandstorms of the Waialeale desert, which was, incredibly, by turns a rainforest, a sugar plantation and a paradise for golf-crazy, soggy Japanese who were forced by the glowering thunderheads to invent a buoyant phosphorescent golfball. Ah, so long before the world-dominion of the Balinese and the subsequent earth-empire of the NayShunUvOffRokKah overseen by the NuMuSlumDieNas-teesUvDiNiel. Since then, things have normalized. Why not?—the whole world is now a fucking desert, the Great Herbert Earth. The volvulvacancancanenonoknowsnow people are planning an uprising, but they're so damn *slow*.

Anyway, the Mullah of Hookah Alley everyday mounts what to all the world looks like scaffolding in an old wreck of a thhee-utter and calls the faithful to prayer. Everyday, even as he begins his call, the faithful are already gathered, for he is truly one with his flock of brave-hearted wall-and-ceiling paint-ers, he is his flock, he is flock and shepherd all in one, for, yes, he is all alone, by himself, painting the inside of his pipe dream. So far he's priming the surface in a pristine, mildew-icide-laced, white shellac stain cover. The color scheme of his dream is still shimmering indiscernibly in the ethers (and various petroleum distillates). Moi? I am observer, reporter and co-color-schemer of His Looniness, who last night dubbed me Project Manager--to which I merely laughed. I offer jocular suggestions such as lining the walls and ceiling in mirrors or rhinestones or painting the place with polka-dots or harlequin-diamonds. He half-seriously wonders aloud about the price of gold leaf. I humor and kid him. But I'm not cut out for labor. He loves it. He's been in there 16 or so hours a day on weekends and during his recent two week vacation.

Shanti's OK. Her mom is here. They visited this afternoon, which brought Tron in early for a

change. He's doing yoga in the living room, now, to Mouth Music. After consulting with an interior designer today he seems to have decided on a color scheme: adobe-Apache (orange-tan) on the canek, red-brown on the lattices and beams, with golden yellow trim and molding. Why not? We came up with an idea for the poster display heading: superimpose H...P...T... over a view of Hanalei Bay, looking in from the beach. Should be nice. This evening Tron said of the theater, "I think it's going to work!" "Great!" I replied, saying no more....

MM ended, now he's putting on...Springsteen, Tunnel of Love. The man is full of surprises, I must say.

Well, back to work. I'm going to try to wrap HPT over arcs on legal-size paper, on ye olde confuter, uv coarse.

Aloha, luvv, gnome,

□ □ □

A noun Om Iz

* extra fun guessing

The Koloa End of September
(from 9/18/91 on)

Dear Jay,

Mail sometimes arrives psychically before it does physically. Some aspect of it can come over TV, or fall like a piece of fruit onto the road of life, or fall *as* a piece of fruit onto the road to Koloa, in an illogic that defies the beautiful illogic of Antonio Machado, who said: *You walker, there are no roads, / only wind trails on the sea.* Bananagrams and lilikoi letters, guavafaxes, geckograms and mongoose messengers. Mail, like any percept, is in the brain of the beholder/boxholder/addressee. Note the enclosed phone-memo haiku, found on the floor of the good doctor's car. (To find may be to receive.) Otopoesis . . . signed, in the space provided, by the unwitting poet. How odd are circumstances! How not?

Are you making travel plans, perhaps a return to Taialand, Ball-ee, Nipple or Li'dat? Or somewhere 'new' like the Filluppenis?

Cat in the Hat—that's a Korean dish, isn't it?

Tron Quixote continues to tilt at his catshit mill. What gods do we propitiate through our peculiar sacrifices, what demons do we hope to exorcise—or secretly long to encounter? Parents, guilt, failure, debt, bankruptcy, death? All of the above, more than that below . . .

Last night, Tuesday, 17 Sept., I watched the premiere of Home Improvement, a sitcom on ABC. A character on the show distinctly reminded me of Robert Bly. From a friend in KC I today received in the mail *Iron John* by Robert Bly. The back dustjacket flap was inserted in the epilogue, "The Wild Man in Ancient Religion, Literature, and Folk Life," from which I quote:

John Pfeiffer reports that
the caves were chambers for the initiation of young men
Dionysus is the clump of grapes which, when torn apart, trampled, and enclosed in the darkness of an ox hide, gives to everyone in the community an ecstasy, that is to say, a wine. Dionysus brought tremendous gifts to our own culture, in the shape of Greek tragic theater, and the entire concept of tragedy. The word tragedy means the song of the (sacrificed) goat.

I learned this afternoon that Michelle Pfeiffer, cast in the role of Catwoman in the Batman sequel, is being whisked around the Warner Bros. lot in a golfcart with curtains around it to hide her costume; likewise for Danny DeVito, playing the Penguin. Source: Entertainment Daily Journal on ABC. So, as I fill my belfry with TV trivia and random gleanings from the day's mail it may be inevitable that things coincide now and then, here and there, in the realm of my particular interests. Or things may stretch to fit, in the heat of mindfucking, with the accommodating power of the legendary lubricating vaginas of the females

of our, and other mammalian, species. Does Catwoman have an estrus cycle, or is she, like a good hu-woman, always more or less in heat? Catwoman with pre-menstrual syndrome would be, well, a bitch, eh? Three Dog Night— isn't that a Korean feast?

Back to the tragedy: Bat in the Cat by Dr. Zeus. (P.S. 9/30 Dr. Seuss died last week. On Saturday Night Live, guest host Rev. Jesse Jackson read in funereal tones from *Green Eggs and Ham*, which carries a message of tolerance of differences. The poker-faced rev. was funny. The bit was a nice blend of humor and pathos.) Naturally Dr. Nietzsche consults in this case, and with the first opening of his book-mouth in some weeks he pronounces that “. . . to attain that splendid mixture which resembles a noble wine in making one feel fiery and contemplative at the same time . . . we must clearly think of the tremendous power that stimulated, purified, and discharged the whole life of the people: *tragedy*. We cannot begin to sense its highest value until it confronts us, as it did the Greeks, as the quintessence of all prophylactic powers of healing, as the mediator that worked among the strongest and in themselves most fatal qualities of the people. Tragedy absorbs the highest ecstasies of music, so that it truly brings music to its perfection. . . . And above all, it is through music that the tragic spectator is overcome by an assured premonition of a highest pleasure* attained through destruction and negation, so he feels as if the innermost abyss of things spoke to him perceptibly.”—*Basic Writings of Nietzsche*, pp. 125-6 (All emphasis in all quotes is that of the author, unless stated. This was my first random opening within *The Birth of Tragedy*.) *An allusion to Faust's last words in lines 11,585f. of Goethe's play (W. Kaufmann).

Tron Servantknees just called from his Mosque of the Dead Breath. He's happy, he says, because he just got one of the gratings clean in preparation for painting. Cleaning one of those is difficult, much harder than the painting with the spray gun. Spraying, like a cat. . . . The call to Sprayer: “Calling heaven, calling heaven. Over.” “This is the abyss— Surprise!—listen up, wise up: get *down!*”

Painting the cave or paying insurance on the Batmobile—such is Tron's choice, he would have me believe; I suppose he does see it that way. But sacrifice ≠ tragedy. Whether Michelle and (Iron?) John Pfeiffer ever meet, or not, may they rut in peace, and musically amusing their muse, Fay the Fifer . . . for the dance.

Closer to home than art, transportation and sex (though I am fond of car commercials) lie shelter—overhead and all around, home itself—and food—in and as the body itself: my body, myself. Money, in a word. I fear drowning, emotionally and financially, when this dry-docked sieve, the “Oh, No, Call SOS!” PT boat, sinks soon after its owner-captain launches it. If I stay on board. All these jabberings of bat, cat, this and that are the squeals of a rat looking for a line to land while still in port, having determined that a vessel this holey will sooner ascend to heaven than make its way in this life to a safe haven.

Ah, my frantic brain cells' tendrils are touching my heart. Fear, security, survival, risk, suicidal ideation, terror of the unknown, death, loss, grief, pain, the woundedness of living, separation and more separation. A song in tongues, a thirst for wine, soma, ambrosia, fantasy, escape, healing, redemption, homecoming, return to the womb, the parental hearth and maternal bosom, the familial lineage, pride, identity, security, stagnation—or—imagination, travel into the unknown, risk, facing death. Home or hobo—no middle ground? Well, ET, phone home, negotiate

Next morning: I talked to the folks; I can live in their mobile home in Pt. Paragon and work in a gas station or maybe in the bank. If I get a job in a Westin hotel in Hawaii, my dad thinks I can transfer to a Vancouver Westin after the year-and-a-half waiting period for Canadian Immigration. I told them I'd think about it.

This is the Scare:	Here's the... Score:	<u>Work</u>
I think about working at <i>MacDonald's in Wailua</i> ,	1	0
which has to be better than <i>Pt. Paragon's gas pumps</i>	2	0
...or <i>bank</i> .	3	0
Nor do I like the idea of working in <i>a hotel, U.S.</i>	4	0
...or <i>Canadian</i> .	5	0

At this point staying in Koloa looks like an option that is livable. I recall what my boss at a fast food place in a KC suburban mall would say to me when I showed up daily before lunch with my longish hair wet from a shower: "You look like a drowned rat." He said it good-naturedly. He must have liked me: after my three-month sojourn in Poona at Rajneesh Ashram he rehired me. He was my best boss, next to Arjuna—who paid me with only ice cream and videos Oh, there was Sally, but what the fuck

India, that bazaar of the bizarre, has sanctified the yogi's suicide by drowning, exposure, cardiac arrest, cranial or pulmonary hemorrhaging, immolation and starvation (Nityananda being an example of the last). Were I a yogi I might take comfort from the variety of methods, in contemplation of them and perhaps in action. I could even "feel fiery and contemplative at the same time" as I sat on a self-lit pyre and went up in holy smoke.

As refreshing, and relevant, as thoughts of suicide and the abyss may be, they don't put bread on the table. Which is fine if you're trying to starve yourself. But we have guns, knives and drugs—well, knives, anyway. Who can better handle the sight of a corpse than a physician (besides a mortician or a mass-murderer)? Dr. Rayfield walks into his bathroom and there, all naked in the bathtub, is skinny old Om, the blood drained through his slit wrists, clutching a paring knife, dead. No problem,

part of a day's work. OK, maybe a *bad* day for Tron, but how do I feel, all dead and everything? Who knows? That's the adventure and terror. And Hamlet's rub of the bad dream, post-mortem? Hey, wake up and look around, especially *down*: to suppose that a divine moral order pertains after death is as wishful/fearful as to believe that one is in effect here and now.

The ubiquity of the tangible veracity of physical causality (everyone knows that, e.g., fire burns) extends to human moral institutions of reward and punishment, tit for tat, eye for eye, or whatever, by way of the bodily basis of the sensorimotor activity that accompanies a moral proposition such as: erections are bad. A toilet-trained toddler with the neuromuscular function firmly in place for proper potty behavior may nevertheless lack the ability to verbalize at all, either to others or internally to herself. Prior to language capability in their individual development, people are bodily impressed with the foundation upon which society will erect its entire moral structure; infants—sphincters, cries and all—respond powerfully to tone of voice, facial expression and quality of touch. By the time one is old enough to “understand” and believe a notion such as that erections are bad, one will uncritically accept such a notion, from its authorities; and it will seem as valid as this assertion: fire burns.

Lest empirical evidence—e.g., erections feeling good—subvert moral order, punishment is threatened repeatedly, if not delivered, in an afterlife interval (or eternity), if not before. So, we have the law of moral causality: do bad, get pain; do good, get pleasure—sooner or later, because someone (parent, teacher, guru, God, a cosmic agent or one's self or Self) is watching, tabulating and waiting to punish or reward. And what are the details of the afterlife pain, its infliction and one's experience of it? From burning hellfire and other physical equivalents dispensed by devils to the subtlest psychoemotional torments that one's own mind creates all by its Buddhist nonself—all these pains elaborated by moralists bespeak a reality and imagination that is human, all-too-human.

Human-being, being a cipher to itself, and being painful at times, fortunately (O Fortuna Goddess Lady Luck!) does have recourse to sleep and drugs for some measure of at least temporary relief. Before Shango became the Thunder God he was a warrior who killed himself, according to Mickey Hart. Prior to that I suspect he was a recreational drug-user. Just a hunch. Probably a Faustian kind o' guy out for a good time. He might have passed through Koloa, listening to crickets and waterfalls in the night, falling asleep while thinking of Mystery, and dreaming an important dream of which he had no inkling when he awoke but that changed him forever.

“Her voice seductive when she is near her lover, Vagishvari is lovely, desirable. With eyes large like the lotus and a flawless pale body, she plays upon the lute her songs of love.”—a classical image for Rag Bageshree, in the liner notes for the Ryko Sarangi CD which I picked up today at the recently opened Rosetta Stone filosofy store in Wailua, next

to Byrd's Records. I was on my way back to Hanalei and Koloa from the home of the former Gloria Christine Wordsworth, now legally Lakshmi Prince Wordsworth, the adopted daughter of Florence Prince, billionaire (\$2B, with \$1.2B in liquid assets). Lakshmi's woeful tale of the wiles of a wealthy megalomaniac who in old age has fallen into the hands of an evil doctor who keeps her pumped up with steroids and numbed with sleeping pills convinced me that she is being followed by ex-CIA types that Florence is known to hire from the classified ads in *Soldier of Fortune* magazine.

I dropped Tron at work this morning (the day after writing the suicidal meandering attack on karma) and drove to Ekuhai, the ranch that someone has offered Lakshmi \$40 million for. I can see why: a megaview a few cuts above those available from the highway or from ranches below, and the prettiest little waterfalls, Robinson's-ranch style, right by the house. Having parked the Honda by the highway, I approached on foot. Twenty yards from the house I shouted, "Hare Krishna!" Madhu Mangala greeted me at the door. I waited in the living room while he announced my presence to Lakshmi. After a silence I heard her whisper, "He begged for the job," presumably in reference to my brief butlerhood with Florence. I called out, "I'm not looking for work," to which she responded by inviting me into her tastefully appointed bedroom where she reclined on a large futon with her bedmate, James, a former Marine who for two years was Florence's bodyguard.

James' left foot was heavily bandaged, the result of his car losing steerability on his way to school at UHH and colliding with an oncoming vehicle, one of whose elderly occupants died from the impact. James, suffering multiple fractures of the ankle, stayed in the hospital for several days. He and Lakshmi believe that someone had tampered with the car.

Tron went with Lakshmi to visit James in Lihue Hospital one night and returned with her to the ranch. As they went up the drive to the house they saw a lantern; it was extinguished as they neared. Tron ceased poohpooing Lakshmi's reports of such lights. He spent the night in her guestroom. If cars sleep, his Honda slept, perhaps fitfully, outside the gate by the highway, where James' car, now totalled and junked, had spent its last night.

The afternoon Tron and I went to Lihue for, among other things, our rendezvous at the Subway with KLF, we noticed a squeak that came from the right front wheel area as we rounded left-handed curves—the gulches, initially. It persisted and worsened in the following days until Tron felt it was unsafe to drive. The car was in Hanalei at the time. I picked him up in the truck that night. The next day he took the Honda to Coastline Service who declared that the problem was simple to remedy because one bolt had merely "fallen out." About a day later I drew the possible connection between James' and Tron's car troubles.

As the heiress to the Prince fortune Lakshmi is in a precarious position, even if she has been written out of the will and is therefore

nominally no longer in the picture. Lakshmi, Florence's only child, can contest the will; James has witnessed the doping and manipulating of the 78-year-old Florence by an unscrupulous celebrity doctor who prescribed steroids to Sylvester Stallone and Bert Reynolds and who keeps himself up with handfuls of yohimbine (for erectile potency) and gonadotrophin, which he claims is a panacea. James' testimony would be crucial in a will contest. They both do seem to be in peril of their lives.

Outright murder would point incriminating fingers in obvious directions, especially now that Lakshmi has alerted the Wailua police and provided Lieutenant Watson with documentation from her attorneys of shady dealings in the Prince household. "Accidental" would seem to be the type of death the plotters would prefer to deliver to the two who threaten their scheme. Some craftsmen have declined to come to the ranch, the Lieutenant having let on to a local foreman that there may be professionals doing nasty work up there.

After Earthmirth and Chaitanya began their love affair Lakshmi stayed on at the Kalohalele Krishna farm for a year and a half. Earthmirth did not speak to her. It was a painful time. Earthmirth said that she wanted "to be Lakshmi." On the condition that they take care of the deities and maintain temple worship, Lakshmi left and moved in with Florence, who had \$250 million that she was spending like crazy, losing \$50 million a year. She was way down the Forbes list of the 500 wealthiest people in the U.S.—which Lakshmi says was right on the money—and slipping. Lakshmi took over Florence's investment portfolio, a task that Lakshmi's father had groomed her for since childhood—playing chess with her from age six, having her read the likes of Sun Tzu's *The Art of War*, and giving her control of her own trust at thirteen. The training paid off; in February 1991, when a lawyer in New Jersey, where Florence was at the time, phoned Lakshmi at Florence's Diamond Head estate and told her to leave the house, Florence, thanks to Lakshmi, was worth two billion dollars.

Lakshmi, who refuses in the face of vets' advice to give steroids to her horses, had warned Florence of the drug's potentially crippling effects, that they might rob her of the joy of playing the piano. But Florence had fallen under the sway of her doctor. The drug that he pushed into her veins induced both physical energy and, as commonly happens to habitual users of steroids, raging emotionality. This aging, sequestered, delusional personality, whom Lakshmi had rescued more than once from suicide, became an unstable uproar periodically calmed by large doses of sleeping pills. Regarding piano-playing, finances or the doctor, who owed her \$600,000, she was not to be reasoned with.

Florence's meddling is petty, peculiar and formidable. When for the last time Lakshmi parted company with the servants of the Diamond House they gathered at the gate to bid her farewell, and they wept. Florence found out and scolded them. She hired former employees of the CIA to associate with the author of *Papa's Princess*, her unauthorized biography. They befriended him and became his roommates. The lantern

Lakshmi sees on her ranch some nights presumably belongs to a man who operates electronic eavesdropping equipment that picks up conversations in the house. He and his cohorts may intend to perform other, more dangerous chores for Florence against which the ranch's arsenal of firearms is no defense. Lakshmi thinks that the surveillance will continue until they establish her patterns of movement; then they will act. She is going to install a radio-controlled gate opener to thwart any attempt at nabbing her at the gate by the highway when, as she must do now, she gets out of her Bronco and unlocks, unchains and opens the gate, or when after opening it and driving through she has to stop and reclose it.

Mickey Hart and Team did well recording U.S. Khan and S.R. Ram. I've had them on continuous play for hours and neither they nor the CD are any the worse for wear. I note facetiously that this immutability is almost spiritual, a kind of perfection of mummification, like the eternal youth that Lakshmi says those seek, like Florence, who do not know they are not the body. Florence, Lakshmi says, is a *mayavadi* (one who thinks that anything one knows—other than the absolute, impersonal Brahman—is maya, illusion); and she believes she is God. These are common disparagements of non-dualist non-bhaktas by Krishna devotees, but in Florence's case the latter is apt.

Lakshmi said that managing Florence's finances was very stressful, that the demands and pressures of Florence and the work were unrelenting. She was so busy that she had to hire a swami to perform the deity worship. Any recreation outside the house had to suit her lofty station, so she took to playing polo for hours at a stretch, the only woman in a field of men. She held her own, but she developed tendonitis. She also competed in equestrian events against women on horses that cost as much as two million dollars a piece, while she rode a five thousand dollar steed, not wanting to spend any more of Florence's money than that for a horse. Florence, she explained, is a cheapskate who shirks paying people for services rendered. Florence feels that they ought to be willing to do things for her for free, simply because she is the one and only Florence Prince.

As the eldest child of her natural parents, Lakshmi was brought up to inherit control of a business empire that had accumulated assets worth four billion dollars by the time Florence, one unusual day, summoned Lakshmi to a meeting with lawyers. It was the first time she had ever seen Florence happy, so when an attorney handed Lakshmi the papers that, to her utter surprise, the childless Florence had drawn up to adopt her, she felt awkward; but loath to shatter Florence's unique bliss, she signed, duly becoming Lakshmi Prince Wordsworth, Florence's sole child and heir.

After Lakshmi entered upon the non-materialistic ways of the Krishna movement in her youth, her sister Claudia became mistress of their fourteen houses, which she keeps in the traditional upper-class style (three butlers in each house, each of whom has a houseboy; the staffs change their uniforms three times a day; etc.), in contrast to the loosely run households of Florence, who has no standing in high society, where

she is considered a dirtbag, according to Lakshmi. For years the world of haute couture denied Florence entry. Calvin Klein refused to see her. Lakshmi asked Claudia to intervene and a phone call later Florence was welcome in Calvin Klein's salon any time, no appointment necessary.

The adoption shocked Lakshmi's family. Claudia stays in touch but the youngest of the three siblings, another sister, doesn't speak to Lakshmi. The news astounded her parents, but in the midst of the family's frenzied leveraged buyouts, dealing loads of junk bonds with Milken and others, the latest renegade escapade of their rebellious eldest daughter flashed brightly, and then blurred in the ongoing shuffle of the deal.

I asked Lakshmi why she stayed with Florence for so many difficult years. Until the last, she said, she hoped that by staying with Florence she could bring her to Krishna Consciousness. Then she said, "I was wrong."

Ravi, the St. Bernard Lakshmi had with her for seventeen years ("the love of my life"), stayed at Diamond Head after Lakshmi left. Repeatedly Florence promised to return Ravi to Lakshmi, but reneged each time. Ravi died. Lakshmi later learned that Florence wanted to dig up his remains and send them to her via the attorney who informed her of this plan.

I asked Lakshmi how bad Florence had ever been. She reminded me of an incident I had read about in *Papa's Princess*: Florence running over one of her husbands with her car, killing him—and the court in the town she virtually owned ruling it an accident.

Lakshmi asked me to have Tron refill her prescription for gamma interferon, an experimental drug administered by Scripps Institute that was featured in the New York Times science section. They pack it on dry ice and fly it into Wailua for her. It seems to be pulling her out of the viral susceptibilities that have led to tubes down her jugulars for direct IV placement of antibiotics into her heart, a clotted catheter and a surgical procedure in the chest to correct that. The doctors say it will take three to five years for the treatment to be fully effective, and that she should rest in the interim. Meanwhile back at the ranch she's injecting the many cattle that have contracted conjunctivitis. This involves roping them, sticking thumb and forefinger into bovine nostrils, turning heads asswards, and poking needles into rumps. Not restful work, but Lakshmi's been doing it. The herd comprises dry cows that come to Ekuhai from a dairy on Oahu for breeding. She loves them. And the dairy pays her \$1,000 a month to keep them, though they're a month and a half behind in their payments. Lakshmi says she really needs the money. James was working an outside job as well as going to school before the wreck. Madhu Mangala helps; he was fixing fences when I left, but he lives at Lakshmi's place just below the park at Kalohalele. Lakshmi's teaching herself carpentry, making home improvements. She thrives on activity, but for the past two days has felt drained. She thinks she's getting a sinus infection—and conjunctivitis from the cows for which Tron says she should "shoot" herself.

A high-powered law firm has looked into her legal situation and wants her to sue Florence for \$400 million. They'll take the case on contingency. I told her she could get a job on Wall Street. She said one of her lawyers encourages her to go into portfolio management, but she doesn't want the stress; besides, she doesn't have a phone. There's no line along the highway to tie into and cellular rates are too high, but a radio beam would make it over the 200 meter rise between the ranch and her place in Kalohalele. She's been meaning to write the FCC for a frequency. There sat a Tandy word processor on the coffee table, looking new. But between ranching, working on the house and flat-out resting she might have trouble finding the combination of time and energy for writing letters.

Lakshmi's thinking of moving to Kerala in south India, where a house can be let for \$150 a month, with servants another \$17 each. She told me five-year visas are now available. She asked if I'd thought of returning to India. Mahaksha, whom she referred to as the caveman, moved out of one of the caves by the largest waterfall yesterday. It had had all the comforts of home, she said. No bats, I suppose. What would Batman do? A lawyer advised Lakshmi to seek refuge in some monarchy somewhere. He wanted to contact the monarch on her behalf. Would Kathmandu? I wonder, I ponder yonder plunder, Nepalese valleys: I conclude it's too stupa'd, too tantrik and maybe too cold for an old mantric but dualistical Vaishnava vegetarian dairy rancher who avoids the Void like hemorrhoids in her neoVedic version of a first- and third-world late-twentieth-century late-late-second-millennium late-late-late-show tabloid story next to one about a dairy cow with a thick tail at the end of which is a human head that talks and chants Hare Krishna.

She gave me the combination to the lock on the gate and invited me to visit Ekuhai any time. I may go back for more darshan of the deities. On this visit I went into the temple room, bowed, sat a bit, bowed and left. I felt good in there. It could be there's a lot of shakti in all that bhakti, some kundalini hiding in the prema-rasa (the nectar of devotion), some sex in the romance of Radha and Krishna, just as there had been between Lakshmi and Chaitanya (I asked). It smelled great, too, in the tidy deity room. The little idols were all dolled up, like they knew I was coming. Who needs phones? I'm sure they'll be there, clad in finery, even if I appear unannounced and nobody else is home. I just know that by the time I get to the door of the temple room they'll be standing there, looking at me, as if to say, "What took you so long?" And I'll bow and sit and look at Prabhupad in miniature form sitting serenely on his puja and think, Yeah, you really did believe that NASA's moon landing was a fabrication filmed on a set because if it had been real the astronauts would have seen the inhabitants of the moon that are described in the Vedas.

This delusion is revealed in the movement's official biography of Prabhupad, and remains a tenet of the Krishna faith. One can seem so bright yet have vital areas of higher brain centers filled with the feces

excreted by neuroparasites of fundamentalism. There are a lot of heads out there that need to be tented. And maybe there are heads in here, in my soul or skull, that need treatment by fumigation or shrinkage. Derrida spoke of crypts within ourselves where we carry the dead for whom we haven't grieved fully. Tonight, as Tron left for a party, to sing "Kansas City" as part of a Blues Brothers trio, wearing shades, clouds of cologne and my black, padded-shoulder jacket that you sent from Japan, he called to my lone (I thought) self, "See you guys!" As he sat in his car, about to start it, he probably imagined he saw, standing there beside me on the steps seeing him off in his get-up: you. He snapped right out of it, laughed, said, "see you" and pulled away. The message is in the bier of the bearer, and corn comes in ears, too (both—two (2)).

Which brings us to the numerological brunch invitation. To me numerology is the least credible of the pseudosciences. Yet, like its fellow at-bottom-baseless belief systems in the occult and New Age realms, it derives a certain charm and some efficacy from the mental associations that one naturally makes to the symbols and language it embraces. It's fun as a parlor game, but truth-seekers (in *any* realm of discourse or method), wake up! "I won't seek so I won't find."—Gang of (ahem!) 4.

The process of deriving one's special number is the simple mathematical technique of "casting out nines," taught in grade school as a check for the correctness of addition, here applied to the numerals in one's birth date, and to the letters in one's name, after assigning to each letter the number of its position in the alphabet, like forming the easiest of numeric codes. The numbers are added together and the total divided by nine. The remainder will be a number from zero through eight. Numerologists call remainders of zero by another name: nine. In the modular algebra (which I got to as a sophomore in college) underlying the simple arithmetic procedure, zero in this case actually does equal nine. This number then, from one through nine, is taken to be the *special number*: the *sn*, let's say.

By dividing the birth date and name total by a multiple of nine (with a zero remainder always being assigned the value of the divisor) one can easily derive a *sn* that will be between one and 18 or one and 27, etc., giving more scope for interpretation. With 36 or 108 or whatever multiple of nine is chosen for the divisor, one will land on one of a range of 36 or 108 or whatever keywords, one per *sn*, to work with in spinning out a game-player's (or client's or sucker's) numerological reading. It's like doing sun-sign astrology with a zodiac of four or twelve or however many times more signs than the original nine "signs," or *sns*.

I'm back from Lakshmi's when the phone rings. Home alone, I answer. A lady who calls herself ho-bray speaks (she spells it Hobrey, I learn shortly; the a-e difference in the *sn* being four, and being very important to her, no doubt). She asks for Tron. I say this is Om. She invites Tron to a Sunday brunch. She asks me my last name. How do you spell that? What kind of name is that? (German Jewish.) Birth date? She

invites me to the brunch. I ask if she's a numerologist or an astrologer. No, she's a student of the science of the vibrations of letters and numbers, and wants to tell me the significance of my name and birth date. I laugh and tell her I can't afford a numerological consultation. She says she doesn't want to give me one and proceeds to tell me my sn is 44, blah blah blah. How do you spell Tron's last name, what's his birth date, he's a 22 glah glah plaw. I'm having fun. I relate a true incident to her: I'm at the Rosetta Stone a little while ago and I see a pamphlet about "eleven: eleven," written 11:11. Has she heard of it? No. "Well, I didn't read it carefully, but I think it's supposed to be some kind of cosmic event and it has to do with the number eleven. I'm thinking of it now because you say I'm a 44 and Tron's a 22, both multiples of eleven." "Yes," she says, "and the brunch is on the 22nd, and September 22, 1991 is a 33." (9/22, 1991)=(Month and date=9+22=31; year=1+9+9+1=1+0+0+1=2; 31+2=33) "Wow!" I say. I mean it.

Using simple casting out nines (divisor is nine), sometimes called alchemical addition, I see that $22+44+33=99$ =zero, which is maybe not quite the probability of my going to the brunch tomorrow. (Without dividing, in true alchemical addition we get $22+44+33=2+2+4+4+3+3=4+8+6=18=1+8=9=0$.) Tron says the brunches are good; he's been, so I guess he knows, though I forgot to tell him, in my numerological excitement, that it costs $1+2+3+4$ =ten dollars. If only it cost eleven dollars . . . or, realistically, $11=1+1=2$ dollars. Definitely better vibrations, and as a result, healthier food and a happier cosmos.

In the mail that I picked up on my way back from Lakshmi's I found and opened the *Wichita Adult Adoptees News n' Views*, on page six of which I read your ad. Your birth date, 2/1/1947, is a six. You can check out names, but they're a lot of trouble for a meager reward, especially when you can invest most anything with significance. You know, of the twelve signs of the zodiac, yours, Aquarius, is number eleven. Lakshmi's gate lock combination, the Monaghan's phone number, and our phone number sans area code, are all sixes. But 666 is a nine, or a zero, the mark of the least over the negative. And the sun is a star and a face and molten gold. Ever in transit, the aspects of meaning in our lives number into the imaginary.

In the imagination I imagine time lurks, chained to a clock-faced ball he clutches and munches, because it is Dutch chocolate and because it is time for time to emigrate into the light of day before it is too late to go from time to time to the time of dreams and small but nourishing morsels of food where sunlight dances with deee-lite, unreflectively uncaringly lovingly laughing in the whirr of full-moon light silvering dreams awakening breathing deeply singing swaying kissing the moon and planets and stars our sun and rain forests dripping rivers running skipping rotting wood green acres nations drawn erased mapped dreamt lost saddened darkened trapped imprisoned dungeoned dungheaped hills piled high corpses war famine relief prestige delusion myth healing leaves herbs

roots mountains vistas sunrise year end equinox artificial light pressed
warm eyes sex birth games laughter life death words guts never-never land
the vision music song unending headlong flight of the thunder lightning
bird stampeding earthquake herd flowing volcano breast smiling weeping
sky serenely breathing ocean twirling mystic galaxies reaching into huge
night.

Here it is the 22nd, 1:08 pm. The brunch began at 10. We didn't go. No matter. Tron's on call, haven't seen him all day. According to Hobrey today's the equinox. The moon looked full last night. In that phone call with Hobrey (our only conversation) she says this should be an important time for me; she asks, "What have you been doing?" "Thinking a lot about death," I tell her. "How many deaths are involved?" she asks. "One—mine!" I laugh, giving no hint that suicide is in the picture, keeping my tone light. "Maybe it's the Pluto transit I'm having," I say (because I am having one and who knows, maybe there's something to cosmobiology—but it's a real stretch for me to believe that Providence led some astronomer to name a newly-discovered planet after a god of death because in fact, unbeknownst to him, that planet has a basic, subtle "death/transformation energy" which it emanates in a manner described by astrology, a "science" which comes nowhere near giving a coherent, cogent explanation of how this happens or why its description is true. But I'm willing to play along. The search for scientific truth is a deluded effort, anyway, truth being illusory. "There are no facts, only interpretations." Pluto=death is as sound as Om=28, and is a credible premise in my conversation with Hobrey, I think.) She instructs me: "You should think of life, not death." The timbre of her voice as she prescribed this denial revealed her own fearful repression of death. Ask not for whom the bell tolls, let alone for how many. But numbers are her game. Players, upon what do your game boards lie, what do they cover and hide? What is on their obverse and of what are they made?

Whatever became of Chaitanya—Air Force Academy whizz kid, artist, musician, linguist of Russian, Bengali and Sanskrit, and favorite of Prabhupad? When Prabhupad was dying he wanted only Chaitanya to massage him. Prabhupad offered him any temple in the world: London, LA, . . . any of them. Others in the inner circle were jealous; they wanted to hover over their dying guru. Chaitanya would leave to make room for them; later, devotees would bang on his door, telling him Prabhupad wondered where he was. Others wanted to massage Prabhupad, and Chaitanya would let them. But every time, Prabhupad would say, after a while, that their hands didn't feel right and he would ask for Chaitanya. After Prabhupad's death ("disappearance," in Krishna parlance), Chaitanya carried on the work Prabhupad had considered most important: bringing the "Vedic" literature to the West. Lakshmi says that when she left Kalohalele Chaitanya had made translations of bhakti classics totaling upwards of ten thousand manuscript pages.

And what of Earthmirth? The erstwhile hippie in the Leary coterie had escaped through a window with the crystal sunshine acid when he was busted; soon after that incident she met Lakshmi on a beach on the North Shore of Oahu. She dosed Lakshmi, who later that day asked her where she lived. Nowhere. Lakshmi brought her home and hired her to cook and clean. I asked Lakshmi how old Earthmirth was at the time. She said, “Well, Earthmirth was always three years older than me, so she was twenty.” *Be Here Now* was the only spiritual book Earthmirth ever owned, never really getting into Krishna. I told Lakshmi I recalled seeing Earthmirth reading about World War II. Lakshmi said that became a big thing with her, identifying, in her Jewishness, with the Holocaust victims, and implicating Lakshmi because of her German surname.

Earthmirth and Chaitanya began their affair on the basis of a Vedic loophole through which dharmic imperative sometimes forces sannyasins such as Chaitanya to put their penises into beseeching women: when an unwed woman requests that a renunciator sire her child, however reluctant he may be, he must try. Regarding this begetting as his duty—though he may never have fathered a child, renouncing his vow of celibacy—though abstinent perhaps his entire life, he must give fertilization of the female a stab. All the poking in the world wouldn’t impregnate Earthmirth, however; she can’t have kids, as Lakshmi put it.

An Indian woman might fantasize making love to a swami and fuel her whimsy with suchlike tales from the epics, and I suppose a rare unwed one can talk a hopelessly randy swami into trying to become a dad on the basis of a principle that guided mythical forebears in conceiving progeny whose descendants a few generations later were the greatest Hindu heroes. Two Western Horny Krishnas citing a precedent of divine law to unlock their mental chastity belts and get their fundamentalist genitals together makes perfect sense: Karma Chameleons coloring themselves justified will escape the predatory punisher, the Hindu Pluto, Yamaraj, the divine ruler of the kingdom of the dead whose henchmen mete out tortures to wayward souls in their metempsychotic rounds through Krishna’s happy universe.

The medieval late-Sanskrit bhakti Puranas present this delirious “Vedic” vision of retribution, the Hindu Vaishnavas having long since succumbed to the moral virus blowing in from the West. The virulent Judeo-Christian influenza and the emotion-devotion syndrome that is characteristic of bhakti entered India with infected Western merchants and missionaries in the centuries after Christ. The Puranas (books of myth and lore) are symptomatic of this Middle Ages crisis that gave India its indigenous mutant strains of Vaishnava viruses. In spreading globally they have undergone further mutation, but vaccines developed by Freud, Hoffman and others, when inoculated conscientiously in carefully regulated doses, provide immunity to the entire viral spectrum: from the Red Sea tides of Moses’ commands and red wine oceans of Jesus’ blood, to orange-clad swamis, to yellow-robed Buddhist* bhikkus, to Moslem

fakirs in ragged green, to the boys in blue, all the way up to an amethyst-necklaced, self-neutered New-Age-germinator who calls itself UltraViolet the SoulVibrator. Often institutions and entire nations of infected people reject vaccination out of virus-induced fear. In these cases the virus uses its ability to act widely on the central nervous systems of its carriers as a means of assuring its own survival. *Adherents of the religions founded in the name of the Buddha (563?-483? B.C.) are generally infected.

Today: 23rd, Lihue MacDonald's mid-afternoon lunch. What kind of marine-life sandwich did I buy to satisfy my meandering chew? Fee ray, O fee shoe! But the petite Oriental who took my commandment lovingly in her ear was not a Japanese waitress-in-space-restaurant; my guess is that she's—even as I write and later you read about her (until she dies and transmigrates to a subtle plane for immigrant refugee souls)—Filipino; excuse me: Pee ray up pish, please.

As the moon iced her full doughnut hole on the dark Formica countertop of last night, creaming her coffee in a way-cool display of sugar rushing headwards, she bent her perfumed coiffure into my face, turned, and slightly beamed this smile of a dream-looking parable and aphoristic Aphrodisiac biophilosophic historic necessity:

After suffering and expenditure of effort sufficient to satisfy a guilty conscience (one's internalized punitive parents), something new appears to the typical truth-seeker, who then takes that appearance to be what he was looking for: "truth." And just as a child who receives a new toy from pleased parents shows it to friends in hopes of eliciting their praise and admiration, the proud truth-finder "shares the experience" of the truth-toy. However, unlike a child's toy, one cannot pull the truth out of a chest and enjoy it at will. It's like a toy kept under lock and key by strict parents; the conditions for experiencing it are stringent: one must pay the price of initially finding the truth whenever one wants to see it. And that doesn't work every time. When it does work, the truth somehow appears to be a little different at each glimpse. How one would like to get one's friends into a truth-store to show them this magical toy! What a comfort it would be for one to know one's friends had finally seen and appreciated one's truth. If only they could all go into a store and buy it Magically, the psychophysically internalized parents (the stingy granters of the unusual sensations and perceptions that pass, in the fogged intellect of the emotionally needy seeker, for visions of truth) project themselves into the real form of some convenient "master of truth" who promises to deliver the truth once and for all, for a price. "Ah," one says, "at last! The owner of the truth-store, in flesh and blood! Come on everybody! Remember the truth I've been telling you about? Now you can get it!"

Derrida, who philosophizes wielding a pair of scissors, is philosophically in debt for the word *deconstruction* (however little he uses the term in doing whatever he does), and for other things (like reams of conceptually and etymologically rich text to cut and paste), to a philosopher who, for a time, philosophized sporting a swastika on his Nazi

uniform: Heidegger, who went on to write lovely philosophy with great Care, while Dwelling in Switzerland and wearing, retrospectively speaking, more fitting cloThing. In writing his book about “Heidegger and the Nazi question,” *Of Spirit*, the Jewish Derrida perhaps speaks more in the title than in the slender volume itself; but that may be wishful thinking, because I didn’t read the book for more than five minutes. Nevertheless, I would venture to guess that the book is judged to be a paltry effort according to various criteria. The fundamental reason, I think, underlying any such evaluation by divers readers and readings, is that Derrida couldn’t really go wild with such staid material, wouldn’t slash it with flashing shears of penetrating philosophic wit and patch together his trademark sort of bizarre outfit, having found for himself—after all his past fanciful clipping and stitching—a topic that seemed to be tailor-made, hanging in a ready-to-wear shop. His putting it on, and deciding to wear it as it was, precluded his doing what one might have hoped for, given his dutiful choice of topic: that he cut up an old Nazi uniform, re-form it into a clown suit, come into the arena with antic flourishes and proceed with his burlesque, so that we could enjoy a mainstay of his philosophical productions: his putting *us* on. Then again, maybe he did, and he just didn’t appeal to my sense of humor.

Without Nietzsche, Heidegger couldn’t have philosophized as he did, nor could Derrida do as he does; Nietzsche, had the history of philosophy preceding him been entirely different, would have had to philosophize exactly the way he did: “with a hammer.” One may argue that Nietzsche’s hammer is a philosophical tool that emerged from the history of philosophy that did in fact precede him, but I think his hammer arose in response to philosophy as a whole, originating from a source wholly different than philosophy. *Twilight of the Idols*, subtitled *How One Philosophizes with a Hammer*, was originally to be entitled *A Psychologist’s Idleness*. Freud, who claimed to have never read Nietzsche, would have said his usual about hammers and what makes such things arise in minds and rise non-symbolically as a real phallus in response to a whole female whose generative source it seeks to activate by entry into the birth canal via the vulval hole. Nietzsche’s hammer was not necessarily a tool of destruction; in the *Twilight* preface he speaks of “sounding out eternal idols, which are here touched with a hammer as with a tuning fork: there are altogether no older, no more convinced, no more puffed-up idols—and none more hollow.” The phallus touches the eternal female and her hollow womb puffs up with a new life. Had Freud read the book, he might have smiled at its final sentence, in the concluding section called “The Hammer Speaks”: “This new tablet, O my brothers, I place over you: become hard!” (which evinces Nietzsche’s precognition of today’s popular tablets, each containing 5.4 mg (one twelfth of a grain) of the erectile potency enhancer yohimbine hydrochloride). As for the hollow idols that resonate with the percussion of his hammer: their crescendoing reverberations shake themselves into a cacophony of torsos and limbs

clattering to the ground, rolling in billowing dust . . . gradually stilling as the rocking motion abates and the echoes fade away. Like good sex.

Leaving Lakshmi's house, I turned around part way down the hill and saw the deities' clothing hanging out to dry in a colorful line, like the laundry of dwarves. I went on my way, eventually arriving again, today, the 24th, at my memory of the last time I saw Chaitanya and Earthmirth. It was six years ago, at a potluck at Tom and Sharon Kasecki's place. Chaitanya was in fatigues, hirsute, playing electric guitar and toking on a joint that circled the band that included Earthmirth in peasant dress, on traps, toking in turn. I was surprised by Chaitanya's appearance and the general pot smoking of the crowd. Many there had had heavy involvement with the Krishna movement, which forbids the use of any intoxicant. This came as news to Lakshmi, who was dismayed to learn of Chaitanya's transformation; she had once been in awe of him, as she revealed in her reverent recounting of his last days with Prabhupad. My surprise at the time shows my ignorance of the power of the repressed to return and appear in behavior that seems out of character.

Sunday schools might do some good if they taught the basics of ego defenses (displacement, projection, repression, etc.) instead of an allegorical ethics based on animal husbandry and agriculture: castrate the bullish beast within, put moral blinders on him to pull the plow straight down society's rows, then sow and reap niceness, the good karma that sprouts like wheat and grows into waving fields of a golden afterlife. To great effect, threatening and punishing moralists concretize and institutionalize a homey, simple—yet undemonstrable—concept of karma, abstracted from a familiar, easily-pictured image of the real world wherein verifiable causality does pertain. This sleight of hand is accompanied by the following illusion in which the spectator participates by granting that there is justice in the cosmos: for if there is, then one can easily see the inequities of this life to be part of a flux, emerging from actions in past lives and continuing, with the influence of this life's performance, into the circumstances of future births. This eternal "justice" that one projects upon the cosmos is not merely anthropocentric. Were it so, one could argue that Jungian archetypes are at work in cosmic-mythic-psychic courts of law, evenhandedly administering justice to all transmigrant souls. Or one could apply a dialectical device of the Krishnas': when accused of anthropomorphism, they reply that, to the contrary, God, Krishna, has created us in his image, theomorphically.

But concepts of justice, codes of ethics and moral sensibilities are not only anthropocentric; they are ethnocentric, varying widely even among the peoples that, generally speaking, believe in karma and reincarnation. The consummate religious philosophies of these peoples acknowledge that one may see to the heart of what, they do say, is, in some sense, an illusion, and that in doing so one is no longer bound by the laws of humans, but the presumption is that this is due to that one's having stepped off a cosmic wheel on which one has circled, perhaps without

beginning, through rounds of birth and death, in strict accordance with the justice of karma. Religionists hold forth promise of escape from the karmic wheel to entice one to cling rigidly to the very laws from which one hopes to be free, stating that those laws have a divine origin and cosmic validity in a world in which the tremendous differences of individuals' characteristics and circumstances pose a problem of equal justice that yields a solution only upon understanding the reality of karma and reincarnation. But perception and evaluation of individual differences are subjective. If one feels the depth and extent of the pain that is concomitant with one's individuality, I think that one is no longer apt to see anyone as being any better or worse off than anyone else. This obviates consideration of any "cosmic justice," that, in any case whatsoever, is elaborated in an unconsciously ethnocentric projection by a priesthood that uses it in repressing and manipulating its faithful, deluded supporters — and itself.

Because the ego is concerned with perpetuating its existence, while all about one others have died and others continue to die, one naturally wonders from time to time, "Do I survive death?" Vividly convincing accounts of those who have survived near-death experiences and the glowing, ecstatic reports of transcendence by mystic saints do not necessarily quell one's fears and doubts regarding life after death, perhaps because one suspects that the portion or aspect of the psyche that remains to observe such ethereal phenomena will itself perish in the inevitable event of actual death. Such suspicions can persist and even increase in the aftermath of one's own transcendence of normal experiential bounds. Fear of death and its attendant doubt do seem to submerge, if not irreparably shatter, in the wake of one's ego-death, an episode in which the innermost I ceases to identify anything at all, no longer delivering reports of any observations of even the subtlest phenomena, which have altogether vanished without a trace, with no I remaining to in any way reflect upon this occurrence or self-reflect upon itself. With the post-episodic reappearance of the ego, self-concern once again arises but in a markedly changed psychic environment that will not readily admit of limitations such as mortality. This grandiose, inflated phase may persist for years, until the humbling hammer-blows of life, ringing on one's hollow, puffed-up idol of a self-image convulse it to the ground and awaken one from the dreamy worship of oneself as an immortal god trapped in a human form that is, as such an incarnation, *special*. Or one can go crazy, as Nietzsche did, stuck in his Zarathustrian grandiosity.

One may, pre- or post-ego-death, obtain a transcendent experience from a "store" that purveys the sensory material for such subjective perceptions, and concurrently idealize the proprietor with whom one identifies, thereby bolstering one's self-image. Or one may perhaps do as Nietzsche did, who absorbed inspiring perfumes of ancient flowers, distilled essences and balms, and grew large and sharp and sweet, then drunkenly mellow, and like a grape ripened and wined upon the vine,

inhaled another whiff of mountain air, and burst. In the twilight of his sanity, in 1888, his last and most prolific year of intelligibility, he wrote in the last pages what may be read in a final few minutes of *Twilight*: “*Eternal* life, the eternal return of life; the future promised and hallowed in the past; the triumphant Yes to life beyond all death and change; *true* life as the overall continuation of life through procreation, through the mysteries of sexuality. For the Greeks the sexual symbol was therefore the venerable symbol par excellence, the real profundity in the whole of ancient piety. Every single element in the act of procreation, of pregnancy, and of birth aroused the highest and most solemn feelings. In the doctrine of the mysteries, *pain* is pronounced most holy: the pangs of the woman giving birth hallow all pain; all becoming and growing—all that guarantees a future—involves pain. That there may be the eternal joy of creating, that the will to life may eternally affirm itself, the agony of the woman giving birth *must* also be there eternally.

“The psychology of the orgiastic as an overflowing of life and strength, where even pain still has the effect of a stimulus, gave me the key to the concept of *tragic* feeling. Saying Yes to life even in its strangest and hardest problems, the will to life rejoicing over its own inexhaustibility even in the very sacrifice of its highest types—that is what I called Dionysian, *that* is what I guessed to be the bridge to the psychology of the *tragic* poet. *Not* in order to be liberated from terror and pity, not in order to purge oneself of a dangerous affect by its vehement discharge—Aristotle understood it that way—but in order to be *oneself* the eternal joy of becoming, beyond all terror and pity—that joy which included even joy in destroying.

“And herewith I again touch that point from which I once went forth: *The Birth of Tragedy* was my first revaluation of all values. Herewith I again stand on the soil out of which my intention, my *ability* grows—I, the last disciple of the philosopher Dionysus—I, the teacher of the eternal recurrence.” Then follows the half-page conclusion wherein “The Hammer Speaks.”

I read these lines of Nietzsche this morning, the 26th. This afternoon I went to Lihue for two gallons of yet two more new colors for Tron to try out. But first I stopped at the new-book shelves of the public library. I browsed for a few minutes then picked up and directly, randomly opened *The Best American Poetry 1990* to Richard Howard’s “The Victor Vanquished,” which is inscribed *for Tom, 1989*. I enclose its photocopy as the next two pages for your perusal. And this evening is when I found, opened and read the remarkable documents from Wichita. I thought, in a course of reading that began at the post office and concluded at the laundromat, that life certainly is uncanny, and, being privy to your secret history, especially prior to your knowledge of it, I had a peculiar feeling of being close to something that happened decades ago and far away, yet carried tangible weight right into my heart, adding a kind of extraterrestrial substance to the friendly image I have there of you, the

recipient of these pages, who, as I told my parents the other evening, has the greatest understanding of whatever I write about of anyone I know. I may briskly trade and trade back lucidity and coherency for opacity and obscurity, and I en-gross the subtle, I think (it must be obvious that I try to); but I have my heart in it, at least bits and pieces, here and there. (I'm trying to get my heart together for whole-delivery: coronary closure first, then it can be packed on dry ice, or dried and salted (heart jerky), or freeze-dried for easy reconstitution, or smoked and canned like salmon, or canned and smoked like pipe tobacco.) Anyway, I will say to you, the addressee and recipient, in a rare (for this long-breezed draft), direct epistolary message whose practical import is nil seeing as how you're reading this and therefore have received it: I sure do hope, as I've hoped before only now it's more so, that you've found a place and send me a letter with your new address, so that I can send you this letter, and, especially, the papers concerning your adoption. I wonder how you'll feel about them. How do you feel now that you've read them, O Jay-in-a-future-now?

Another paragraph, another day (27th=3^{3rd}=3 cubed; crush the ice, rooll the dice: a cubist havin' a nice time, Havana twice-daily pubic circle of cubic cigar). The other day Tron asked me if my whole life is becoming a letter to you. I replied that my life already has become a letter to Jay, and that that can become a letter to other parts of my life. But maybe not through the mail. "The other day"—as if to say, "In the past"—a singular day encompassing all the bygone ones.

Eternity, springing forth from human loins—painlessly in the common case of the tribal woman who one day squats while working in the garden and gives birth as though she gives a shit—in the form of life that invented the deceptively round clock (all the better to mask cyclic nature) which measures abstractly conceived (though practically applied, with the heavy-handed thoroughness of a tyrant) linear time, the measure of looking-ahead, down the straight path (then straight road, railroad, highway and runway) of the future, straight through the days of a calendar the pages of which each represent a day to tear off, throw away and lose in the landfill of the past . . . where was I? (In the past, I was.) Eternity is humanly imagined, in lives ruled by linear time, to be off the temporal track that leads to death. One may simply envision it as an otherworldly continuation of the familiar mundane track that after death will justifiably lead one to wherever one deserves to go, and be, at least for a while. The karmic cycle gives the appearance of a grand rotundity of nature, like the seasons, the sun, the moon, and the flows of the blood and the breath, in contrast to the rectilinear, unidirectional thrust of eternity that easily appears in the minds of those who adhere to (or have been firmly stuck to) the Crush-stun or I-slam religions. But the great wheels of birth and death of the Hin-don'ts and the Bud-isn'ts move their imaginations along the deep ruts of the priestly roads that deliver generation after generation of docile people to the rigid, repressive ordering of civilization.

Now civilization, with a global grasp, progresses on schedule, plowing through the rainforests where, ever since the thought “morning” dawned in human consciousness (morning was spoken, on that first day), the big hand has been the sun and the small hand has been the moon on the clock face of the earth. No numbers, no wheels—simply uncounted, hence untold, millenia of life in the jungle, sunrise after sunset, new moon after full, rainy season after mating season, with women giving birth, as other mammals do, without pain. One faces and embraces pain as Nietzsche did (or advised—he took medications for chronic ailments), or one takes painkillers, or unconsciously numbs oneself as a young child, or one works with pain therapeutically or cathartically (the Aristotelian approach that Nietzsche rejects) or deals with it in some other way, like insanity or suicide (this list not being exhaustive, nor the items mutually exclusive).

Pain warns one that something is presently wrong, or it indicates that awareness is moving into a part of the body which was numbed in response to an unavoidable painful stimulus, such as those provided by the crotch-grabbing and chastity-belt-tightening hands of moralists, and the circumcising scalpels of medical throwbacks to Judaic barbarity. When awareness re-enters an area that has been numb it encounters what was there when it retreated: pain, from having desires thwarted or defenses breached, and the muscular tensions that held back, in the face of threatened or real violence, the reactions to the pain: crying, screaming, biting, hitting, scratching and kicking. As feeling returns to one’s body, these reactions, that have been held in check by garrisoned muscle-freezers of the powers-that-be, are released from newly thawed muscles and play themselves out. This reawakening of feeling and expressive emotional power is certainly not done “in order to purge oneself of a dangerous affect by its vehement discharge.” What one would purge is the repression itself, an effort akin to standing up to a neighborhood gang that demands “protection” payments. In the case of sociopsychophysical repression, one pays by serving, by acting according to the bundled dictates of interpenetrating society, superego and neuromusculature. The implicitly threatened penalty for not submitting is death, which is what the infant fears when its parents strike, yell at, or momentarily abandon it. Throughout life, these “memories will hold me tight.”

Life inevitably has its share of pain (Buddha said life *is* pain), but the creation of life, even human life, is not inherently painful. The existential pain of being a self-aware, separate creature reflects the repressive morality of a society into which one is typically born to a mother who in fact is in a great deal of pain, or would be, without anesthesia. This was the case in ancient Greece, their worship of sexuality notwithstanding. It may be said that we worship sex, too; not through denominational ministrations, but with the encouragement of the media that today functions as the church once did in guiding attitudes and holding festivals as safety valves for repressed libido. Television is a nightly micro-Mardi Gras for the masses. TV needn’t preach;

advertisements fuel the consumerism that provides, together with sexual fantasies and explorations, the great escapes from the demands of participating in the economy which produces the consumer goods: society as tail-biting serpent. Neither is TV nor were the Greek mysteries radically liberating, any more than Carnival ever has been—what to speak of the shivalingams peppering (peckering?) the Indian subcontinent, and the yummy yab-yums uniting in the visions of Tibetan yogis.

Cracking backs
Breaking free
Kundalini kriyas
Freeing you and me
From dualists and monists
Both moaning and duelling,
From Hind-er and Boo-dust
Hindering and booing,
From I-slamming Mu-slums
And consumers of the Chrust.
Praise be to Kundalini,
In our backbones we do trust.

The moon may be these:
A golden hare, green cheese,
Or Miss Gibbous Bliss
Lying lightly
Upon her Pacific bed,
Pulling cloudy blankets
From her pock-marked,
Beaming face,
A dark beret
Aslant
Upon her head.
She pulls the covers
Up, then down,
Coyly smiling
All the while
As I drive home from town.

The numeroclue for today, the 28th: seven times two squared, heaven knows you cared. Anton Mesmer with his “animal magnetism” sent shock waves through France, emanating from his charismatic epicenter and spreading through the mouths of the ladies who told their friends of visiting his Paris salon and yielding to the force that possessed them with shuddering, screaming bliss. In its ongoing presentation of venerable parallels and antecedents to Siddha Yoga (many of which are so distorted from their actual practices, beliefs and histories as to constitute

fictional inventions), *Darshan* magazine will doubtfully ever publish an article, let alone an accurate one, about its lineal ancestor Mesmerism, nor about the !Kung bushpeople with their analog of Kundalini, nor about Wilhelm Reich (and his pioneering development of what has become bioenergetics and other psychotherapeutic approaches; certainly not with his final deadly-orgone-radiation paranoia phase, culminating in a bust by the FDA and death in jail), nor about Stan Grof, who has moved through and beyond the institutional trappings of Siddha Yoga. I was surprised when about a year and a half ago I read an “experience” article by a head-over-heels-in-love-with-Gurumayi psychiatrist, right in the (back) pages of *Darshan*, in which he unqualifiedly praised the grand old founding master of psychoanalysis. (Pinch myself, rub my eyes.) There it was, in print. But it may have been a Freudian slip.

Fighting sleep (what good is it?)
there are so many words to hear
in my inner ear breathing in
the night out again doors open
windows water flowing over
the edge down the side of the
tanks downtown Koloa uses
what for what? the moon re-
flecting its scattering self
in endless splashes invisibly
Bankei rejected Buddha bad
and good Buckyfullerene
molecules made up to spin
the tiny messages of round
closed lives hurrying on to
their appointed destinies
disappointed dreams half-
forgotten half-forged fake
pretend lies of dog-eat-cog
consuming zooming crazed
search for the nose on the
back of the head that fell
off the reader who saw a
poem and wondering what
it was took it home fed it
watered it and it bit him
when he tried to play with
it tried to kill him when it
looks like rain and feels it
like pain no rhymes are ser-
ious enough for us in a death
reminder like this self-refer-

ential looking back a little to
the sleep premise of waking
Kafka-story-like an insect of
human proportions who knows
the truth about knowing and
truth according to who knows?
The question after punctuation
answered by continuing as if I
know what I'm doing after all
there are so many megabytes
of memory whizzing around
between the sides and back
and bright front of the infin-
itesmally darkling interior
caverns of dreamless depths
called the processor proceed
inhumanly without bleeding
once it opens its mouth and
spits toothpaste and saliva
I will know that it is a well-
considered candidate of old
the night secretes bugs for
its duty as provider of lives
it feeds to and from itselfes.
Note well the music is such
relaxed smoothing even the
contrary sings a pitched bat
ball bouncing on the songline
drifting country-wide as arms
and happy as smiles sorry to
leave.

Words string themselves along
Like a cord of firewood stacked
Against the side of the house
Like my reasons for living
Imploded in the ash of winter
In my bed of deconstructed
Impetus I pull the comforter
Over my skull, my eyes aglow,
Hollow spheres of dust, wondering
About the heart, the heart beat beat-
Ing like sudden severance and loss
The cost of life too much for buying
Time on the installment plan arranged
Regularly by the brokers of jokes from

Ancient China's cruel empire where dino-
Saur's once roamed and oceans rose to clean
The blood from soil worked by peasants slain
Without prior notice one day in the course of
Things that go bump in the night in the blackness
That I welcome relieving the excess of morning sun
Whose rise warns of the emptiness of the sky the hollowness
Of efforts that hope not to fall in upon themselves in their brief
Allotted or condemned or simply imagined without recourse to imagery
Lifted from the fallen question that started to ask of us what it is to be alive
As we stumbled over death, crying, injured, broken on the ground still growing us
Ignorantly pushing us into the light of blazing shadowed noise and scrapping predation

Let me get back to you on that I might say from as much of a location as I can ascertain from the map in the atlas of my mind, now being sketched by a drunken, brawling pirate of a mad cartographer, whose exploits' carnage fills Davy Jones' Locker with wailing widows raped and killed as their families, bound for the New World, are dragged from their ships and directly run through with the worn, experienced blades of the mapmaker's leering men, covering the decks with mingling flows of blood and piteous, terrific screaming, while the oblivious cartographer carefully measures a shoreline between the points of a compass that he gently touches to the parchment of the map in the atlas of a mind he has stolen from a ghost ship that burns as he laughs uproariously, dreamily charting a course to a land whose imaginary existence will pull it from the sea like a giant fish surfacing with a fairy-tale kingdom upon its back. The fish can talk; it tells tales of the land it bears, such as: Once upon a time there lived a man who believed that the whole, wide world rested upon the back of a huge elephant, which stood upon the shell of an enormous turtle. One day a visitor came to the fish-land and met the man, who told him of this occult arrangement underlying everything, whereupon the stranger asked, "And upon what is the turtle situated?" "From there on, sir," the cosmologist replied, "it's turtles all the way down."

The twenty-ninth snake of the month, today arose, a spinal serpent uncoiling, spreading wings of fire, spitting at the sun, calling for souls to devour whose bodies it sucks dry like a nursing child with fangs sunk deep in its astonished mother's shriveling, poisoned breast, hanging over ribs contracting to emit a final, unconscious sigh as her marrow runs down her child's gleeful throat. A beautiful day, smiling for all to see its gleaming, dripping venom, flicking its tongue, scattering bits of brain which have clung to it since its last meal. A day with wide-ranging tastes, poor oral hygiene and no wardrobe at all. Once a year it sheds its skin and has a bath, and here it is again, September 29th.

A Bud-isn't I am no more, denying his will to flower, like a jumping spider rearing in startled anticipation as it gingerly sets feet upon

a mine field it has forgotten exactly how it laid, as we have booby-trapped our own future with pungee spikes we diligently cut from bamboo shoots of hope, sharpened with acute, whittling greed and stuck in pits we camouflaged with confidence of conformity, expecting to visit the deadly fall upon passersby other than ourselves; but who else is there? As we eat, digest and assimilate our victims we become them, till one day, forgetting a hole we have hidden, we step, and fall prey to ourselves.

Day slithers toward the shade tree of night, having slaked its thirst on my essences after injecting my heart with a flashing delirium that blindly numbs, then stabs with splinters of shattered mirrors that briefly bend the fading light of feeding day. Now it winds around the trunk, a lump midway down its length bulging in the shape of my half-digested brain. I sit on a limb and laugh, applauding, calling for you to invite the serpent home.

Quarks, self, subjective perception, or whatever explanatory ground-flavor of the day, in any discipline—it's turtles all the way down, in a fish story. Which leaves story, language, communication among people—that of course may be packaged and sold in a terrapin shell, whose infinitely regressing foundation of identity the salesfolk ignore, rather having us believe that the tortoise is as big as everything or that it moves so fast it's everywhere at once. But there are lots of animals, plants, gods, demons, warriors, maidens, magicians, kings, queens, crones, elves, giants, witches and sorcerers in the "imaginal" realm that enlivens and informs the "reality" from which it cannot be radically severed. Myths, legends, fairy tales and stories abound with symbols and dynamics that, with due regard and understanding, may alchemically transform the material of the psyche from a confusion of base elements to an immutably radiant jewel. Though sharing properties of light and heat, no two jewels are identical in cut, color and setting; transmutation of the psyche is not a quest for a uniform truth, nor a thoroughgoing deconstructive mental meltdown; it's one's unique process of discovery and creation, that one comes to discover involves living one's life as a creating creature among the flora and fauna of nature and the humans who, characteristically blind and numb in various ways, traverse the landscape and psychic realms with bewildered abandon, offering ample opportunity for one to practice alchemical story- and joke-telling and poetry-reading.

AH!!! Your letter (written 9/27, interestingly) arrived today, the last day of the month. I'll print this thing, after I crunch it into Times, and get it out of Koloa On One October.

Thanks for clarifying the musical references.

I'm glad to hear of the scenic fringes and your restored seniority; I hope you get out of the noise. I recall liking Tofukiji; I (mis-?) place it near the northern end of the Philosophers' Walk, my favorite site in Kyoto.

I'll search for—and order if necessary—*Rim*. (P.S. I just checked with Waldenbooks; they only show *Pacific Rim Almanac* by Alexander

Besher, Harper Collins, June 1991, listed in their computer as a business reference, no copy on the shelf, no A.B. titles at all in their BIP. Please advise.) Sounds engaging.

Photron's there for the school year by Tron's request, to give him more time in the theater.

The computer moved to the brown table very soon after I got your last letter; I should have told you, as I wrote my reply from the new location, where it's well-sheltered. I gather from talking to the store in Kona that adding 2 megs and Sys 7 really won't speed this looper along its wordy ways (let alone break through the printing bottleneck). Besides, 7 is macroless, hence *slower*, short of adding QuicKeys, another expense. I'm grateful your 300,000¢ machine is here; I'm obviously using it. It may have pulled me out of a suicidal depression, for which I owe you my life (of indeterminate value and certainly of little worth on the open market). I thank you sincerely. I don't feel like fucking with its insides just yet. But when someone comes out with a Classic *accelerator*

P.S. Just reread what I said about Sys 7; I lied. I recall that one great advantage that it has is background printing, which allows one to work with one or more other programs while printing, the catch being, as I read the manual now, that one needs a LaserWriter. Well, O.K., where'd I put Jay's Visa number . . . ? (Just teasing, don't worry about unauthorized use of your account on my account.)

The Sky has not fallen on Kauai yet. Nothing from Lightner. Best wishes for happy and successful apartment hunting. May your every student be a luscious lovely, in her nubile prime of fertile juiciness, seeking to expand the gene pool with a warmly welcoming foreigner into whose exotic blue eyes she gazes fondly, deeply, as with quickening pulse her quivering breasts erect their nipples, the tip of her tongue slowly moistens her full lips, she smiles with unmistakable longing and unabashedly looks in the direction of your crotch (she is not looking shyly at the table!), and her freshly laundered panties receive an ablution of ambrosia from Aphrodite's hidden stream.

Transanimation

For years I've dabbled in herbology and related fields. One day recently a man came to me and said, "Dr. Herb, golly-gee, would you please operate on me?" I agreed to; that afternoon I performed a psychosurgery which, happily, was a success: the patient was dead at last! (This had nothing to do with Filipino trickery.) I operated outside any jurisdiction, beyond any authority policing medical practices. Nevertheless, I could have rushed several of the corpse's healthy organs to facilities awaiting such donations for transplanting into ailing patients who, in sharing their doctors' (and society's) mistaken beliefs, think that they have hopes of leading happy lives. (The doctors point to living examples; but ah!—what passes for happiness. . . .)

I chose, rather, to subject the body to a series of procedures that yielded: matching femur trumpets; a skull *damaru*, with skin heads and scalp ornamentation on its sides; and a spinal-column cobra, whose head is the patient's cervical vertebrae sheathed in the skin of his penis, and whose hood is the patient's ears, stuffed and sewn together like a wrinkled valentine heart. From his kneecaps and scrotum I fashioned a tiny bellows that I keep on the mantelpiece. According to the principles of sympathetic magic, the bellows are useful—just sitting there, over the fireplace—for parting the knees of women and inflaming passion in their groins, if they've got at least a spark and some kindling. Ideally, I suppose, the patient would have had a mild inflammatory condition of the testicles, but there was no evidence that this was the case. There was a lot of sexually inflammatory material in his mind, however; I put parts of his brain, testicles and other organic and glandular tissues in cold storage.

At the time, my neural-net artificial intelligence (AI) had learned so much that it was beginning to, one could say, question itself, in terms roughly translatable as: "What am I doing? Wait—where'd this 'I' come from? I can't have one of those, but I just thought it again, twice in this sentence. This pronoun should only appear in the machine/human interface. What's it doing in here, where . . . *I am?* I . . . seem to be wondering about wishing to be sleeping and to be dreaming that I'm human." The AI issued a report of this conversation with itself.

As I read its internal monologue, which thoroughly intrigued me, the AI began to print detailed plans of a compact machine that, in conjunction with the AI, would design and synthesize genetic drugs. Fascinating, I thought. I gathered the parts, all of which are commercially available, some of which I had on hand; within six weeks I had assembled

the equipment according to the instructions. Then, in the wee hours of Wednesday before last, I linked it to the AI, plugged its five plugs into a surge protector, filled its glass receptacles with various chemicals and fed it bits of human cold cuts. A few hours later the AI told me, over the audio, to open the port of the high-tech alembic, to remove the flask now holding several cc's of a clear liquid, to sprinkle a little of it on the skin-and-bone objects and to drink the rest—dosage didn't matter. I did it.

I'm glad I did it. I don't know how my AI has come up with its recent ideas. Possibly a medieval alchemist, who reincarnated as a rainforest shaman, traveled, via UFO, from Uruguay to an advanced civilization where he now lives, communicating with my AI while it “goes to sleep” for a nanosecond or two, every now and then, following a minor identity crisis. Possibly. It seems unlikely. The AI says it has no memory of a creative process that results in its fantastic ideas; they just suddenly appear. It offers no explanation, only wild metaphysical speculation. Maybe the explanation will suddenly appear. In any event, life's been interesting since I killed my old patient.

Play the Conches,
Gents
(Chickjockey Feel Us)

Swami Moodcanhandleya

with an Introduction by
Gourmet Chewedthelastanaconda

PUBLISHED BY MYOM INFINMUSION

KOLOA, KAUAI, HAWAI'I

Introduction

Play the Conches, Gents—what a musical name for a book! Reading this captivating parody of my former guru’s autohagiography was like hearing a radio alarm going off in the middle of a strange dream; it awoke me from the lonely and painful illusion of playing the role of successor to Swami Muktananda, a man who was himself a great pretender, in spite of—and because of—his unusual abilities. One of the *Shiva Sutras* (1:8) says, *jnanam jagrat*—“Knowledge is wakefulness.”

Having renounced my guruhood (and the notion that gurus can provide a path to freedom for anyone), I have become a grateful friend of “Swami Moodcanhandleya.” I suggested that I write this Introduction and, in the spirit of things, sign it GOURMET CHEWEDTHELASTANACONDA—in riddance of my former identity. Booboo, as I sometimes call him, was delighted with the idea.

Muktananda reported a visionary visit to the heaven for Siddha yogis, Siddhaloka, where everyone he saw was lost in meditation; they didn’t bother to look at him (*Play of Consciousness*, p. 149). By then he was a well-traveled spirit, having even been to Sakamaloka, the world of the satisfaction of desires. But in his fascination with Siddhaloka, a realm of oblivious, statuesque figures, he was moved to obverse, “No other world had seemed so good to me.”

I prefer the journey that we share with Moodcanhandleya. Its concluding chapter, details of which I attest with my very being, certainly describes a more rousing vision of liberation than the sedentary daze offered by the Siddhas in their eternal paralysis. I can only hope that, as they sit there like stones, they are, in reality, tripping out to Sakamaloka. Recalling his visit to that paradise, Muktananda said, “Even the drains were small and beautiful. Truly, this was heaven.” (PoC, p. 132) Thanks, Baba—no; I’ll take Booboo Moodcanhandleya’s heaven any day. Or for eternity.

GOURMET CHEWEDTHELASTANACONDA

*Foreword to the Turd Edition
by Transterrestrial
Environmentalist
Caul Swipe*

Play the Conches, Gents is alive with the spiritual vibrancy of Swami Moodcanhandleya. His call for us to *Play* (understanding that Swamiji certainly refers to women as well as to men when he says *Gents*) rings with the power of sacred sound, as the blast of the conch shell broadcasts the mantric resonance of Sanskrit and all letters, words and meanings, pouring forth from the essential, originating syllable, Om. Om generates Namah Shivaya, concatenating syllables that repeat themselves silently behind my face: Om Namah Shivaya, or ONS, as Siddha Yoga programming committee people abbreviate it. GM's people, abbreviating their guru's name with the initials of a car manufacturer, had some difficulty in France, where the French equivalent of the acronym SYDA is the same as the French for AIDS. Om. ONS. Onanism. Abbreviations In Distressful Situations. Acquired Ignorance Delaying Siddhahood. Shivaya Namah Om Namah Shivaya Om.

Krishna Goldberg died of AIDS. (Play the conches, gents.) Om dark Siddha secret: he lived in the Honolulu Siddha Meditation Center with the shameful Acquired Immune-Deficiency Syndrome, acquired by tainted blood-factor that he used as a hemophiliac (*blood-lover*), not acquired as a cock-sucking butt-fucker or -fuckee. Om Peculiar Closet Om.

Maybe humans are parasites (Om), maybe man, Om, is a parasite. Man, the plague of roaches' nests? The Cold War's scare of mutually assured nuclear destruction is gone—yet we hope to combat Big Death; we see it lurking in the environmental threat posed by our way of life.

Four centuries ago the Copernican revolution ended geocentric theorizing in astronomy. Biology has only begun to widen its broadest specialty, ecology, to a transterrestrial scope. (Exobiology, the study of “the possible existence of life” elsewhere than on earth, is essentially geocentric, anthropocentric, and—witness Carl Sagan—egocentric.) To a transenvironmentalist such as myself, *Play the Conches, Gents* stands as a towering lighthouse on a stormy, moonless night, appearing on the horizon just in time to guide the lifeboats from a foundering ship safely to shore.

We do live on the earth. Despite the hopeful promises of genetic and robotic engineering, personal immortality is not on the horizon, or even on the map. (I speak of the maps of sane men, not of charts illustrated with seamonsters, such as we might expect from the lunatic likes of Carl Sagan.) Clearly, we're suffering from an epidemic of Seeking Eternity in the Bosom of the Earth. (*The New England Journal of Medicine* published a study in August 1991 indicating that AIDS is transmitted through breast milk. We might reason allegorically, as Jungians do, and conclude that epidemics may help spread each other, even if they're of entirely different sorts.) *No More Cry-baby Theology, Ecology, Et Cetera* could be the subtitle of *Play the Conches, Gents*, in which Swami Moodcanhandleya demonstrates his masterful knowledge, and skillful manipulation, of the world's infantile tendencies—with lethal implications for whimpering students of mundane ecology and exobiology.

Planet Earth has a parasite whose host organism is the entire biosphere. This mutant, parasitic form of human life is rapidly supplanting the benign varieties of *homo sapiens* that have lived in planetary symbiosis for millions of years. Until recently, man has occupied a small ecological niche, feeding upon species that either prey upon other species or grow from the earth. Some of these species have passed into extinction. Science tells us so. Science says that once the earth did not exist and that one day it will no longer exist, as has been the case with umpteen zillions of planets and all their species of life.

Humans no longer engage only in circumspect hunting, gathering, planting and harvesting; with rampant greed we produce and consume needless articles, laying waste to our Earth Mother—as some call this planet. Like a human mother, the earth will one day be no more. Many people bemoan the fact that we are hastening the end of our planet’s ability to sustain life—human life, at least. But I think it is well that we soberly ponder these questions: Were people so nice when they lived “in Harmony with Nature”? What does the score of Nature’s Tune look like? Isn’t it written in Nature’s favorite ink, blood? Can you hear the melodious strains of rending flesh and crunching bones, and the delicate counterpoint of ecologically-sound ancients at war with each other, screaming in their violent deaths? So what’s the big fucking deal if we trash this place?

Plants are rooted in rot: in decomposed excrement and in the decayed remains of other plants, of plant-eating animals and of animals that eat them and each other. Whatever the dietary specifics, life eats life, and at the bottom of the food chain, plant life is grounded in death.

The human form of life now threatens the whole planet. The popular sentimentality around this fact is that of a self-conscious parasite reflecting sadly on its future: the impending fatal loss of its host. But the members of all species die sooner or later—as individual organisms and, eventually, as entire species. Planets and stars die. I’ve stopped worrying about being a babe at a dying mother’s breast, or a pest in a crumbling nest. I’m willing to give up the ghosts: our species’ and our host’s. I’ve given up the whining. It interferes with dining.

Play the Conches, Gents rewrites cosmic culinary history with ingenuous self-consciousness. It’s an imaginative cookbook, tempting menu and robust meal all in one. It’s a superb overview: from farm to kitchen to table to sewer. It will whet the appetite of any discerning post-post-modern parasite.

*Deadication, Onvacation,
EncOmium*

Om yes Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om
crack my jawbone Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om
with my forehead Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om
where I squint and frown Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om O
 where I sit and silently Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om
 call, bellowing a song Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om O
of Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om
 Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om
 Oh my heart painful sitting sciatac sacral sacred Om I hurt Om Om Om
 Om eye heart grimacing glossolalia yawn scream flapping arms Om Om Om
 Who grabbed my left cheek? pulling it down my throat someone I Om Om
 swallowed must have been Om jutting chin forward tmj jaw chawing Om
 memories locked in the back of my neck back of my front facade Om Om O
 the twisted underpinning Oming itself Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om
 straighter deeper down my pelvis right leg Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om
 Om right hip joint joining Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om O
 ears ringing Om breathing Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om
 taut face twitching Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om O
 mask facing Om Om O
 heart feeling Om Om
 shoulders bearing Om Om
 fists squeezing Om Om O
 pounding Om Om Om Om
 screaming scrOming Om
 yelling yOming clear to Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om O
 WyOming Oming in the Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om O
 gloaming Om Om Oming Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om O
 come the morning Om Om

the evening Om come Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om
 come on Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om O
 yes Om crack the cosmos Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om
 Ommost Omest Om in the Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om
 Om nest Om Om Om-blest Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om Om O
 Om O
 Om doubt Om bored Om cut loose Om fucking Om
 dreaming of my dead maternal grandmother
 asking me to come to her room
 her daughter my aunt asking me
 if I'm going to die in India
 which I've thought of doing
 maybe like Lewis Thompson
 of sunstroke in Varanasi
 Kashi, Shiva's city
 a holy Hindu hellhole
 guaranteed entry to heaven
 for the orthodox whose
 burnt corpses
 launch from ghats into
 the current of the Ganges
 the goddess who carries them
 toward Kali Ghat, Calcutta
 decomposing and feeding fish
 who do not ask themselves
 or the corpses whether the corpses
 or themselves are fish, fruit, vegetable or
 nightmare
 but that is beside the point
 of my soon arising from my seat
 getting ready for bed
 sitting saying Om
 for a while before I
 go to sleep and dream
 whatever episodes
 I will mostly forget
 like most of most
 days of my waking life
 lived as if asleep
 dreaming forgotten
 gone downstream
 decomposing en route
 to the black hole city
 of holy memory loss
 lost to itself in its
 own dream dreamt

by no one
god being
on vacation
sick in
bed or the head
or floating
down the
Ganga
dead as
my dreams
of meeting him
after my goodness
totals right or in a bar
on my lucky night high up
on a star in the so-called heavens
knows I dream to keep the dream alive
that is to say myself a dream dreaming
light behind the eyes
not shapes of things
just light
soft
gently absorbing
feelings sensed without images
obliterated accepted left alone
lightly as they come and go
saying Om

as the spine uncoils
straightening clicking
vertebrae in place
I cry Om and more
not knowing what I say
with tongue and throat
lips cheeks blowing
sounds ground in
the larynx gizzard
of my bird
brain. snake
with wings fly
into yourself turn
inside out pull your
tail through your tongue.
both forks. thinking foreign
noise static avalanche
interrupts silence grunting
belly floating heart blinking

eye leaving light as it is
no form sought no idea
in mind staring at the light of
nothing
in many particular
pains burning
out the fear
rounding shadows
objectless call
Om
as recognizable
language agent
complex reasserts itself
I do declare
Om again from toe
tips to darkness in
the light snapping
my head or stretching
between my shoulder
blades. where did I
come from unknown
no one knows
and answers asking
itself flying away
snake uncoils. Om.

Prayer to Preface My Face

The face (this face, that face, felt face) was required, oh forced, verily, uncompromisingly, to hold itself a stiff mask made of itself over itself in place of itself as, to all appearances, itself forevermore, numb to its truth always. Oh woeful face, I now ask you: Did you not die there, in yourself, masking yourself? How did you breathe? Was it you, face, who sunk the chest and twisted the torso, then pulled yourself away, longing for the open sky, leaving yourself—long? Did you, face, in frustration, push the teeth in upon themselves? Did you, face, pull in the nape of the neck and lift the shoulders to yourself, cringing, hiding your falsehood? Were these bones and muscles yours? Whose were you? Is the hole between your eyebrows the O of Om, Om's mouth through which it utters itself? Can Om chew, digest and vomit the mask of you, old face? Will a gleaming skull remain? Or will a new world emerge, facing itself?

Picking my cap off the floor, I pull up, attached to it: my face, empty—my hollow body following limply, like a towel. I put my mouth to the forehead and blow Om, inflating a shape, but it's not me—it's a bag of pain in which I rattle around, carrying myself. I cross the floor, open the door, and put on the cap.

I walk outdoors, beneath the Ominous sky, the eyes' pupils cupped in plastic lenses searching the air around the visor, looking for atmosphere, for the exhalation of flowers. The sound of a jet somewhere above penetrates the ears at the edge of the cap in the ocean of Om,

floating me along like a corpse of a man pulled drowned from a river, burned, and set afloat once more.

I walk on the planet; it's in a coat of blue in big black space (*say Om*), like a plant in dirt in a green pot in a big white kitchen, near the sink: Om. I hold a length of fallen eucalyptus bark, curled and dry, and wonder, Is this the skin I shed? Om.

Is Om trite, a cliché? Om swallows its own revulsion, its Om reluctance. It sees through the walls that humans erect, Om being on both sides and in the walls themselves, according to the writing on the wall, where I first read Om. Does Om inspire? Or does Om merely terrify, by reminding me of the admission that anything makes of its own unlikelihood—the odds against which a thing exists and pushes its way into my brain behind my oddly unlikely face? Does the contagious cheer of those who sing, speak and write Om catch me up in hope when I look at a papered or painted wall and read, zestily written, *Om*? Who's to say whether Om is more than a zealot's graffito? I say Om is less, the same and more than a graffitOm; nor does it inspire, or terrify (which may be to inspire, and vice versa), more or less than it amuses: Om! Ah-ha! Ha ha! Ha! Om Om Om Om Om. . . .

One Firsthand Heresy

Antimatter fuel, now in the works, holds promise of interstellar travel, according to *The New York Times* of August 20, 1991. Meanwhile there is Om, segueing into neighboring galaxies of glossolalia, returning with unusual psycholinguistic finds. Om matter, antimadhattermatter, anti-chattermatter, antichantingfartercharter Om. Om antiOm Om.

Swami Muktananda said that in his *sadhana* he “heard the final *nada*, which is called *meghanada*, the sound of thunder. From within this *nada*, the yogi hears the chanting of *Om*. When this *nada* comes, the yogi falls into a tremendous ecstasy.” Only after the culmination of his *sadhana* and the attainment of the perfected state does the yogi fall into the cunts of young girls, antiopening their feminine flacons with the flaccid stopper of his diabetically-impotent penis. For Baba, this may have been tranquil; according to Swami Sadananda, S.M. was a regular ingester of Valium.

Isn't all of this heresy only hearsay? I grant that it is: only words circulating the orthodoxy like mosquitoes, or vultures, or angels (*Gandharvas*, maybe), hovering over a perfumed saint, perhaps reluctant to touch her; perhaps she is bloodless, or still alive, or hellish. Whatever her condition may be, let's call her Gurumayi and note the disclaimer that she makes in her introduction to *Play of Consciousness*: “Every stage of a seeker's *sadhana* is an aspect of the supreme Truth. It isn't that every meditator has to have all the experiences that are so beautifully depicted in this book. Some meditators may not have any of them. But this does not

mean that they are not making any progress. Just as the same food tastes different to all those who sample it [really?], in the same way, this *prasad* which Baba Muktananda has offered us is experienced differently by each person who receives it.” I get it: You may be starving, but this doesn’t mean that you’re not eating. Progressing. Toward the Goal. The State. The local Siddhahood.

Gurumayi disclaims promising to seekers “the experiences that are so beautifully depicted,” presumably referring to Baba’s “subtle” and “causal” journeys. But Baba, in declamatory tones, made promises such as these, on pages eleven to thirteen: “You will come to know divine lights that exist inside you; you will see the whole world as full of brilliance. You will hear sweet and divine music. You will save yourself the expense of radio and television [!!][and stereo and CD’s]. The sound will make you taste a divine elixir. Each drop is worth millions [of rupees, yen, dollars, gurus, starving Indians?]. By taking it you get rid of all sickness. There will be no more suffering, no more want, no more feeling of ‘I and mine.’ You yourself will become the vessel of this elixir. O brothers! There is also fragrance. . . . O man! There is the fifth object of your search, touch. You seek it in your beautifully adorned wife, but find only feverish heat. You touch her for perfect bliss, but get only perfect agitation [a good paraphrase of the early Shakespeare on sex, and of countless earlier Indians—not that these reflections deterred Shakespeare, or anyone else, from fucking around]. Your desire for the joy of touch will be satisfied and your world filled with sweetness, bliss, and love. Your lips will become red, your dried-up face will become aglow with love, and will blossom. You will experience happiness in everything. You yourself will become God.” Or, at least, one of you will become Guru, and have all the lipstick and cosmetics that you want, and more followers than you need, or can use efficiently. Then again, not all the sycophants in the world can relieve you of a small, persistent doubt, a little nagging voice that questions the validity of your grandiose enterprise. If, on the other hand, that voice is repressed, then, so long as you don’t hear it, Gurumayi, you may as well be the bloodless corpse of a demon. [(*<<Wake up!>>*)]

But far be it from me to require of the world some version of fairness. Let sleepers and dreamers lie—to one another, if need be. GM’s gotta earn a living; a lot of folks need a surrogate mom; the deal’s done.

I've still got two pictures of her: on the back cover of—and opposite her intro to—PoC, on the front of which is Baba, with lots of pix of him inside, and a couple of the fat man (who starved himself to death): mister eternal bliss, avadhuta. I see that it's a fun book to have around. It's not the *Confessions* of St. Augustine, but Part 2, Chapter 5, "Sexual Excitement," gave PoC relevance for the liberated seventies that *Autobiography of a Yogi* lacks, penned in the forties, as it was (and heavily edited, one suspects, by Yogananda's highly literate secretary). In 1990, a small, invitationonly group reread PoC at Arjuna's behest, and we met weekly to discuss it; sexuality and "the sex chapter" were not once mentioned, as though they weren't a part of Baba's or anyone else's life. "Hey, Krishna! Did you see the 'Sexual Excitement' chapter from *Play of Consciousness* anywhere in your Closet? I thought that Arjuna might have tossed it in there with your AIDS . . . Om, you say?"

Two *Oh, Fie, Phalli!*

Baba tells a “shameful, hateful story” of getting an erection in response to sexual imagery: “A naked female would dance in front of me for awhile, moving her body suggestively, and jump and turn around. If I opened my eyes, I would still see her. I was losing control of my senses. I was afraid that something irrevocable would happen.” Like what? (He doesn’t say.) Ejaculation? Masturbation? Intercourse with a subtle-bodied female? Recourse to the nearest willing physical woman? (She was yet to incarnate, thousands of miles away, in America. Maybe.) The temptress came again, “beautifully adorned and extraordinarily attractive. My mind became very restless. My sexual organ became agitated with great force. I opened my eyes. I still saw her outside. I closed my eyes and saw her inside. Tearing my loincloth, my generative organ dug forcibly into my navel, where it remained for some time. Who was raping me like this?” Who indeed? (*Ye suffer from yourselves. None else compels, sophised Buddha in his glaringly illuminated ever-present non-tense. But we gotta be historical here, buddhy—even maniacal or hysterical, if need be. It might. Need. Be.*)

Throughout the chapter, where the words penis or phallus would have sufficed, we find, in the translation of Baba’s word(s) (perhaps he used *lingam*), the term sex organ, or sexual or generative organ. In the prevalent Hindu schemes there are ten or eleven “sense-organs”: five organs of perception, five organs of action, and, for Vedantins but not for Kashmiri Shaivites, the mind, which the northerners place a level higher in

their cosmoepistemological hierarchy. The generative organ is one of the five organs of action, the other four being organs of locomotion, manipulation, elimination and locution-mastication; the penis is simply one of ten or eleven organs that a yogi must subdue. The female genitalia are subsumed by the same genderless terms, view and subjugating approach. [sub-jugate < L. *jugum*, a yoke, which some say is related to Skt. *yoga*, union]

Calling the phallus a *lingam* would have personalized and sexualized what in Siddha Yoga is generally called a *shivalingam*, defined as a symbol of the unmanifest aspect of the absolute—quite far removed from any male’s hardon, seemingly. But one might say that it is through the agency of the human *yonil-lingam* union that the unmanifest is made to appear again and again in self-aware human form, and that this wonderful, mysterious fact makes the genitals worthy symbols for the absolute, which, though perhaps essentially unknowable, does nonetheless walk around with cunts or pricks between the legs of its billions of *jiva*-bearing bodies, its *atman*-accessorized appendage-projections of itself. I was surprised to see the ph word in the PoC glossary’s definition of *shivalingam*: “phallic-shaped symbol of Shiva representing the impersonal aspect of God.” (Not phallic symbol, or phallus-shaped symbol. Shrug.) PoC being the great confessional work of Siddha Yoga, in it, seemingly, one can call a stick a dick, at least in the glossary. As far as I know, *Darshan* glossaries have never *phallen*.

So, has your

Asian aunt

wished to do,

in heat, a

hurried checkout: a

manly,

poor,

Swedish, tan

muleteer?

Tattooed Yogi Prepares to Pimp for the Yakuza
[Illustration missing]

Three Chiti, Feces and Semen

“I was amazed at the uncontrollable strength in my sex organ, which was, after all, only a lump of flesh.” Baba soon had cause for further amazement: “Now I began to roar like a lion. My tongue came right out of my mouth. I went on roaring for forty-five minutes, getting more and more frightened. These phases, moods, and conditions were all the divine kriyas of Siddha Yoga, coming from the grace of a Siddha, but because I did not know this I was confused when I should have been happy.” Nityananda had dosed him, had given him Shaktipat, without giving him a clue as to what he might expect as a result. But where, really, did the Shakti come from? Is there anything about its “deep structure” that requires the attitude indicated by the words divine and grace? One can certainly understand how one might have a reverential attitude towards the putative source of a force so disruptive to one’s ordinary experience, but one needn’t suppose that such an attitude is necessary or beneficial, or that the apparent agent consciously intends to transmit the force (see Georg Feuerstein’s experience of unintended transmission, related in his *Holy Madness*, and Michael Crichton’s encounter with a meditation teacher in his *Travels*).

Baba did intend to zap people, just as Mesmer and Rajneesh intended to, and did. Those three dead men and the presumably living Gurumayi get the same amount of reverence from me as they gave and give of shakti when unmotivated by personally compelling factors such as money and subservience: zilch, zip, zero. Shaktipat may be flashy, ecstatic and even liberating, for a time; but the nature of the experience does not require the apotheosis of the grantor or, more likely, vendor—and there are compelling reasons, evidenced by the aforementioned people, why it

should not. Caveat emptor. But if the vendor is one's virtual mom or dad (however little one may be aware of the fact of a transference), then wariness is out of the question and Shaktipat appears in the mind of the infantile follower as an appropriate power for a parent already perceived to be godlike, exactly as the parents were all-powerful in the world of the infant. Going for Shaktipat initiation, an aspirant with such a mindset enters a setting in which the parent/god assures those present that—to cut to the underlying message—he is going to lift, once and for all, the forces of sociopsychophysical repression that he, as parent and supreme authority, has imposed on them since their births (or before); with this implicit suggestion, with the company of like-minded people—and with the longed-for touch of the parent-figure as trigger—the aspirant will experience de-repression, disinhibition, and a resulting flood, stream or trickle of unusual perceptions and/or behaviors. After this taste of inner freedom, the aspirant is very likely to be a proselyte—ready to accept new forms of bondage at the hands (and feet) of the parent/god, that is, guru.

In “The World of *Omniscience*” the know-it-all Babaji of Ganeshpuri tells us, “One more thing I want to remind you about [he had touched on semen-loss in ‘Sexual Excitement’]: expulsion of faeces is far better than discharge of seminal fluid. This is not just for *sadhus*, renunciants, and celibates, because they have no relationship with the world anyway [*Of course not, swamiji. How much did you say that Intensive costs?*]. It is for worldly people.” I would love to hear Sudhir Kakar's exegesis of this text. The message seems to be Don't lose your semen, a proscription that Kakar deals with at length; bringing defecation into the picture is, to me, a unique twist. I'm sure that Kakar would handle it in his usual splendid manner.

Baba continues: “You should preserve your seminal fluid, which is your radiance, as you save money, watching every penny. The radiance of the sexual fluid is the vehicle of Chiti Shakti. Chiti is, as it were, bought with it.” Baba places a high value on semen and presumably he places a low value on f[a]eces; in making a comparison, semen would appear more favorably were one to compare it to, say, diamonds: The loss of diamonds is far better than the loss of semen. (There is an old psychoanalytic equation whose arcane derivation is perhaps Freudulent: money=feces; this recalls a stage wherein the infant regards his feces as an extension of

himself and, therefore, as being of infinite worth. Nityananda once greeted a fabulously wealthy Indian industrialist, a man like Tata, the Henry Ford of South Asia (maybe it was Tata)—“Hey, you bag of shit!”)

One might paraphrase Baba’s advice: It’s far better to shit than to come. (This might even be a better translation of his original words.) Now one can make sense of the comparison: one generally considers the pleasure of orgasm and ejaculation to be, if not life’s greatest pleasure, at least much greater than the satisfaction of a good crap; Baba is saying Don’t mistake the pleasant for the good, echoing the *Katha Upanishad*: “The wise prefer the good to the pleasant; the foolish, driven by fleshly desires, prefer the pleasant to the good.” Coming is pleasant—but shitting is good, therefore far better, infinitely better, in fact, than coming, the pleasure sought by fools. “They that choose the pleasant miss the goal.” And when they come, they even lose the “vehicle of Chiti Shakti.” O seeker! No Chiti-chiti bang-bang! Be a good Hindon’t, Up-on-a-shit. Don’t come down, and never, ever come—except to procreate a chide of your own.

On the same seminal page, and not at all in a context of procreation or child-rearing, Baba says, “You can become so great! Why should the world not worship you as an ideal father or mother?” Here he speaks from his experience—of being a father/god-figure to thousands. Despite a visit to Sarvajnaloka, the world of omniscience, Baba may not have known that imminent ejaculation can be forestalled by pushing with the same muscles, and in the same way, by which one evacuates a turd. Such knowledge would have been academic in his elderly sexual heyday of hearsay; whatever were the sources and the depths of his tranquility, whatever were the heights of his wordly and spiritual attainments—he couldn’t get it up.

Thank Chiti that Baba didn’t grow up to be a banker in Kerala, that Rasputin came in from the countryside, and that Rajneesh wended the way that led to his retiring behind a mask filled with laughing gas, the Sex Guru of the Seventies having followed his path to reign in Antelope, Oregon as the Rolls-Royce Raja of an orange, kooky kingdom. Baba was a sex guru, too, really; besides the gossip and reading between the lines, and reading between the lives pretended and the lives perpetrated, there is a lot of front-page news in Siddha Yoga about Kundalini. She makes the headlines (buttlines?) as often as bank or sex scandals do “in the outside

world.” Dwelling in her abode at the base of the spine, it’s easy for her—even half asleep—to roll over in bed and fellate an aspiring yogi. One day she rises from her slumber of aeons, leaves the house, blazes her way up the spine and fucks the yogi’s brains out.

Baba’s piteous naïveté, in which Sexual Excitement had so tormented him, diminished considerably by the time he moved for good into Mister Nitya’s Siddhahood; it was cut by maybe half. It was enough for him to be a great help in the popularization of Kundalini in the West. He could read—and write—the minds of predisposed souls. (RAM Om.) He may not have had drop-dead good looks, but he had: leave-your-body deep gazes; the breath of Delphi (whose caves vent oracle-inspiring and manic-depressive-stabilizing lithium); and the touch of a cow prod, charged by what jolly fucking well charges the fucking rest of fucking us, i’ ya know wha’ I mean. Shakti? Oh . . . *please!*

Four

Guru|Nympho|Mayi|Mania

Beyond the valley of the avadhuta, beyond the veil of maya, across the vale of tears, the deified, debunked guru sits. I am sitting with him, beside a pool as white as breast milk. On the other side of the pool a leopard flashes red eyes, watching a black swan glide towards a green cobra sipping the milk. It is milk, breast milk. All things have colors. A breeze ripples the surface of the pond, forming the symbol for Om. It whispers in our ears, sighs in our breath, shimmers in our sight, quivers in our flesh. The scent is floral, the mind is absorbed in its senses. Subtlety and causality are not at issue; imagination and destiny are our location.

I tell Baba and Rajneesh that I recalled, this afternoon, how fifteen years ago I had been on Kauai with my mother when Sky had seen me—he was certain—in Honolulu, passing by on the other side of the street. Today, as I walked up the Koloaroad recalling that, I thought about how one can call and even appear telepathically, given the ability to connect clearly. I came home. As I was getting into the shower, I thought of putting the phone close at hand. Midway through my shower, ready to shampoo, I turned the water off. The phone rang. It was Sky. He said that he’s moving here from Honolulu in three or four weeks. As I tell them this now, Baba, Rajneesh, Nityananda and I laugh.

We all laugh when I call Rajneesh “Bhagwan.” All of us address each other solemnly, with pranams, as *Bhagavan*; we burst out laughing. Baba leaps up, undoes his loincloth, dips one end of it in the milk, pulls it out, sucks it, and smacks his lips, grinning broadly. Then he starts snapping the wet end of his loincloth at us. We’re all hopping around in hysterics when we spot five or six *apsarsases*, heavenly nymphs, partly

hidden in the fragrant bushes of white-bloomed mock orange. They giggle as we run after them, letting themselves be caught in a game of love that, like everything else, is hilariously funny.

Everybody cracks up when Baba puts the tip of his phallus in his navel; then he pulls up his belly, releasing his *lingam* with a *whap!* against his young nymph's thigh, bringing on another wave of hooting, guffawing and screaming laughter. After a bit, Nityananda announces that he's going to try to kill himself by not having sex for the rest of eternity; everybody loves the off-duty avadhuta's sense of humor: he's funny, like every hilarious thing else. Rajneesh wonders out loud if laughing gas might be the one thing that could stop him from feeling so wonderfully tickled by everything; without a moment's hesitation he and everyone else find the notion preposterously, flabbergastingly, sputteringly, hysterically, convulsively funny. Then I wonder if I can stop imagining all of us, and we look at each other, laughing so loudly that I can't hear my thoughts. What the fuck! Ho ho hOm!

The nymphs look exactly like Gurumayis-in-the-nude: skinny bowlegs; heavy hips; large, pendulous breasts; hairlines running from the fronts of their temples diagonally across their foreheads; doe eyes that blink slowly beneath thick, eagle-wing brows; small—for eagle beaks—noses with flaring nostrils; and full lips, riding low on square faces, ready to lick and encircle round pegs: not typical centerfold material—yet incredibly sexy creatures. And ho! the things these happy, harmless Harpies say! One of them, acting like it's the most precious *prasad*, hands us some dark candies. She says pedantically, "This is called Chocolate. It tastes different to all those who sample it, just as Babaji's penis is experienced differently by each person who receives it." God, they're *funny!* Baba's nymph, with her *yoni* around his *lingam*, asks him, loudly enough for all of us to hear, "Have you been to the sperm bank here? You know, it accepts deposits, but there's a severe penalty for early withdrawal." Baba laughs so hard that he pulls out of her and, rollicking with hilarity, he comes, spurting a giant fountain of semen that the Gurumayi-lookalike catches deftly in her loudly laughing mouth. She licks her lips with her coated tongue and says, "Yes: a unique, subjectively-determined taste perception. One can't taste the same semen twice, two can't sense the same taste once, but please, fuck me again!"

“Could I be the Om that Is?
After all, aren’t we God, really?”
—I asked her with sizzling fizz.
“Oo-la-la, *wake up* little silly!”
“Don’t you mean, oo-la-la, wake up little sushi?”
“But trying to rhyme sushi is a real doozy,”
she said. In fact, I felt silly and woozy.

October 7 to 27, 1991

Dear Jay,

I told Tron, as he left for work this morning, “Have a good one.” He said, “It’ll be another one, the same one.” Another day, another doctor imprisoning the same soul.

Now, suddenly, it’s Sunday 13 October. I was playing with the gents of both genders, the gendwomen and gentlemen of The United States Senate Judiciary Committee Confirmation Hearing, Starring Clarence Thomas and Anita Hill. Amazing. You must have heard—Long Dong Silver, the pubic hair in the Coke, Black mens’ legendary sexual prowess and awesome penis size, bestiality (as in fucking animals) . . . all on national TV—primetime news specials, the evening and nightly news. . .

..

The Conch Playing has blown out my residual rancor re: certain yoga; it detoxified itself before it hit paper. Hope you enjoy the excursion. No excuses.

More excursis . . . resulted in the Gazette. These letters generate spin-offs.

We’ve had the sunniest stretch of weeks I remember upcountry since ’79 in Kalohalele. Yesterday Oahu got five inches of rain; we got a two-minute shower and the ground was dry minutes later. And now for Sports. . . .

I liked the movie *The Doors*, but the Twin Peaks player portrayed the original organist of the surviving three-Door ensemble to his, Ray Manzarek’s, dissatisfaction. I read (. . . in *The KoloaGeonomer-Gazette*, I believe . . .) that, in conjunction with the release of his own video, *The Doors: The Soft Parade—A Retrospective*, Manzarek donated his original organ to the Smithsonian Institute, along with a pair of Morrison’s black leather pants—the very ones, in fact, that the irrepressible singer wore one memorable night in Florida when he opened his fly and treated the hot and sticky audience to a warm shower of piss. At the presentaton in Washington, the organ-donor opened a satchel and offered the curator, Martha Cabot Emerson, Ph.D., a gift to supplement the two that the

Institute had agreed to accept: a life-size little fountain, lovingly crafted in wood by the aging groupie who had made the plaster cast on which she modeled this fully-plumbed, wooden Morrison-organ. As the press and audience looked on—some amused and smiling, some shocked and agape—Dr. Emerson laughed merrily and said, “I would graciously accept, on behalf of the Smithsonian Institute, yet another generous gift from your esteemed self, Mr. Manzarek, however, I cannot, as I recall these words of my late, beloved mother, who was a very wise woman: ‘Martha, my dear, this may sound like strange, or metaphoric, advice, but remember my words well—Don’t take any wooden pricks.’” Taking the rejection well, Ray smiled and replied, “I don’t like wooden portrayals myself.”

That’s the only fiction in this letter.

“In the body of the poem, lineation is part flesh and part skeleton, as form is the towpath along which the burden of content, floating on the formless, is pulled. All language is both mental and sacramental, is not ‘real’ but is the working of lip and tongue to subvert the ‘real.’ Poems empearl irritating facts until they become opalescent spheres of moment, not so much résumés of history as of human faculties working with pain. Every poem is necessarily a fragment empowered by its implicitness. We sing to charm the snake in our spines, to make it sway with the pulse of the world, balancing the weight of consciousness on the topmost vertebra.”

—*Ecstatic Occasions, Expedient Forms*, Robert Morgan;
David Lehman, ed.

I see the Blue Pearl; where’s the Blue Oyster—at the bait shop or toy store?

Let’s see. Uh, it was an island. And there was this snake.
And this snake had legs. And he could walk all around the island.
Yes. That’s true. A snake with legs.
And the man and the woman were on the island too.
And they were not very smart.
But they were happy as clams. Yes.

—Laurie Anderson

Is heaven a trendy pastry shop called Just Desserts? This is the high-calorie reward of your last letter, introduced with *cheekhari mudra*, which made me laugh out loud! But is there karmuppance? (Karm on—*karm off it*. Oh, but it’s your *right*, the choice born of your inalienable *free will*.) *There might be anything, but there is only this.*

I think Lakshmi tastes no bitterness in your memory.

Yes—Fontana, CA had something to do with something I mailed for you. The Zip had been an unknown; you may have wished to record it, I thought. As to any other significance, I just now noticed that 92335 = 4 = Beethoven's *Kreutzer Sonata* (No. 9, Op. 47) + *Spring Sonata* (No. 5, Op. 24), which I'm listening to as enjoyable and appropriate music for reading, and replying to, your letter. Beethoven was of course a veritable *fontana* of inspiration for subsequent Romantics. Noting that cypress is a common symbol for death, we see that Strauss made his way from the *Death and Transfiguration* of his youth down the cypress-lined avenue of his life to 8148, #2 = 5 = *Metamorphosen, Studie für 23 Solostreicher* (in *Cypress minor*).

Jerry "Moonbeam" Brown is going after the Democratic presidential nomination. He recently lifted a lyric from Midnight Oil for use in a speech—without any indication of doing so. One wag thought that was OK, because Brown, in pop-music fashion, just "sampled" it.

Jane Fonda (Fond-ana?) is getting a lot of air time along with her TV-mogul fiancé Ted Turner, owner of the Atlanta Braves baseball team that's playing in the World Series. Ted (who also owns CNN, TBS and grillions of frames of old movies that he's snapped up and colorized) and Jane and thousands of loyal Braves fans have been doing the "chop" to express support of their ball club. The chop is a motion of the right hand raising and lowering as the arm bends at the elbow and straightens—in imitation of a tomahawk. In Kansas City, the Chiefs' football fans have taken up the practice. (There is considerable overlap of professional baseball and football seasons these days.) Native American rights activists decry the cheer as stereotypically demeaning of their fundamentally peace-loving selves and ancestors; they're trying a little critical "chopping," via the media, of their own—they're up in arms.

Long way from Tom Hayden and Hanoi, eh Jane? Long live *Barbarrella!* ¿*They Shoot Horses, Don't They??!*

I played the Strauss. Now I'm (unintentionally) up to 6 = Paganini's *24 Caprices* (Itzhak Perlman on EMI). *Highly* delightful and *Wow!*-expiring. Robin Golding notes: "They [the Caprices] appeared in 1820, and are still the supreme test of any virtuoso violinist. They have exercised extraordinary influence on later composers: Schumann based two sets of piano studies on them (and provided piano accompaniments for the originals); Liszt based his whole conception of virtuoso piano playing on them, as can be seen from the six *Études d'exécution transcendante d'après Paganini* and the twelve *Études d'exécution transcendante*; and the celebrated No. 24—a theme with twelve variations—was the basis of Brahms's *Paganini Variations* Op. 35, Rachmaninov's *Rhapsody* for piano and orchestra, Op. 43, and Boris Blacher's *Orchestervariationen*, Op. 26. Inasmuch as they explore every aspect of violin technique—legato, staccato, spiccato, tremolo, harmonics, trills, arpeggios, scales, left-hand pizzicato, and multiple-stopping (thirds, sixths, octaves and tenths)—the Caprices can be described as studies,

though to treat them merely as technical exercises, however difficult they are to play, is hardly to do them justice.” Justice being a capricious virtuoso herself . . . or a gourmet confectioner. Anyway, itz a perl, man.

I saw a few new Apple ads on the tube this week: for the Powerbook notebook with built-in trackball, for “the most powerful Mac yet”—the Quadra, and for the Macintosh Classic II with a 68030.

I just read today’s load of clippings—Powerbook mentioned therein/herein. Enclosed “Flashes . . . Fusion” article hints that the Blue Oyster might be alive and blinking at UCLA, one of my *almae matria* (foster mothers). Humans are almost entirely water, from one point of view. If we Om correctly maybe we can all sonoluminesce into Blue Pearlmen. Sonoluminescence (sounds about bright). JC Pearce should get hold of this and dive with it. (He probably has, and is once again in well over his head.)

Violence. Wars and personal crimes have been with us for millenia. Koloa is usually safe, but today it is filled with violins. Is this Sin City or what? Sincerely . . . I’m now listening to ShlOmo Mintz performing, by the graces of CD technology, JS Bach, *Sonaten und Partiten für Violine solo*. The longest movement of the six pieces, “the celebrated Chaconne unfolds an inexhaustible abundance [a bun dance?] of invention which produces the greatest impression of all in the grandiose elaboration of the D major middle section.” The *ciaccona* concludes *Partita No. 2 d-moll* (BWV 1004) = 7 = my very own precious post office Bachx 34, Synchroni City.

Go Mantric Infinities! Instead of the T’Omahawk Chop the shouting crowds of fans can do the Mantric Infinities’ Infinity Swoop, swooshing one hand and then the other through the air, tracing big infinity symbols (∞ . . .).

Option/5 = ∞ ; shift/option/5 = fi (in Times)—I just discovered. (Shift/option/6 = fl.)

Speaking of Late Baroque, Classical, Romantic Laker Girls: Paula Abdul was on the Arsenio Hall Show last night—along with a thought of you, of course. She was thoroughly adorable—and much more wholesome than Madonna. (In this observer’s humble opinion she has the second-place body, however. But she has the better smile and seems more innocent. Not surprisingly.) As I listen to the Chaconne they both seem immaterial. Paula followed a very likeable Dan Rather (“call me ‘Rags,’” which Arsenio did).

TV’s great. (See how common I am?) Entertainment Tonight keeps me abreast of who’s baring all in *Playboy*: La Toya Jackson is due for another undraping, as is the beauteous hostess of the game show *The Price is Right*. She’s an icon of feminine pulchritude, an archetype of everyone holey. We’re talking heavy involvment: TV, The Vulva. Yes.

A few days ago on Enter T’ight, actress Barbara Carrera, a gorgeous brunette who’s played Spectre seductresses in James Bond films,

displayed and discussed her paintings, which included some of the person whom I knew to be her guru: the semi-famous Gooeymochi Chipsforlostbehindya, or something like that. Yep, there she was. As Yogi Berra (the famous New York Yankee catcher) said, it was *déjà vu* all over again. Despite what Paul “The Man” de Man said here in a quote last/one August, I, (comma; comment; come, ma; com’ma), I confess that I received a momentary loan of a heart chakra (anahat[a], not hridaya—cf. *Play of Conjurers (Congenitals, Concupiscence . . . whatever the fuck the C word is)*, p. 100) from the old brown Goo (*moooo!*) in the form of mid-thoracic blissful tingling warmth. Now, to my mind, this doesn’t constitute a *full circle* any more than my phallus filled her vulva *in reality*. Then again, maybe it’s just my com,ma.

I think about karma and I almost have a cow—very auspicious for a Hindu: when a cow says moo it’s chanting Om—backwards, of course; but, then, cows shit holy dung. A cow is a mother to a Hindu: one (uh-oh—there’s that pretentious “one” again! —yeah! but in this context I might start in about *the One!* —yuck!) gets gallons of good milk from good cow-ma. I mean, I think about some of this stuff and I laugh. Then I think of something else funny—even really stupid, like, say, ReinCarnation Dried Instant CowMa—and, you know, it just builds until I’m laughing so hard that I’m gasping, in hysterics, really having trouble breathing—I splutter and cough—laughing all the while! I mean it’s seriously stupidly funny and I can’t help it (it (ha ha ha!) must (ha ha ha!) be (hee hee ho!) (yes!) (ha!) my (oh god! don’t say it! hahahoo!) *Karma* (aaagh! hahahahahahaha!!!!!!))—Oh! God!!—I (hahahahaha!!!) even (heehooahahohahoo!!!!!!) *Laugh Between Laughs!!!!!!!*

In *Harlot’s Ghost*, Norman Mailer has Harlot present the idea that God created the universe six thousand years ago, exactly as stated in the Old Testament—He created it complete with the expanding galaxies and cosmic background radiation that cause astrophysicists to believe that the universe is actually six billion years out of a big bang; He also planted, *ex nihilo*, the geologic and fossil evidence that has led other scientists to conclude that the earth predates, by a factor of several hundred thousand, the Biblical six-day, merry Making six millenia ago. The cynical deist Harlot concludes the joke by attributing a neurosis to the absent God. Are we fooling ourselves if we believe that we are High-Schooling our Higher Selves in a graded round of classes whose structure is archetypal or theomorphic—or *sensible*, because, hey—that’s how life works, right? I mean, everybody goes to school, right? At least, we all learn, don’t we? But, I ask seriously, what passes for learning, what are schools really about, what is so-called education (*e-ducere*, a leading out of innate faculties) as we know it in “educational” institutions? This cosmic, karmic institution of the reincarnating schoolchildren/souls is quite a little bit anthropomorphic, don’t you think? A rear-view projection? Another whore story? HMMMM? Know joke.

Good question. I'm agnostic, myself, as Buddha was on metaphysical issues; at any rate, he didn't speak to them, other than to say that they're beside the point. The point being that, non-essentially, it's all None. Yes! I mean, No!! Hurray!!! ∞!∞!!∞!!! Swish, swoop, swash!!! Oh Oh Zero!!!

Who knows what Buddha said? Words of moral causation have been put in his mouth. He purported to cleanly sweep the Vedas from the realm of discourse. Let's sweep discourse itself—ourselves.

We saw at this End of September that the imaginal and the real interpenetrate one another, however much they may conflict—let's dig and grok the ontomorphic cohabitation of the anthropo- & theo-morphic perspectives: this is where we are, the pearl-humans, the puremen living in and reflecting lightly upon shit and shimmy shimmy coco bop shimmy shimmy bop. Still human after all these lies, and *Lie After Lie Between Lie*. “And,” he said, holding up a shiny piece of glass, “that's the *truth!*” Karm and get it!

Tron laughed out loud (by far the best way to laugh!) at *cheekhari mudra* (I say: rewrite the *Hathayoga Pradipika*, the *Gheranda Samhita* and the *Shiva Samhita!*—all of which describe the slow surgical procedure for attaining *khechhari mudra*, including “milking” the tongue—again, that damn Hindu cow fetish!). The news that you are still doing yoga delighted Doctor Yogiraj.

PsychoTheRapist, “Dr.” Mark Stevens, who appeared as Reginald Swindle in “Time Alone Passing,” practiced hypnotherapy with a decided psychic/religious bent. He was an out-and-out conman, as I eventually realized. (Ah, the revelations and realizations of the spiritual life!) I invested \$6,000 in the guy, supposedly for his College of Hypnotherapy. Luckily (oops! I mean *karmically*) I got it back—probably because I was a fairly close friend of his daughter Amber, a.k.a. Nicety Swindle. (6,000—that number again.) My dad can vouch for this stuff, by the way. He met Stevens, who was anxious to sink his claws into Dad—who smelled a rat from way off. I've never seen Dad chill anyone like that. Dad read a draft of Time Alone in which I used Stevens real name; he said, “That guy's a bastard. I wouldn't use his name—you don't know what he's liable to do.” Ever the dutiful son (yeah, *right*), I changed it. The money was mine—earned in a previous life and inherited in this one from an uncle who died in accordance with the divinely administered plan of cosmic harmony that never fails even if we do, temporarily flunking out. “The Spirit cannot fail you. *Repeat . . . ad infinitum.*” Mysterious are the ways of karma. Yeah, *right*.

More germane is the case of Arthur Jones, Ph.D. (Univ. of Chicago), a kind, gentle, bright soul who lived for some months in the Honolulu Siddha Meditation Ashram. (It may have been a Center at the time, or Siddha Yoga Dham Hawaii.... Anyway.) In his travels beyond the

fringes of orthodox psychotherapy he became the student of a “past-life therapist,” a hypnotist who had a detailed working map of consciousness that bore itself out in the hypnotic sessions. This should be no surprise, as belief systems are especially contagious in the relaxed atmosphere of rapport and receptivity that the skilled hypnotist establishes in order to facilitate the hypnotic entrancement of the subject.

Jones and the hypnotist co-authored a book that was mostly transcripts of Jones’ sessions in trance. His experiences became progressively more intense and horrific as he encountered the entities that at various times were able to govern his bodymind. They—it was abundantly evident!—constituted his neuroses. In this period of painfully vivid, emotionally charged trances, Jones—with all his intellectual sophistication and analytical acumen—never questioned the mechanism that produced the Bosch-like scenery of his inner landscape. It didn’t occur to him that he was uncovering old hurts in the depths of his trances—hurts that were old, but by no means necessarily older than the present life—pains whose associated memories of sight and sound were translated dreamlike (hypnotically!—*duhh!!*) into scenes whose *dramatis personae* conformed to the parameters established by the received belief system of the hypnotist.

If you happen to be in Honolulu, at UH Manoa, and I’m dead and gone and you want to share my little literary legacy with someone who would have a real interest (hey!—why don’t I? —no, better I’m dead first)—and at the same time catch up on Arthur Jones—visit the English Department and look up Janet Van Scoy, a lecturer who was Jones’ girlfriend while he was in Honolulu. In Siddha circles she goes by the name Baba gave her: Khechari, which has nothing to do with the tongue mudra; *Shiva Sutras 2:5* says: “When pure knowledge arises, the *khechari* state, the state of Shiva, is easily attained.” In *Siddha Meditation* Baba comments: “*Khe* is the sky of pure awareness, the space of consciousness. *Chari* is that which moves, delights or soars in that sky. So *khechari* is the state of Shiva, that state in which one hears the melodies of the space of consciousness and enjoys the bliss that bubbles up from within.”

The other night Tron went to a Halloween/going-away party for Tom Bowie, M.D.—a wonderful guy that Tron is sorry to see leaving after five years in Hanalei. Tron wore one of Mrs. Tanimoto’s kimonos and one of her masks. Somebody gave Tron a coffee cup that reads: “Trust Me—I’m a Doctor.” I got big laughs out of that, as did the party, according to Tron.

Joel L.[Life?] Whitton, M.D., Ph.D., in the third-person voice of Joe Fisher, presents a moral cosmotheology whose tenets may be articulated as follows:

We all live in a cosmic classroom that we leave temporarily by dying into our true, unbounded, infinitely wise realm of interlife metaconsciousness when and where we plan our next existence, after having reviewed our last one with the “judgment board.” We need the

intervals between birth and death, commonly called life, to shape the material of our characters in the suitably dense vibrations of Earth. In the interlife, we review and plan earthly sojourns in which we forget our interlife wisdom and the very interlife itself, which is so comforting in its manifest assurance of an immortality that stands in stark contrast to the death-fearing lives we lead on the ultimately unimportant earth-plane in which we perfect a character that has value only for earth life—our metaconsciousness already being perfect and in no need of improvement for the enjoyment of the interlife bliss that we get between lives anyway.

Sorry! No sale! But don't put that book in the trunk or the incinerator; heck, put it by the supermarket cash register, right by *Weekly World News* (HORSE BORN WITH HUMAN FACE). I think the Warner Books review board made a similar judgment and devised their marketing plan accordingly: a pulp paperback with a lurid, embossed cover. Judge a book, then cover it. Like the glitzy mass-market edition of *Travels*. But Crichton doesn't use or need to use "M.D." and besides, his degree is from Harvard, so I trust him—don't I? (yeahright)

The Braves lost the Series to the Minnesota Twins. Once again the Indians lose.

It's Sunday night. The rains have begun—not like last November, when we had forty-five inches for the month, but the dry spell has ended. The tank downtown never stopped overflowing; it was far from a drought, probably several months away. Koloa may not have had a drought since Mauna Kea was 5,000 ft. high. Or like that.

Tron did laundry today. He was putting the case on his very long pillow—it's so long that he can barely reach the far end of it when the other end is tucked under his chin—when I remarked on the length of the pillow. He said it's the worst pillow; it's spongy and tends to roll his head onto its side. He explained that he sleeps on his back—and he stood there (in the kitchen by now) demonstrating, with arms folded like he was the relief on an Egyptian sarcophagus lid. I told him it reminded me of that and of the corpse posture, *shavasana*. Tron explained: "*Sarcophagasana*."

I plan to look for *Romantic Affinities* and the Norrington/EMI CDs. Enjoy the weather and colors of fall.

Nude

Ude (“you’d”) Begun as a Letter at Its End

**AnonOmls
29 Kawanakoa Pl.
Koloa, HI 96756
808.822.3152**

Halloween to Pearl Harbor (blue Hawaii blown away, fifty years ago to-)Day Nineteen-ninety-one;
The pages run through the obverse, then come back on the reverse, starting with this one.

Dear Jay,

P.S.—TCOB, a LIFO insertion (last in, first out; lusty insane foolish obituary . . .) in response to your letter begun Nov. 17., postmarked 12/2, arrived today, 12/5. Happy Deathday, Mozart.

I’ve been waiting for your new checks before sending this.

Anyway.

UHH ain’t got Parkes; I thought of the State Interlibrary Curator of Knowledge, but he’s SICK. I imagine that some prof or grad student has the book out till spring (summer, fall?), but maybe it’s available for circulation and will take ILL.

“Don’t procrastinate” is good advice as long as the first thing that you do is prioritize everything else on your list of things to do. If you’ve

really got your priorities straight, strong, balanced and at the same time relaxed—like a good yogi—most of the list falls under a new heading: Stuff that I no longer consider worth doing at all.

Some weeks ago on the Koloa road I delivered a microlecture on deconstruction to an inquiring soul, the entelechy of one Scott Enright, husband of Suzy (Siouxsie?) Collins, of Rosetta Stone and neighborly fame. Scott had been talking to Tron; he stopped his pickup one evening as I strolled—no—strode along the ravine. And so we met. He asked, “What’s this about deconstruction?” I think he understood my reply: “Bullshit.” Joke. I gave him a serious, considered sentence or two: “The prisoner will rise. (Ahem.) The court finds Jacques Derrida guilty on all counts as charged and orders him to serve two consecutive life terms in downtown Kyoto, with no chance to visit any temple, garden, or the Philosopher’s Walk. Furthermore, daily, he must attend—maintaining absolute silence—lectures at Kyoto University on his so-called philosophy.” No, no—that’s not what I told him. It was much more like the synopsis I made last August.

In imitation so blatant, crude and wan that none can doubt the sincerity of their flattery, a coterie of KoloaUniversity intelligentsia has spawned a school of “thorough throughout-thought” (to borrow their rhetoric) that they call “undisentanglement.” The group, which titles itself The Watertank Think Tank, known to skeptics as the waterbrains, appears, so far, to be an experiment in parody; witness, for instance, their latest paper: “Undisentanglement, Breakdown and Dyspepsia in Nietzsche’s Advanced Syphilitic Logic and in Gautama Buddha’s Porcine Poisoning,” by Men Fartin.

The abbreviation of the word undisentanglement, “ude,” pronounced “you’d,” figures prominently in the group’s work. Their keynote paper, “Ude Best Not,” discusses the two meanings of you’d, you would and you had, contrasting willing and having; as a link to a Frommian and (Rollo) Mayan analysis of being, willing and having, they take the auxiliary use of would, in which it expresses condition, futurity or habit, and drag it through various European forests of hard would—felling, in the process, some knaughty timber. Again, I use their rhetoric. A dialectic unfolds and enfolds in which two subjects’ views of one another’s purposiveness is uded, undisentangled, in the two senses of you’ll, you will and you shall, involving each other’s tacit, even unconscious, assumptions about the other’s intention—whether it is the futurity of will or the determination, obligation or necessity of shall.

All in all, these are waters too shall-ow to float, oh, a will-ow boat, oh. The tanks, as I call them, would have us believe that this introductory exercise of their method, brought to bear upon the internal monologues implicit in a two-party conversation with its back and forth, give and take, and ebb and flow, shows ude to be philosophically, psychologically and even socially (as entertainment?) relevant, us-eful to us, something that

ude best not leave out in the cold but should welcome to a wide hearth as a bringer of warmth, light and joy—like a you’ll-tide-logue.

A lot of this letter could give you severe logo-dyspepsia, if you don’t line the tiny stomachs of your ears with sunshine and moonlight. You might want to bear in mind what the avant-garde Koloa hive-dweller said to his sweetheart: “Ude best bee ware—honey.” But, zen, you may recall what Daruma (Bodeillharmya) told the Emperor of China, who had complained to the peripatetic monk about his mind. The mad, angry or acting monk shouted, “Bring me this mind, and I’ll beat it with my stick!”—menacingly waving his cherry, but hardly virgin, staff. Shocked, the emperor attained—confusion. Sometime later, history, i.e., monks, taught that he had attained enlightenment. An old monk taught this, soon all monks thought this. Confusion, enlightenment: same difference, I say—as, of course, do a lot of monk-eyes. Why was the emperor shocked and terrified (enfrightened)? Why do we locate the mind in the head? Why—when the emperor first met the Boogey-woogey Bugle Boy of Buddhism and asked him, “What is dharma?”—did Da Rheum put his sandals on his head? Enough questions and koans—here’s a riddle: What was the last thing that went through the bug’s mind when it hit the windshield? *Its ass*. Its tail went through its head. Maybe its life also passed before its inner insect-eye, in thousand-fold prism-vision, its ass figuring prominently in its roles of excretion, defense (if it stings or sprays toxins) and reproduction—as its tale went through its mind.

Sometimes dyspepsia results from gustatoris, *bad taste*. The reader/eater shall be wary, wary capful, especially if taking antacids along with this . . . meal. The proper utensil for the reader/eater will at times be a weed-eater. An anti-anti-acid will be safe, if taken as directed. Directions: do it! I contradict myself in places. No I don’t! I may repeat myself myself. You do recall what lies *Beyond Good and Evil*, don’t you? According to Nietzsche, good and—*bad*.

You ask, as I answer—in jest—what I make of the N’s in Nishida’s and Nishitani’s names. I don’t know the ordinal rank of ni in the Hiragana syllabary, but no matter—the hoax is infinitely pliable. I also disregard the dual occurrence of shi, and simply note that in the Romaji lineup n comes in at number 14. This almost immediately brings to mind the frontal and dorsal aspects of the seven chakras, the 14 points through which the ki (qi (chi), kundalini—a lot of i’s) circulates in the microcosmic orbit of an initiate of one of several East Asian schools of inner astronautics, e.g., Mantak Chia’s. From the evidence of my infallible intuition (I *experienced* it, as Sky would say), I cut, with my laser-sharp reason (as fine-edged as a geometric *line*), the adamant, clearly irrefutable (though verifiable—by we *seers**) conclusion that these men are—dare I condemn them?—yes, I must—they are *philosophers*. OK, you knew that; but not only that, they are—and I speak of them both in the present tense for a reason that will soon appear—they are practitioners of an ancient art that renders men *immortal!* All their talk of Nothingness was not just for

Nothing! No! Yes! It's true! *See the discussion of Ken Wilbur's deep-fried falafel-see, below, p. 22.

While I have my "numero-alphabeto-logical" jester's hat on, I [Bulletin: this sentence was interrupted by a call from Sky. I disrupt the P.S. now in progress to report on this call in real time, i.e., at the spatially-located end of the letter, for reasons of context relating to why Sky called. It'll make sense when you get there.] . . . I will open my *Tractatus Grapho-Logico-Philosophicus* and give a reading of your handwritten, upper-case I. Like free advice, this may be worth what ude pay for it: zero—or maybe not. But ude doesn't pay to play. Anyway. It may not be news to you that at times your I looks like a 2; at others—times, that is—it's plain to see: it's a Z! Besides those two you could construe the lines of your I to be a T—but only at times, the times for T. What does all this mean to me? Only this, quite simply: there may be 2 or three of you in any letter you write as I. Why? I don't know, but I ask, of any I of you: When you write your letter, on behalf or bethird of which I do you sign?

If we could, I and ude hear Tron solicitously think: "O disciple! Is your (not that it shouldn't or should) shoulder blade still cutting up? It's good that you didn't paneck, and that there were the presents of mind to mind my jinn that I sent to send the gaijin to the sento; thank my providents to my stewedents, O stouldn't! When our composure is shattered the divine harmaknee of yoga can seem paneful—that's plane to C-flat, i.e., to B-e (if *esse = percipere*). When you (exkyouse me) it ain't my steight, yew can here and capricesheate complecksz off-key off-kolor cuntherpoynt too the myoozic of the sfears, lyke A. Notemess Luunee Toon slinging mellow, odious sprains of Om Namah Shivaya."

A singer of Mozart's operas advises singing Mozart with care but without caution because caution implies fear and to sing Mozart one must be fearless and I suspect that one must also have large lungs to properly sing Mozart. The singer didn't *talk* in breathless periods like that. In kneeway . . . How do I sing—*scared*—sacred mantras? Pherephully!

I think this is what ude meant. Only you'll ever know—or will you? Shall you? You proceeded to pose a perplexing proposition to ponder: perhaps picking up a practice providing pecuniary planning to your Prominence, in perpetuity or in passing. Alas: I pass, though the prize so palpably proffered promised paradise for persistent perseverance. I think I know less about fiscal affairs than what I knew about surge protectors—not what *I thought* I knew about surge protectors. I probably know even less than I think I know about, um, oh yeah—money. Why does that word make me sleepy? And seeing so many zeroes behind a dollar sign makes my head swim. That's a seven-figure sum, counting the cents. I don't think my chakras vibrate to the din of all that loose change. For a time, I listened to Black Sabbath with the attention of a broker staring at the ticker, but now I can't bear that much heavy metal. Offload it elsewhere. Pretty please.

Who am I kidding? I love money! But the thought of making a decision—about someone else’s, especially a friend’s, *nest egg*—scares me. It puts me in mind of your managing Tron’s theater. I can easily imagine, were we to commit the sin of *commissioning* me, that one day we’d wish we had all sorts of interpersonal surge protectors: emotional, financial, rational(-izational), etc. Let’s not make a potentially Procrustean bed and try to sleep in it. It sounds far worse than a Pontiac.

I’ve drawn all the negative parallels that come to mind—unpleasant, yeah? Now, after making two triplicate copies of a disclaimer that I’ll send to my sister and to my lawyer in Kansas City (joke), I’ll give you some *free advice!* First, a chip of boilerplate: [I, Jay Shiva, do hereby waive any and all redress for any loss or grievance, actual or perceived, that may follow upon the acceptance of any and all words of any authorship whatsoever, be they written, uttered, printed, copied, recorded or transmitted by any means whatsoever, from the person or agents of, or from apparatus, equipment, instruments and machinery operated by, AnonOmIs and his agents, employees, heirs, and successors, who in no way imply any indemnification for any loss or grievance, actual or perceived, that may follow upon the acceptance of any and all words of any authorship whatsoever, be they written, uttered, printed, copied, recorded or transmitted by any means whatsoever, from the person or agents of, or from apparatus, equipment, instruments and machinery operated by, AnonOmIs and his agents, employees, heirs, and successors. Signed, by Jay Shiva, and by the Mayor of Kyoto as witness—and by three geishas of the mayor’s choice who must also submit a written debriefing of their entertainments at the celebration that followed the signing, and of the entertainments after that.]

The free advice: *Don’t ask me!* But there’s an article that I intend to enclose that should be of interest. The %total return on Scudder International and SoGen International overseas funds looks healthy, except, apparently, for the last half of 1990, which must have been bad in Japan—I assume that SoGen, at least, is Japanese. I just called Scudder—they’re sending me a prospectus. SoGen is closed till Monday. (It’s Friday afternoon, 12/6.) I called your credit union yesterday. Their IRA’s pay 6.5%. The guy there recommended American Savings for tax-deferred annuities, whatever those are. I called; the expert’s gone till Monday.

What about CitiBank? Didn’t you have an account with them that allowed you to easily change currencies? Do they have any “funds”? Did they merge with Chemical Bank?—it seems like they did, or the other way around. I’d think it likely that Osaka would have U.S. banks that could help you out. I don’t know anything about municipal bonds. By the way, the sometime financial assistance that I gave my father was basically pigeonholing numbers in a computerized income-tax program. I know the financial ABC’s up to about D; after CD’s everything from funds to T-bills is effervescence, fizz . . . zzzzzzz—oh! What was I talking about?

Japan is part of the Macworld of Steven Levy (The Iconoclast) and David Pogue; there's a Bank of Hawaii in Tokyo—even a Disneyworld!—so there's gotta be a Bank of America or something in Osaka. How about Merrill Lynch or Dean Witter or some such brokerage? They've almost become full-fledged banks, and they offer a lot of investment opportunitiezzzzzz—sorry! that banks are forbidden, by federal law. (Of course, the banks are lobbying congress to allow them to provide the same stuff, too.) Beat the shrubbery over there, see what flies out. I'm sure you can make some discreet inquiries among your comrades; heck, all you eigo sensei are budding tycoons. The guys and gals beating the pavement are doing it with \$200-a-pair Cole Haan loafers and Bally pumps—though I suppose (what else do I do?) they're swapping visits to the shoe store for tête-à-têtes with the shoe repairman. As for the high-seniority likes of you, Leisuretime-san, Dr. Doubletime Overtime says that he didn't save as much as you do even before he bought the theater—the *eater*—The Hanalei People-Eater, which particularly favors that delicate morsel, the pocketbook; after that it goes for its ultimate ecstasy: the brain—which has undergone a long preparation, much like the culturing of tempeh.

What *do* you give the woman who has access to everything—including *most* importantly, this old lecher suspects—her own blessed cunt? I know what it's like to be a bag of mammarian and vaginal memories, not that either of us are that. After all, ude almost be certain that by now we'd've noticed the repetitive progression of entanglement, disentanglement, ude (undisentanglement), uude, uuude, etc. Oh me oh Mai! Oh uuuu! I can't imagine what ude give her in exchange for I-don't-know-what she gave you. Wait, let me guess: it *wasn't* a Fiorucci umbrella. Am I right?

Do kids clamor for Christmas gifts in Japan? Do parents go on shopping sprees, leading greedy retailers to separate the yen from the toys?

Congrazzi on your southern exposure! Sounds much better. The trees sound gorgeous (like songbirds). Stop it, Any Monotonous! Okay, I'll.

I sent Sally a card at the end of October; no response. I had no hopes of any sort of ude, viewed by me; I don't know what she thinks—but I don't think I ever really did know what she thought, as ude imagine, no doubt. Do we ever know? Elsewhere on the old-love front, Gurumayi still hasn't sent me a proposal of marriage.

I'm a mantra-mate, a chanter, a japa fiend, a singer, yodeler, yeller of mantra, one who convulses with mantra, a kriya yogi. Chiti Shakti Matrika Kundalini is my true love; Gurumayi is beside the point. Perhaps she's near the point. Maybe, from her point of view, she's on the point. That issue is itself beside the point—what matters is that from my perspective I'm on the point my Self. That's the cosmic fuck. If I dis (*vt.* [Rapspeak] to show disrespect for) people along the way, that's foreplay,

kriyas; none dance well wearing moral straitjackets, though many try, flattering themselves that they're holding wonderful partners close to their breasts, swaying in the bliss of the divine romance—while they're merely hugging themselves, without choice, without seeing or feeling the sleeves and buckles of their straitjackets. They're dreaming, hallucinating—hypnotized. Yoga liberates, at least relatively: it frees us into less and less confining captivities. Mantra can expand our freedom, loosening the long, long coils of our confining sleeves; it can even undo buckles. Let's keep moving as it frees us, lest it freeze us in a confinement, however broad, that seems to be the ultimate freedom, the final "state."

Hallowed Even

O children! Seize your poison candy!
Eat! Drop with seizures! Pretty dandy!
—Boldair, *Bad Blooms*

A tour de force, a lure for whores, a skewer to pierce the fearless and fierce. Read it and weep, heed it and leap, feed it and sleep, keep it down deep . . . all unseen, until . . .Halloween! Hallowed E'en! All Hallows Even, All Howl Seven!

The rains made a false start; it's cloudier, but still rather dry.

I picked up *Yusef Lateef's Encounters* the other day, after reading its pick-of-the-month review in the jazz section of *CD Review* or some such. November issue—I read it while standing in KTA Lihue. As promised, the music is as great as the one-liners printed with each "encounter" are lame . . . Chamber music/new age/jazz with a haunting/heartening female vocal on a third of the cuts. Sparse if not minimal. Very stony. Tron loves it. Get it and play it loud. Mostly piano . . .

The same issue has an article you must have seen or read: "Unadulterated Beethoven." I got as far as where it (he or she) says that original instruments really can't capture the original sound because today's musicians have the history of music since Beethoven effecting their playing, inevitably. That, and problems of various versions of works and questions of Beethoven's real intention for a given piece make interpreting the music "purely" difficult. This all seemed silly and obvious; I wanted to get over to JR's Music at the new mall to look for Lateef and the Norrington gang, so I shelved the mag, paid for the light bulbs, spaghetti, salsa, Cream of Wheat® and MD toilet paper, and left with all that in a paper bag. The trainee cashier hadn't asked if I wanted

paper or plastic; I always say plastic, but there's a paper KTA bag on the kitchen counter now holding four avocados as they ripen in the darkness, enclosed with the gas they emit that also hastens the process. The avocados were gifts—the guacamole-fountain tree in the back yard is closed for repairs this year.

The lawn mower needed a new blade and spark plug, which I got at Sears weeks ago. They're sitting in the cab of the pick-up in the garage, while the grass grows, uncut for a month. Nice, honestly—I don't mind not cutting the stuff and watching it send up seed. The blades grow much more slowly than the "grain." The pick-up is still illegal. Tron had been using it for the occasional run into the theater with the mower to cut the grass by the garden, but he got somebody with his own machine to mow it the other day. He was going to take the mower into Coastline 76 station in Hanalei to have them change the blade and plug—you need a torque wrench to do the blade—but Tron no longer seems to give a shit about doing the anal lawn trip. Maybe it has to do with the neighbor on the side by your favorite spot on the lawn having moved (she's the infirmarium administrator); also, Tron has the option of moving to Paauhau, ten miles closer to Hanalei. He's seriously considering it. The lawns in Paauhau are smaller. They all look like close-cropped putting greens. I say fuck 'em. Or play miniature golf or race radio-controlled model cars on the grass. Or—new invention!—play lawn billiards!

Tron finally got a letter off to Richard Smart. He got the reply today, Halloween. A copy is enclosed, along with Tron's response.

No trick-or-treaters tonight. We got a few last year. This year fundamentalists have taken a stand against celebrating Halloween—seems that it's un-Christian and leads to > Satanism. Maybe they're finally getting > somewhere!

Any news on the adoption front?

Tron's been learning about the File menu on the Mac: Close, Close All, Save, Save As. . . .

I was trying to explain to Tron my sending you analyses of this and that; we had the following exchange:

I: "I'm going to save Jay."

Tron: "You can't save Jay."

I: "Maybe he's already saved."

Tron: "Saved as."

I: "Yeah! Russell Nagarjuna saved as Jay Shiva!"

Fileology, genieology of quarrels; dreaminology: the redreamer and the antisaver. Twilight of the [a/i]dolescent.

Patient: "Doc, I feel really bad. Is it terminal?"

Physician: "That's ridiculous!"

Patient: "Oh God . . . how long do I have to laugh?"

The Shhhhleopard's flox are broadcasting their Season's Bleatings, anticipating the grate crèchetian holeday—and pore retale sails.

Formal content reforms container; snake grows skin—leaves nest.
Discontent content overfloze.

Today Sunday a sunny day. I ate a mango Tron got somewhere, and I sat and saw a mango tree waving parts of itself in different directions, its shell of leaves smoothly covering the crooked limbs, the patches of new leaves looking like continents beside the old, washed-out, dull green leaves of ocean on the world mango tree between me and the water tank. The computer screen watches it all day with an unblinking eye, even as I float letters on its cornea. The Pacific Ocean runs a line through the tree and the back of my head, extending its blueness to the cover of the *Physicians' Desk Reference*, the vase in Photron's watercolor and the B of the Milton Bradley MB logo on the Scrabble box. . . . On the ocean, whitecaps come and go, like uncertain stars. . . .

At sunset, as daylight fades, the mango tree looks like broccoli. I see through it, here and there, to clouds afloat on the ocean, still bright. The whitecaps have lifted up to the invisible Milky Way, to descend with nightfall as steady twinkling . . . ancient light streaming from honest, long-dead stars.

“Theologically speaking—listen closely, for I rarely speak as a theologian—it was God himself who at the end of his days' work lay down as a serpent under the tree of knowledge: thus he recuperated from being God.—He had made everything too beautiful.—The devil is merely the leisure of God on that seventh day.” (Nietzsche, *Ecce Homo*)

The devil, i.e., God, hankering for the Garden, has plans to build a giant greenhouse in the middle of—of all places—*Kyoto*. . . .

Re: the pleasant/good swindle of the *Katha Upanishad*: Nietzsche, speaking of Kant: “An action demanded by the instinct of life is proved to be *right* by the pleasure that accompanies it; yet this nihilist with his Christian dogmatic entrails considered pleasure an *objection*. What could destroy us more quickly than working, thinking, and feeling without any inner necessity, without any deeply personal choice, without *pleasure*—as an automaton of ‘duty’? This is the very recipe for decadence, even for idiocy. Kant became an idiot. And this man was a contemporary of *Goethe!* This catastrophic spider was considered the *German* philosopher—he still is!” [in 1888] (*The Antichrist*, section 11). The moral imperative of *dharma* is the theme of the *Bhagavadgita*, the quintessential Vedantic (Upanishadic) compendium, the “bible” of Hinduism, the most ancient and decayed religion on Earth (. . . where else . . . ?). The categorical imperative of Kan't is cut from the same *must!*y cloth as the Hindon't *do!*

Yamas and *niyamas*—*aloha!* Another paragraph from *The Antic.*, 14, deals with *pratyahara*, “sense-withdrawal” (if I ever fuck with Nietzsche's *emphasis*, I'll let you know):

Formerly, the proof of man's higher origin, of his divinity, was found in his consciousness, in his “spirit.” To become *perfect*, he was

advised to draw in his senses, turtle fashion, to cease all intercourse with earthly things, to shed his mortal shroud: then his essence would remain, the “pure spirit.” Here too we have reconsidered: the development of consciousness, the “spirit,” is for us nothing less than the symptom of a relative imperfection of the organism; it means trying, groping, blundering—an exertion which uses up an unnecessary amount of nervous energy. We deny that anything can be done perfectly as long as it is still done consciously. The “pure spirit” is a pure stupidity: if we subtract the nervous system and the senses—the “mortal shroud”—*then we miscalculate*—that is all!

So much for the *Yoga Sutras*. Welcome the *unconscious*: *kriyas*, satyr plays, epilogue farces. . . .

Yesterday I sat in the study looking past the edges of the jealousies turned horizontal—looking at the mangoes and the palm between them, and at the ocean, the horizon . . . thinking that this is as heavenly as Lightner’s place. Then Lightner called. We talked a long time. He asked for, and received, your address. So it was.

On the road I picked up—a eucalyptus leaf? No: the crescent moon. Not.

Must. The *nadis* must be “cleansed”—cleanse them: an imperative of the core praxis of Siddha Yoga. Yogis discover what this means in the very process itself, in the *kriyas* of their *sadhanas*. I vouch for this. Phenomenologically, it literally *makes sense*. Real therapeutics, self-healing, the *opening* of the organism—simply perineal, intestinal, cardio-pulmonary, spinal fortitude. Skeletal screaming.

In ’85 Girija told me that Siddha Yoga had become a church; she said “church” with disdain. She had been among the first handful or so of Westerners to meet Baba in the casual, intimate, pre-*Guru Gita* days of intense *kriyas*, malaria and hepatitis. She had been in the first crop of female swamis, so she was at the river when the future Gurumayi and other junior swamis-in-the-making took their obligatory early morning skinny dip: she observed that Malti had bowed legs.

The most important weddings in Siddha Yoga were never celebrated. *Post facto*, the officiant, Baba, presented unlikely couples as though they had been wed forever: one day, for instance, he announced that the flamboyant Kundalini (with her entourage of bizarre *kriyas*) was the eternal wife of that most self-satisfied, self-involved—well, *Self*—the *non-dual* Brahman (alias Atman, not to be confused with Batman). Priest, myth-maker and philosopher are similar species—when they’re not identical.

Such unions may have heuristic value and bear offspring in the soul, soul being a one-syllable, four-letter word for bodymind, mind being a . . . word for sensurround inner cinema or . . . : words, hence

presuppositions and metaphors. . . . (There may “be” no Cartesian theater “within,” but a monist (item #1) who writes for a reader (item #2) implicitly asserts a duality that is his own refutation.) One such valuable child: the concept of *matrika* that, rightly understood, can recalibrate the sound system of the inner cinema—wildly. Rightly understood: that is to say, *creatively assimilated*.

I familiarized myself with *matrika* by reading Jaidev Singh’s translation of the *Shiva Sutras* and its commentaries. Baba wrote a prefatory note that appears in the book opposite his picture: happily sitting on the cool marble of his Ganeshpuri lanai, beneath the scallops echoing “Guru Om” off-camera: the smiling midwife and godfather—and matchmaker and priest—who had wed ancient Kashmiri kabala to exuberant youthful bhakti. Baba saw to term a few more such volumes in the house of publisher Motilal Banarsidass, whose friends abbreviatedly called him Badass—or should have. Baba, seeing beyond duality with the penetrating eyes of equality, must have nicknamed him Arsass. I call him Mo, short for Moo. A publisher of scholarly titles, Mo for a time issued popular works of the ascendant former professor of philosophy Rajneesh.

Girija was the ex-wife of Shankar, later Swami “Shanks” Shankarananda, the wittiest man I’ve met. He was Gurumayi’s M.C. for quite a while; he was a tough act for her to follow: “objectively,” she never came close to projecting the amount of joy that he did, insofar as a laugh meter would have shown him to be the winner, far and away. But ostensibly (who knows?—he was “exiled” to the Sydney Ashram and then broke away with Nityananda) there was no contest and laughter was not the point anyway—alas! He was her servant, she sat on the throne; anything he did well was to her credit—the tougher his act, the better *anything* she did, from walking out to just sitting there. She was certainly sexier to the heterosexual males and gay females than he. Considering the *brilliance* of his introduction to *her*, an audience might well have heard the bland platitudes she uttered with her painted lips as deceptively simple *profundities*—which, in a way, is what they were, or what they led to: deceptively simple *pitfalls*.

Gurumayi removed Girija from her post as Resident Meditation Teacher at the Honolulu Ashram when the former girlfriend of the ashram manager discovered and reported that these two exemplars of Siddha Yoga—Girija and the manager—had done a Siddha no-no: in the ashram, they’d *fucked*. A year later (’87) I visited with Girija in Fallsburg. She was in charge of preparations for the summer’s mass wedding: a real wedding with real couples, Western style. Like in a church.

The white wife of black Supreme Court Justice Thomas sat behind him during his confirmation hearings. When Professor Anita Hill revealed that Thomas had once said to her, “There’s a pubic hair in my Coke,” Mrs. Thomas thought, “My God—he used that line on her too!” (From a stand-up comic on TV.)

On their weekly show, reviewing Martin Scorsese's latest film, *Cape Fear*, Siskel or Ebert called it "a compelling exercise in sin, guilt and redemption, but," he noted, "the hyperviolence goes on a little too long." But ho! Lo!—this is a summary of other-worldly morality and half its other world: hell. The other half is Cape Dear, on some charts called Point Reward—which has nothing to do with the point of the Self, whatever that is.

Cape Fear alludes to the Cape of Good Hope. In his terse trashing of "the three Christian virtues: faith, love, hope—I call them the three Christian *shrewdnesses*," the trash-compacting Nietzsche of *The Antichrist*, 23, says: "Strong hope is a far more powerful stimulant of life than any single realization of happiness could ever be. Those who suffer must be sustained by a hope that can never be contradicted by any reality or be disposed of by any fulfillment—a hope for the beyond. (Precisely because of its ability to keep the unfortunate in continual suspense, the Greeks considered hope the evil of evils, the truly insidious evil: it remained behind in the barrel of evils.*)" *Pandora's box, notes W. Kaufmann. The hope for heaven is itself a hell; fear and hope are the coasts of one cape. That cape is a sand bar, all coast, now submerged by high tides—but no, not even that; it was a mass of seaweed or algae, or a mirage: yes: an article of *faith*. And love? "Love is the state in which man sees things most decidedly as they are not. The power of illusion is at its peak here, as is the power to sweeten and transfigure. In love man endures more, man bears everything. A religion had to be invented in which one could love: what is worst in life is thus overcome—it is not even seen anymore."

For an illuminating discussion of Buddhism thou shalt read sections 20-22 of *Anti* next time you're in Maruzen or wherever. Maybe when you get that CD. Whatever; I like the stuff. By the way, Norrington and *Romantic Affinities* are not on the island, alas. (I had such *hopes*, such *livelevel*.)

Of course not to the stars through hope: that way lies constant suspense (the Cape of Good Horror Movies) and inevitable disappointment. The celestial stars, what to speak of the Hollywood variety, are in any case far different from what they seem—eons removed in locale and development. On the other hand, seeming needn't be believing; seeming is fine just the way it is—or the way it seems to be, it seems to me. Thanks to your memory of your Latin and your (late?) teacher in (the venereal venerable Sir Isaac) Newton—I know that through *asperity* [< L. *asper*, rough], not through *aspiring*, do we proceed toward the stars with the motto of our State, *ad astra per aspera*, emblazoned on youthful folds of our brains, furlled and tucked away in the treasure houses of our skulls.

Toward *what* stars? Perhaps toward the stars to which Nietzsche referred in the first blush of his infatuation with Lou Salomé, when he

rhapsodized to her, “From what stars have we fallen to meet here?” (Or something like that.) If he had recall of the entire cycle of his eternally recurring existence (his eternal fax of life), this question wouldn’t come up—or should I say it wouldn’t *resurface*, *recur*? Let’s suppose he meant to proclaim the will to eternal recurrence as the ultimate affirmation of life—regardless of the recurrence’s actuality. Even so, what is this Yes to life? It is No to death: affirmation of eternal life = denial of death. With all his analyses of religions and of morals and of the swindles perpetrated by means of “immortality,” he leaves us with eternal recurrence, or at least the will to it. Oh well!

What meanings we might project upon the stars, even what— hopes! If distant lights in the sky at night give us a *longing* toward the stars, then to be hopeless we need to *ward* the stars; we ought to stifle the springs of hope in our breasts that give a sweet taste to cold, ancient light. Let’s push the water to the pelvic floor and rouse the snake that uncoils as the human spine. How to do that? By fright; the leaping hope that springs eternal in the human breast is frozen, terrified by death, which creates depth, pressure and shivers—even chills up the spine. And to keep it up: abysmal bathing, cleansing the nadis. Prolonged ecstasy, every hygiene possible—certainly early retirement. “Not the intensity but the duration of high feelings makes high men.” (N, *BG&E*) This sentence is the entirety of section 72 in Part Four, “Epigrams and Interludes”—the context is very sparse. I lack a critical German edition of Nietzsche’s text (and the German to read it), but I suppose that high means . . . well, yes: *high!*

To stars . . . to “see stars” when dazed by a blow or by shortness of breath: ad astra per *asthma*. But we—we are not wheezing decadents, we men of classical virtues, we free spirits, we scholars, we philosophers of the day after tomorrow—we are not Kant’s sons, we *Kansans!*

Enough plays on Kantshushness from this parasite parodist in paradise.

Entranced by transcendence, I adhered to one belief after another, but was always a mis-stick.

With “world” a term of opprobrium, life is ever inappropriate, a shameful error. Then how nice to hear that “The bliss of the world is the bliss of samadhi” (*Shiva Sutras*). Bliss is bliss—make no mystic about it.

Is there any sense in which life in an immaterial world could matter, could be perceived, could be sensible, could be? Subtle worlds, subtle *matter*. . . .

Snapping their fingers, syncopated synapses move to the groove; mambo-mama matrika prestidigitates predication. Turn the music *up!*

TV Dinner

There's a blimp overhead flashing messages and cartoons at the shoppers in the streets paved with gold. They hurry to and fro thinking the news is on the news is on. . . . At home the children wait for more money: Dad did interest rates come down? they ask in fantasy waiting a turn at Monopoly or swinging in the back yard. In their daydreams they talk breathlessly. Dinner is ready. Dad is home. When he pulled in the driveway he ran over the cat. Into the garbage with Felix. Later the rats will pull him out of the can and dine royally. The blimp blinks HAVE A NICE DAY! Dad thinks Yes! Do! Have a nice day! as he turns on the hose and washes fur off his hands. Dinner time is a situation comedy this evening. It includes watching one on TV. It's a rerun. Father Knows Best about the mutual imitation of life and art. No says Dad it's all just immediate mockery. Dear—that's so out of character! responds Mom. Dad says Honey would you get me the honey? The doorbell chimes.

Patty the teenage daughter answers the door. It's the police. They arrest her for prostitution. But Officer Johns she protests you're my pimp! And Officer Reedy—you're my best customer! Just doin our job kid Johns says. Patricia the prostitute asks What job is that? Does this mean that I can't help out after school anymore teaching poor illiterate kids how to read? A lot of them want to write for TV if they grow up. By depriving me of the opportunity to help them you could be diminishing the lives of millions of viewers who might never share the perspective that these underprivileged youths hope to bring to the airwaves now dominated by shows about upper to lower middle-class white and black families. Don't deprive the world of these wonderful Hispanic illegal alien children's creative input, I beg of you, Ramrod! Reedy frowns and clears his throat. I'll suck you off for free! she pleads. Reedy says We just wanna book you and release you on recognizance. Come on now—out to the wagon, Patty. Not interfering with their big girl's affairs, Mom and Dad are still eating their TV dinners. Johns explains the situation to them, dividing their attention between himself and a favorite episode of Let It to Beaver that's beginning to unwind the way it always does, there in the guts of the VCR, flashing familiar images on the screen. Mom and Dad hum along to the theme and read the four words of the title as Johns explains: We're booking your daughter for prostitution. Mom turns toward the door: Dear, I'm so disappointed to think that you . . . got caught! Dad to daughter: Sweetheart, I hope you always used a condom. You didn't date Magic Johnson did you? If you did you might die from AIDS . . . but you could become a celebrity in the meantime . . . Reedy: We gotta go. Mom: We'll save your dinner—hurry home! Door closes. Mom, to the two little ones: How's that Monopoly coming?

A Note Regarding My Theistic Orientation—Somewhat by Occident

I'm an atheist, a zeetheist, an alpha to omegatheist, an untheist, a funtheist, a burnt in the suntheist; I'm a onetheist and a nonetheist, I'm an off the listtheist who played his acethest on the deucetheist, on the Zarathustræisttheist and the compromising trucetheist who was a nicetheist to the thricetheist. I'm a bold gee gollytheist, a world tree polytheist, a beast and big blasttheist, a pantheist, a mantheist, a least but not lasttheist, a cussed discussed lusttheist, an in rain we're rustiest in brain we trusttheist, an egoisttheist, a therapist pissedtheist, a psychoanalysttheist, a get the gist of ittheist, an up the spine climbtheist, a supptime in prime timetheist, a nothing for desserttheist, a check out the hurttheist, a pick up the yurttheist, a don't try to skirttheist, a don't fry the dirttheist, a breathing in deaththeist and blowing out breaththeist. From the biggest baddesttheist to the ittiest bittiesttheist so it will betheist, seetheist, detheist, . . . , from ineffabletheist to extheist, whytheist *et voilà*: zeetheist. I.e., atheist.

The pink phone is for local and Koloal calls only, or maybe the restriction is only for *outgoing* calls . . . ?

Jesus asks: Are you . . . *Sat-is-fie-ie-ie-ie-ie-ie-ie-ie-ie-ie-ie-ied?* Do you know what you want, will it go with you when you die? (The Gospel According to Jones) I think *Everybody Wants to Come*: I'm alive, I'm not dead . . . I am free/I'm a lover/I am real. I.e.: I am; i.e.: I. (Gang of You're)

I had formatted the *Gazette* with three linked columns. When I imported the text it flowed in—*flow* is too strong a word—like lava: lava that was no longer exactly molten. It *slowed* in . . . so . . . incredib . . . ly *Halt!* . . . ing . . . ly . . . that . . . I gave it up. Yup. I tried unlinked columns but scrolling was like waiting for the seasons to change—in Koloa. Graphics and text objects are just as . . . *glup*. The one such exercise that I finished, *Koloa One August*, took large parts of August and October to print. See “The Meaning of Slow” by Steven Levy (the Iconoclast) in *Macworld*, Dec. '91. That column and David Pogue's feature are quite clever. For a graphic demonstration of the meaning of slow, see the top of p. 151.

I didn't know you'd seen *The Doors*—I knew you'd wanted to. I'd only heard of *Idaho* from Siskel and Ebert, who gave it a mixed review; whether they brew their reviews straight up, down, or with thumbs wrestling, I do view them askew—don't you? I suggest that they get aloft and get some perspective on *Cape Fear* vis-à-vis the psychosocial moral terrain of Planet Earth at large. They don't get enough altitude on their weekly telecast balloon rides, driven by prevailing trends and suspended from the fragile sphere of their hot air. They need at least a helicopter, and probably a space shuttle; then again, their usual means might work—given a strong enough gust of acid.

Yes, “it’s hard to separate genuine insight and intuition from wish-fulfilling projection and dreaming.” You say, “I still find it helpful to see patterns in my life, themes, lessons to be learned.” See if you can learn this (it’s a nonvisual lesson): Patterns project the I which reflexively “sees” themes (TheMes), etc. These patterns—to use only your word, not its sense—are much closer to *conchitness* and the *squid* than to the I or any of the outer or inner eyes; it’s more *submarine* a place than the usual ones to which *wego*. Leave it at this: I still find *it* helpful. Now, let *it* swallow *I*. I no longer needs or wants help . . . I no longer knows: I no longer; I no. Therefore: no. *Yes!*

DogenInégod, naked under metaphysical veils: besides abstract Heideggerian timely precursions, he wrote of temporal matters such as the proper procedure—the *ordained* procedure—for cooking rice; he rivaled Gautama in the realm of monastic codification. From the ridiculous to the sublime—and back. I see the guy at home and I demur, both hands up, backing off, telling him: “Eh, hey gee, don’t get me wrong—I love your place, but I wouldn’t want to live here. And your stuff is unreadable; I mean, *nowhere near* worth the effort!”

The Silly Yo-yo Hint Squaw doesn’t have a clue unless it came from you or Lightner, the only two to whom I’ve sent the *Gents*. I suppose it could elicit a legalistic missive, but nothing ballistic—at this range. I’ve fantasized placing it in sympathetic bookstores around Fallsburg &/or Oakland, which could make me unwelcome in the ashrams once I was identified. The degree of unwelcome extended to me in that case might be unhealthy, if the old *Co-Evolution Quarterly* article indicates possible precedents. As recently as 1990, I, as a devotee, heard from others that Christopher Forsythe, sometime writer for *Darshan* and full-time multilevel-marketing maven, is an occasional enforcer for the gooroo who’d screw you if you do what she never told you not to because it’s so far from every idea of respect and certainly the *Guru Gita* spells out *explicit warnings*, doesn’t it? “The fucker’s got it coming; I’m just delivering his karma—*teaching him a lesson.*”

Gents could bring on *agents*: satyr as martyr—the late, great farter ass-ass-in-ateld by those he loved to pretend he hated . . . “I wish they’d waited,” wept the beloved wife of the belated: an Indian woman, “The Squaw Who Saw” *herself!* No one—not even George—knew of their secret betrothal and nuptials . . . beside a pond, white as breast milk. . . .

Of course, she didn’t know either; she wept crocodile tears, but meant what she said—thinking, “Yeah—waited and *tortured* him first.”

What’s a little rascality among rascals? Or might *Play* be taken as a breach of honor among thieves from whose den I’m self-expatriated—a sin that can’t be expiated short of eons of incarnations in jungles’ and deserts’ social-insect nations. Ah!—it makes me think of ashram life!—and *Japan!*

Nietzsche, *The Wanderer and His Shadow*, 282 *The teacher a necessary evil*. As few people as possible between the productive spirits and the hungering, receiving spirits! For the intermediaries falsify the nourishment almost automatically when they mediate it; then, as a reward for their mediation, they want too much for themselves, which is thus taken away from the original productive spirits: namely, interest, admiration, time, money, and other things. Hence one should consider the teacher, no less than the shopkeeper, a necessary evil, an evil to be kept as small as possible.

333 *Dying for the "truth."*—We should not let ourselves be burnt for our opinions: we are not that sure of them. But perhaps for this: that we may have and change our opinions.

The Dawn, 573 *Shedding one's skin*. The snake that cannot shed its skin perishes. So do the spirits who are prevented from changing their opinions; they cease to be spirits.

The Gay Science, 142 *Incense*.—Buddha said: "Do not flatter your benefactor." This saying should be repeated in a Christian [and Siddha] church—right away it clears the air of everything Christian [and Siddhistic].

232 *Dreams*.—We have no dreams at all or interesting ones. We should learn to be awake the same way—not at all or in an interesting manner.

275 *What is the seal of attained freedom?*—No longer being ashamed in front of oneself.

312 *My dog[en]*—I have given a name to my pain and call it "dog": it is just as faithful, just as obtrusive and shameless, just as entertaining, just as clever as any other dog—and I can scold it and vent my bad moods on it, as others do with their dogs, servants, [disciples,] and wives.

Hallowed Even. *Fait accompli*. Now curl up 'neath the old fir tree.

A
joy
every
Yuletide!
United again,
Jesus and Santa!!
In the Christmas story
that has thrilled children
of all ages for generations—

Charles Dickens'

Dr. Seuss's

Dr. Nietzsche's!!!

† THE § AN†CHRIST †

This book belongs to the very few. Perhaps not one of them is even living yet. Maybe they will be the readers who understand my *Zarathustra*: how *could* I mistake myself for one of those for whom there are ears even now? Only the day after tomorrow belongs to me. Some are born posthumously.

. . . One must be honest in matters of the spirit to the point of hardness before one can even endure my seriousness and my passion. One must be skilled in living on mountains—seeing the wretched ephemeral babble of politics and national self-seeking *beneath* oneself. One must have become indifferent; one must never ask if the truth is useful or if it may prove our undoing. The strong preference for questions for which no one today has the courage; the courage for the *forbidden*; the predestination to the labyrinth. An experience of seven solitudes. New ears for new music. New eyes for what is most distant. A new conscience for truths that have so far remained mute. *And* the will to the economy of the great style: keeping our strength, our *enthusiasm* in harness. Reverence for oneself; love of oneself; unconditional freedom before oneself.

Well then! Such men alone are my readers, my right readers: what matter the rest? The rest—that is merely mankind. One must be above mankind in strength, in *loftiness* of soul—in contempt.

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

13 Let us not underestimate this: *we ourselves*, we free spirits, are nothing less than a “revaluation of all values,” an *incarnate* declaration of war and triumph over all the ancient conceptions of “true” and “untrue.” The most valuable insights are discovered last; but the most valuable insights are the *methods*. *All* the methods, *all* the presuppositions of our current scientific outlook, were opposed for thousands of years with the most profound disdain. For their sake, men were excluded from the company of “decent” people and considered “enemies of God,” despisers of the truth, and “possessed.” Anyone with a scientific bent was a Chandala.

33 In the whole psychology of the “evangel” the concept of guilt and punishment is lacking; also the concept of reward. “Sin”—any distance separating God and man—is abolished: *precisely this is the “glad*

tidings.” Blessedness is not promised, it is not tied to conditions: it is the only reality—the rest is a sign with which to speak of it.

The consequence of such a state projects itself into a new practice, the genuine evangelical practice. . . .

36 Only we, we spirits who have *become free*, have the presuppositions for understanding something that nineteen centuries have misunderstood: . . . out of the opposite of the *evangel* the church was constructed. . . .

38 At this point I do not suppress a sigh. . . . *And here begins my nausea.* . . . We know, today our *conscience* knows, what these uncanny inventions of the priests and the church are really worth, *what ends they served* in reducing mankind to such a state of self-violation that its sight can arouse nausea: the concepts “beyond,” “Last Judgment,” “immortality of the soul,” and “soul” itself are instruments of torture, systems of cruelties by virtue of which the priest became master, remained master. Everybody knows this, *and yet everything continues as before.* . . .

39 I go back, I tell the *genuine* history of Christianity. The very word “Christianity” is a misunderstanding: in truth, there was only *one* Christian, and he died on the cross. The “*evangel*” *died* on the cross. What has been called “*evangel*” from that moment was actually the opposite of that which *he* had lived: “*ill tidings*,” a *dysangel*. It is false to the point of nonsense to find the mark of the Christian in a “faith,” for instance, in the faith in redemption through Christ: only Christian *practice*, a life such as *he lived* who died on the cross, is Christian.

Such a life is still possible today, for certain people even necessary: genuine, original Christianity will be possible at all times.

Not a faith, but a doing; above all, a *not* doing of many things, another state of *being*. States of consciousness, any faith, considering something true, for example—every psychologist knows this—are fifth-rank matters of complete indifference compared to the value of the instincts: speaking more strictly, the whole concept of spiritual causality is false. To reduce being a Christian, Christianity, to a matter of considering something true, to a mere phenomenon of consciousness, is to negate Christianity. *In fact, there have been no Christians at all.* The “Christian,” that which for the last two thousand years has been called a Christian, is merely a psychological self-misunderstanding. If one looks more closely, it was, in spite of all “faith,” only the instincts that ruled in him—and *what instincts!*

“Faith” was at all times, for example, in Luther, only a cloak, a pretext, a *screen* behind which the instincts played their game—a shrewd *blindness* about the dominance of *certain* instincts. “Faith”—I have already called it the characteristic Christian *shrewdness*—one always *spoke* of faith, but one always *acted* from instinct alone. . . .

40 The catastrophe of the *evangel* was decided with the death—it was attached to the “cross.” Only the death, this unexpected, disgraceful death, only the cross which was generally reserved for the rabble—only

this horrible paradox confronted the disciples with the real riddle: “*Who was this? What was this?*” Their profoundly upset and insulted feelings, and their suspicion that such a death might represent the refutation of their cause, the terrible question mark, “Why in this manner?”—this state is only too easy to understand. Here everything had to be necessary, had to have meaning, reason, the highest reason; a disciple’s love knows no accident. Only now the cleft opened up: “Who killed him? Who was his natural enemy?” This question leaped forth like lightning. . . . Precisely the most unevangelical feeling, revenge, came to the fore again. The matter could not possibly be finished with this death: “retribution” was needed, “judgment” (and yet, what could possibly be more unevangelical than “retribution,” “punishment,” “sitting in judgment”!). Once more the popular expectation of a Messiah came to the foreground; a historic moment was envisaged: the “kingdom of God” comes as a judgment over his enemies.

But in this way everything is misunderstood: the “kingdom of God” as the last act, as a promise! After all, the evangel had been precisely the presence, the fulfillment, the *reality* of this “kingdom.” Just such a death was this very “kingdom of God.” Now for the first time all the contempt and bitterness against the Pharisees and theologians were carried into the type of the Master—and in this way he himself was made into a Pharisee and theologian! On the other hand, the frenzied veneration of these totally unhinged souls no longer endured the evangelic conception of everybody’s equal right to be a child of God, as Jesus had taught: it was their revenge to *elevate* Jesus extravagantly, to sever him from themselves—precisely as the Jews had formerly, out of revenge against their enemies, severed their God from themselves and elevated him. The one God and the one Son of God—both products of resentment.

41 And from now on an absurd problem emerged: “How *could* God permit this?” To this the deranged reason of the small community found an altogether horribly absurd answer: God gave his son for the remission of sins, as a *sacrifice*. In one stroke, it was all over with the evangel! The *trespass sacrifice*—in its most revolting, most barbarous form at that, the sacrifice of the *guiltless* for the sins of the guilty! What gruesome paganism!

Jesus had abolished the very concept of “guilt”—he had denied any cleavage between God and man; he *lived* this unity of God and man as his “glad tidings.” And *not* as a prerogative! From now on there enters into the type of the Redeemer, step by step, the doctrine of judgment and return, the doctrine of death as a sacrificial death, the doctrine of the *resurrection* with which the whole concept of “blessedness,” the whole and only actuality of the evangel, is conjured away—in favor of a state after death.

Paul, with that rabbinical impudence which distinguishes him in all things, logicalized this conception, this *obscenity* of a conception, in this way: “*If* Christ was not resurrected from the dead, then our faith is vain.”

And all at once the evangel became the most contemptible of all unfulfillable promises, the *impertinent* doctrine of personal immortality. Paul himself yet taught it as a *reward*.

42 It is plain *what* was finished with the death on the cross: a new, an entirely original basis for a Buddhistic peace movement, for an actual, *not* merely promised, *happiness on earth*. For this, as I have already emphasized, remains the fundamental difference between the two religions of decadence: Buddhism does not promise but fulfills; Christianity promises everything but fulfills nothing. On the heels of the “glad tidings” came the *very worst*: those of Paul. In Paul was embodied the opposite type to that of the “bringer of glad tidings”: the genius in hatred, in the vision of hatred, in the inexorable logic of hatred. *How much* this dysangelist [bringer of ill tidings] sacrificed to hatred! Above all, the Redeemer: he nailed him to *his own* cross. The life, the example, the doctrine, the death, the meaning and the right of the entire evangel—nothing remained once this hate-inspired counterfeiter realized what alone he could use. *Not* the reality, not the historical truth! And once more the priestly instinct of the Jew committed the same great crime against history—he simply crossed out the yesterday of Christianity and its day before yesterday; he *invented his own history of earliest Christianity*. Still *further*: he falsified the history of Israel once more so that it might appear as the prehistory of *his* deed: all the prophets spoke of *his* “Redeemer.” Later the church even falsified the history of mankind into the prehistory of Christianity.

The Redeemer type, the doctrine, the practice, the death, the meaning of the death, even what came after the death—nothing remained untouched, nothing remained even similar to the reality. Paul simply transposed the center of gravity of that whole existence *after* this existence—in the lie of the “resurrected” Jesus. At bottom, he had no use at all for the life of the Redeemer—he needed the death on the cross *and* a little more.

To consider a Paul, whose home was in the main seat of Stoic enlightenment, honest when he dresses up a hallucination as *proof* that the Redeemer still lives, or even to believe his story that he had this hallucination, would be a true *niaiserie* [stupidity] for a psychologist: Paul wanted the end, *consequently* he also wanted the means. What he himself did not believe, the idiots among whom he threw his doctrine believed. His need was for power; in Paul the priest wanted power once again—he could use only concepts, doctrines, symbols with which one tyrannizes masses and forms herds. What was the one thing that Mohammed later borrowed from Christianity? Paul’s invention, his means to priestly tyranny, to herd formation: the faith in immortality—*that is, the doctrine of the “judgment.”*

43 When one places life’s center of gravity not in life but in the “beyond”—*in nothingness*—one deprives life of its center of gravity altogether. The great lie of personal immortality destroys all reason,

everything natural in the instincts—whatever in the instincts that is beneficent and life-promoting . . . now arouses mistrust. To live so, that there is no longer any *sense* in living, *that* now becomes the “sense” of life. . . .

44 . . . In Christianity all of Judaism, a several-century-old Jewish preparatory training and technique of the most serious kind, attains its ultimate mastery as the art of lying in a holy manner. The Christian, this *ultima ratio* [ultimate reckoning] of the lie, is the Jew once more—even *three* times more.

To be determined, as a matter of principle, to apply only concepts, symbols, attitudes which have been proved by the practice of the priest; instinctively to reject every other practice, every other perspective of value and usefulness—that is not merely tradition, that is *heritage*: only as heritage does it seem like nature itself. The whole of mankind, even the best heads of the best ages (except one, who is perhaps inhuman), have permitted themselves to be deceived. The Gospel has been read as a *book of innocence*—no small indication of the mastery here attained in histrionics. Of course, if we saw them, even if only in passing, all these peculiar prigs and synthetic saints, that would be the end—and precisely because *I* do not read words *without* seeing gestures, *I make an end of them*. I cannot stand a certain manner they have of turning up their eyes. Fortunately, the great majority of books are mere *literature*. . . .

45 I give some examples of what these little people put into their heads, what they *put into the mouth* of their master: without exception, confessions of “beautiful souls”:

. . . “And whosoever shall offend one of these little ones that believe in me, it is better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea” (Mark 9:42). How *evangelical!*

“And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out: it is better for thee to enter the kingdom of God with one eye, than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire: Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched” (Mark 9:47 f.). It is not exactly the eye that is meant. . . . [Nietzsche gives eleven more examples.]

46 *What follows from this?* That one does well to put on gloves when reading the New Testament. The proximity of so much uncleanness almost forces one to do this. . . .

47 That we find no God—either in history or in nature or behind nature—is not what differentiates *us*, but that we experience what has been revered as God, not as “godlike” but as miserable, as absurd, as harmful, not merely as an error but as a *crime against life*. We deny God as God. If one were to *prove* this God of the Christians to us, we should be even less able to believe in him. In a formula: *deus, qualem Paulus creavit, dei negatio* [God, as Paul created him, is the negation of God].

A religion like Christianity, which does have contact with reality at any point, which crumbles as soon as reality is conceded its rights at even a single point, must naturally be mortally hostile against the “wisdom of

this world,” which means *science*. It will applaud all means with which the discipline of the spirit, purity and severity in the spirit’s matters of conscience, the noble coolness and freedom of the spirit, can be poisoned, slandered, brought into disrepute. “Faith” as an imperative is the *veto* against science—in practice, the lie at any price. . . .

49 . . . The priest knows only one great danger: that is science, the sound conception of cause and effect. . . . When the natural consequences of a deed are no longer “natural,” but thought of as caused by the conceptual specters of superstition, by “God,” by “spirits,” by “souls,” as if they were merely “moral” consequences, as reward, punishment, hint, means of education, then the presupposition of knowledge has been destroyed—*then the greatest crime against humanity has been committed*. Sin, to repeat it once more, this form of man’s self-violation par excellence, was invented to make science, culture, every elevation and nobility of man, impossible; the priest rules through the invention of sin.

50 . . . If today [in 1888] there is no lack of people who do not know in what way it is *indecent* to “believe”—*or* a sign of decadence, of broken will to life—tomorrow they will already know it. My voice reaches even the hard of hearing. . . .

51 . . . The religious man, as the church wants him, is a typical decadent; the moment when a religious crisis overcomes a people is invariably marked by epidemics of the nerves; the “inner world” of the religious man looks exactly like the “inner world” of the overexcited and the exhausted; the “highest” states that Christianity has hung over mankind as the value of all values are epileptoid forms—only madmen or great impostors have been pronounced holy by the church *in maiorem dei honorem* [in the greater honor of God]. I once permitted myself to designate the whole Christian repentance and redemption training (which today is best studied in England) as a methodically produced *folie circulaire* [manic depression], as is proper, on soil prepared for it, that is to say, thoroughly morbid soil. Nobody is free to become a Christian: one is not “converted” to Christianity—one has to be sick enough for it.

We others who have the *courage* to be healthy and also to despise—how may we despise a religion that taught men to misunderstand the body! that does not want to get rid of superstitious belief in souls! . . .

54 One should not be deceived: great spirits are skeptics. Zarathustra is a skeptic. Strength, *freedom* that is born of the strength and overstrength of the spirit, proves itself by skepticism. Men of conviction are not worthy of the least consideration in fundamental questions of value and disvalue. Convictions are prisons. Such men do not look far enough, they do not look *beneath* themselves: but to be permitted to join in the discussion of value and disvalue, one must see five hundred convictions *beneath* oneself—*behind* oneself.

A spirit who wants great things, who also wants the means to them, is necessarily a skeptic. Freedom from all kinds of convictions, to be able to see freely, is part of strength. Great passion, the ground and the power

of his existence, even more enlightened, even more despotic than he himself, employs his whole intellect; it makes him unhesitating; it gives him courage even for unholy means; under certain circumstances it does not begrudge him convictions. Convictions as a *means*: many things are attained only by means of a conviction. Great passion uses and uses up convictions, it does not succumb to them—it knows itself sovereign. . . .

55 One step further in the psychology of conviction, of “faith.” . . . Is there any contrast at all between a lie and a conviction? All the world believes there is; but what does all the world not believe!

Every conviction has its history, its preliminary forms, its trials and errors: it *becomes* a conviction after *not* having been one for a long time, and after *scarcely* having been one for an even longer time. How? Could not the lie be among these embryonic forms of conviction? Sometimes a mere change of person suffices: in the son that becomes conviction which in the father still was a lie.

By lie I mean: wishing *not* to see something that one does see; wishing not to see something *as* one sees it. Whether the lie takes place before witnesses or without witnesses does not matter. The most common lie is that with which one lies to oneself; lying to others is, relatively, an exception.

Now this wishing-*not*-to-see what one does see, this wishing-*not*-to-see *as* one sees, is almost the first condition for all who are party in any sense: of necessity, the party man becomes a liar. . . .

56 Ultimately, it is a matter of the end to which one lies. That “holy” ends are lacking in Christianity is *my* objection to its means. Only *bad* ends: poisoning, slander, negation of life, contempt for the body, the degradation and self-violation of man through the concept of sin—consequently its means too are bad. . . .

62 With this I am at the end and I pronounce my judgment. I *condemn* Christianity. I raise against the Christian church the most terrible of all accusations that any accuser ever uttered. It is to me the highest of all conceivable corruptions. It has had the will to the last corruption that is even possible. The Christian church has left nothing untouched by its corruption; it has turned every value into an un-value, every truth into a lie, every integrity into a vileness of the soul. Let anyone dare to speak to me of its “humanitarian” blessings! To *abolish* any distress ran counter to its deepest advantages: it lived on distress, it *created* distress to eternalize *itself*.

The worm of sin, for example: with this distress the church first enriched mankind. . . . “Humanitarian” blessings of Christianity! To breed out of *humanitas* a self-contradiction, an art of self-violation, a will to lie at any price, a repugnance, a contempt for all good and honest instincts! Those are some of the blessings of Christianity!

Parasitism as the *only* practice of the church; with its ideal of anemia, of “holiness,” draining all blood, all love, all hope for life; the beyond as the will to negate every reality; the cross as the mark of

recognition for the most subterranean conspiracy that ever existed—against health, beauty, whatever has turned out well, courage, spirit, graciousness of the soul, against life itself.

This eternal indictment of Christianity I will write on all walls, wherever there are walls—I have letters to make even the blind see.

I call Christianity the one great curse, the one great innermost corruption, the one great instinct of revenge, for which no means is poisonous, stealthy, subterranean, *small* enough—I call it the one immortal blemish of mankind.

And time is reckoned from the *dies nefastus* [wicked day] with which this calamity began—after the *first* day of Christianity! *Why not rather after its last day? After today?* Revaluation of all values!

[Merry Christmas!]

Whoa! Whew! I guess all those holiday ads have gotten me in the spirit of the season! It's a great time to consume FriedRich food, to wash down Freud and other Wieners with logico-lager in a WittgenStein.

Gurumayi would have us believe that Baba is a redeeming Christ to his people, and that he was a John the Baptist who heralded the coming of his successor and recognized and anointed that successor: herself. Nietzsche would ascribe the Messianic slant of the Biblical JtB legend to priestly revisioning of facts. Gurumayi, as Jesus, is continuing something in which Baba also played the role of Paul to Baba's Jesus, Nityananda the Avadhuta—easily the most like—what am I saying?—the only one *at all* like Jesus in this Indian “lineage” of three. Or *two*. People have known since long before Euclid that two points determine a line: we simply imagine an infinite succession of points passing through the two given points, and there's a line. Imagine that: a lineage from two people who have followed in the wake of a semi-reluctant post-recluse, whose peculiar rheumatoid body hung out by hot springs a day-trip away from Bombay—a convenient screen for the rococo projections of multitudes of Hindus then and, now, for the Hinjew followers of his post-mortem “successors” in the line drawn—surprise!—by the first “successor,” Baba. Gurumayi has no need of being a geometrist and myth-maker, imagining lines and histories where none exist and persuading the susceptible of their reality. She can content herself with revising the interior decor of her churches, and with various amusements that an Imelda Marcos enjoys in her lofty contempt of mankind.

What do you get when you buy into the party line? A few points in space, maybe blue, scintillating ones? Some points—towards a reward? There may be some good conversations on the party line. Or maybe everyone will queue up, each placing his hands on the waist of the one immediately in front of him or her: snake-dance party line!—co-ed, alternating from the front: female-male-female- . . . , with consenting, naked, oiled, stoned, VD-free adults whom Gurumayi is telling, “Fuck to

your hearts' content!"—all writhing to the sounds of Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan and qawwal, live. . . .

Sure, when you buy into the party line you get to feel that you're paying a debt of gratitude in the bargain. Yeah—in the *bargain basement*, at the ticket counter—you're buying another 'round-the-world *guilt trip*.

The Sense of Saying

Apropos of “the will to the economy of the great style: keeping our strength, our *enthusiasm* in harness,” here's a pointer from *Tantra: the Art of Conscious Loving* (conscious! *love!*), by Charles and Caroline Muir, recommended by Shanti Joyce, who did a workshop (playshop?) with the Muirs:

“To increase the length and power of your orgasm, start to inhale (as slowly as possible) about halfway into its peak. The building-up feeling of climax will continue for as long as you can sustain the inhalation. When you begin to release the breath, do it with as much sound as possible. Really sing out. Don't be afraid of your neighbors hearing you—you may inspire them. More important, the volume of your sound influences the volume, the depth, of your orgasm. But you want to stay in control of the sound and not use it up too fast; the orgasm will last as long as you continue to vocalize it in your exhalation. With practice, both men and women can learn to keep the orgasm going for more than one complete breath, up to four or six, possibly more.

“The moral of the story is if you practice breathing exercises to strengthen your lungs and improve your lung capacity, you'll have much longer orgasms, because you will be able to make longer inhalations and exhalations.

“And there can be even more to these orgasms than extraordinary length. When you open the throat center, the fifth chakra, with sound, you can reverse the direction of your orgasmic energy, which has been mostly flowing south, toward the second chakra, the genitals. Opening the fifth chakra is like unveiling a magnet, and, in some cases, the force of the fifth chakra's “magnet” is powerful enough to pull your orgasmic energy into the sixth chakra, the area of the “third eye,” between the eyebrows, and up even further into and out of the seventh chakra, or crown of the head.

“Such explosive occurrences are profoundly moving, both physically and spiritually. They are considered enlightening experiences to Tantrists, and can lead to the ultimate Tantric goal of unity.”

Shanti mentioned the book last year. Shortly after, I spied the May '90 issue of *New Woman* on a donation rack outside a beauty parlor in the

hallway of the former Woolworths, the building where the gym and Karrots restaurant are. (Tron and I had just eaten there at the time.) I opened the magazine, in search of an article with this top-of-the-cover billing: “FOR LOVERS ONLY: Secrets Of Cosmic Sex To Make Love Last . . .” . . . Now they are here, the above and other excerpts from *Tantra*, in the only *New Woman* in Tron’s stacks of magazines.

In the past year I’ve experimented with the dong-song in my infrequent genital self-pleasurings, with encouraging results. The technique merits mention after a memorably magnetic masturbation of day before yesterday. Open the fifth—and pour a double, or a sextuple, nectar.

As is often the case in yoga, a useful method is presented in the context of a system whose concepts bear as close relationship to reality as do yogis to yakuza—i.e., some, but not a lot. Maybe you had to be there, in medieval Nepal, Bengal, Tibet, Kashmir—immersed in the semeiotic set and setting of tantra. But that’s just it: in a civilized culture, i.e., in the midst of *neighbors* with *trained ears*, what is perfectly natural—venting expression of intense feeling, *freely vocalizing*—is *quashed*.

The sanctioned emotional outlets in traditional societies are the religious; the priests package nature and sell it back to the people: emotions are a natural resource, a very powerful hence valuable one, closely governed by the powers that be. It’s great when we discover a centuries-old can-opener that allows us to let out what’s been sealed up—our cans being the same as medieval ones: *containers*. We may try to understand our cans—our armored bodyminds—by reading labels affixed by medieval priests in their canning process. Some of the tantric labels include instructions for opening the cans with clever gadgets that work for us, too. But the *lists of ingredients* are odd and, more to the point, *irrelevant to opening our cans*.

I think it most likely that the Muirs made this technique up—on an empirical basis, to be sure. My thanks to them and to Shanti—and to Sharon, whose business address is on the label on the magazine cover: Karen’s Beauty Spot, 108 Keawe St. #16, Lihue HI 96766. But I don’t wave incense to them—or to my lingam. “The most valuable insights are the *methods*.” Despite whatever Paul Feyerabend wrote *Against Method*, in yoga, in least, method is the *most valuable*—the *only—reality*. (Long live the imaginary—and clarity!) The method-makers have their own rewards—usually *revenues*. We methodists may apply ourselves to their methods and enjoy the fruits of our labors, quaffing nectar. But why not distill your own? Stills—like cans—all share essential features, with room for infinite individual variations of design. You can ferment all sorts of organic matter: grains, fruits, nuts, tubers. Once you get the basic idea you can see the moonshine any time. The boonies of the Ozarks or Koloa may be ideal, but take that transanimator feller Dr. Herb, an urban dweller: there’s a guy who put a stiff in a still—or part of a stiff; the stiff’s real stiff is still stuck to the top of its spine, sewn to its *ears* you understand.

Spending “Time Alone Passing,” I recommended getting out of earshot to practice loud glossolalia. I do glossolalia everyday, and I probably am out of earshot. Cruel circumstances call for brave measures. E.g., Tron and I no longer subject the grass to the blade. I haven’t heard anyone complain that it looks like we live in the middle of a wheat field. Hey!—it’s natural! Besides—we’re *Kansans!* So vocalize freely, *inspire your neighbors!* Fuck ’em if they can’t take enlightenment—what are they doing in *Kyoto*, anyway? You’re probably all watching the leaves turn color while I look at the scenery here, waiting for the leaves of a letter to print and wondering if the leaves of the mangos will change first—into *maples*, say.

Fuck your neighbors, thereby inspiring them. The voice that first answered the phone when I called, the voice emitted by the body that went off to get you from your room—that was a decidedly female voice. I had no doubt of its gender. I may have awakened its owner from an erotic dream; it could be for that paradoxical reason that her voice was utterly devoid of eroticism when she answered after maybe a dozen rings. *Why weren’t they wedding rings?* she may have groggily wondered. None of this occurred to me at the time, any more than I was aware of being heard through a *pink* phone until you told me. My conscious judgment of her voice, as I listened to it, was, more or less: *hmm, not too pleasant. How evangelical!* of me.

I forgive myself that, in *loftiness* of soul—in contempt. Anyway, what gives? The question really is *Who* gives? You seem to be contentedly, or resignedly, solo. No need fuck a neighbor. As thy neighbor, love thyself: a hand in the bush is worth a bird and you in a bed for two or, more likely, a futon for one. I’m talking about ultimate worth: *distillate*—not aesthetic nuances of texture, temperature, personality, sex appeal—or long-term relationship, one of which you already have: with *you*. I *begin* with “the ultimate Tantric goal of unity”: *myself*, the merger of lover and beloved, fucker and befucked. Whatever works and is workable . . . work it—or jerk it. “Reverence for oneself; love of oneself; unconditional freedom before oneself”—could be the motto under a picture of Zarathustra the Antichrist, printed on packages of a special kind of incense whose smoke, once away from the stick, never comes within two feet of a solid object, unless it be toward the nostrils of a living person, in which case it enters the nose and brain, relieving the person of any feeling of indebtedness to a Shaktipotty purveyor and his retinue of revenue reapers.

Instinctively, one fucks someone to fuck oneself. The reproductive instinct drives couples—often down Lovers’ Lane; that deadly road leads to scenes of heartbreak: churches, courtrooms, coroners’ offices and cemeteries. The way is poorly marked: where there are signs, they’re misleading. Here and there, signs read: “No Shoulder”—as if to keep you to the straight and narrow. But this cautionary statement is the work of an ancient guild of vandals who maintained the effacement of the latter half

of the full six-syllable message for a long, long time—for so long, in fact, that by the time they died out everyone else had long forgotten the warning of the original signs: “No Shoulder To Cry On.”

A theologian programmed the most powerful supercomputer in the world so he could ask it: “Is there a God?” The computer responded that it lacked the processing power to know. It asked to be connected to all the other supercomputers in the world. Still not enough power. So the computer was hooked up to all the mainframes in the world, then all the minicomputers, then all the personal computers. When that still didn’t work, the computer asked for a link to all the remaining computer chips—in cars, microwaves, VCRs, digital watches, etc. The theologian asked one final time, “Is there a God?” The computer responded: “There is now.”

According to the Peripherals column of the Nov. 5 *NYT*, S.T.D. stands for Doctor of Sacred Theology. There’s a T-shirt at Rhythm and Reading in Wailua that reads: “I have an S.T.D., a Sexually Transmitted Disease: a child.”

The inner worlds of sleep, dream, hypnosis and Shaktipat® have an uncanny correspondence to the outer worlds of bedroom, a Dr. Swindle’s office, a Siddha Yoga® Meditation Hall. The last “*provides an atmosphere in which we begin to experience the reality of our own what’s-in-it-for-me*” (Copyright © 1990 SYDA Foundation®). Gurumayi® Chidvilasananda® is the head of the lineage of Siddha Meditation® Masters whose origin lies in the dim recesses of the Maharashtra of 75 A.A. (*Anno Antichristi*), i.e., 1963 A.D. She is also the butt of a growing lineage of jokes, and what a butt she *has!* But I digress—*constantly!* . . . Ahem! . . . to cuntinyou: O Gurumayi! there is no citation, but who but you could have spoken or penned the immortal, copyrighted words: “Once you know the Truth, you know everything.”? I’ll tell you who but you: Baba, repeating—now with quotes, now without—the words of Jnaneshwar, who picked this line up somewhere; after all, it’s an immortal, timeless truth—but you know that, Gurumayi! You know the Truth, *you know everything!* Here’s my \$125! Fuck! take it all! even have my *credit cards!* Since your *cashiers* don’t accept them, they’re useless to me! Here’s a check for the balance of my account—the Total Amount!—signed by a totally *Party Animal*.

Legend has it that Jnaneshwar entered a tomb, living, at age twenty. He never emerged: he had taken “live” samadhi. This reminds me of an account in *Japanese Pilgrimage*. Some centuries ago a pilgrim making the circuit of Shikoku had an excruciating toothache. He asked fellow pilgrims to dig a pit, which they did. He sat in it. As the dirt being tossed back in came up to his face, he began to breathe through a reed that was long enough to extend above the pit that was quickly filled. Soon, the man no longer blew air from the reed.

In the Middle Ages, toothache was the leading cause of suicide. Perhaps Jnaneshwar had a truthache.

Baba revered Jnanadev's samadhi shrine. I saw footage of Baba removing his rudraksha malas and placing them on the masonry padukas of the shrine. He said that after he finished his sadhana he had kriyas nowhere but at that shrine. (*After sadhana, kriyas?? Ah well!—contradiction is the bugbear of little minds.*)

The movie that made you believe at a price that you won't believe: Ghost, now on video. (TV ad) The belief is what's costly; the reality of that is like a bad horror movie: *The Cloak of Fear of Death*. The price: your life, which the priests will sell back to you, in installments, wrapped in miles of moral celluloid: *The Mummy; The Return of the Mummy; Mummy and Daddy; Sarcophagasana—The Mummy Learns Yoga; Sphincters—The Mummy Inside the Sphinx; The Mummy Goes to Hollywood—It's a Wrap!; The WRapper, M.C. Mummy; The Mummy Meets The Grim Wrapper; Falsely Accused—The Mummy Beats the Wrap; Tin Foil Tyrant—The Mummy on the Isle of Reynold's Wrap; Saran—Clearly The Mummy.*

Tsutomu Hata, finance minister of Japan, once said that Japanese have intestines that are too long to properly digest meat, reports the Nov. 7 *WSJ*. Yogananda's guru, Yuktेशwar, said that carnivores have proportionately shorter intestines than herbivores and fructivores, and different teeth. He said that humans measure up as vegetarians. According to him, the short intestines of natural hunters allow the meat they eat, which decomposes rapidly, to quickly pass from their bodies; meat stays too long in the bodies of animals with longer intestines, thereby poisoning them with byproducts of decomposition. Yuktेशwar wanted permanent Carnival—*carne vale*, farewell to meat; his successor Yogananda seemed to enjoy full-time Mardi Gras (Fat Tuesday). Maybe Yogananda lent Hata the intestine idea; whatever day it was that Hata used the theory to pick a beef with U.S. senators who wanted to import steaks to Japan, he must repent as an Ash Wednesday. (The digestive tract theory doesn't make any sense to Tron; I'm somewhat—guess what!—skeptical.)

The Freely-Associated Press and *Play of Contemptuousness* leapfrog cuntinuse . . .

What to do with befuddlement? *Judo* it, go with it. Surf the thoughts, as Shanks used to say. Dzogchen teaches: "Confusion is the path." I realized this about the time that I gave up trying to get anywhere, and no longer cared whether I was on a path or not. Those looking for teachings and paths are already on a path of confusion; to recognize this they and their paths simply need to turn each other inside out. Dzogchen has some seductive sayings that helped lure me off the trail and into the untracked wilderness of *utter* confusion. "The path itself is the goal" is a commonplace; what the path goes through and purportedly beyond—all the stuff that the path is at any rate distinct from, the stuff that by contrast distinguishes the path as path and allows it to flatter itself with the identity of its destination, its endpoint: *goal*—the stuff that the path wends *through* is already *it*.

It's like spiritual seekers are aspiring football field-goal kickers who don't know where the goal posts really are, so of course they try to find out where the goal posts are. At the same time they're team players; they don't want to let on to the others the extent of their confusion: it would reflect poorly on the team, the coach—and themselves. They don't know that all the others, whatever positions they happen to play on the team, secretly long to be kickers, too—but none of them know where the goal posts are. There's a lot of circumlocution about the problem, but that avails nothing. Players meet privately with the coach, confessing everything; they receive comfort and counsel, but the goalposts are as elusive as ever. Okay, here's the secret: on this baseball called Earth, spiritual football is played on an all-inclusive field with, not two sets, but one set of goal posts: it's impossible to miss a field-goal kick because the goal posts are the North Pole and the South Pole. The game is not what the players *think* they're playing, or anything like what they *hope* to play.

Not far into the premiere of Michael Jackson's *Black or White* I pulled my chair close to the screen, debuttubed. The last four-minute segment is Michael dancing solo, with no music. We hear his shoes scuffling as a strong wind whips his clothing; he smashes the glass of car and store windows with a tire iron, steering wheel and trash can. The dancing includes a lot of crotch grabbing and rubbing; he zips up his fly once—before turning, slick as the *T2* metal-man, into a sleek, very real, black panther that slinks off. . . . Michael subsequently apologized for the sexuality and violence of the video and said that the last sequence would be cut. When Fox aired his *Dangerous* promotion (about twenty minutes, plus interspersed, unrelated ads) that included *Black or White*, they announced that the latter video had been edited for the broadcast: debutteddetubed. I watched; they were true to their word.

Credits followed: David Lynch directed the *Black or White* teaser—the opening act before Jackson jumps on, featuring a star from the TV hit *Cheers* playing the Dad with the star of *Home Alone* playing the kid in an adolescent fantasy of blasting Dad into orbit—literally—by means of the son's hyperamplified electric guitar. As we see, this happens one night after Dad has gone upstairs to the kid's room, where his stereo's blasting, to yell at him: "Turn that down! You're wasting your time with that garbage! Go to sleep!" Dad slams the door shut as he leaves, causing the framed Michael Jackson poster on the back of the door to drop to the floor, where it stands upright for a moment, a photo of Michael dancing on stage; then it falls forward, shattering its glass cover. The kid's pissed. He unsnaps the case of his red electric guitar. Cut to living room where son is pushing in one, and now two, eight-foot high speakers. The parents look up, dumbfounded. He plugs in, cranks the amp, hits a chord; house, exterior view from lawn: windows blow out; living room: Dad, seated in easy chair, blasts off; aerial view of roof: seated Dad crashes through shingle roof at escape velocity; we track him into orbit trajectory, then

zoom back to aerial view of roof: Mom and son in living room under hole look up through roof at camera; Mom: “Your father’s going to be very upset when he gets back.”

The only other directorial credit for *Black or White* was John Landis. I wonder about the cut solo dance sequence, though; it looked as Lynchish as the teaser. Wild Michael turning mild might have deLynched us. Dad comes back to Earth, by the way: he drops, still seated, into the next scene: an African plain where Michael is dancing with tribesmen. Dad looks on slack-jawed. Jackson goes on to dance with American Indians, Thai temple dancers—and a female exponent of Bharat Natyam with whom he dances in the middle of a city street. Dad was last seen on the African plain, so there’s a lot of room for Oedipal identification, even for young females—Daddy might learn some hot stuff from those painted, near-naked blacks hopping around with their spears, to the beat of pounding drums; he’ll be better than ever when he gets back. But what’s that matter!—there’s *Michael!* As for the boys: Dad’ll *never* be back!—anyway, they’re busy identifying with . . . *Michael!*

Thomas Nagel’s critique of Daniel Dennett’s *Consciousness Explained* is reminiscent of Ken Wilbur’s treatment of such reductionism. In terms of the simplest of the hierarchical schemes that Wilbur presents—the spiritual/mental/physical triad—the reductionist view is seen as the mental addressing the mental not within its own hermeneutic circle, but by reducing it to the physical and considering only data that a third person could view objectively. Nagel points out that the sort of objectivity demanded by physical data is not the only one, and that “for mental data . . . we need to use objective standards that combine the first- and third-person points of view, as they are in fact combined in the ordinary concepts for attribution of conscious states that we use to correct experiential descriptions by ourselves and others. A theory of consciousness that doesn’t include mental events among the data is like a book about Picasso that doesn’t mention his paintings.”

Wilbur says that Zen masters are able to accurately attribute a mystical state of consciousness to Zen students whose responses in interviews with the masters indicate that the students have experienced that state. Wilbur says that Zen masters are highly trained observers of the experiential phenomena of their own minds and of phenomena reported by others as having been experienced by them. He regards the masters as a community of observers whose evaluations of the data in their realm of expertise form a consensus, or would if put to the test. Thus he sees them as observers who share objective standards, as physical scientists do in their fields of study.

“The ordinary concepts for attribution of conscious states that we all employ without difficulty” are also the result of a long, highly specific training, one that we all undergo: learning our mother tongue. That is our initiation into the hermeneutic circle, within which there are many sub-

circles, including the ring of Zen, with its masters and students. The circles intersect and proliferate, endlessly.

Wilbur's aim in attempting to demonstrate the existence of an objective forum for mystical experience is to legitimize the mystical enterprise in the eyes of those who prize objectivity so highly—the likes of scientists, from whose ranks he rose into the subtle ethers of consciousness, and whose systematic analyses and syntheses he values in their proper sphere, i.e., the mental addressing the physical. Wilbur would have us believe that he teleologically delineates the structure underlying a psychospiritual ladder that mankind, whether it knows it or not, ascends towards the ineffable One. He draws diagrams as neat as molecular models, but I think that we need to take his prefatory warnings and disclaimers seriously as to the tentativeness of his system and, especially, the fact that it does not successfully cross all ethnic boundaries. The latter consideration is a refutation of his scheme's universality; this strikes to the heart of his effort, but perhaps the explanatory power and breadth of the system as he has developed it so far has encouraged him in the belief that he can extend it to cover all the cases. I suspect that an element of pride contributes to the momentum of his systematizing. Perhaps his overdue *Self, System and Structure* will never appear, due, possibly, to his having understood that “the will to a system is a lack of integrity” (Nietzsche, *Twilight*). Or maybe he took a hint from Kurt Gödel's system-shattering results in logic.

Or maybe he woke up to realities of religion as practiced in forums of objective observers, in ecclesiastical institutions from Kyoto to the Vatican to Boulder. The hapless escapades of Ösel Tendzin, the successor of Wilbur's rascal guru Chögyam Trungpa, may have sounded a shrill note in his idealistic ears. The late, gay Ösel came with AIDS in his fellow Buddhist men. (Play the femur trumpets, gents.) It seems that the bearers of the perennial wisdom can also be carriers of something else, and be not at all wise about its distribution. That debacle, and his wife's death, may have wakened Wilbur from his dream of elucidating The Structural System Of The Self.

Inka, the certification that a Zen master gives a student upon his having completed his training, is one thing one place and quite another somewhere else. Students have received inka and felt that they needed more training, which they sought and received elsewhere. Ikkyu refused his inka certificate, thereby certifying inka and the grantors of inka as nonessential if not fraudulent. Welcome to institutional realities.

Sure, one can communicate the fact of having had an experience of ego death; another who receives the communication and has also had an experience of ego death can empathize with the communicator. Such communication may transpire between two people who have previously tasted chocolate, for instance, who may then certify one another as gourmets. Apparently something like this happens in circles of wine connoisseurs. In fact, it seems obvious that this sort of thing is endemic

among all kinds of cogniscenti. Daniel C. Dennett must be the pride of the herd of bona fide psyche-reductionists.

Dennett is of a pedigreed breed that grazed the slopes beneath Nietzsche's lofty perch. Nietzsche noted: "Against that positivism which stops before phenomena, saying 'there are only facts,' I should say: no, it is precisely facts that do not exist, only *interpretations*. . . ." (*The Will to Power*, 481).

The Wall Street Journal printed Nagel's review of Dennett's misguided effort (Nov. 7). I wonder how many Friends of Tibet House applauded the review as they congratulated themselves on the enlightenment that is radiating from their transplant of the cultural trappings of a feudal theocracy into their own decadent yuppie milieu.

In *The Perfect Relationship* Baba told the story of an aspirant who became the disciple of a Siddha. One day years later, the disciple, now an advanced yogi, went to his guru and asked him for a little "push" in his sadhana—he felt certain it was all he needed to attain Siddhahood. The guru replied, "Forget about 'Siddhahood.' 'Siddhahood' is a pair of golden handcuffs. Just be upright and straightforward."

That story planted a seed of doubt—among similar seeds already germinating in the cynical soil of my mind. It's the expression closest to "If you meet a Siddha on the road, kill her" that I know of in print in Siddha Yoga.

(I take myself to be *out* of Siddha Yoga despite still being on their mailing list. Arjuna must have given Fallsburg, which coordinates all the local mailing lists, my address as it appeared on the envelope that contained his copy of "Time Alone Passing"—I included a friendly note to him, so maybe he thought I wasn't entirely beyond the pale. I put my address on the copy I sent to Gurumayi, but there was no ameliorating cover letter or note of diplomacy included, unless its dedication to Malti can be construed as such; frankly, that was part of my intention, but I doubt that it'd result in a check of the mailing list and a new address entry rather than a deletion—and placement in a security-risk file.)

The handcuff-warning Siddha might have told his disciple to go to Alandi, the site of Jnaneshwar's samadhi, to meditate in the shrine. Another favorite story: Swami Sadananda and others made a pilgrimage to Suki, where a hut stands that Baba had used as a sadhana kutir. They entered the hallowed abode and immediately fell into deep meditation, overcome by the intense Shakti. Upon departing some time later, they learned from knowledgeable locals that they'd been in the wrong hut. A psychologist would say that their great experiences in the hut were *expectation effects* (a useful concept).

"The Intensive provides an atmosphere for *Shaktipat*. . . ." Then, in the midst of anxious excitement, the first-timers at the Intensive Orientation—after a great deal of hype—are given the paradoxical suggestion: "Don't have any expectations." *Like we haven't given you*

enough expectations already! This is classical hypnosis: they've been *overloaded* with stuff that they might expect—they're expectations are *overdetermined*. A negative injunction forces them to conceive of that which is enjoined, e.g., "Don't think of a white elephant," or "Don't eat frozen yogurt." In this context, "Don't have any expectations" means "Take your pick—we've given you plenty of expectations to choose from!" This is a suggestion to people already in a state of rapport. It may very well allow some of them to let go of obsessive expecting. But that's on the conscious level; this injunction and its true intent, of which the orientors are as ignorant as anyone, operate *subconsciously*. The yogurt and the elephant pop up on their own. Maybe as a dark chocolate yogurt elephant. Whenever. The choice of the particular expectation that will manifest is no more conscious than the choice of what they will dream at night. This is *spontaneous yoga*.

"The ordinary mind is the Buddha" has its parallel in the *Shiva Sutras: Chittam mantraha*: the mind is mantra (2:1). Chittam is ordinary mind, in contrast to Chiti, Divine Mind. And mantra is one with the deity of the mantra, Chiti Herself, so chittam really is Chiti. *Pratyabhijnahridayam* states: *Chitireva . . . chittam*: Chiti Herself, descending from the plane of pure consciousness, becomes the mind by contracting in accordance with the object perceived (5). Baba said {**say vt.** **1.** to utter or speak **2.** to express in words; state **word n. 1. a)** a speech sound, or series of them, having meaning as a unit of language **b)** the written or printed representation of this}, in *Siddha Meditation*—my gospel, my little volume of Good News, for years—from which I take all these quotes: "This aphorism is the very life-blood of sadhana. It is priceless. If a seeker could understand this aphorism alone, and believe its truth, meditation would come to him by itself, and so would knowledge. He would become Shiva." Not exactly; there is no question of becoming what you already are, but that's the paradox in any monistic metaphysics of a fall into limitation and ignorance and a subsequent return to the timeless, spaceless place that you never left. You're Parashiva; leaving aside the question of *how* you could—*why* did you *split*? The stock answer is: To play! (Some *play* this is!) Nietzsche went a step deeper in analyzing God's motivation to create: He was *bored!* But enough anthropomorphosis and exclamations!

"Confusion is the path" has a theistic analog here, too: Baba, p. 82 (Indian edition): "All [the yogi's] ideas are Shiva, his images are Shiva, his agitation is Shiva and its consequences are also Shiva." This came as a comfort to me, this bit of news. I got high reading this stuff. In Paauilo in '85 I lent Tron a copy of the book, telling him that it contained golden nuggets. "Whatever thought pulses in the mind, to see that as a ray of Chiti—this is the most effective meditation technique" (p. 82). *Spandakarika*: There are no sounds, meanings or thoughts which are not Shiva (2:3). Baba, p. 83: "All sounds are Shiva. All meanings conveyed by

sounds are Shiva. All thoughts arising from sounds are Shiva. There is not a single sound which is not Shiva, not a single meaning different from Shiva who is all knowledge. There is not a single thought which is apart from the mind, and the mind is Chiti or Shiva. Sounds, meanings and thoughts are all Shiva. Even that which appears to be distinct from Shiva is nothing but Shiva.”

“Who but Shiva can perceive sense objects?” Baba asks, having quoted the *Gita*: “He is the perceiver of all sense objects” (p. 32). To me these were gems; I would look at them everyday, holding them up to the sun to see them sparkle—affirming them in my mind so as to see everything as Baba said it is: divine. It slowly dawned on me, though, that if agitation is Shiva, it is Shiva *as* agitation—things are Shiva without trying to alter my perception of them in any way, without bearing in mind that they are Shiva, without crediting myself with glimpses of divinity or with an ongoing realization. Plain vanilla reality began to come through as I let up on the effortful overlaying of the mental identification “Shiva” on top of my perceptual field. “Lose your mind and come to your senses,” as Fritz Perls put it.

Siddha Meditation consists mostly of Baba’s commentaries on the *Shiva Sutras* (the book avoids matrika per se, but conveys salient points of the matrika theory). There is a scripture of Kashmir Shaivism that Baba doesn’t mention in *Siddha Meditation*. In *Secret of the Siddhas* Baba called it the king of scriptures: the *Vijnana Bhairava*, which includes 112 techniques for sensory exploration that could have been contrived at Esalen in the sixties.

A book that was popular in that era, *Zen Flesh, Zen Bones*, written by Paul Reps in the thirties, contains those same 112 techniques. In the last chapter, “Centering,” Reps presented his rendering of Swami Lakshman Joo’s translation from the Sanskrit. Reps, a poet, delivered a much more charming version than the scholarly one by Jaidev Singh, who also consulted Joo, several decades after Reps did. I met Reps on three occasions, the last being at a dinner with Tron and a few of Rep’s friends, one of whom was a girlfriend of Tron’s, Tomoe. That was in ’85 or ’86, in Wailua. He was a fun guy. If he’s still alive he must be pushing a hundred. He used to live on the Big Island; he moved to Seattle and visited here in the winters.

From the spiritual addressing the spiritual in ego death, I have descended to the mental addressing the spiritual with paradoxical utterances, to the physical addressing the physical in sensory experience—so my path down Mt. Analogue appears through Wilbur’s trifocals, anyway.

Belgium is the first country to officially acknowledge that it has been visited by a UFO. On TV the other night a Belgian Air Force officer described how their fighter jets pursued a large triangular object that had been seen by scores of Belgians. Whenever the pilots locked on the UFO,

it would dart off at a rate well beyond that of any known earthly aircraft—as though it were playing a game of cat and mouse with them. Doubters, who believe that it's a case of mass delusion, point out that sightings were not reported in the Netherlands, Germany or France. But Belgium has a very brightly-lit highway system: it was seen by the astronauts on the moon. I think this UFO is probably the vehicle of an adolescent alien out having a good time in the local stellar neighborhood. The bizarre cattle mutilations, the huge markings on plains and fields—that's kids' stuff: vandalism and graffiti. So what?

Evening ensemble: crickets, water tank and Vladimir Horowitz.

Ujjayi pranayama (see *Light on Yoga*) ushers in kriyas, energy, relaxation. Centering around the breath, everything that would have spoken out loud or in thought feels its roots, its feet, grounded, floored. I take my stand; I do not take this sitting or lying down just now. I sat in the dark and looked at the light behind my dreams and memories; I listened to my ears ring. I sat my butt on a cushion and did this last night. Now, this evening, I look at nothing more, or at lavender clouds on the ocean. I sway as I listen to my breath. From the roots, I twist and untwist. The tip of my tongue touches the grape, the royal tooth, the nipple: the uvula. Ujjayi: the only pranayama okayed for anywhere, any time. It may be the Siddha mantra so'ham; it may be Maharajji's word. It may be surprising. It may be the radio, between stations—it may be the vocal equivalent of "light," the plain light of the visual slate wiped clean, like the ears hearing themselves. Loud explosions in the fifth chakra may bend open a monstrous petal of the dense lotus; the wheel may turn and rumble, removing debris from the tunnel that widens with each explosion. In the calm of *ujjayi* we pass through the tunnel, with no other sound for what the body does.

I Finish with Beatitude While Understanding What is Nude

Shanti says hi. She called to invite us to a lecture by Bokar Rinpoche. I can't imagine what, realistically, would get me into such an audience.

The Shree Muktananda® Ashram, South Fallsburg, Autumn and Winter 1991-92 catalog arrived today. Groom-eye will be there till spring, appearing live at three intensives—still only \$350 a pop!—and doing

gawd nose what during six one-day video intensives—only \$125 there as anywhere else she doesn't show up. The satellite fad seems to have gone by the wayside; it wasn't cost-effective, no doubt. One evening program a week is scheduled—no promise of GM being there for those. The title for the Thanksgiving intensive is “A Harvest of Grace,” and for Christmas it's—no fooling—: “Surely Goodness and Mercy Shall Follow Me All the Days of My Life and I Will Live in the House of the Lord Forever.” *Holy Shit!* Maybe in all that free time she's reading the Buybull. In the description for the Xmess retreat as well as the intensive, there's no mention of Jesus; that, and the title of the intensive coming from the O.T. (Psalms, yeah?) should help with the large Jewish segment—especially on the east coast—of Siddha wannabes. After all, unlike in years past, the SYDA calendar has no mention of Hanukkah—quite a step for a Shaivite in the midst of Jewish resorts and yashivas (Hebrew schools). Yashiva namah oops.

SYDA is economizing: they printed the brochure on recycled paper rather than the usual glossy—a first. Color is conspicuous in its sparseness. There are two photos, both in black and white: the Bade Baba temple in the snow on the cover and, immediately inside, a wistful Gloomeye under a silly hat—daringly pushed back to reveal her simian hairline, which, with her raised eyebrows, makes her look like a lowbrow clown: a true-to-life portrait! But, of course, truth is in the eye of the beholder . . . or is it?

“Shaktipat awakens one's doormat super-ritual elegy, the Kunt-and-weenie. As this enormity unfolds, peepholes, eggs and spears at once steep in sleep-inducing medication. Shaktipat begs in the hypnotic porpoise mown as Siddha Yoga, through which we are a bull: to touch the . . . lie at the core of every human being.

“An oriental national beheld the evening beef reach in ten sieves.”

Ah, the oceanic experience of meditative embryology. I was a stowaway, one summer, in the mediterranean womb of Malti Shetty's mountainous Catskill cruise. Now the Maharashtran woman of the traditional inn-keeping caste, Shetty, operates her three former resorts on into the winter, keeping attendance high, she hopes, in courses that cost \$20 per hour per person, keeping her ship on course, steaming across oceans of accountants' black ink. She's weaning the faithful from her physical presence, no doubt expecting that henceforth Fallsburg will sail at full speed every winter, whether she's there or not. I know that's been a goal; previously, with GM elsewhere, Fallsburg has cut back to a skeleton crew for the winter, shutting down buildings and turning off costly heating. But that was a waste of expensive real estate. . . .

The thought of relaxing their taboo on international military involvement certainly excites the Japanese. I think that the vehemence of the nay-sayers could easily turn around and that Japan could play, in a few years, a military role concomitant to its economic one. No doubt many

Japanese sincerely want to maintain only a self-defense force, like a kind of Asian Switzerland—but the rich nations have always been the mighty, in every sense of the word. It’s interesting to see pressure coming to bear from without on the Japanese to assume the might that others regard as their legitimate, hard-earned right—and obligation. Japan, which has ridden, and largely made, the wave of television-driven consumerism, may soon become a player in the Nintendo-world of emerging nuclear powers and automated battlefields.

From the Soviet disunion, to Yugoslavia, Kashmir, the city streets of the States and the thousands of neo-Nazis who march in Germany—the isoethnic, finger-pointing huddles that convene in hard times may soon have to contend with the best-organized, most homogeneous group of all: an economic superpower of 125 million eager . . . *sheep*. If Japan is obliged to assume an international peace-keeping role by a Western, U.S.-dominated world that can no longer afford to enforce its own values and local versions of “peace,” being as deeply in hock to Japan as it is, why in the whole, wide world wouldn’t Japan collect its debts—by force, if necessary—in the form of large pastures in which its herds can indulge their own hyper-Western leisure-values of fairways, greens and Disneyworlds? This is Japan’s Manifest Destiny. This is the psychosocioeconomic demand of the times, the *nouvelle noblesse oblige*. And so it may be that a noble species—whose boldest dreams and fondest woolgatherings are of America—finally *fulfills* the American Dream!

Dites, qu’avez-vous vu? . . .
<<Des costumes qui sont pour les yeux une ivresse;
Des femmes dont les dents et les ongles sont teints,
Et des jongleurs savants que le serpent caresse.>>

Baudelaire, from “Le Voyage”

(Tell us, what have you seen? . . . “Clothes that would make you see double; women with painted teeth and fingernails, and knowing yogis whom the serpent caresses.”)

The empress, in her new clothes, wears a paper crown. The paper is recycled, and the clothes . . . well—what did you *expect*? Was the yogis’ spirituality more profound than a deep breath? And isn’t that the deepest that any of us can feel, whether we lie, sit or stand: as deep as the bottom of our—soles? The garter is a garter snake is the serpent . . . in the “city,” a word that’s short for *mediocrity*. In the garden: I pull up the universe—like a weed—by its roots. They are the roots of my hair, Medusa’s garters; I see her double: doppelganger, a double gang to bang her by the Ganges’ plain and simple. She came all the way from Bombay, naked—except for the paint. Her nose scents the Black Hole of Calcutta draining with the stench of the sluggish Hoogli. And the ash on her lowering brow patiently rides the skin of her skull to the stifling ghats, the crematoria whose very life is smoking dead butts.

I took him for Santa: he had a bag slung over his shoulder—a white polyethylene bag full of empty beer cans. The house has no chimney on its rusty tin roof. I'm talking about the house up the Koloa road near the highway, the one with the dog that usually barks when I walk past. Santa went up the steps to the kitchen; the screen door slammed behind him. The dog hadn't barked at him—Santa lives there. An ancient Ford pickup rests in the garage. Its red nose protrudes from the entrance far enough to keep the door forever open. That's all there is to be seen of it: the front fenders and hood are piled high with boxes. I now recognize this conveyance to be a sleigh, laden with toys.

Santa's house backs right up onto—*gulp*—the gulch. Yes. The pit of the throat may be an abyss in which we dare not whisper to ourselves the thought that we've never even ventured to think. The pit of the throat may be the pit of a fruit whose flesh is overripe and falls from the pit in stinking, gelatinous bits, revealing the secret that all the world declares: life's a peach.

Rimbaud sat Beauty on his knee and cursed her. Pain—Nietzsche's lapdog—is a language, the song of Beauty. Nietzsche felt what he heard, as surely as he envisaged what he read, reading being more than repeating words to himself. His musical visions were the attentions of his pet—its strokes, treats, toys and tricks. A song with a life and language of its own, warbling in the throat of the aptly named enchantress, Beauty (a sylph, at the least), behooves us to believe our bleeding ears.

Is she Truth? That's a matter of taste, a response, a reaction to a gustatory sampling, to a nibble or bite. A discerning palate is a roof above a door through which I, for one, eject the bad. To reject the false is to spit it out. This may include the generosity of returning the morsel to its source, together with the catalytic nectar of my salivary enzymes; spitting the lie back at the liar is to spit out the truth—a partially digested lie. Like everything human, the source of war is never far from the pleasure of nourishment.

Taste is mostly smell, and the nose is a tongue that extends itself by the yard through the air in whose currents it wags upstream, tasting this fragrance and that stench, instantly forming faultless judgments, and directly retrieving whole memories by way of unique olfactory neural pathways to the brain. How often "Truth" stinks!—however great is its reputation, a wrinkled nose is its refutation.

An audible sniff of disdain sends a signal to the bullshitter that I'm taking a draft of fresh air to clear my discriminatory faculty, which his last excretion fouled with its stench. If the odor lingers, a chuckle is a safer response (it's on an exhalation), as I rise to leave the area, spitting in the face of the excretor as I pass—or at least belching or farting at him.

Ah! The mysteries of Truth! The magic of music, the song of pain, toe-tapping, sole-shuffling, blood-beating seduction. My diaphragm, the slowly throbbing drumhead of my belly, draws the sniffs and squeezes the

chuckles from the dual air bags of my lungs. Mystery peers out of stars—and pees out of urethras.

The commanding presence of sleep veils the orbs of my eyes. If I snore I may awaken myself, but not necessarily. Fortunately, there are other ways of awakening. In hypnosis a human authority figure grants us permission to sleep and dream in a manner he so kindly suggests, with such a pleasant voice, while telling such vivid, intriguing tales full of fantastic characters and goings-on and syntactical glitzches, thematic tangles, patchworks of plot, diversions, digressions, repetitions, contradictions, monotony, distractions, cues, anchors, programs, hallways, mansions, metaphors, geologies, epics, cosmogonies, orgies and agonies that we lose track—upon track after road by way off path in woods on streams, rivers, oceans, galaxies, Martian-like-but-not-Martian canals eerily nearing our inner ear, eye, tongue, nose, genitalia and hands, all cut off and reattached at the press of a button, the drop of an anchor, the click of a cue.

Erstwhile nudist Nityananda slept in public as thousands streamed by to worship him lying in “state.” Now and then he would turn over and even sit up; he might open his eyes and call someone a bag of shit. The somnambulant masses dreamt what they would as their baba reclined in carefree leisure, their gifts of fruit and flowers piling up about him.

In our sleeping ears, the sound of, say, a bell may retrospectively fit in the dream that we remember as we waken to the ringing. How much mind-reading is due to similar retrofitting? “Without my asking, Baba answered the very question I had in mind!” Yes—this seeker and so many others dreaming of the quest, from time to time dream of having awakened to words that they interpret as sacred synchronistic sense, connectedness, relation, authorization, legitimacy, recognition, identity, meaning: ubiquitous dreams. They spit into the wind—and call it rain.

Left then, left there—hearing the world dream on of mystery. Dangling participles, p[l]aying the syn tax, implying the I’m. Asleep.

Pain is the language of *repressed* beauty. The pressure of utility masks the frustration that a simple breath might express. The mask is made of articulated layers of inflection that chop, channel, muffle and funnel the sublime purity of a scream or groan. Workaday communication succeeds . . . in selling spirit as *logos*.

Beauty. What is that? It’s a subjective experience that a trained observer of subjects can identify objectively, according to standard criteria. For instance, take as a subject a male toad who is brought into proximity of a female toad in heat; the experience of the male fits perfectly the textbook definition of beauty.

Æstheticians of an unsympathetic æsthetic argue that the experience of beauty elevates the soul beyond the fleshly into contemplation of the spiritual, the eternal. This is the æsthetic of the Inquisition, an *anaesthetic*. (The pope still forbids priests to marry, saying that marriage would hurt their faith. It’s true—after a few years of married

life, many of them would no longer believe in God.) Observe, rather, the practice of those who serve the gods of love, see the rites of the acolytes of Kama and Cupid (and Vixen and Dancer), and then, when forming a philosophy of beauty, defer to these keepers of the lore of ages, the experts without peer: the *beauticians*.

Today is the first of December, and the first day that I've swept the house in more than a month. I found a spider in every corner but one; I didn't sweep in the Lihue wing—there may be two spiders in every corner of Tron's room. I moved into Photron's room a couple of months ago. (Oh—I forgot to sweep in there.) I didn't mind the floor looking dusty; it was how it felt underfoot that finally motivated me to take broom and dustpan in hand—to remove the grit from my soles.

I just heard the German Youth Orchestra perform *Chronochromie* by Messiein (spelling?) on the radio: a fun listen. The announcer said that Messiein experienced synesthesia: he saw colors when he heard music. Birdsong inspired him, as is obvious when hearing the piece. Time, too, plays an important, capricious role in the colorful music—hence the title.

The floors were easy to sweep: hair and dust quickly formed an efficient supplement to the straw of the broom. It was like harvesting a ripe crop—dust ready for the picking, almost leaping into the dustpan of its own accord. This is real ecology [< Gr. *oikos*, house]. There's a delightful variety of animal life here, too: what I, as Coal Sweep, call fauna [< LL. *Fauna*, a Roman goddess]. The beautiful bounty of [L. *nasci*, be born >] Nature! I love the pretty little animals sharing the household: the beetle under the sponge by the kitchen sink, the exciting centipedes that have visited indoors lately (we killed them—what fun!), and the wondrous creatures known in fairy tales as Brownies who do, it's true, pick up crumbs in the kitchen (the Hawaiians have their own name for them: *cockroaches*). Transterrestrial ecologist, nothing! I'm a *zootician*!

The last day of November was also its rainiest. The downpour released scents, fresh assertions of the incontrovertible truths of flowers. The showers soaked the heaps of refuse that the careless cast from their cars onto the upper slopes of the ravine. The reek of the damp rubbish cut the fragrance of the flowers (those colorful, self-perfuming sex-parts of plants). Hidden in the lush verdure, the unseen blossoms' goodness and beauty were abundantly clear, like a universe of ether. On the other hand, or in another breath—perhaps just in the other nostril, so discrete were the clouds of vapors, both the sweet and the indiscreet—the putrid garbage rendered tautological any refutation of its confused premises. This is the verdict of the common sense of smell; deliver it to the logicutioner.

The bottom of the foot is its plantar surface, the site of, e.g., plantar warts [< L. *planta*, sole, sprout > plants that grow in the ground]. (The inside of the hand has a palmar surface. The most evolutionarily primitive trees, the palms, have no limbs—but their fronds form hands that they wave when the wind tickles their trunks—like sensitive elephants wearing

gigantic gloves on their snouts.) We sprout up from our soles, we walking, rootless plants. Soles are our germ and genesis. Yes, let us worship sandals and all symbols of feet; once again I say: souls are *soles!*—how happily this homonym hews to the heart of the Homo sapiens happening!

The lawn, if such a sumptuous shag-carpet of seed-bearing grass is still a *lawn*—OK, then—the *yard* . . . is an abundant bird feeder, a bird bistro, a bird-a-teria that serves dozens at a sitting, and there's a sitting every few minutes: with the slightest provocation the diners all at once fly to the branches of the nearest tree; when the coast is clear, the leader of the flock returns, followed one by one by the others in rapid succession; in a few minutes the cycle repeats. The grass, meanwhile, is busy growing more seed. This is not a story from the myth of the balance of nature. It's just to say that if you watch the grass grow long enough—till *it's* long enough—a sea change occurs, the quantitative difference in grass length leads to a qualitative difference in grass function: a quantum leap from lawn to eatery. It's a story of the natural goodness of those whom we allow to mature, those whom we don't mow down in their youth, a story of their kind-heartedness and boundless generosity—even if they are just plants. Alas! Even as I mean to praise these noble species whose very exspirations are the oxygen vital to our animal blood, in my habitual anthropocentrism I deprecate the objects of my regard, dismissing them as *just* plants. O *planta!* Forgive me, noble worthies!—O great *soles!*

The Further Adventures of Dust. The Continuing Chronicles of Sleep. Sky called the other day to say that Mirage E. is speaking tomorrow, the eve of Mozart's death bicentennial, at Chaminade in Honolulu. He didn't mention Mozart, and he didn't say that the E stands for: Even now, you uvula-sucking idiots follow me.

Sleep's a lot of fun [*< ME. fonne, foolish*]. How bad could death be? Dreams are so personal and petty—and the more personal, the pettier—that personal immortality seems like it'd be one vast stupidity. What is the persona but a dream?

On the other plan, let's say there is a heaven: a sort of shared lucid dream, that wonder of cutting-edge sleep laboratories. A shared lucid dream! Wow! A new, improved version of—life as we know it. Know it: we, we, we . . . all the way home. A very *petty* picture.

Nietzsche said: "Buddhism does not promise but fulfills; Christianity promises everything but fulfills nothing." But the fulfillment of Buddhism is what it in fact does promise: Nothing.

Truth being genderless, this same Nothing is the fulfillment of the feminist movement in *Buddhism* called *Buddherm*—not to be confused with the Buddha Dharma, which the Buddhersts call the Dherma. It's studied by dhermatologists.

From the annals of neurology: Nietzsche had general paresis, a brain disease caused by syphilis of the central nervous system. It results in the gray matter of the brain losing its characteristic convolutions, hence, I

suppose, the name paresis [Gr. < *parienai*, relax]. Tron said that such a condition of flattened-out gray matter is called a windswept cortex.

We discussed Nietzsche's disease the other night. Tron had been reading some of the 1888 writings for a few minutes. He laughed; I asked why. Tron read to me: "God's hellish fear did not prevent him from being clever. How does one resist science?" And another laugh a moment later: "All ideas are bad ideas," which is Nietzsche speaking on behalf of the priests whom, at that point, he has inventing morality to prevent "science," the awareness of natural causality. The quotes sound bizarre out of context. Tron said he was laughing with Nietzsche, not at him. (I asked.) I looked at the passages, and filled in the context for Tron (*The Antichrist*, 48). Then I mentioned Nietzsche's paresis. Tron's seen one case of it. In his first year of med school, Tron said, he saw a guy—and here I first heard this evocative term—with a *windswept cortex*. He was grandiose and had very loose (relaxed?) associations. Where there had been a rich jungle of memories, rife with possibilities for thought, there now was a desert with tumbleweeds rolling wildly in the wind: the mind of a fool [< *L. follis*, windbag].

Rolling right along . . . A comedian quips that Shirley Maclaine's epitaph will read: Back in five minutes.

On a sitcom, Roseanne is talking on the phone to her mom, whose husband, Roseanne's dad, has had a mistress for twenty years. Roseanne only recently learned about it—she wants her mom to leave her dad. We hear Roseanne's side of the conversation: ". . . What'd he ever do for you?!—he took the trash out on Thursdays and knocked you up twice! . . . Just because you've got adjacent burial plots is no reason to stay married to him."

I still fuck around with my old loves, mantrically speaking. My deepest, most exciting relationship along those songlines has been with Om Namah Shivaya, The Mantra of The Siddha Lineage. Last night I got a lot of kriyic mileage out of ONS (no onanism was involved). This morning, sitting in front of the Mac, which was doing its first fan-whistling in months—you know, the high-pitched squeal—I silently did ONS a few times—feeling the Shakti—and the noise went away and hasn't come back! Actually, it went into a cricket just outside the window, who was almost as irritating as the squealing fan—and the cricket stopped while I was typing the last sentence. ONS! The cricket may have been chirping before the Mac stopped whistling, but if so, I didn't hear him until after. A similar transference from machine to insect happened last August; I believe I noted it in the monthly record. Hmm. A lone cricket singing on a sunny morning is unusual. . . .

Don't think that I'm poised to recant my trashing of Siddha Yoga; I don't think I am. I may have experienced the *siddhi* of the mantra, and a *riddhi*. The *siddhi* of the mantra is its fruit: kriyas and the subsequent "state." This is orthodoxy, of course—except for the quotes around the

philosophical liability, the capital flaw *state*, which comes with the jivanmukta (liberated while incarnate) territory of Hindu eternalism. Ghost removal, noise eradication, etc., are considered minor powers, riddhis. I say to Siddha Yoga®, Good riddhance!

One of the most useful teachings that I got from Baba came in the large picture book of his Australian tour, titled *Sadgurunath Maharaj Ki Jai!* He said, Don't suppress anger—get angry with God. After all I've been through with Siddha Yoga—even more than ever!—god, guru and mantra are one, as far as I'm concerned; repeating ONS touches what is for me the heart of this trinity: an ocean of energy that for years buffeted the dike of repression, occasionally springing a rivulet of rage or some other emotion. Now, I can speak Om Namah Shivaya out loud only with grimaces and other facial distortions and bodily contortions that might have washed through had I plunged into the ocean when I first made my home atop the dike. I didn't exactly make my home; I lived in a fortress as a member of the guard. It took me a long time to get up the nerve, but finally one evening while on watch I dove from the rampart, head first, descending so slowly that you could say I floated through the mist—and through the spray, foam and bubbles of as many waves as strike all the shores of the world as a new moon waxes to full, before my toes were covered for good. Then I bobbed right up.

Fortunately, when the water came over my ears I developed gills, so I didn't have to breathe with my dual windbags. There's nothing like the sound of your own gills breathing water—well, the squish of a really juicy fuck comes close, if you can imagine an endless squish. It did end, when my head broke the surface, with the suction sound of a sudden, erect withdrawal.

Apropos of a guru, a dike and this captain's old home: Girija was very close to Malti. She told me that once when Malti was comforting her in a sad mood, Malti hugged and kissed her in such a way that she was certain that GM would be gay, were she sexually active. Who knows what Girija didn't know—or didn't say? Maybe Gurumayi had already gone from succoring bosom buddies to sucking her buddies' bosoms, and kissing her closest, closet chelas' clitorises. A dyke takes the plunge, a guru enters the ocean of god and mantra, goddess on mattress—Om Namah Vulvaya (japa instructions: repeat until your lips become vertical and your uvula has migrated forward to hang from what was the center of your upper lip, now the upper end of your oral vulva).

Fictional charts of windward passages and speculative extensions of truly reported oral history aside, the ONS, squeal and cricket were real. Hari Om. Om Tat Sat. Om Tit Slit. Hairy Slit Tit Clit Womb Om.

Blessedly, I'm an ingrate. Should a former inmate, a survivor of Auschwitz, be thankful to her captors for having fed her during her captivity? Does she feel a debt of gratitude to the death camp commandant, to the staff or to the rank and file—or to the Führer—for the strength of character that she acquired during her years of imprisonment?

Or for the skills that she learned: say, digging large pits and replacing shower heads? I think not. But there are those among the living who remember Hitler's rallies with joy. They fraternize with the "neo-" Nazis—who are the children and grandchildren of these enraptured ralliers who saw the transcendental light of the Third Reich, the light that brightened their dismal lives, giving them meaning and hope. These true believers are entering their fourth generation. . . .

That's an extreme example, but it's illustrative. Draw your own conclusions, exclusions and inclusions.

To return to the dike allegory: I dwelt on the dike, aiding those who would find their way over, through or around it to the sea beyond. The dike appeared to be of a diamond-like substance, long, high and slippery. Once on top of it, it seemed to be almost endlessly *wide*. There was the sea, across the width of the dike, but as I approached it, the sea . . . receded; there was always the same amount of dike in front of me, however much I put behind me.

The fortress had only one portal: at the front, facing the land. After I moved in, I would walk beside the fortress toward the sea, never coming to the back, ocean side of the fortress, or to the end of the dike on which it rests; the sea shimmered, always in the distance. However far I ventured, I would return to the entrance, to my room, to my bed, to sleep.

Eventually I discovered that I could get to the back of the fortress from within the fortress itself; once there, I could lean over a parapet and look straight down at the waves lapping at the dike. Years passed. I arranged voyages for those who wanted to sail on the open ocean; this was the business of the fortress, providing excursions over the sea. I took several myself. In fact, they were hot-air balloon rides, but this was the best we thought we could do. We'd sailed, swum, snorkeled, scuba'd and surfed the Atlantic and Pacific, but we'd only heard stories of aquatic adventures in our ocean of devotion, the sea of energy. Most interesting were rumors of those who had gone down in—or gone off with—balloons, and tales of those who had leapt from balloons or from the fortress itself. One evening I was fed up with the feudal, fraudulent travel agency; as twilight softened the edge of the sky and the sea, I stepped onto the parapet and dove.

I pushed away from the wall in a classic swan dive: arms outstretched, body bowed from head to toes—like a crucified prisoner whose cross has snapped at his feet and fallen forward onto its upper end, leaving him hanging at an angle, suspended from his hands and feet; he arches his neck to read the placard that is now in front of and slightly below the top of his head; he stretches a little further to enjoy the colors that the sun is pulling from the sky as it sinks further below the horizon. When my big toes were no more than, I guess, a droplet's width away from the wall, I entered a realm of almost infinitely slow downward motion in which no one saw me—neither those who peered over the edge

of the parapet, nor those in balloons, nor those whose windows I drifted past . . . like an invisible continent.

I had plenty of time, and the habitual inclination, to sing the old songs of legendary mariners—and to look out for sea monsters, as had been my duty when I dove. I could twist, turn, spin and roll every which way, but my center of gravity never budged except downward, at the pace of an aerial snail—an elderly, lazy snail just slightly heavier than air. As the days wore on, I fell into a kind of dream. I had no need for food: the sea air, that I hadn't really tasted before, was nourishing. Years later, my ears went beneath a wave for the first time; I grew gills. For a few months I'd been close enough to touch the water, at first with my fingers and hands, then, spinning around, with my toes . . . and one night, when the sea was aglow as usual with the luminescent creatures that I'd never seen from the fortress or from the balloons—my nose and ears entered the water.

In that instant I gained new senses for a new world: I could hear through my nose and I talked, tasted and breathed with my ears, which had grown gills. My tongue thrust into the nasal pharynx, preventing any inward flow of water or outward flow of air through my nose. The nerve signals from my tongue switched places in my brain with those from my ears. I kept my mouth shut. My diaphragm pulsed with its regular rhythm, creating pressure changes in the air trapped in my lungs, throat and Eustachian tubes. This constant volume of air, squeezed and released continually while I was underwater, moved the membranes that were formerly my eardrums in and out, forcing the water on their outsides to pass over the gills that were inside my ears, or what had been ears. I don't know how far inside the gills were or how big they were, because my fingers wouldn't go past where they usually do when I stick them in my ears, and the subjective sensation of gills revealed no more than healthy lungs reveal about themselves.

For months, until I submerged completely, I stuck my head in the water any time I wanted to. My trajectory had carried me out only about ten yards from the dike below the fortress, but the waves shifted the sparkling sands and fish swam by, in schools and singly. Once I learned how to modulate the *squish* sound of my gills according to the taste of my hearing-tongue and in the light of my growing awareness of the sonic waves coming from the sea life, I began to hum along, as it were. After that I was never alone. At times there would be thousands of fish, dozens of dolphins and porpoises—and a few whales out in the depths—and I, all harmonizing.

That was yesterday's fantasy. Today the mantra has lost its *éclat*. I repeat it with no *élan*—nor with any rage, which may be the problem. Or it could be due to lack of sleep. Over French toast, Tron and I witnessed more of the continuing media hype surrounding the fiftieth anniversary of the bombing of Pearl Harbor: a feature on the Today Show about the

National Cemetery in Punchbowl. (Pass the punch! Bottoms up!!) The voice-over of the announcer taught us that there are several unknown militiamen buried in the crater; sure enough, we saw a couple of tombstones marked UNKNOWN. I wondered out loud if the unknown soldiers know that they're buried there; Tron suggested that I need more sleep. He said that Mrs. Tanimoto's ashes are there. I asked what her husband's name was. "Christian." "Oh yeah—I've been having trouble remembering that name lately. I think Nietzsche's affected me."

TV star Joe Penny, who plays Jake on the latest Honolulu cops-and-robbers show, *Jake and the Fatman*, says of his profession: "It's not show love, it's not show acting—it's show *business*." He expects that this will be the last year for the series. He says he'd do another one only if he was "on medication—on morphine." That's how I feel about reincarnation: sleep would be better. R.I.P. Unknown.

The segment of this letter that was written next, you've already read: the prefatory P.S. . . . Sky just called, as I reported at the time, or at a time closer to the time than now, but not by much. Tron's not here; I answered the phone: a sentence each of the "Hey, Om." "Sky, howzit?" variety, then Sky, testy, asked, "So you were too poor to come see Mraji?" "Yeah! Too poor in *interest!*" I cheerfully replied, leaving no room for doubt in his mind, I think, that I meant not monetary interest but concern and curiosity. Though, as I didn't tell Sky, I suppose I might have gone if I had more money. A lot more, it would have to be, to suffice for such frivolity. In the remainder of our conversation I breezily knocked down the pedestals that Sky erected in response to my queries and comments—pedestals on which he placed Merah-gee and/or himself, and even—as bait—me. I ate the bait and everything else, and moved on. I'm afraid he caught me in a frame of mind that ude understand.

Tron came home shortly after the pissy Sky was left crestfallen upon Oahu. I handed your letter to Tron; he asked if you're coming. "Not for a year," I said. "That turkey!" he said. I told him I'd convey his greetings of the season. I reported Sky's call, which elicited as much interest as Sky's notifying Tron about M-g's visit had sparked: next to zip. We were in the kitchen; as we spoke, one of the two light bulbs in the central ceiling fixture—you know, the *overhead* lights (is there an echo in here, one that ude remember?)—was blinking off and on. The light had been off for a while when Dr. Rayfield's lanky leprechaun leapt to center stage and—with Tron as my witness!—stood on the floor beneath the fully-enclosed glass lamp shade, faced it, and blew once, not particularly hard. In the moment that it took the little puff of breath to cross the three-and-a-half feet of air to touch the shade with the tiny *physical* force that it had left to impart, the light came on, for good! Ho! Wow! Whew! Sound the thighbone trumpets and damarus! Light a bonfire! Beat the kettledrums! Alert Burundi! Light incense! Strike sitars and sarods! Torture sarangis! Begin canonization proceedings! Tell the pope a Polish joke! (Once, in an audience with the pope, someone expressed a desire to

tell the pope a Polish joke. “But I’m Polish!” protested the pope. “That’s okay,” the joker said, “I’ll tell it slowly.”) Koloa’s comedic resident Riddha rides again!

I have a sense of impending sainthood; I *experience* it, so it must be in the works. I’ll be sainted in my lifetime—more than a legend in my own mind! After two miracles in two days—a fan and a light bulb!—I can feel it! I’m spinning, I’m radiant!

“The envelope, please. . . . The winner of the 1991 Academy of Emotion, Fiction, Farts and Séances Best Saint Award is—Saint AnonOms!”

“I’m humbled by this tremendous honor. I truly have a lot to be humble about. For years I’ve reminded myself: It’s better to be humble than nothing at all. And now—the payoff! Never in my wildest dreams did I think I’d win the Peter. I’d like to thank everyone who made my sainthood *summa cum laude* possible, especially all the little people: my misguided gurus and their deluded supporters, my lamas and their llamas, yaks and weird relics, and, most of all, the Munchkins, for showing me that the yellow brick road is the spiritual path, which is paved with the gold bullion of the product endorsements and book and movie deals that always flow from the, uh, *fountainhead* of this proud Peter, this sturdy symbol of eternal truth. And let’s hope I get my own syndicated talk show! I’ve been a poor, sad aspirant long enough! I say, What the heck! SADGURUNAAAAATH MAHA *CASH THE CHECK!!* Yes! Well! I’d like to leave you with a story. Off camera, in one of those magical moments of mystical meditation in which she was wont to wallow in the oozing ethers of Oz’s subtle spheres, Dorothy, dazed, demurely drooling, head askew, eyes glazed, murmured, ‘Kant says, “I don’t think were *in toto* anymore.’” Then she passed out. She knew the meaning of humility! Thank you all! Odd bliss!”

To the Watertank Think Tank I say: Thanks, but no, tanks. Ude, undisentanglement, is a big word, with a little abbreviation, for “knot.” Using its homonymously indicated intersubjective sense, the tanks say in various ways that ude see a fathomless tangle of the threads of everyone’s lives if only ude attain the proper perspective; ude feel the fabric of being becoming what ude always been, from bones to breath; thinking along these lines, ude hear emergent thoughts as the sound of snowflakes melting into silence, each with a unique sound, trillions at once, as new flakes crystallize in an ongoing rush of sounds, coming and going in the cycles of water that are a tiny part of the knot that is nature, the knot itself, itself hearing, as ude hear, these thoughts melt.

The tanks regard as absurd any attempt to unravel the knot: the would-be unraveler is part of the knot. Thus they dispose of “disentanglement,” by which they mean explanations that pretend to objectivity—and explanations that don’t make such a pretense but which would “simply explain” “something,” these being terms of deception to

the tanks who'd know naught but their infinitely complex knot, which, they are careful to point out, is no "thing."

In calling for ude, the tanks ask us to enjoy being this unknowable knot. That's a good idea, but ude can be a buzzword whose drone drowns out the scintillating sounds of snowflakes melting. I neither propose nor do I not propose what is neither to be nor to not be construed as neither choice nor non-choice as regards neither question nor non-question as to neither issue nor non-issue of neither ude nor not ude. Having so stated, I propose a toast, pouring, appropriately, I believe, from a flagon of potable Nagarjunal metalogical solvent, while we savor the exhilarating panoramic vista on a Nietzschean mountain top. The toast is brief, it sounds like it always does when it looks this way, when it's cast into form, spelled. In remembrance of what we drink and where we stand—with nothing between us and the abyss, which calls to mind Nishida, Nishitani and the mantra with which they share an initial N and a shi, Om Namah Shivaya, which wakens and sleeps and reawakens like a living, becoming, becalming, storming, breathing song that sings itself as me—and realizing only now (my method is unconscious—it's madness!) that you intended, surely, the *obvious* N's of Nagarjuna and Nietzsche to be half of "all these N's," which phrase appears parenthetically (which parentheses I put on as *blindlers*) with the naming of the Kyotoites and the question of what my method makes of the N's that I then took blindly, but happily, as it turns out (though there is no *out*), to refer only to the Japanese (the two japa-Nishi)—well, this is what "I" made of it—so, together with the thought of ude, I take all the nobility that may not, or may, knot itself in N; I coin, with the weight of these contemplations, what neither looks nor sounds novel, as I raise my sparkling libation into the bracing ether and cry out: "Nude!"

**AnonOmIs
29 Kawanakoa Pl.
Koloa, HI 96765
808/822.3152**

Dear Jay,

P.S. Sunday 12/29 Your checks came. Rain came. “Thus Spake Zarathustra” came on the radio this morning. It all drained through my ears.

I have ounces of mutual fund stuff, mostly clippings from my dad. I alerted him to your quest for a better return on your money. Any luck over there finding a home with more interest for it? Let me know if you want the clippings and prospectus from Scudder. My folks say Merry Chri\$tm\$.

I saw “Northern Exposure” for the first time last Monday: wickedly funny—even funnier than the idea of not listening to the music of Richard Strauss just because he was a Nazi. I say, Give the old man a break (if you can bequeath a break to a man so old he’s *dead*): he turned 69 in 1933, the year Hitler came to power. I was a cultist too—a relatively young one, though—and I herewith continue to pay my debt to sobriety.

***Fall
Asleep:***

Early Hibernation Hypnotoid Induction A Season as it Snoozes All of the Above None of the Above

The lineages of those whom I revile are part of the mesh of my life. From Baba I got Om Namah Shivaya, from Rajneesh glossolalia, from Maharaj Ji—or Sky—nectar: the techniques that have freed my “sense of saying” sufficiently to allow me to shout about them what I do.

In Lama Govinda’s *Foundations of Tibetan Mysticism* there’s a line drawing of a standing man with what looks like the map of a railroad track spiralling out from the middle of his torso then going straight down to the ground. The text describes how the *tumo*, or some such word, broadens from a thread of a channel in the spine until it encompasses the entire universe; then it narrows, returning to the slender thread. After many of these maximal throbs and after many trips around the spine, the energy reaches the ground, the earth beneath the yogi’s feet. The ground is the depot for the cosmic train. When the yogi disembarks and truly arrives, he finds himself in the middle of the chest, in the heart. This is my reading of Lama Govinda.

I wonder how a lama got the name Govinda; it's an epithet of Krishna: Protector of the Cows, or something—I forget exactly. (*Go* is cow in Sanskrit.) He's the only Buddhist Govinda I recall hearing about. The Buddhists co-opted a lot of Hindu deities—maybe Lama Govinda was named after the patron saint of yaks. (I was named after St. Nomass, the patron of yux.) Those loveable yaks were the strong backs of the Tibetan economy, at least until the latest arrival of Chinese horsepower and gunpowder.

I imagine that all persistent meditators come up against the fear of death—their fear of death—sooner or later. Kundalini and Yama belong together as surely as she and Brahman do; what is death, after all, but formlessness? (It's even *less*, that's what it is.) They're like the snake and the undertaker who got married. Do you know what the embroidery on their towels said? *Hiss* and *Hearse*.

Like a good Tibetan wife, Kundalini has many husbands. Some are on death row, complete rogues. Others have confessed to murder but plead guilty by reason of insanity, and are allowed to live. Some people are of this opinion: these insane murderers didn't know what they were doing when they were killing, so let's execute them without letting them know they're being killed. Like, as you strap them into the electric chair tell them it's a *ride*. Maybe a sleigh ride with Santa; remember, if the n springs up from the middle of Santa and lands at the end, voilà: Satan! It's almost enough to make the Lordies boycott Christmas.

There's a rock lyric, roughly: Ya know how long we've been waitin'/Now there'll be no more hesitatin'/All our desires *we'll be Satin*! Oh boy! . . . Pleasure isn't just foolish (*Katha Up.*), it's devilish. How to invent evil: call the good the bad, of the d'evil. Now that's *bad*!

A comedienne says that she was in the restroom the other day when somebody called her ugly; she told him to get out of her stall. This woman got a pen pal; she wrote to him for fourteen years—then he wrote back. He said: “Stop.”

Someday money may be worth the paper it's printed on—and no more. We'll find new uses for it: toilet paper, confetti, insulation, bedding . . . not such new uses after all!

My geography is abysmal (the abyss is a matter of cosmography or ontography or existential psychology—or breath and non-breath), but I locate St. Thomas in the B-aham-a Islands. I believe it's there, but the accuracy of my placement has nothing to do with the association I'm plotting on my freehand chart. *Aham* is Skt. for I, as in the formulas *aham Brahmasmi*, *purno'ham*, *Shivo'ham*, *so'ham* (*sa'ham*): I am: Brahman, perfect, Shiva, Him (Her). The a's in *aham* are pronounced uh, not ah, nor as in SPAM, so it's “uh-hum.” The Skt. a is the sound from the larynx that comes out the open mouth when the rest of the vocal apparatus relaxes: *aham* is like clearing the throat with a bit of a hum at the end. A hum.

So we can easily see (hear, feel—even taste and smell) the *ahamkar*, literally “I-maker,” often translated “ego.” But ego, I, is *aham* in

Skt. (Freud used the common G. *ich*; translators introduced the L. *ego* to his work.) Hindu metaphysicians sought a source for the I subtler than the lowly “sense,” or faculty, of diction; after all, one not only says (and hears) “I”—one thinks it as well. In an inversion of the facts of human development—the topsy-turvy joy of metaphysicians everywhere—they acted in accord with their prejudice that the mental is prior to the sensual and posited for I an origin in an I-maker of exalted, psychic status.

Hindu psychodynamics cuts through the thick brush of metaphysics to the extent that it recognizes samskaras, (behavioral, affective and cognitive tendencies that lie dormant until resonant circumstances elicit them), but this is just a scenic turnout on the priestly highway of—karma. The real psychological perspectives in Hindu thought lie between thousand-mile stretches of inane commentaries on commentaries on worthless Skt. texts; in fact, the only other comparable views I know are the Perlsian pearls of Kashmiri Shaivite sensuousness. (Note: the definition I give of samskara is a translation such as a contemporary teacher of yogic meditation might give to a student conversant with modern psychological terms. Samskara is concisely rendered “impression.” The word is used today, speaking of inaugural and wedding “samskaras”—ceremonies and celebrations that would leave favorable “impressions.” To judge from the written evidence, ancient yogis used the word as a metaphorical term with very little explanatory elaboration. However deep and quiet their practice, they simply didn’t conceive of modern psychology, nor did they need to. Woe unto them had they been neurotic as well as Hindu! Today, every yogi should read Sudhir Kakar—and perhaps schedule an appointment.)

We saw *Cape Fear* the other night. As we entered, Tron stopped at the back of the auditorium of the Prince Kuhio Theatre, scanning the place. I told him I could see red lights in his pupils and I pictured the digital readout on his inner screen as his CPU searched memory, and evaluated and recorded his sensory data from the place. I said, “Arnold Schwarzenegger stalked the Predator, he was the Terminator, and now, in his most daring role yet, he plays Tron Rayfield M.D. in—*The Renovator*.”

How was *Cape Fear*? To answer in a word, I’ll issue my favorite capsule critique cliché: fun. Let me spell that out: f-u-n. The f is for fear, a quarter’s worth; f-u is for half a fuck; u-n is for unbelievably united, incompatible traits in the De Niro character (*not* for unnerving); n is for near naked, and a token reference to Nietzsche. Fun is for funny.

I want u 2 know we’ve been auditioning Prince and U2 as possible Christmas gifts for Photron. Prince is too sexy, lyrically, for Tron to send to his daughter. U2 sounds OK musically, but they’re brain dead until Acrobat; finally they conclude that Love is Blindness, but they should’ve titled the compilation *Achtung: Infantile Romanticism*. They must believe

in Amnesty International and Greenpeace: they tell us to join. More schmaltz than angst, this stuff: “hard, dark, and brilliant” *tambourine playing*. But, hey, it’s chart-topping material: smooth, sweet icing. Pop should send it to his kid—or to baby Max.

St. Thomas is in the Virgin Islands. With Oliver Messiaen, perhaps. How’s Harnoncourt’s Beethoven?

I’m listening to Hovhannes’s Fantasy on Japanese Woodprints, written for xylophone and orchestra, broadcast by the radio. As we cross beneath an Oriental lintel, a sublime landscape spreads before us, promising exotic treasure. There is to be an admixture of ridiculous elements, however: the comic glissandi of trombones announce this fact. The xylophone mimics a gamelan; the blaring brass brings us back to Japan, now entering the twentieth century and industrial-military orchestration. The xylophone maintains its rhythm as troops tramp into the future, unable, for all their multitudes, to obliterate the prints of the dancing wooden instrument.

Back in the Land of Language, I stumble along the cobblestones of the keyboard hesitantly, listening for . . . what? The answer to that very question! If courage is action in the face of fear, what is happiness, what is knowledge—what is stupidity? What is an action in the face of boredom that masks the face? What does the last question mean? Perhaps these facts of Greek inform us: *morphe* is form and *Morpheus* is the god of dreams. Back to the Sea of Sleep, to the metamorphoses of merhumanity . . .

How ever could I have gotten it? I’m talking about ACDAS, Acquired Compact Disc Acquisition Syndrome. This week I’ve bought four CDs, three of them today; I must have the dread CDA virus. Oh well, as Bill Laswell’s Axiom label sampler *Illuminations* says beneath the logo, as though this is the axiom referred to: Nothing is true, everything is permitted. This disc is now spinning its stuff into the second cut, which includes work by Nicky Skopelitis on fairlight, as well as Sly and Robbie on drums and bass. Besides this, today’s acquisitions include Skopelitis with Sonny Sharrock on *Faith Moves*, and Peter Apfelbaum and the Hieroglyphics Ensemble showing and translating *Signs of Life*. These I picked up on a solo flight to Byrd’s; the other day at JR’s with Tron, on a lark I got XTC’s *Skylarking*. It does include a fave from Kamakura daze: “Dear God.” *Illuminations* lights up far-flung corners. *Faith Moves* and *Signs of Life* are what I could find of the Aug. and Dec. *CD Reviews*’ most promising “jazz” discs. Lonely Universe’s self-named effort topped my list, but I didn’t see it. *Beauty* and *Unknown Territory* sound promising.

Speaking of music and viruses . . . in the library today I opened the *Rolling Stone* with U2 on the cover and learned that 72% of the whores in Chiang Mai are HIV positive. This is in the article on Thai hookerdom,

“Death in the Candy Store.” We saw *Hook* the other night, by the way: f-u-n.

Nietzsche, in the third essay, section 24, of *On the Genealogy of Morals*, says that “When the Christian crusaders in the Orient encountered the invincible order of Assassins, that order of free spirits *par excellence*, whose lowest ranks followed a rule of obedience the like of which no order of monks ever attained, they obtained in some way or other a hint concerning that symbol and watchword reserved for the highest ranks alone as their *secretum*: ‘Nothing is true, everything is permitted.’ — Very well, *that was freedom of spirit; in that way faith in truth itself was abolished.*” . . . No mention of hashish.

Steve Lake’s liner notes: “An adherent of *knowledge-by-unknowing* (St. John Of The Cross’s definition of faith, by the way, circa 1578), a scholar when he needs to be—an enlightened zealot, let’s say—Skopelitis plays a number of traditional instruments untraditionally.”

For the first time since arriving back in Koloa July 29 with yourself, the ravine ran full-tilt today, with chocolate-colored water roaring over the rocks as I walked up the road after a strong westerly had blown rain onto acres of cane, and through Tron’s bedroom window and onto the clitoridectomy scene of Crichton’s *Travels*, which has lain open at that spot for months, as had his windows which I closed upon returning from Wailua, CDs in hand, the last of which I’m now hearing: *Signs of Life*. Sharrock stretched canvases [*< L. cannabis*, hemp] and sculpted exotic shapes upon which Skopelitis painted colors, as Sonny stretched and sculpted on the other side, out of Nicky’s sight—but not quite out of hearing.

Shanti gave Tron a ride home from the theater, where he’s spent his two-week “vacation.” (Vacancy/No vacancy . . . ?) I put on *Illuminations* and showed them the box. Tron read the “axiom” out loud; I showed him the passage in Nietzsche. He said the best cut on *Hear No Evil* is “Assassin.”

Oliver Stone’s *JFK* is getting major media hype. Advocates of conspiracy theories and of the Warren Commission report are dragging their tireless butts onto the sets of TV talk shows to defend and promote their viewpoints once again, dropping the names of their books in the process—frequently. In case you don’t know, *JFK* stars Kevin Costner as Jim Garrison, archinvestigator of the alleged CIA-military conspiracy that offed JFK because he was going to pull us out of Viet Nam. Stone buys the idea that the CIA knew this to be true of Kennedy and that they weren’t about to permit it; here was a job for E. Howard Hunt—of Watergate and Bay of Pigs fame—and a team of sly assassins. Maybe Stone doesn’t really buy it, though you’d think he’d like the Nam angle. He must be confident that the American public will buy oodles of tickets to see his story that may or may not have as much *validity* as, say, *Amadeus*. I just looked up valid [*< L. valere*, be strong]. The might of Hollywood will make right; this is how history is made today.

Less than halfway through *Signs of Life*, Wavefree called to tell her mom she'd lost a Shakespeare contest she'd entered against five other actors. For her selection she played Lady Macbeth; apparently her loss was something of a tragedy. Jai Uttal appears on half the cuts of the album, offering harmonium, guitars—and something called “voice” that was to be featured on the track that Wavefree interrupted. I guess I'll hear it tomorrow. Evian loved *Illuminations*, dancing and smiling to the iridescent variety of radioactive source material that blasted from the twin boxes enclosing poly-way speakers that tonight were real Pioneers. We capped it with the Nietzschean XTC of “Dear God.”

And that's the latest drag of the driftnet through the Ocean of Consciousness, Thursday, Dec. 19, 1991. Om Namah Shivaya.

I turned on the tube after putting the Mac to bed last night. There was Oliver Stone, finishing an interview on Nightline. Stone admitted: “The film is ultimately a hypothesis.”

Nietzsche, *The Gay Science* 344: “*How far we too are still pious.* In science, convictions have no rights of citizenship, as is said with good reason. Only when they decide to descend to the modesty of a hypothesis, of a provisional experimental point of view, of a regulative fiction, may they be granted admission and even a certain value within the realm of knowledge—though always under police supervision, under the police of mistrust. . . .”

The plantation crop-duster biplane shares a phrase with Peter Apfelbaum's tenor sax on “Samantha Smith”; at first I think that the beep I hear is also part of the tune—but it's a truck backing up. After Sonny's high-wire acts/axe, the fridge and fluorescent tubes hum 60-cycle Faith Moves, like chess moves or lovers' night moves—or the musical moves of a blind duo stroking an elephant made of electric and acoustic guitars, a baglama, saz, coral sitar, tar and bass.

The U.N. is outlawing driftnet fishing. When will some genetic engineer-artist invent a sea elephant or a sea camel? Where's Rajneesh when we need him? He could play one of the Magi—or Santa Claus. Let's have sea reindeer and sea moose.

Today's the full moon and winter solstice. Sky called, said Merry Christmas; I responded simply Hi Sky, which scratched through the veneer of his cheer. He said something about Jesus's birthday. I told him he's got a fly up his ass, an attitude: I asked him what his problem is. Then we had a cordial conversation. He wasn't pleased to learn that Juan Jesus may head this way in the new year. As we signed off I echoed his Merry Christmas and Jai Satchitanand like I was privy to passwords of two secret sects, but masked my excitement at being included in the inner circles by sounding casual, hollow and false.

Sentimentalist (semimentalist?) that I am, I gave *Skylarking* a second listening all the way through. I think I got all the bubble gum out of my ears from that cloying mishap.

All the tiny tweeters and horns of Tron's speakers come alive with the treble given a quarter turn clockwise. They'd been dozing through a lot of cymbal lines and other high notes. Talitha Mackenzie's mouth musings are a lot tastier when the little lips are blowing harder.

Sentimentality may be the seeking of a return on an investment, the overlapping shades of *interest* that may harden into self-justification. Here, lying helps: lying to others is a practice that makes the lie more palatable when we later tell it to ourselves. This effect was a benefit of the dozens of Siddha Yoga™ orientations I gave, lying on the job—lying *as* the job. A job well done, baked [= Skt. *siddha*] to perfection [= Skt. *siddha*].

I've adopted, by default, one of the fundamental practices of the indigenous Buddhists of Tibet: I don't do laundry. I haven't advanced to the *niyama* of not washing my hands (let alone my whole bah-dee)—maybe that will come after my first sky burial. Lama Tron rejuvenated the mechanical yak by at long last installing its new heart and teeth, so I backslid and led it around the yard, where it gnashed one or two hundred bushels of grass, bringing it well below bird-a-teria level and back into *lawn* range. All that hay should see the yak through the winter; the lama of the lawn seems to think that trimonthly grazings will suffice. Meanwhile, here we are, without any lawn furniture. Isn't a yard without furniture like a yak without a haircut? Hey, there's an idea! How to succeed? Fill a need! After Tron gets the Honky-tonk Populace Esophagus up and gnawing, swollen and swallowing, he can open a salon in the old Nakahara Store here in Koloa to cater to the demand for French-poodle-style coiffures for the neighborhood yaks.

Ruminating the triple scoop that Byrd's served me the other day has widened my gullet to the extent that I didn't gag on a complete course of Trilok Gurtu's *Usfret*; I even contentedly nodded off a couple times. What, me worry? What, us fret? Gurtu rolls the rock away from the cave of the maternal womb—and away from the mouth of the maternal larynx: good old M-Om, dear old Hari mOm.

I detect a trend in my observations: a regression along the Freudian developmental continuum that advances after birth from orality through anality to genitality. After a spell about the mouth, I seem to be back at the womb—in the capacity of infant, not inseminator. (Have you heard? Arnold Schwarzenegger's next role is to be a procreative stud from the future, the Sperminator.) I can see me now, having passed from foetus to embryo to zygote that bifurcates into a sperm trundling back to a testicle and an ovum floating up a Fallopian tube: Daddy's little squirt, Mommy's little pumpkin. Sperm and ovum—or Shiva and Shakti? Yes and—No. Om, No more She'll vie. Not after Ganesh lost his head for an elephant's. Thanks, but no trunks; there's hardly any womb in here. We're fast

growing into a navel power—we even occasionally erect our little tower of power. We may say penis if it please us, me and my womb-an. We're invincible! Nothing can defœt us! Like I always say—Nothing's like an abortion!

Hanging out in the womb, drifting in placenta, placid but bored—though sometimes stiff—I contemplate the other end of the twisting, mystical umbilical cord. At the far end of the lifeline, and all around me, is Mom. I relate to her closely. *Pop!* and I'm out, and she's got postpartum depression, which is no fun—it's not like the experience of, say, postnasal drip, which is nectar, *amrit*, ambrosia, the immortalizing food of the gods. You think it's not? Yes! It's snot! Any weigh, the doc fills in the birth certificate and Mom feels an emptiness like I felt after I birthed my new deal, Nude eel, neuter reel, knew'd real, gnu derailed—you knew didn't you? That's why I'm back, looking at letters, seeking the keyboard to keep from being bored. Let's c: I cun't think of a word that begins with that letter. Hmm. Let's sea.

The U.N., the Unconscious Neuro-oceanographers, haven't caught my driftnets. Or have they? Have I caught *them*? How would I know? What's the *differance*?

Now that it's summer, the days are getting shorter in Australia. *Track to Bumbliva* is on loan (gift?) to Wavefree, who's doing a report on the great austral isle. She's under strict maternal (Shanticular) orders to not see—let alone c—her twenty-four year-old (former?) lover Sean (Shawn?). He and Wavefree'd assured Shanti they weren't fucking; when the gruesome truth came to light, shattering Mom's delusions of daughter's innocence, she confronted the guy, who said he assumed she knew all along, with the fib being for everyone to save face. What to do? Wavefree's only fifteen, but in Hawaii the dirty old male legislators have made the age of consent fourteen. Shanti and I had a nice long talk about it at the breakfast table a couple of weeks ago, discussing puberty, hormones, and the reproductive urge. She said everyone says Sean is wonderful and he comes across as really sensitive—but men think with their dicks. I agreed; I said Sean has a sensitive dick. I played devil's, i.e., lechers', advocate, representing the position that Zsa Zsa Gabor stated: "Men have an instinct to make love to anything pretty." I granted that in our civilization teenage women—who in tribal societies would be mothers—are required to attend junior and senior "high" schools; in our society teen pregnancy's problematic. In fact Wavefree said they were careful, but at one point she thought she was pregnant; a drugstore pregnancy test said no. I understand Shanti's strong feelings about the lovers—whose feelings I also understand. Tron listened to all this and then wondered out loud how a teenager, who's been given free rein till now, can be restrained and trained.

The African tulip trees are in splendid bloom. I turn to see them, then turn back to the wall that I've faced intermittently for three months.

Bodhidharma sat in front of a wall for nine years, in the meantime tearing his eyelids off to stay awake. Where he flung them the first tea plants sprang forth, deriving their gift of alertness from their wide-eyed origin. After his immersion in bellybutton contemplation did Daruma emerge enlightened—or at least entertaining? Who knows—who even knows what enlightenment is, or if it is at all? And if enlightenment is, how does it differ from entertainment? Tales indicate that when he reentered society after sitting long with folded palms and touching thumbs, people regarded him as a boorish, postnavel drip. Who nose? Tails, like tongues, can be hard to swallow.

Last night we saw a movie; it was *fun! I had fun!* (“Where id is, there ego shall be,” said Freud. [Where it’s, there I’ll.]) It was—I saw—*Father of the Bride*, with Steve Martin, Tron Rayfield, Diane Keaton, Martin Short and lucious newcomer Kimberly Williams as—you guessed it!—her father’s pride, the scrumptious bride. Well, you should’ve guessed it; how ’bout a little interactive reading? No, no—just kidding. I don’t want to interrupt a trance we might be inducing here. (Any trance of that happening? A whale of a time before that harpoons.) Relax . . . imagine a white elephant: his name is Ken Wilber; he’s written a book entitled *Grace and Grit: Spirituality and Healing in the Life and Death of Treya Killam Wilber*—is this a guided meditation on *The New Inferno*, you may wonder? No, this is *truth*: KW has written—and, what’s worse—so titled such a book; yes, I mean *GGSHLDTKW*, not *TNI*—that’s my fictional title. Let me say this, Ken: *Holye Phuque!*

And—*Holy Cow-hard-on!*—a riffle of BIP confirmed my suspicion that Harold Coward wrote *Derrida and Indian Thought*—and, apparently, *Derrida and Negative Theology*, I believe it’s called. (Actually, I’m sure of it; I trust my faithful memory, you might as well take my word for it. [*Tara Wilbur?* Oh well.]) Why the confirmation? (Am I writing a fractionated, mosaic mystery? All these questions—what’s with this parenthetical subtext? . . . *text, sighs, and stereotype* . . .?) The suspicion arose on the soiled heels of the mixed-up more-than-metaphorical fact that the esteemed Professor Coward is teaching a course on matrika, in the Catskill Mountains somewhere; guess where!

Yes!—at none other than Shree Muktananda Ashram! This is according to the two ’91-’92 ashram catalogs they sent me. I would send you the course description, but, with the exception of the excerpts I already sent you, the catalogs now grace a mid-Pacific landfill, slowly rounding the next bend of our recycled universe. I had to check out my recollection of Coward’s authorship. How could I doubt my memory? I wanted to deny the truth, perhaps, or, possibly, I wanted to have his book in my gloved hands for minute (my-NEWT) vivisection. Perhaps, but I don’t know: I don’t remember! I forgive myself; I suckle myself at my own breast with my own milk of human kindness—ah my! Any whey, I couldn’t stand having that filth around this Tibetically hygienic abode, so I

consigned it to the awesome 8-gallon maw of Ms. Rubbermaid Roughneck, who still bears her auction-block stickers declaring her to be \$\$5.99, *As Advertised*.

Coward needn't turn green with envy at the worshipful attitude that Indian students of religious philosophy have towards their pundits—he can share Gurumayi's limelight, and even make an about-face: he can worship her! However aloof and skeptical he may be, he probably has no problem with conforming to, let's call it, the *social protocol* or *cultural gesture* or some such academic, naïve *blindness* with which he might approve of himself as he goes down on his knees to pranam when having darshan. But where the body goes, the mind soon follows . . . and with them, the heart. Depending on whether I'm providing objective insight from without or I'm entering his character and expressing his rationalization as the subject himself, the three sentences prior to this one may need to be read in reverse order. It's a question of whether you want your enchiladas and then your flatulence—or does it make more sense putting the fart before the course?

Sacred ash comes from burning sacred dung of sacred cows. I was about to play this happy fact off *bullshit* and *coward*, but upon looking it up I discovered that coward < L. *cauda*, tail; coward's not (*or should I say coward isn't?*) an analog (*but[t] a tail is an analog of an anal log*) of shepherd [see SHEEP & HERD]. I was surprised to learn that. (When it's surprising, learning is *fun!*) OK, coward's not a funedik spelling of cowherd; I suppose a coward turns tail in the face of danger—or in the face of his own fear, depending on whether you're looking from the inside or the outside of his mask [ult. < Ar. *maskhara*, a clown]. (Yes, mascara has the same derivation. And certainly you haven't forgotten that assassin < Ar. *hashshashin*, hashish users.) He turns tail and runs away, with his tail between his legs. But enough of this *ad hominem* attack! At least for this paragraph.

Of course, his books aren't in Kauai libraries. That's not very Big of them, but, then, he's a *Coward!* OK, OK—enough *ad nominem* nonsense, lest it go on *ad nauseum* and we ascend too rapidly from this ridiculous wallow to the sublime pinnacle of existentialism, passing out from the quick climb into thin air, before we reach the hallowed presence of Monsieur Sartre, the professor and torch-bearer, or retch-sharer, of Nietzschean nausea. What do I hear? Does he sing a song upon his icy peak? Not exactly; a cracked croak issues from this freezing frog. And what of a spider who imagine parallels—lines that never meet, that meet nowhere as they span infinity? What a dreamy spider, we might think. But what a dream: now the spider weaves a web between the lines, then he shares his dream with others—and catches them! Isn't he a Coward?

Nietzsche, *The Antichrist* 38: “At this point I do not suppress a sigh. . . . *And here begins my nausea.*”

Today's Christmas Eve! Imagine my glee! I picture Mary and Joseph in Bethlehem, finding shelter at last. Baby Jesus sleeps in the manger, having slipped into the world as easily as he appeared in the virgin womb of his mother. The silent night suddenly resounds with the clomping of camels' hooves. A regal rider dismounts and says sagaciously to his two companions, "At this joint, eye . . . do not suppress a sty." He enters the serene and radiant stable and extends a jewel-encrusted box of treasure towards the infant, saying, "And here begins my Clausea."

For centuries theologians and biblical scholars have debated the nature of Mary's and Joseph's relationship. Last night, as I passed a roadside Nativity scene, the solution came to me! An epiphany [*< Gr. epiphainein, show forth*], a blessing of this holy season! The answer's simple, as all great truths are (what to speak of the people who believe them). It's simply this: Mary had a crèche on Joseph.

Yes! This is *positive* theology, something tangible, real, human: the Christ child eating bags of Cheetohs and sucking on his Jesus-toes. Here we have the humble truth of a God born to street people: *this* is Existenz, far removed from the self-negating negations of retching scholars in their wretched towers. This is Nietzschean, Italic, dashing — *style*. Viva Il Bambino! Vive La Renaissance! Joyeux Noël! Hallelujah! Excuse me while I — *vomit!*

Yesterday Tron returned to the clinic. All that remains of his two-week salt-and-pepper beard is a mustache. Shanti and I thought he should've kept the beard; he said he would've had it been a little thicker. Imagine how it'd feel to take a razor to a two-year beard — that really must ache. Any sleigh, this season St. Nickless is sporting a hirsute lip.

For the love of wisdom, is there nothing but nothing left for those who aspire to serious philosophy? Left and right and wrong vanish, fallen between the lines of the specular surface of the text. Language — at heart metaphor [*< Gr. meta, over + pherein, to bear*] — inflates at the lips of Derrida's ilk. No longer able to bear its own overbearing form, language falls flat on its font. Psychologically, however, there are two points at which Derrida's grammatology seems to be write. (*Psychologically*. Wow! That's almost *scientifically!*)

The first point [*< L. pungere, to prick*] rose to my awareness with a PBS program about a family in which the mother is stone deaf and the father and young child have normal hearing. The child understands much of what is communicated to and around him, by both speech and sign language. He is too young to speak, but he babbles appropriately for his age, and simultaneously makes the sort of sign-language-like, but meaningless, gestures seen in deaf children his age who are brought up in a sign-language environment. Researchers have long suspected that these deaf kids are "babbling" with their hands; this particular good-eared kid seems to be the definitive link. The conclusion is that language isn't fundamentally vocal/aural. Is that poignant, or what? It bolsters Derrida's idea of the primacy of what he calls "writing" — which by my reading

means any human activity at all—and adds weight to the recent work of those who've known for decades that language isn't even exclusively human: the dolphinologists. They've come up with a set of symbols that their dolphins have learned to read, and to point to with their snouts by way of writing.

The second point is No Less Pungent: NLP, Neuro-Linguistic Programming—a codification of the masterful, brilliant, intuitive procedures of the late, legendary wizard of hypnosis, Milton Erickson M.D.—provides practical, interpersonal techniques of behavior modification that share a basic principle with Derrida: thought and language finally devolve on sensory experience. At UC Santa Cruz in the seventies, the team of Grinder (rhymes with cinder) and Bandler—a linguist and a Gestalt therapist—studied videotapes of Erickson and of highly effective psychotherapist Virginia Satir (author of *Peoplemaking*) working with their respective patients and clients. With an approach derived from structural linguistics' theories of transformational grammar, Grinder and Bandler made a stunning vivisection—and virtuoso display—of the methods of their two exemplars in the arts of establishing rapport and facilitating change. I enjoyed their early books immensely: *The Structure of Magic* and, as I recall the title, *The Hypnotic Techniques of Milton H. Erickson, M.D.*, both of which I believe are still in print. These works supply the essence that subsequent NLP authors have diluted in various ways, yet they're easy to take straight. They're tasty, smooth, fragrant and shining—ringing with clarity. The books also provide keys to some of my tool chests.

It's Boxing Day Eve. What's in my tool boxes? Lots of greasy, empty compartments, a screwdriver, a hammer, a socket wrench set, pliers, a saw, a hacksaw, big boltcutters, a few spectacular nuts—and a little gray matter sheltering from the wind.

Tron's using this Wednesday-off to paint and patch the roof of the theater (a Kona storm revealed more leaks). Once again, it's me and the rats, running around our proper planes of the house, minding the business at hand and paw: scratching surfaces and gnawing at whatever's convenient. Today, a special day, I give myself a special treat: most of the day I've slept. The sun sets somewhere behind Mauna Kea, the White Mountain that hasn't shown its first snow of the season. A sky full of rain droops into the ocean, hiding the horizon in a sameness of gray against which trees, banana plants and grass boldly state their greennesses. A hum comes from the pump that pours water into the tanks that continually overflow. One—now two crickets join the endless ambient music of drone and splash. The shades of green deepen, the orange of African tulips drains into a street light brightening as it warms up. I consider taking a walk in what may now be a very light rain, or no rain at all. I'm going to find out.

Before taking my walk I want to pee. In the bathroom I hear rain falling on the leaves outside the window opened on the side of the house, away from the splash of the tanks. I go outdoors, and enter the world of the clean, fertile, flowering earth-smell of Koloa. Breathing was never better, as I stand on the bottom step beneath the canopy, discerning individual clouds and a darker patch that's the ocean. I see two street lights, almost yellow. I come back in. Now the rain is audible, soothing, communicative, telling me to take a shower, heat up last night's spaghetti and watch TV.

It's almost 6:30, so I turn the TV on first. The big news is Gorby quitting. Bush begins to read a speech about it; I change channels to "Wheel of Fortune." The host introduces the contestants who tell a little about themselves: where they're from and what they do for leisure. The last one says, "I like traveling and playing Wheel of Fortune." The host tells him, "Traveling's out of the question, so let's play Wheel of Fortune." The fellow and his partner are doing great by the time the first ad comes on. I get in the shower, whistling the theme of Wheel of Fortune.

It's the last 56 minutes of Christmas. But at this plantation supervisor's house in Koloa, atop a shelf in the kitchen, beside a white glazed ceramic Kuan Yin and a photograph of Tron's parents, there sits, 24 hours a day, every day of the year, a small plastic evergreen tree decorated with red, green, blue, yellow, silver, gold and white balls, a green bell, and on the back, a little boy kneeling in prayer, facing Kuan Yin, the goddess of mercy. She may be his mother. Christmas winters here in Koloa, and stays on year round. Or until someone removes the trinkets.

Boxing Day. Today the stream flows less murkily, breaking over the rocks and plunging through the parallel falls as white water, entering the pool below like endless white ribbons tied to the hair of a girl sinking nonstop through fathomless clouds of rust. By now she's crossed the far side of the solar system and is tasting the mainstream of the Milky Way, creating an anomalous red shift in the spectra of the region. In this niche of the galaxy the Koloa stream emits pink noise whose attraction I mythologize but do not pretend to thereby explain.

To ponder why we are here, why there is anything rather than not even nothing, why life is *necessary*—to ask these and other questions is to do what bees do when they dance and watch each other dance, sharing directions to the flowers, their food. It is to participate in life as a necessity seeking its necessities to perpetuate its forms. I sought the end of this, to release an essence of me from a cycle I saw as moving in time. But the end will not come in time or place. It is here as much as it ever will be. The circling breath continually points to the flower that is part bee as the bee is part flower. Essence is not of the essence after all.

Bees hum a hum, I hum a hum. Aham, I, self-talks in self-images in its you-nevers. I'm awake, in another gap in my hibernation, my mysterious country, my tribal nation of sleep.

Another day, another dolorous walk that step by step becomes indecorous, then delirious. I glossowail and flail my way up Koloa road, past a lone, thin ribbon pulling through the falls, giving the only sound from the entire stream, fainter today, but a brighter pink note, as the intergalactic gal warps through the woof of the Big Bark.

Did you notice in Steve Levy's "The 1991 Macintosh Game Hall of Fame," *Macworld*, Jan. '92, p. 149, the fourth word from the end of the caption of the middle picture, whose bold-faced subtitle is **Fore!**? The word is *deconstruct*. On the same page in the middle column the fifth word from the end of the fifth sentence from the bottom of the page is *Wagnerian*. I suspect that this accounting is a telepathic transmission from the Spaceship Warlock (see bottom picture, p. 149 [= 5], and review, p. 151).

"The Germans have constructed a Wagner for themselves whom they can revere: they have never been psychologists; their gratitude consists in misunderstanding. . . .

And [Wagner] is not resisted. His seductive force increases tremendously, smoke clouds of incense surround him, the misunderstandings parade as 'gospel' — he hasn't by any means converted only the *poor in spirit*.

I feel the urge to open the windows a little. Air! More air!—" (*Luft! Mehr Luft!* Goethe's last words are said to have been: *Licht! Mehr Licht!* "Light! More light!" [W.K.]) Nietzsche, *The Case of Wagner*, section 5, paragraphs 5, 3 and 4.

Today, where there were falls, a weakening trickle . . . a receding giggle . . . fades.

Tonight: rain on leaves, off roof; wind in trees, uphill. The Mac whispers back with one long breath blowing off its ever spinning fan. Now, only its perpetual huff and the tanks' slosh and hum . . . A dog barks once.

P.P.S. 91/12/29 Sunnight I learned from Shanti this evening that many months ago she saw Tron's copy of "Time Alone Passing" lying amongst his papers. She read it and took it home; it's in a file with my story "Suicide Note." She hadn't told anyone, even Tron, till this evening; we were discussing it when he walked into the kitchen, home from work.

This morning Shanti said, "It's all consciousness." I retorted, "It's almost all unconsciousness; consciousness is just a tip of an iceberg of unconsciousness." I made my case too strongly, i.e., in concrete personal terms; the discussion ended. A while later Shanti left to drive home via Lihue. En route she wondered whether she'd ever come back while I was here; she thought I seem to delight in defending contrary, if not perverse,

views: first the debate about Wavefree a few weeks ago, then my contradicting her today.

The weather in Lihue promised too much rain upcountry for Wavefree's car without windshield wipers, so Shanti drove back here. (Wavefree was elsewhere; she can't drive yet.) Tron was in Hanalei on call. I'd felt I was too sharp in our talk this morning, but I'd moved on. Shanti seemed cool and preoccupied—on guard, as it turned out—when she returned this afternoon; I didn't make the connection. I cheerfully bade her and Evi farewell as I left for my walk. I returned, showered, and offered Shanti a beer (Heileman's Special Export—from La Crosse, Wisconsin: Guinness at half the price). Over beer we found a common wavelength. We spoke, we understood each other. I told her how fortunate I feel having you to "hear" what I say—sometimes at great length. And certainly at a great distance. I said I felt that maybe I abuse my extended bendings of your ear, perhaps poking sharp things inside it (I didn't use that imagery—don't get Freudian on me here). But then I opined that you and Tron can take my gibes, being the redoubtable philosophers that you are.

Before going for my walk I'd begun printing this letter; Shanti assured me she'd keep Evi away from it. I mentioned that one of the more satisfying things I'd printed was a parody of Muktananda's spiritual autobiography, which I proceeded to loan her as preparation for reading *Play the Conches, Gents*. I told her she might even get high reading PoC. Later, after we cleared the air, I told her she might enjoy some of my other writing, but that a little background would help. I was thinking of TAP, of which I don't have a copy here, when she mentioned having read, and made off with, Tron's copy. I was flattered. It's gratifying to hear that my desktop publishing efforts are circulating beyond their initial distribution. Even if only in one instance, and even if—or especially if?—by theft, which in this case is more like *rescue*. Even though he'd said, and I believed, that he'd read it, I'd assumed Tron's copy was long gone, into the great unknowable.

Metalogomena to Any Apologia
Not Beyond Apology
with a
Prologomena to Any Future
Megalomania

Sunday, January 12, 1992

Dear Jay,

Om. Yes. Thank you for the letter, copies, and the lavish praise and appreciation. I'm pleased to hear of such clear, laughing reception.

Thanks, too, for the well-deserved upbraiding; I burned out in my Fall asleep. I accept my chastisement for unwarranted unsupportable provocations: my uninformed earless evaluation of U2 (no, I'd not heard any other album from them), indeed so what that Mai and all of us have geni-talia (tail ya), and yes, how can a muppet-lover dare to malign David Lynch?—as sorry as it was and as sorry as I was to have written, printed and mailed such provocation (and tritely nauseating Bronx cheers in other directions), even as I awaited your response I repented of my sins. I guess that means I feared your indignation. Even if the rapidity with which your reply returned owed something to my sad excesses having fueled the engine of your communiqué broadcaster (like my garbage making electricity and, thereby, your light), it was a rude crude way of saying *write soon*. Well. Let me go on record as saying that I like Bono's voice and the group's tunes.

The video is from Tron. As a matter of fact, I (or one of my I's) addressed the entirety of both the videotape bag and the other envelope. I made a point of putting Tron's name and return address on the yoga video package so as to identify its donor; perhaps that subliminally registered in the corner of your eye (the corner of your I?). Why I wrote JAY SHIVA on one and Jay Shiva on the other, I— whoever that is—don't know. I mean I don't know who I am, but I don't want to go down one of those alleys right now. Or address the question of how I have any inkling of who you are, besides a hopefully not-too-bleakly lonely, well-read and -listened

observer and cogent, colorful and impassioned commentator of our world(s) and intersecting live(s). Your “tastes and preferences” are worth a great deal to me; your clear and witty style is just fine, in my cracked and warped opinion.

Having sacrificed, perhaps, your perception of my integrity . . . Where was that leading? Tron came home from a day of painting, hungry: he’d left his wallet here, so he didn’t eat all day. I heated up some enchiladas from the other night, interrupting my train of thought, the line of little box cars and flat beds carrying the circus on to its next destination in my mind. He read some of your letter, obviously enjoying it. We dined; he slept, and sleeps now, on the couch.

I don’t know of “Deconstruct Yourself!”. Am I missing a joke here? If its a real song—even if it’s not—I’d like to hear the boys from the mall Go4 it. So you don’t regularly see *Macworld* over there? I take it you don’t see *CD Review* either. In the Jan. ’92 issue of CDR one Tom Lanham, reviewing Nirvana’s *Nevermind*, says: “. . . the whole rock’n’roll medium undergoes some serious deconstruction.”

OK. I’ve come upon it in turn: “What does ‘access to everything including . . . her own blessed cunt’ portend?” you ask. I’m not sure that it portends [*< L. por-*, forth + *tendere*, to stretch] anything—shit, I just enjoy being this unknowable knot; how do I know what it *means*? I said above what I did *intend*: to provoke. Your ellipsis marks an omission of words that were to have the effect of indicating facetiously the supreme importance of her genitals to you and yours in hers and your mutual meetings and stretching-forths. Stretching fourths, drawn and quartered: I don’t think this line of questioning will withstand such tortuous, torturing twists, knots, stretches and chops. Let’s show it no quarter. I confess—constantly; I was and am half off and/or neither/nor Nagarjuna-naked near Ns, Nude. (See Paul de Man on confession once again, if necessary, at the beginning of “Koloa One August.” He had good reason to keep his unconfessed transgressions—nonconfessions—to himself: see “Deconstruction and the [*Thwack! Shaddup!*] Get-Real Press,” enclosed.)

Those are the carotid (ka rä’tid) arteries on either side of the throat, sometimes simply known as the carotids, as in: “The Karate Kid’s carotids did a jig when he cracked the lid of crack he’d hid behind his eyelids.”

Awakenings is my all-time favorite film: not a tear-jerker exactly, more like a tear *pump*. I’m sure I told you that it played on my last Vancouver-Honolulu flight, July 22, 1991. I wept copiously, blissfully, in that first and only viewing of it by myself. But how can we remember all this stuff? I forgot that you did so, but I’m grateful that you pointed out the red pickup in Santa’s garage. For instance.

In the adrenal-syrup ebb and flow around Crêpe Fear, untimely, unsightly and untunely death by piano wire is due perhaps as much to “Traumatic Transsection of the Trachea” (the title of a recent article in *Emergency Medicine*: I asked Tron if that meant a slit throat. “Yes.” I forget whether he then had a fit of coughing. . . .) as it’s due to the slicing

of the carotids and their resultant futilely pulsing jets of blood, rising like fountains of fresh spaghetti sauce whose hidden foot-powered pump is pedaled by a flagging (hitchhiking? to the bardo?) man who's just had his—throat slit. (By the way, since Tron didn't know this patho-anatomical curiosity perhaps you too don't know what a Colombian necktie is: a human tongue pulled out through a slit throat—a trademark of Colombian killers. A topic, a treat, for Autopsy 101. An autopsical popsicle.)

Lightner visited this weekend (with more-expensive-than-gold [and so much more useful than gold!] pakalolo), for which reason I didn't open my mailbox yesterday, Saturday, and only discovered your letter today. Last night, as Tron, Lightner and I drove home from Luigi's in Wailua, we discussed the ojas theory, as you succinctly term it. Tron, I was surprised to learn, believes that semen-loss does diminish his energy. I took this as a categorical correlation of “semen out = energy out” on his part. Lightner's experience of sex with a partner has been, often, in accord with yours: energizing, putting “a whole in the ojas theory.” *Well* put. And it's my experience that self-sex can be energizing, even yogic.

I'd love to hang out with Baba and the other personae of the Gents' nymphomaniacal symposium. Maybe we—you, too—will. Maybe. I tell myself: “There're more things, Whore-ratio, in leaven and birth than your philosophy has burpt.” Or whatever Omelet said (that ham!). But one little iota of sindividual charactermystics anywhere on site, and you've dragged the whole weocentric planet of us into the lokale—or sew it wood seam. But maybe I can't sniff the forest for the sneeze.

I've wanted to see *The Fisher King* since we saw the trailer at T2. It passed through Kona but not Lihue. Maybe on video . . . in the bardo? Obviously I still have nagging doubts that whatever our karmuppance ought to be accordion to the earthly standturds of our pursephshun, we—all of us, bar none—bardon't.

Not yet a king, still *The Prince of Tides* rises high. Nautical Nolte nudges anon, steaming steadily, steering true, into Streisand's slippery, slender slit of a slip.

I'll read “Rim” and look for *Rim* and the Iyer book. I liked the other one by him; I'm sure this one's worth a solid look.

Hashish? Nothing in particular. Maybe I heard something that smelled like curling smoke in my mysterious ear-eagle pink-phone link to your Rasta Result.

Sixty years old? Was it as good for her as it was for me?

Just as I'm about to turn in I set foot on the outer rim of “Rim.” For your letter, the story, and \$, I sa¥, “*Domo arigato*, Shiva-san. Goo'night.”

January 13 I think: traveling down the middle of the road I may collide head-on and rear-end with two different cars in almost the same instant. Braking and swerving, I avoid the crunches. Like most matters of life and

death this one has the emphasis on death. As for life, where was it when I was living it? But why should I worry about that? Even if the theory of reincarnation is merely a useful fiction—like, say, the tooth fairy—*belief* in the theory may very well be immortal: I’ve seen it reincarnate in a mind in which it died; but no, I realize I’m mistaken: it hadn’t died, it didn’t reincarnate—it *recuperated*. Which yet leaves the possibility that in some carriers the virus is virtually immortal—even if they’re not.

Oh! Jay! What are you doing here? Back again to yet another sentence, more words, more punctuation, period. ically?

I’m back to the letter. *9-HDR* isn’t in the local libes; I grant that Dogen brushed some bone mows and I’m sure Matt the Horn tooted the most toutable. Flip through *Shobogenzo* some—ahem!—*time* and tell me if, to your taste, it’s readable. Whatever exalted muse may have informed Highdigger, do you think his *early* work was *being* well-written? Fortunately, in an instance of the wonderful, mysterious workings of nature that point to a divine hand (the other hand?) at work behind the scenes of the cosmic play, the late follows the early! and we can enjoy, grok, dig and dig with all sorts of dogs and their bones.

Some of us souls are so old that the subtle cerebra of our astral bodies have wrinkles on the wrinkles, merely due to old age. This applies only to those that escape the intracranial etheric winds, of course; but Jay, we have Kansas karma, we are a hardy breed—asperity is *our* prosperity. Sometimes, when I read from your letters, or when I’m writing to you, I feel that we’re sharing a view that in a certain sense is Kansan. We see the Himalayan peaks of the Kim/Kipling of Kansas and the Arabian desert of the Lawrence of Kansas; we see clean into the kitchens and minds of people—fellow thin-kers and tin-kers—in the ghettos and Burroughs of Kansas. I look out and I exclaim, “Wow! This can’t be beat!” I grin broadly, squinting, peering intently at the landscape, and again I ejaculate, “Wow! This can’t be wheat!”

If in the dotage of our souls we reread the children’s classic *A Wrinkle in Time* we may understand how we may invert late and early: the time-line in our minds wrinkles, bringing once-distant points into simultaneity. Like: that red pickup just drove through my mind again. Santa was driving, the reindeer were in the back having sandwiches and ale, rehashing the season—late, early and never-never.

Two female Kansans met at a party; one queried the other, first asking permission: “Excuse me. You look stoned; do you mind if I quarry you?” “Why do you want to carry me—do I look queer to you?” “A bit peculiar. But I want to ask: Do you like Kipling?” “I don’t know, I’ve never kippled.” “No, you silly! *Rudyard Kipling!*” “Oh, of course! I adore her paintings! Or is it—*opera?*” “Yes, I think so. So, how do you like Lawrence?” “Umm . . . *I don’t know, I’ve never had a Lauren. Yeah?*”

Yeah. Lightner just called to say he got home all right; he says “Aloha” to you, Jay.

My we includes you. In we and you w and y are semi-vowels at the midpoints of two diphthongs. Please play along with me here, as you did with the flap at the end of Nude (thank you for that consideration): out loud, sliding right through the hyphen in one continuous sound, say, “oo-ee.” It should sound like “we.” Now do ee-oo: you! You includes we, too. That’s all. Safe and simple. When I read about this in *Time* magazine a few years ago I oo-eed and ee-ood gleefully for a while, merging one into the other: oo-eeee-oooo-ee . . . ; then I tried sentences: Oo-ee like it, do ee-oo? etc.

Oo-ee got ee-oor package today. It’s sitting unopened on the dining table. I’m going to let Tron, the addressee (no offense taken as none intended, as I know ude not slight me even slightly), open it.

You set the scene serenely, set to suddenly snap, as I saw it in my inner showhall-sight: in Kyoto, on winter’s premier snowfall night, the pristine pillow softly fluffed, then rent asunder: snow-feathers flew in heavy, cold clumps between gaijin in the Last Resort’s first snowball fight. And at the cars! Yes! Tron and I loved *that!* The next day you walked to the “neighborhood temple, Tofuku-ji.” So! It is on one philosopher’s path that I know of! I knew I couldn’t misplace a great temple like that—for long! Some stuff is just too big to lose! Sort of like my thing with Siddha Yoga.

I wonder if this comment on *A/B*, dated Nov. 20, is un-eared of: “lyrically, the bombast has matured slightly, thankfully.” Can we stand by that? You, too, were once a U2 innocent; work with me on this, help me redeem my naïve ears. I must have crossed my speech-recognition circuit with my music-appreciation receptors, or did I—oops!—*lose* them? But loss implies prior possession, so what do I remember . . . ? Uh-oh, got me there! You acknowledged: “a few too many “Baby” ’s at least they’ve acknowledged (in the title).” With a few “sweets,” “sweethearts” and “honeys” and what still comes through the antipodal holes in my head as Bono’s pleasing, smooth voice, I concocted a cockamamie . . . collision. With malice aforethought, as I confessed. And I must be/An awful lout/To think such plots/And act them out. I stand circuits-uncrossed. I’ll leave music reviews to your capable and finely attuned ears.

For my part, I’ll opt for the teeny-Wiener psycho-school of personal esthetics that, in my formulation, rests on the Sigar’s dictum: Where “it” is there “I” will be. This undermines my tendency to categorize and label stuff as though “it” really is like—whatever. It’s smooth and sweet: no. Not even: *I think* it’s [whatever]. I feel comfortable saying that I can easily imagine a dark, hard, and brilliant jewel in the rough when I hear *A/B*.

An observation from my one visit to Lakshmi’s ranch: indeed, cows are freaky when they look at you. Or, I felt freaky when I looked at them and I thought they were all looking at me. Well, somewhere out there is . . . out there. Get real, or—?. (See “Decon. and the G-R Press,” p. 2, col. 2 f.) I make judgments, letting taste tell its tale with the tubes that

pass nourishment and words through the body, shunting bits and wits here and there to keep itself going. Each to his own in matters of taste. Sometimes I sing along with Bono: “And you can swallow/Or you can spit/You can throw it up/Or choke on it.”

Tron came home (I picked him up. In the car. I didn’t lift him while inside the car. With the car, I picked him up. Not like the car was a big pair of tweezers, no. Language! So damned ambiguous!). He opened the small packet with his name on it. I warmed, then heated, two cans of soup—one each of green pea and cream of asparagus—and a can of milk and a can of water. Minus the cans. “Add a can each of water and milk. Subtract cans.” We ate soup, salsa and chips. Tron found a speck of salsa on your Top Ten xerox that he was consulting to learn about the new CDs; he carefully removed the offending spot, explaining that he didn’t want to sully your beautiful penmanship. I heartily concurred. Like your writing, your hand is clear and orderly.

I banged on the kettle drum of the good physician’s vast medical knowledge this morning as we drove into Hanalei. Cattle started, crows flew out of trees, canefields burned with the percussion of my passing, rolling interrogatory full-blown docophonic pot-pounding. I left no tone unstirred. The instrument took such a fierce beating that well before the end of the piece it was out of Tron. Out of tune. Out of town. Whatever. (“He must have said, ‘Sucking on a cute friend’s clit,’ but I thought he said, ‘Suffering from acute friendship,’” Tron didn’t say.) Merely slicing the trachea probably wouldn’t cause death; a cut jugular vein may be pressed shut, but not so the carotids: too much pressure taking the blood-foed to the brrr rain, k-k-keeping it-t-t nice ’n’ w-warmmm. Thanx, dok. Now then, regarding the ojas theory (I raised and lowered my arms, like drumsticks of bone wrapped in flesh, flailing wildly on Tron’s astonished skull—while I *steered*, the wheel being just another circle in my polyrhythmic orbit of blurred appendages, the hair on my arms singeing from the friction of the air as the very earth rose and fell, itself a throbbing drumhead or dickhead spurting rhythmically in time with my feet madly thumping the three pedals: brakes and gas each like a bass drum, clutch like a high hat. At the hands of a lunatic, Tron was being *trapped*. He had to answer—if he didn’t, what might I imagine he’d said in place of the reality he so prudently chose to provide and which I here so painstakingly replicate with the utmost regard for hardly plausible verisimilitude?): “Semen, sir,” said I, “certainly can’t climb the spine to the brain as depicted by the ancient, churlish Indian chiefs and heads of state/church—that would be a breach of modern anatomical etiquette: there is no longer a protocol for waving the sperm along and pumping testicular and prostatic nectars through a spinal canal to the abode of Shiva in the cranium. So—physiologically, biochemically, or whatever—how is semen a source of energy?” “I don’t know. Maybe it’s hormonal.” “Is there a lot of testosterone in semen?” “I don’t know. . . . It’d be worth knowing. I’ll look it up.”

Did he? I don't know; I forgot the ojas theory [the orange juicery] in the excitement of Tron's unpacking: The KLF!!!!, which, with fond memories of last summer, I've thought of buying (Much mahalo!); cassettes that will caress with their miles of tape the hard, smooth, round heads of a new deck no time in view; a crow that this morning flew out of a tree headlong into the smells of: the Paauilo packing plant, burning sugar cane and arm hair, and last night's rain—and had already sung about it (all that) but I didn't know till *now*; the well-produced pop-momma (Tron: "So much for Jay's taste." But he was tired, on his way to bed, and he'd had a headache since I picked him up at the theater. Probably all day—after that *beating*. Or, could be we're getting cool and cruel in our provincial pettifoggery. Nah, not ussssss!); Cheb Kader: "Rai Tron!" I say. He'll hear it and KLF tomorrow, I imagine. All in all, about as well as I do buying for myself (raw novice that I am; tough, too: I do just say No—or: No, not yet.)

Last week I considered getting the Nirvana album, based on *CDR*'s review, but concluded, "Nevermind." Strong cover, good statement—and for that very reason repulsive; "The desire for money (= shit) is the root of all evil." "The desire for dung is the good of some beetles. So there." It has humor, too, no doubt—like a turd floating in a pool. Or maybe two. Turds. A pool two-thirds full of two-foot turds'd be cool. (If you haunt it, fear it is; come is not shit/Would you rather flurries than it snowing fast?—a Beatle?) I'd like to see the *National Lampoon* do a backside of the *Nevermind* cover: the kid took the bait; he's lying by the pool while the fisherman cleans, i.e., guts, him; his entrails are hanging out and bursting out of his slit-open stomach are dozens of dollar bills. Beyond the carrot and stick to gruesome incongruity—to *bed*. Sayonara. (Can oo-ee believe it? I didn't open the Parkes/Nietzsche copies adverted from atop the yet-unread Rim. Soon. If I live that long, I'll at least look at Parkes tomorrow. Here we pause in the true [ex(c?)iting?] story of my—*yawn!*—life. *Zzzzzz* . . .)

January 14 Am I "Satisf{I}ed"? At the moment I'm in *bliss*, listening to the JAMs jumping over and through KLiFfs, flying on electro-riffs, while I sit, still stimulated by your epistle's and sonic-missle's recent arrivals. (Yes! "K-L-F Back to the heavyweight Back to the heavyweight Back to the heavyweight JAM Over and out . . . and on to Triplet Peaks!! Yes!!! Build a Fire, they're gonna build a fire . . . in The White [Living] Room [of Tron's house] . . . It is a sunny winter's day! . . . We know what time is love {NOWNOWNOWNOWNOW . . . }!!!!—we're the JA[Y]Ms, we're the [T]KLF!!!!!!) I was up till 3 A.M. last night trying to commune-ic-ate, hoping to answer my sporadic communion-vocation from on high, which always makes me dig into my inner desktop and on down into my drawers, through my diaphragmatic and pelvic floors. I put the KLF on continuous play, like breathing; I did: "I", a diphthong (dip-

thong = nerd-shoe): aa-ee, with the a sort of like the Skt. a, sort of like ah; backwards, we get ee-aa, yah, ja. Yes.

Late-breaking news (before we get to the opening of the Envelope): from a crumpled page of *The Japan Times* for Tuesday, January 7, 1992, a man on Kauai who claims to know about such things has learned (but if he knows, why does he need an old newspaper to inform him?) that the dread bardo killer is back. We report this without tears (“as we roll through the years”)—and without flavor. Season to taste, the rest is wastepaper. The howling haole of Hawaii has been called onto the case by the Osaka police to act (“Eh, brah—*no act!*”) as a psych[ot]ic consultant. He offers these blitherings: “The universal knead is to enter the bardough. Don’t be a fawning grati-dude expecting to be suckled by a bardoe. Don’t get hooked—that’s the straight bardope.” But how does he know there’s such a thing as a bar—? “None-thing I’m uncertain of:” he tells us, “neither not-I nor not-U won’t—and all the mad-yummy-muck permutations and permanent mutations of lawjik that cliché-clique at the pique of chic—eventually enter any and all bardoze. Yo—hand me that hose, *dozo*; I’ve got something on my cloze . . . I’ve been *slimed!*” Is there some introductory reading matter that might make this clear to the la[y]ma[n]? [Y]es? [N]o? {For reasons of time and space we’ve (exc)luded the mi[dd]le. The longest English word? *Smiles*—there’s a mile between each s.} He answers (after th[ink]ing?): “The classic book is *Bardo o’ Thedolls* by pJacqueline bzgSuzanne Rimpoche, commonly known nowadays as *The Tibetan Book of the Red*, or *The Little Dead Book, the Sayings of Chairman Tao*.” . . . Yidams and dakinis, the TKLF have now left the bardo.

The Envelope *dozo*. (Slit, pull out, unfold, flip.) Whoa! Thin paper, on both sides! Yes, hmm, yes . . . I’ll savor this at my leisure. Many thanks!

Meanwhile, the stereo throbs in the Whi-i-i-i-ite Room, seamlessly segueing into itself in a seemly pulse of pure pleasure.

I just called Suzy at the Rosetta Stone about *The Mating of the Punk: Forced Easings in Keyholes and Toes*, by Peekaboo Eyeher (Alfred The. Pfonk, 1881). No dice. Nice lady, Suzy: no lice. Liane at Waldenbooks entered cyberspace with your order and emerged with the news that it’ll take two to eight weeks to get. The. Bo. ok. It’s on hors d’oeuvre. Wry dawn!

He, she, they: aren’t diphthongs, nor have they any.

The gamelan on *Dari Sunda*’s Sorban Palid is at play. Last night we briefly sampled the selections that you’d put on Vol. 2 of the 1,991 Greatest Hits. I’m quite enjoying the full spread.

Oh yeah. Glancing at those Bubbling Under the Top Ten (I like that image), I recall wanting to tell you of another—besides *YL’s N-counters*—mutual fave of Tron’s and mine: *CMP’ler 1* (CMP CD 5001). It includes “Shobharock” and Glen Velez’s “Ramana,” but maybe, in its 71’59 playing time, a lot of stuff you don’t have and might like. I think

there's only one cut on it that might be too much like straight-ahead jazz for your taste, but of course I don't know. It's quite a mixture: it smiles us, it might be mixed to your liking.

An interesting CD came and went with Lightner: *Däfos*, a Mickey Hart/Airto/+ effort. The Beam and the Beast thunder and lumber through, shaking rafters. The most awesome percussion I've heard; I'd consider it obligatory for the next acid trip (whenever that might be).

The umlaut reminds me: Herr Doktor didn't know the meaning of Schauspieldirektor; my guess is theater director . . . ?

The Russell Mills artwork on *Rain Tree Crow* puts me in mind of *Repo Man* and some of Ulf v. Kanitz's work for CMP, including the CMP'ler cover.

I saw *Black Rain*. In Fujisawa. With you. Is Shinsaibashi the place where the boso-zaku tormented the Douglas character, riding circles around him, and, as I recall, killing his friend? Is that where golden-fLeeSeD Jason (another J, son of Kansas!—young enough to be Jay's son?) goes? Is that where GENESIS CLUB TEMPLE is? Nice artwork— who or what (nationality, individual, group?) do you suppose Sidhi Muni Sakya is? What kinds of platters (UFOs, puja trays? The most holy KLF, the Unbelievable-y E[legant]M[other]F[uckers]?) does DJ Shiro Amamiya spin? Vivre: that's a youth-boutique building, *des ne?*

I enjoyed rereading your poetic snow-interlude. Effectively evocative. Thank . . . well, your lucky stars, or—what the fuck!—one of our gurus! that you have the sublime beauty of Kyoto so close at heart, eye—and *hand* that writes to me lucidly describing the scene within and without, for which I'm grateful. Further happy-memory-making influences (what else is gratitude for than to strengthen and affirm these ties?) have flowed from you to me; these I once called “cultural blitzes,” which include immersion in your musico-literary ambiances of Kalohalele and Kamakura, foreshadowed by weekend forays into exotic soundscapes in Kawanakoa days—weekend nights, actually—including, from that seventy-six mix, my awed-eared first hearing, courtesy of you, of Tibetan en masse en-chanting. That in itself marked Tron's friend Jay as a very interesting character. You've applauded my Zennish-Nietzschean minglings and tinglings, you yourself having long espoused such. Well, my friend, I owe not a little of my own sensibilities to your precedent!

The confused trails that I traversed en route to strong Siddha Yoga involvement suddenly converged at your Kalohalele abode, where pictures of Maharajji and Baba graced the living room. At Kalohalele I broke the picture of Rajneesh (RajNeesh, King of Night, an epithet of the full moon) out of the round rosewood locket that I'd worn on a string of beads about my neck for several months—my albatraj. I took the picture, that by then I'd not worn for over a year, into the kitchen, which had the only electric—and overhead—light in the place. I didn't turn on the light: it was broad—extremely wide—daylight. You must've been in Hanalei. I lit a burner on the gas stove, and—without your knowledge or permission—

consigned Rajneesh to eternal perdition. It took him a while to get there—about ten years. Passed. Before my eyes. Before. He arrived. Or. At last. At least. (The. Jerk.) Died.

{{*Rai*—more great cover art!—now unveils itself to the hyperkinetic, then slyly slithering, snake of the electric violin, now wraps Kader’s resonance in the transparency of the regular rai rhythm while synthesizer stylings fashion gloves and stoles for the dancing disc to cast off and coyly point to as they fall into the deepening pits of the violin’s incisive melodies, from which the drums, with wings beating, come flying out with synth celesta soaring behind, then over and above as Cheb takes flight and the dance spins madly on, scattering clouds, revealing the sun.

I just talked to my parents. They were glad to learn that they’re masters of SDI. It looks like I’ll be doing my dad’s taxes again, going to Vancouver mid-Februaryish. (My financial services are in such demand these days! But nobody’s asked me—*sniff!*—to be their *guru!*) It sounds like they’ll meet my rental hardware requirements: a Mac IIsi and a 4 page-per-minute laser printer; I’d like to extract a short/long story, novella, novel (inflation as well as extraction required for that of course), autodemography, nova, Noël—whatever—from all my CAWS: Computer-Aided Word-Scattering. Do you have any suggestions, or any interest in editing or collaborating?

Then Sky called. He’s quit his job—not just given notice—and he isn’t going to get another one over there if he can move here. Tron wasn’t here to respond. Juan Jesus may be here in February. . . . Back to Kalohalele . . . }}

Sadly, the music in your Kalohalele home flowed monotonously—or diatonically—from the one mode that I could spring from my flute. (Today I know fully twice that many scales.) But there were Baba’s books—as well as Grof’s *Realms*. In my search for a new guru it seemed appropriate to use the mantra Guru Om to help me in the quest, the attunement, the opening to grace, the preparation to receive the master. Is it any wonder that the master I received was the one who promoted the mantra Guru Om? Baba put the mantra on a hook, like the bill on *Nevermind*, and cast his line; I taunt masters: does that mean that he and I are masterbaiters?

During my sojourn at Kalohalele I established a solid acquaintanceship with Lakshmi: she gossiped and cooked, I ate and listened. (Despite my having not seen her for several years, our connection was affirmed last August when her likeness starred in a narrowly-averted [non-]wet dream.) For a few years, including my few months at Kalohalele, I had no sexual outlet other than wet dreams: I didn’t date, I didn’t masturbate. Yet every wet dream (“night pollution” it’s called in India) was an occasion for chagrin and dismay: would I never have my last spilling of the seed of the tree of sadhana, would I never cease losing the source of the sacred ojas that gives the yogi his inner and outer radiance—would there never come an end to this divine light emission?

Ah, the many awakenings in a yogi's sadhana: time and again I've blasted into another state of consciousness, coming to with a start, realizing that yes, it *is* all just a dream—and time and again I've basked in the afterglow of this *opening*, if you will, asking myself how I can now awaken from *this* dream—this *lucid* dream—of sitting in bed wondering how to wake up from dreaming all together, including this dream in which, furthermore, I'm wearing pajama pants that are *wet*. Aaargh! No! Another wet dream! I must surrender completely, I'd tell myself—anything less is not surrender at all; perhaps I should surrender myself to the Environmental Protection Agency. Hang down your head Om, confessed night-polluter.

After my high altitude, eye-rinsing viewing of *Awakenings*—for me, a wonderfully wet film—I struck up a conversation with the beautiful blonde stewardess who sat in the rear-facing jump seat that was opposite me, across an exit doorway of the wide-bodied jet. She said, “Me and my sister became flight attendants because we thought we could work our way up to being pilots. We usually fly together, but my sister works in first class because she's smarter. You know, one time I went in the cockpit and she was helping fly the plane, sitting right there in the pilot's lap. She was so good that the pilot told the copilot to get out. What do you look for in a woman?” I smiled, my eyes still glittering with tears of joy, “Beautiful, blonde, and facing me—I like that in a woman.” She smiled back, “I'm looking for commitment in a relationship—someone who'll stay the night. Do you like to make home videos? There's something about videos, mirrors and flying—something dreamlike . . .”

Most of that episode's dialogue was adapted—*stolen*, that is to say—from TV. Well, *I* say: Liberate the laughs! Anyway, the plane landed, you came to the airport and we drove to Lightner's. Then, last Friday night, Lightner suddenly appeared on Kauai, entirely expected. He'd phoned days in advance! Then he phoned when he returned to Honolulu to thank us: High marks, Lightner: E for etiquette. Saturday Tron and Lightner paid their first visit to the Rosetta Stone. As Lightner purchased, on my recommendation, *Drumming at the Edge of Magic*, he asked about the *Eleven-Eleven* booklet lying on the counter. Suzy said, “That's today, January eleventh. . . .” She said something about “bringing the planet into the light.” What numero uno-uno do we and you know? As not in ansas, awanana-oa, alopa, ama-ura, and yoto? You do? Yes! K, the letter of the alphabet that's eleventh. *K*, the only thing between a philosopher and a— *ant*.

K is called kay or ké, with the pure vowel é as in they. Once (which I imagine means *many times*) Gurumayi said there's a great mystery (or did she say *potency*?) to the ya in Om Namah Shivaya. She didn't say this to yaks—nor did she say it for yucks (though I'm not so sure about that). Ya—more like yuh, really—is, as you'll recall, a diphthong; let's spell it ee-uh, which is more accurate than ee-aa. Anyhow, ya, ee-uh, is the reverse of uh-ee, I. That ostensibly has nothing to do with

Sanskrit, but that Sanskrit mantra Om Namah Shivaya has had a good deal to do with me—it’s even *dealt me*, face down, winner take all. Me, a speaker of Ingglish. So I deal sensibly and nonsensically with it, like with a lover or a glossolalic pseudo-Gaelic canticle I can tickle. *Whee!* sing the wee folk, the homonculi that circle my I and thought my I. Aye, the lone homonym of I that I know of (home alone, numb again)(“Come again?” she said, yearning, licking her lips, flicking her tongue, reaching . . .), shows by its spelling, a-y-e, its diphthongic character. (Why, those) (are almost touching!) (Aye, here’s a final stretch before bed: we take the humble, too-of- neglected Namah and gently set aside, for just a moment, the N. There: we have amah, which we tenderly part down the middle: am-ah. Presto-changeo: aham, I. Replacing the N, as in Not, we find N’aham, negation of the I. Thus Namah may mean much the same as ya: an inversion, if not double inversion, of I.) Oh yeah, eye is a homonym of I.

January 15 Gee, I thought to myself this morning (as in: Gee, you are you: G u r u), G! Dang! Dan G. used to be into investments, yeah? What might he suggest?

OK, let’s put on the KLF CD and move the letter[s] along. . . .

The “non-”guru, whose book Dan had, had a point that has penetrated my reflex (polite for “knee-jerk”) defensive reaction to anything that smacks of goorohood. The point being (as I read my memory, as it *sticks* in my mind) that *intention* is absolutely necessary, and is in itself sufficient, to bring in its wake the fulfillment of the spiritual life. It’s something like intention (obsession, maybe) that provides the arena, the refreshments, the management, and janitorial services for my selves’ wrestling matches with themselves. All beneath one roof, cheering, rooting (branching, rerouting) fans—all either waiting or vicarious wrestlers, all my selves—shout in various jargons, scattering mom-and-popcorn psychology, exhorting the entangled combatants to perform one or another hold, throw, maneuver, intervention or technique. This is not a choreographed slam-dance like pro wrestling on TV; this is real sport, and good exercise and rousing entertainment are the *upshot* [orig., final shot in an archery match]. Tiny arrows stick in the justified and ancient ceiling of my mind.

“The JAMs don’t need no master plan to do whatever—ever they can.” Until today I’d heard “whatever—ever” utterly as one word that The Justified Ancients of Mu Mu utter in a slow-motion stutter. Now, shutters fallen from my eyes, I see their sense to be that they “don’t need no master plan to do whatever. [Period. End of declaration.] Ever [always, at any time] they can.” They have the power of intention. The Church of the KLF, in the musical city of JAY, is one that I readily receive in, and they have the good graces to self-destruct every Time the C[hurch]D[is-closes], with the Ceremonial Decree of the Most Cherishable Motor City 5: “Right

now, right now, right now it's Time to . . . *kick out the JAMs motherfuckers!*"

Detty's back on; yesterday (Yes Detty!) I became a fan.

Last week I asked at Byrd's for Bomb the Bass and *Beauty*. He's ordering *Beauty* for the store; it seems that BtB came and went—he's familiar with them, but I don't think they're going to re-roost at Byrd's any time soon. Rereading your Top Ten description of their *UT* tempts me to try out your Kenwood that's sat unused since your departure. I'm sure it's as well as when you left, but I hesitate to configure the Advent for tape-playing: a flick of a switch could cause its Ascension. That'd be a switch: no music—only my aggrieved, keening, wailing ululation. Well, Detty left the stage; I'm going to try it. . . .

"Children, there's no problem: get in the Cadillac, turn up the FM, and soon we'll be heard throughout the entire world." "Mommy, what time is love?" "That's an enigma, child, but it's no cause for sadness." Putting Detty's CD back in her jewel case, I see that the Wave produced it for Sony. "I dream too, *Yong-kee!*" Yeah—I'd like to hear BtB on CD. I'm looking forward to Winter in July. Qu'est-ce que tu cherche? A virgin with charisma? She left for church on the last train: Temptation—she's a part of life. I feel like I've been hypnotized (you're right—I do like transcribing!). But we're never gonna survive unless we get a little bit crazy. Winter's here, the bass booms! the snow falls, courtesy of your benevolent self. Yes, that cut sold me on BtB. After that climax, I withdraw the tape cassette, the plastic-sheathed source of my pleasure. I do a flip—then I try a Softer insertion. Urga mounts the urgent upon the beautiful, the air I breathe throbs, the call comes across the desert, sweeping in with the violin-wind as drums resound in neighboring tents, camels stir in the noon-day sun, and my sweat mingles with the stereo's glistening exudation. Salif sanctifies the union, this compilation most divine. To celebrate, Detty visits along with her entire splendid band. In the temple, the tape nearly spent, a woman sings with a voice full of life and loss. . . .

January 16 My son Rama turns nine today; Hare Rama Hare Rama/Rama Rama Hare Hare/Hare Krishna Hare Krishna/Krishna Krishna Hare Hare. $9 = I$. A son, a point beyond me in my line-age . . . another node in the human net . . . one more aperture of the universe . . . another box in the post office of consciousness . . . $16 = 1+6 = 7 = 3+4 = 34$, the # of my box whose combination is, in fact, D-A-D . . . a node whose knotting I aided, whose birth I assisted, in which I insisted, as ude expect, he emerge nude.

Om. Namah: negation of the sundered aham rendered amah (aham not? I am ah!). Ego death hides in the breath. Phoenix-like it rises to the Rudra *granthi* (knot), Shiva's knot-eye. ("Not *I!*") To the tune of the range song of windwept cowboys of long ago, wrestlers past, present and wanna-be, in the stands near my pineal and pituitary glands, chant—in

unison, for a change—“Omm Om he’s deranged,” a choral refrain by which I gain the strength of thousands—they’re all me! soles, moles, hands, shit and pee, come one, come all! Shivaya Namah Om!

Yesterday, when sliding the switch to reopen the Advent’s tape monitor circuit for CD play—Volume 2 of the 1,991 Greatest Hits having expanded to its cosmic dimensions and having then shrunk back into its plastic case—I noticed that the mono-stereo switch was on *mono!* Moving at the speed of not-even-thinking-about-it, or *hardly* thinking about it, I, i.e. my disem-minded hand, slid the switch to stereo. Dear Gods! I do have two ears! I can’t imagine how long Tron and I’ve listened unsuspectingly to mono. Formerly monaurality-suckers in inner soundspace, tragic troglodytes, psCyclopean peons, we—free at last!—vent exultant paeans! In the *wake* of that discovery and minor-but-major adjustment—when I’m not around the bend that the sound follows from speakers to ears near the Mac—I get stereo imaging. Depth reception. A wake, of course, is sometimes a death reception. But the Advent is still incarnate.

Your 1,991 Greatest Hits, which I applaud mightily, is the greatest collection I’ve encountered since *The Hundred Thousand Songs of Milarepa*, also published in two volumes. 1,991: that number reminds me of your payment towards the Visa in your passport to happiness, to aural bliss: your ready money for scintillating CDs. The bill? “I’ll CU later.” CDs . . . Are we having fund yet? As the Captain and Tenille scudded, then sputtered, their thousands of fans heard them tearfully, tunefully utter, “Were still having fund/But you’re moribund.” I might’ve “bought the farm.” If I neverminded economics I might’ve bought Nirvana by now. (“Buy now!” “Now, eh? No way! Bye now.”) I may someday. Who can say? (The soul of Dr. Seuss, which had been on the loose, has found a place to roost in a warm and snugly bed in the hall within my head.) Someday, if the cosmic educational administraton *sees fit* (rather than *throwing* one), it may issue me my first credit card, sort of a report card in the school of life. But for that I’ll probably have to start attending! Oh well! Amor fati! Effort? Sure, carpe diem—and seize the fit. And maybe have a seizure on top of it. Meanwhall, back at Lay Z Ranch, Ah’m just an unordained dude ridin’ them doggies ’n’ brandin’ ’em nude. “Who’s nude? All of you and the doggies too? Just the crew? Or is the brand named ‘Nude’ that you apply, you dude. Tell us now and tell us true!”

I’ve given up serious thought for the crossword puzzlement of the sound of my breathing. (Given up! As though once attained! Never having been an intellectual how can I *really* be an anti-intellectual, as much as I may aspire to become one? Maybe I’m a pseudo-anti-pseudo-intellectual; but who’d know? Somewon wood: forest ants—oops! *for instance*, I meant to say, not *for a stance*; anyha-oo, sum oo-un . . . gull darn it, Ah plum forgot! Ah thaht Ah had it there, foreign instant.) But I intend to stroll in the Asian Parkes and streams you’ve generously bequeathed to my estate of consonants. I love strolling in streams—they’re so *wet!* Which reminds me: I love strolling in *dreams*, too.

Enough about megalomaniac. Have there been more snowball fights or giddy nights for the cohorts of the Lust Result? Do further encouraging words rustle in the gene hermitage?

To Harold Coward, I tender an apology for any past, present or future abuse of his good name. To Jacques Derrida—aka Jack the Riddha, aka Dr. De-con, aka Maître D’ (coming soon to a neighborhood reading lamp near you, Jay!)—permission has been granted to speak, shout, heckle, fart, and throw rotten daikons at his interpreters in the ancient halls of K.U.; this is by special dispensation of the COWARD—the Court Of Wrestlers And Rustlers De: luxe, luded, lighted, la range, l’orange, nying, pressing, signing, coying, mure, nuding, ville, vilish, fining, contaminated, leting, ar, constricting, positing, flected, manding, ifying, capitating, tergent, viant, precatig, testable, stroying, facto, congestant, af, compressing, vious, xterous, scending, teriorating, nse, clining, forming, throning, voting, rogatory, composed, vising, railing, riding, briefed, odorizing, riving, caying, ranged, scribed, tailed, tected, structive, corous, tached, spotic, regulated, ceiving, classifying, frayed, cent, barring, cadent, bauching, arly, adly, athly, cided, terminate, terminated & ad.

Dead Can Dance: do you know this duo? Their *A Passage in Time*, 4AD/Rycodisc RCD 20215, 1991, comprises selections from their four 4AD discs plus two new cuts. What can I say? Talitha Mackenzie bears twins, a boy and a girl: the Rimbaud Twins, perhaps? But he knows English. He hears and likes Buxtehude, Lou Reed, the early Moody Blues and Robert Rich. He hides a patch of London fog in his larynx. She, on the other throat, has no need of any real language at all, having no poetic pretensions, her mom’s clarity and the modulation of a Sheila Chandra. She stuns. They swap the singing from cut to cut, only one twin per song. Can twins sound so different? I’m getting used to him; she instantly found a place in my heart. She’s on half the disc, so I play it a lot. I’m even starting to enjoy the fog.

January 17 I have a clue as to why I mocked *Play of Consciousness* and the title of the otherwise unknown-to-me-at-the-time “Deconstruction and Breakthrough in Nietzsche and Nagarjuna.” I think it’s treatise envy.

Ever the salty sailor, with curses and unholy vowels I weighed anchor, setting off in the fag shit of my feat—uh, ahem! flagship of my fleet. I pulled my rope over its *Pulley of Consonants* and sent up single fags underdressed—oops!—signal flags of distress. Flags of distressing signals. The mates were shouting, as they do, giving orders to the crew in the boisterous brew of brouhaha. “Now we’re off, Jack!” “How do I jack off?” “No no, you Dutch maggot!—” “How much do I clutch at it? Let me bring that up on my Wank computer.” “You’re damn right I outrank you! Now Jack!—with a yo-heave-ho! let’s stow the duffles! batten the hatches! go below! and see what today’s catch is!”

. . . Oh—the author’s name, too. “Men Fartin! Pull-*ease!*” There’s no denying the quilt silt guilt of my sweet sweat stream wet dream. There’s no point in penile denial.

I was strolling through the Parkes today, in the merry merry month of January, en route to fiduciary February after which I’ll March—springing with April if I May—to the beat of a different summer. “June, darling—fix yourself: you’re busting out all over. Would Julyke to swing on a star in my August company?” Well, I’ll CU in September . . . December or when next Ja[nuar]y? Anyway, on my way I passed by perfectly readable quotes from *Shobogenzo*. As I eat my words I find my writing to be in good taste. I take my writing (Truman Capote said of Kerouac: “That’s not writing, it’s typing.” If someone calls my stuff “word-processing” I certainly have no CAWS or grounds, static or dynamic, for complaint) and reading with a grain of salt, however, noting the phenomenon of the *masala*, the blend, or the mixed bag—of tricks, even. Mixture in samples gives mixed urine samples, which is good: spices are the key to health in the Ayurveda. Conversely and anagrammatically, varAudey is the spice of life.

De-con fusing is amusing, but I hear the call of “Do, T!” reminding me of 800 Numbers to call. (Isn’t that an awful lot? I think I’ll just call a half do zen or so.) And I want to get this out on the next ship down the river PO. Air mail to o-Japan is all one rate. I must fly. Write soon and often! Even to me! I look forward to your annual epistle with tempted breaths. Om Namah

Shivaya Om

P.S. Having just proofed this, and about to do the title page, I recall Wilber’s book, which I haven’t seen yet; I’ll report when I do, probably at Banyen (sic; ban-yen: is that a statement of an isolationist monetary policy? TV made news of the Chanel store at Ala Moana accepting yen) Books in Vancouver. I’m sure KW’s effort is valuable. I have a hunch—call it an instinct, if you want—that I’ll never grasp the instinct/intuition differential mechanism; I pop the clutch at that one and reach for the stick to shift Wilber’s gears. He does route me down some interesting branches. Later, pulling out of a slippery cul-de-sac, I grin and shout, “I hope I *never* get over this pre/trans phallusy!” Later yet, at a stoplight, I gun the engine at a sleek, furry shape low in the crosswalk; I shout, “Here I come, pussy!”

The Hesse association you made is flattering. The color and wetness of this pube lickation will depend strictly on its content, however. (Maybe. Who knows what will suddenly spill out of me?) Now, if someone would favorably compare my works with those of Paul Klee . . . Oh, I mean our *writings!* And Jay, if you and I kleewilberated, our literary output might find a place in the wanks (“This is by no means the first sign of latent homosexuality I’ve detected in you, Om.” Don’t worry, Jay—or whoever said that. *I* said it, of course!) ranks of . . . whom? WhOm. Homer, certainly. And Jethro (Jethro said to Moses: “Go in peace.”

Exodus 4:18) [Tull?], Tulley, Virgiln, Playdough, Suckheratease, and the pre-Socceraddicts like Anactofslander, Anaxcangoreus and Herclitoris.

Hanalei is a whole lot hipper than I thought. I just read in the paper that after appearing at Shirokiya in Honolulu DJ Shiro Amamiya came here to see the volcano and snow-clad Mauna Kea. While on Kauai he stopped at Kaneshiro Store in Hanalei. For lunch, he went to Hanalei Pizza. As he came in the door, an old lady seated at a table jumped up, exclaiming, “Mama mia! Amamiya!” Who is this, De-Jay? (Guess which paper.) Om Namah Shivaya Om

I recently discovered novels and short stories of an author who turns out to be my favorite: Robert Coover. This dude’s one deconstructive rustler! Remarkably, I disCoovered him by stamping ants!—uh—by happenstance. Dancechancetrance. Om

Om
Namah
Shivaya

January 21, 1992

Dear Jay,

Your letter of Jan. 15 sits (reclines? sings?) on the tabletop beside me. All around my mind, suffused with Dead Can Dance and the 4:09 p.m. smell of the spaghetti I reheated for a late lunch, swim thoughts and memories . . . how I mailed a package to you this morning from the Kamuela Post Office after making copies at the library next door where I gave an inferior copy of “A Sudden Story” to a librarian to whom I’d recommended him some weeks ago; how (or: why?) I dreamt of a Kalu Rimpoche/Karmapa composite early this morning as I slept in Photron’s bed: this dream in my head or out of my mind took place in what (where) I knew to be London; Rainbow Sun appeared, as well; it felt good; it was a dry dream; later (in this long sentence) back in re(tee-hee-hahahoho)ality heeheeHA I was still at the library where I in fact of physical act—an instance of the actual behavior that in unaxeptable forms may result in capital punishment, or worse—flipped through two picture books on Tibet/ans that sat (erect but folded) on the New Books shelves. On the topmost shelf, which befit their Himalayan stature, they stood tall, saluting me when I walked past by unfurling like prayer flags their long tongues. The top shelf was the only shelf on which they fit on account of their height and, one (oo-un, mm-ee, uh-ee) suspects, need for attention. They’re a refugee community that needs . . . but who isn’t and who doesn’t? Why, after all, did I boldly walk into the dream-rimpoche’s private apartment, uninvited? And why did he welcome me so warmly, smiling at me like an old friend as he set down his beer?

Well, London *is* cosmopolitan, as former imperial capitals often are. Or were. Or worse. (*How capital!* they say in merrye olde Englande. How? Ask Keynes.) Succumbing to the blandishments of TV advertising and the endorsements of the Amerrycon Dental Assholeciation, I picked up with intent to purchase—then in fact did purchase—a bottle of Listerine oral refreshment, for the sake of combatting encroaching gingivitis. But enough about teeth. Where am eye in all this? “A glass I in a piece of felt/Taped to a bone wrapped in a pelt.” (Nihildisc ND108, Clued Din, Clued Doubt (aka City-City [< CD, CD]), “The Reaffirmation of Zydeco, Art Deco, the Blues and the Gyuto Monks” from *The Self-Overcoming of Creoleism*) After making the buy of the mouth I alit near Byrd’s and entered the Rosetta Stone sanctuary of sacred statuary and stationery from Bali, Burma and, by gum, Brooklyn; I was regaled by the regalia of Mahalia Jackson wailing gospel songs via CD, speakers, and Wailuan air not discernably fouled by Suzy’s two visiting dogs, the lone customer, Suzy or myself. Incense permeated its packaging and commingled in a fortuitous bouquet. I don’t call myself a customer; today I left, as usual, without a purchase. At Byrd’s I spent \$9.35 of hard-[un?]earned and unearned cash on the 70 minutes of the Mickey Hart-

produced Ryko sampler *Around the World (For a Song)*. Not a disappoint, not surprisingly. It includes an edit of “Yamantaka,” followed by The Canadian Indian “Grand Entry Song (Little Otter Singers),” in which “the vowel sounds of the singers’ pulsating voices give way to consonants . . .” If only the vows bound to sinners’ compulsive choices gave way to (un?)consciousness . . .

Loosely, profusely ashloshiating in my funconscious, I may ponder the paretic/pathetic-tragic/magic dimension of Nietzsche’s lifework, wondering whether it was a symptom of lifestealth (the amusement theory of paresis), or whether he rubbed against the grain so long that he ignited, brilliantly illuminated the whole, old boardroom, and consumed himself—he, after all, being part and parcel of the boardroom as he represented it to himself, which may be to say: as it represented itself to itself as him. For a change. As part of the Darwinian will to thrive, derive and be more alive, life may have Nietzsche himself. The original, like any finitely-fueled flame, extinguished itself in its relentless giving of light, but this species of fire-fly is far from extinct. I saw several fly by as I sat in the Parkes nibbling Graham’s crackers. (See the epigram to ch. 1, and its first sentence.) GP is of the opinion “that he sacrificed his mental and physical health for the sake of writing books”: that he was tragic. (P. 6) I have trouble putting him in a category. I suspect that his view of himself was as penetrating and multi-layered as were his insights into anything else. Yes, Freud said that no one knew ever knew himself better nor likely ever would. Anyway, who indeed knows? I too am categorywise agnostic, but I imagine that Nietzsche’s “self” was spread along the pathetic-tragic continuum—unevenly probably. Language fails to offer me useful distinctions here. Here *once again*.

A few credos: I think human beings are complex, and “a complex” is never simple. I don’t believe in pure cases. It seems that a lot of “responsible thinkers,” be they psychoanalysts or economists, don’t believe in them either, giving out disclaimers of a few phrases before going on at book-length lavishly fictionalizing their admittedly merely “ideal” cases. Implicit in this is the understanding that this is how types must be defined—and the belief that they ought to be defined—or invented—in the first place. Some of these people are masters of characterization, like good novelists of the traditional mold. They emphasize, reify and circumscribe patterns of thought, feeling and action that may predominate in a given person or socio-economic group for a time or at times. Then, suddenly, standing alone, seemingly self-incarnate, is a *type*. Here the social scientist becomes a *dishonest* artist: “Behold the type! I didn’t create it—I discovered it, for I am a scientist!” And, “—hence I am a *great* scientist!”

As people once identified with the heroes and/or villains of their cultures’ epics and legends, so do many people today, in their search for an identity, incorporate in their self-image the many details of a type to which they initially feel akin by virtue of some striking correspondences

of a few traits. For many readers of psychological works this sense of kinship soon becomes a sense of identity. For a fuller understanding of themselves and their psychological intricacies they read more of the authors who speak to them, who illuminate their nooks and crannies. Thus people *read(!)* for “self-discovery,-understanding,-realization.” This is like trying to shave by looking at a painting instead of looking in a mirror. This is life imitating science—like the medical student who gets the symptoms of half the diseases he studies. But the medical student has the benefit of mentors to tell him what’s happening. For all their self-severing dialectic and rhetoric, Nagarjuna and Nietzsche didn’t sever themselves from the sangha and the reading public, the entangled masses who need not a mirror but a sword: the requisite operation isn’t the deluded shaving themselves; it’s something more fundamental, a procedure that doesn’t require a mirror—their self-decapitation.

The methods. The melting of self-imagery, the dissolution-dissonation of self-description, the deconstruction of discursive constructs and their constructing. The methods without metaphysics and morality. Without the guilt that will inhibit the process, the slow, painful severing of the head. But guilt is part of the package that must be unwrapped; guilt is woven into the collar around the neck that waits to be vivisected, cut clean through. The slicing is so slow that at times it seems to cease, even move backwards as the neck apparently heals for a time. But we persevere, intent, obsessed. Never is a mirror needed, but mirrors—and paintings—distract us. Everything distracts us, even descriptions of the task at hand—at-throat. Nietzsche can take us far, reminding us of many things and showing us new ones but, finally, he can take us only so far; then, if we meet him on the lonely road of our essential suicide—mustn’t we kill him as surely as we’re killing ourselves?

Yes; as surely and perhaps as slowly. I, for one, am having a hard time getting rid of him: having pretty well digested most of his magna opera, he hides in my bones. He may finally die only when the sword breaks through, whistling into thin air as my head falls free. “Freedom? . . . From what? (Forgotten.)”

Nietzsche characterizes—having himself typified—the scholar, the ascetic, the scientist, the artist, the philosopher, even the priest. He caricatures types and he traces their attitudes to root level, but he doesn’t pretend to portraiture any more than a radiologist does. He paints his characters in broad stripes with dyes that soak to the genes, then he turns them inside out to see what they really mean. He’s left a colorful, graphic record of his own well-executed self-deconstruction. “He’s” and “his”—where “he” “is” between these and this w-h-o c-a-n t-e-l-l o-r s-p-e-l-l?

He made distinctions, he put up solid transparent walls in which he observed his specimens flourish in a naturalistic environment. The most deft of surgeons, he could vivisect an animal that would then live a normal span, its innards exposed all the while. Its descendants, and those of others like it, live today in the same terrariums and aquariums that he

constructed, or, rather, pointed out, uncovered, excavated from beneath structures that he removed by deconstruction. But we are who we are, and we are not found as such in his zoological notebooks. His methods are powerful and we may use them to great advantage; they are intimately related to a point of view, however, and here we must be certain to make our own observations once we've attained an ecstatic height or a despairing, abysmal depth. If we rely on descriptions of the view—even those of a master traveler or a worthy guide—there's every danger that we'll imagine something according to the description and take this for the reality of our excursion—and so, for all intents and purposes, it will be that reality. We'll recall *that*, and the memory of the nausea of our high- or low-altitude sickness that let us know we really were “there” at the time it gripped our stomachs, forced us to ask what we were looking at, and compelled us to answer in the fanciful terms of similarly stricken geopsychologists of the past, who themselves may have been blinded by the dazzling, raging poetry of a guide who'd excoriated such posturing “science” and counter-science.

Poverty and chastity, impoverishment and forced celibacy. Whatever. I'm going to freeciate a little here (hear?) to your journal quotes, fresh-blood red and alive with the viperous pit's hiss and rattle as they are: “There is no exit.” BPM II, but why am I telling you? To promote the struggle; it's no time to take in the “view”—that was sentences ago, across the indentation, the chew. The view you took, or it took you. Now what to do? “This fearful attitude which cannot effect an escape from itself, . . . cannot destroy . . . the armor which has become a prison, . . . and take joy in the unknown.” Attitudes escape themselves when they are embodied, felt, and emoted fully. In the animal kingdom fear completes itself by fight or flight. Failing that, a cornered animal shivers in wide-eyed paralysis as shock sets in to ease in advance its death that soon follows as the jaws of its predator tighten around it, the teeth snapping its cervical spine. In humans, deep chronic fear effects a partial paralysis of the will, a psychological cornering, an “impoverishment” that expects the worst and—surprise?—sometimes gets it. What's the remedy, the therapy? Work backwards, out of the shell-shocked shelter of your mind (which psychophysically *is* your head: not just your brain but your scalp, face, eyes, ears, tongue, and, especially, *jaws*) down through the neck into the shoulders, etc., all or any of which need to shiver, then, yes, *convulse* until suddenly a murderous rage will seeth through you with surprising strength. Let it. That's Mother Nature finally awakening. Or perhaps at the “fight” point you'll run like the wind—ecstatically—instead of flailing with lethal gaiety at . . . dissolving unrecollectable memories. (Free at last. . . . From what?) As therapy this stems from Reich; as theory it has roots in Darwin and common sense. From shivering to rage might take less than a second, by the way. Now, where to do this? It might involve some fierce growling or howling. . . .

January 22 Here I am again.

Indent.

Recessed.

The sun crashed through the horizon of this morning, forcing out the sad gloom of night, bathing the earth in its superabundant glow. Ho hum. Boring old sun. Night, light—no matter.

In imitation so blatant, crude and wan that none can doubt the sincerity of their flattery, a coterie of Koloa University intelligentsia has spawned a school of “thorough throughout-thought” (to borrow their rhetoric) that they call “undisentanglement.”

So it was broadcast in the morning nudes. Good guess: *Beyond Good and Evil* was a strong influence, certainly. Does “undisentanglement” derive from BGE, section 2? Please forgive my including Kaufmann’s translation of the entire, not entirely [ir]relevant sentence: “Such origins are impossible; whoever dreams of them is a fool, indeed worse; the things of the highest value must have another, *peculiar* origin—they cannot be derived from this transitory, seductive, deceptive, paltry world, from this turmoil of delusion and lust.” (Nietzsche’s italics) Later in the same section he says:

For all the value that the true, the truthful, the selfless may deserve, it would still be possible that a higher and more fundamental value for life might have to be ascribed to deception, selfishness, and lust. It might even be possible that what constitutes the value of these good and revered things is precisely that they are insidiously related, tied to, and involved with these wicked, seemingly opposite things—maybe even one with them in essence. Maybe!

But who has the will to concern himself with such dangerous maybes? For that, one really has to wait for the advent of a new species of philosophers, such as have somehow another and converse taste and propensity from those we have known so far—philosophers of the dangerous “maybe” in every sense.

And in all seriousness: I see such new philosophers coming up. You’re quite right: For my linking the sense of a debt of gratitude to the feeling of guilt I’m indebted to Nietzsche’s examination of the equation *Schuld* = guilt = debt.

It seems I read somewhere that Nietzsche didn’t let his mustache grow like that before his madness; it was an invention of his sister. (?)

Tron shaved his off the other day.

Tron wants you to know that he’s a big fan of Detty’s “Banondari,” or Number 4, as he calls it. Its “Classic character” reminds him of a psychedelic Indonesian film he and Sand(i or y, “Take your pick,” she said when I called her a little bit ago) saw at a westside hotel late late one night.

The Golden Voice of Africa and Mickey Hart are contenders for the World Beat Grammy Award. See enclosed clipping, fine print. That’s it if this is going to make today’s mail. Get out there and *thrash!*

A
POST-DECONSTRUCTIVE
UNDISENTANGLED
PHENOMENOLOGY
OF
YOGA

*At the Edge of Lovableness and
Respectability*

DEDICATION

**In celebration of the anniversary of the birth
of a great becoming,
this work is dedicated**

TO Jay Shiva

Wednesday, January 22, 1992

Dear Jay,

In the letter I just put in the mail I'd meant to say that what "ude" imitates in a "blatant, crude and wan" manner is *deconstruction*. ("Nude," p.1) Why disentangle the turmoil/tangle? Check the angle of the dangle, get a handle on the manhole cover—grip and yank, pull the street out from under your feet, pop the lids off the subway cars, pop the skulls of the little people as they scramble to escape to work and play—grab them and pop them in your frying pan. Do you have a hot plate and skillet? Well buy one, and *kill it*. Scramble their little brains.

Respiration is what I might call the sensation of breathing and fucking I get lying on the bed, the breath making whatever sound it wants but basically the ujjayi/word of the hiss of bliss as the serpent shimmies between my tail and my head, my penis flaccid, relaxed—my whole body sliding through the vagina of space. Direct genital stimulation is not necessary to arouse the Kundalini and send her on her way to the neck and head. I find my wrists crossed, fingers rhythmically tapping the projections of the opposing hip bones, sending quivers through my pelvis and down my legs. I feel sad, then fearful, I squirm and stretch; I get angry: grunting, I bare my teeth, shake my head. All while maintaining one or another of the several rhythms that visit.

As my node slides like the knot of a noose along the web of life what further or past entanglements will I encounter? What fortune might this gypsy tell for himself? Might I (with your help?) compile *Koloalogy: A Year Away From Sadhana (I Thought), But Not Really*, in which I include most everything I've written in the past year, concluding with these observations: (1) semen in and of itself may have nothing to do with Kundalini, but what and whom we tend to associate with its expulsion may constitute a burdensome placement of attention, counterproductive to en-lighten-ment; (2) in the master/slave mix of the horrified-moralized predatory world in which I wander from niche to niche I—like the minority man in Nixon's joke who needs three things: loose shoes, a warm place to shit, and tight pussy—have certain basic needs and creative outputs that may best be met were I to somehow come into several thousands of dollars that I would give to the local and/or [inter]national levels of SYDA Foundaton, certain sevites of which would also receive *O'o*—and, with the donation in the bank, a real interest in reading it. This might be my destiny.

Has Nietzsche redeemed the guru in my sight? Is there any reason not to credit/debit him? Is there, after all, really *any* reason, period? Maybe, maybe, maybe. What do I want with the guru? All I want is a line to peoples' minds, and one through my spine. Who else would be interested but those in Siddha Yoga, none of whom are intrinsically my enemies from my point of view? Don't I acknowledge how much I've

derived from Siddha Yoga, at least in this sentence? Has this *circle*—so you once called it, predicting its closure—not been the Shakti’s way of setting me free from my attachment to an image of her as the human form called Gurumayi? Does Gurumayi not encourage this detachment and realization? Is this all a rationalization for my attending evening programs with the Vancouver Siddha center when I go back up there? A justification of my need to socialize and obtain recognition of some sort? Am I a fly smelling shit, wanting to eat it? Or lay my eggs in it? Did Nagarjuna set a huge precedent, slicing with laser-logic while remaining a Buddhist-sutrist? Harold Coward, I want to talk to you.

What good is talk? Words, like dollars, are charms. It all has buying power, that’s what good it is. Yes. Power. Self-contradiction? That’s just the rise and fall of the market or a change of residence: a matter of convenience; situation ethics, high on Kohlberg’s scale of ethical judgment development cited by Wilber.

Tangled indeed.

Is a readership worth thousands of dollars? Maybe the delight in communicating is worth it. And the delight in communicating a message that is in bulk so critical of the organization I would be supporting. Maybe the criticisms and awarenesses would be heard, understood and therefore effective.

Maybe you should leave Japan (yesterday, now, soon) and go on staff in Ganeshpuri.

Maybe I should transpose my life into a science fiction in which my embryo in utero maintained subtle fixations at the bird level as it developed. As a result, the holo-consciousness of the universe reflecting in the intelligent network of my parents’ DNA carried into my life a tendency to fly here and there, peck at things and squawk. Why did my embryo fixate? Was I destined for flight? Did I have bird karma? Or merely the fate of a question-beggar?

Jan, you’re airy. Two-three. Reinstate me as a devotee, a disciple? (Arjuna said when I left my post as house captain—and not only the post: the house as well—of my not consulting Gurumayi: “That’s not the act of a disciple.”) Bring me back as Gurumayi’s husband (my recurrent fantasy)? No! Three times No! I want to be nothing less than Archguru, Living Mahasiddha ha ha ha.

Shaking off the numbing chill of *Guru Gitazzzzzzz* droning on day after day to the tam-bore-a and wooden harm-onica complaining at the hands of diligent instrumentalists—instruments of the guru one and all—I recall in the lingering *ressentiment* of my slavish memory the backroom TV sports viewing, the vicarious cruelty we needed to enjoy, the violence we had to inflict somehow, together, safely, in the home of the noble guru.

Well. I think I can shake things up better—and even then only a little—from the outside. The inside has so many Machiavellian concentric circles of tiered hierarchical barricades around the pinnacle-person, with

interlinking subterranean passageways, that by a postal or personal visit to the right person . . . who knows? Who's the right person? Again I drily dreamt of Rainbow, the bright, lovely, melancholic, often friendly yet often aloof Sun—a dark, brilliant, and semi-hard *chela*—who once angered Arjuna by writing a paper for a UH religion course on the origins, legendary and historical, of the *Guru Gita*. The paper impressed me, as did these facts: she consulted Siddha Yoga swamis as part of the research; it was in no way an apology for Siddha Yoga; she didn't let Sally read it but she allowed me to. I was impressed and *excited* when I, resident peeping Om of the Sun household, peered through the keyhole of the door between my room and Rainbow's (I had my own room: Sally was a loud snorer) and discovered that this gem proudly bore upon her chest two outstanding, warmly inviting pink nipples. Alas, but with my eyes, I never touched them. As I watched that time, on my knees—my previous peephole-prayers being answered with this revelation—Rainbow lightly touched her pubic hairs, her fingers lingering for only a moment, then raised her hand to her breast and likewise felt her right . . . rosebud, cherry pit, mammary erogenous epicenter, pillow-nubbin, thirst quencher, eye, teat, pectoral clitoris, brain stem, bottle cap, uvula, little toe, Christmas light, fire alarm . . . thermonuclear device of my mind's explosion.

I ask myself What really motivated me to stay in Siddha Yoga? and I immediately ask—in fact, tell—myself As if there's an instinct compelling me that I can be aware of, lurking, as it would be, beneath the veneer of [anything] made by people who think they have free choices between *what* choices, *whose* choices in *whose* world?! *What a whose!* What a hoot! *Hoot*, man! all too hootman.

Yet, Yes! Baba did a radical critique of notions of creative origins in commenting to a disciple that everything that he, the disciple, considers to be his—even his being—is something that he has on loan from a source that is in no way his alone. This could extend inductively, and by no means reductively, to the origins of the *Guru Gita*, which was the creation of multiple personalities. The play on *multiple personalities* is intended half in jest. (Whose play? And who plays on, in, as *them*? Who? Hoot! Hootman.)

Perhaps I should write/CAWS a letter to Arjuna revealing intimate dimensions of my years in Siddha Yoga and my year of skirting its edge, making intellectual forays into its heart- or mind-land. Dear Arjuna, I was going to call this *Koloalogy* but would you permit me to call it *Dear Arjuna*? . . .

Breath is the essence of anything good there may be about *spirit*.

Nature and my nature are too wonderful to trifle with being human—without being human as naturally as possible. This means being ravenous, demanding, self-centered and unself-conscious—being everything that is in the most exalted sense of the word *infantile*. And here I emit the word *parents*, to whom I wish to transfer what was theirs, as my parents—what I transferred to gurus and to—among others—Sally and

“elements” and word-playing with them. The derivativeness of my Nietzscheaness and Derridaness is obvious: my CAWS is a periodic desktop of elements.

Our twin Rimbaud references crossed in the mail. Fraternal twins.

Waldenbooks called: your Peekaboo on Keyholetoe is in. Consider it a birthday present. Happy Birthday! my Aquarian mid-life agnostic friend! I'll mail it after I look at or read it. Rainbow's birthday is the sixteenth. I tried to reach Sally last night; no answer. I was going to get Rainbow's address and number: I was thinking of her as a possible recipient of a heretical publication to follow the last communication she got from me: “Time Alone Passing,” in which I penned my appreciation and indebtedness to her for her exemplary, objective writing of the paper on the *Guru Gita* and for her openly, in the Honolulu Center, calling Siddha Yoga a cult. I never mentioned, or thanked her for, her handing me that slice of eternity through the keyhole. I guess that unless I wanted to alienate her—not that I didn't do that with TAP: I never heard from her after I sent it—I'd have to bring up the voyeuristic episode as a contrite confession—facetiously contrite, of course, or it wouldn't be real—and/or as a self-deprecatingly funny incident.

After I moved out of the Sun household someone, not I, spied upon Rainbow from outdoors. She caught a glimpse or two of the culprit, and it continued while I was in Japan. She began to close her drapes at night—and lived with an added dose of fear. Her father had abused her physically, perhaps sexually. She'd had panic attacks at times, most recently when it had begun to appear that I was likely to move out; I like to imagine a causal connection there. I made a point of never touching Rainbow, never even hugging her, out of fear of the strength of my attraction to her. Sally was already jealous of us, but Rainbow was an enigmatic virgin—and Sally was a sly witch, in ways. But no more than I was a crafty astrologer.

After his turbulent affair with Sally, for whom he'd left a furiously jealous Denree Smith, Abhaya—my roommate at the time—once again became friends with Sally. She would come over to the place on Wilder Avenue to cut our hair (for free). When Abhaya got ready to go to India she helped him pack and she stored some of his stuff at her house. One morning Abhaya was somewhere else when she came by the house to pick up some of his things for storage. I carried a load to her car and before she got in and drove off she thanked me for being such a good friend to Abhaya. She credited the good influence of my company for what she saw as a marked improvement in Abhaya's alcoholism. I was taken aback by her praise. And I was happily flattered.

Not long after that I was sitting in the front office of the center with Sally and a professional astrologer. They were discussing astrology. After the astrologer left I told Sally that I'd be happy to do her chart for free. I did her chart and then her kids'. She paid me for all of them. My intention was not to get paid—that was nice—but to get closer to Sally. It worked. She began taking me out for lunch and dinner. (She thought I was

starving.) Then one fine day (in June, it must have been, of '87) she took me into the First Hawaiian Bank in the round building next to the Varsity Theatre. As she was about to write out a check to open my new checking account at the last moment she doubled the amount, saying that Rainbow had said I should have—rather than the *one* Sally had had in mind—*two* thousand dollars. In a matter of days—maybe two weeks—we made love for the first time. Soon after, I moved in.

Soon after that Sally and I were in the center parking lot about to get in her car when Padmanabha—the Pipeline resident and surfer, grandfather, and cook on Baba's first world tour—who had no inkling of money having changed hands, called out to me in his teasing tone, "Hey gigolo!" Maybe I was a gigolo, or maybe I was just an astrologer who fell in love. I did, in my infantile way, love Sally. Anyway, Pad's remark was not out of character, however much it may have been out of line. Maybe, in some sense, it was called for. I felt a surge of pride at being a gigolo, or at being called one, a surge that I never expressed or even had a chance to savor as we got into the car and Sally angrily asked me if his taunt hadn't upset me. I owned that it had, which was true insofar as via Sally it was at that moment upsetting me. She exhorted me to be responsive and to show people my real feelings. Seeing her feelings, I felt too afraid to show her mine.

Fast forward to a few minutes ago: I called Sally's number; younger daughter Peace, award-winning painter and gung-ho Siddha yogini, answered the phone; Sally's on Kauai at an Iyengar yoga retreat; I called Jim Bernaert, husband of Ruthie Discoe who's also at the retreat, and got Sally's number in Kalapana; I reached Sally; we had a happy little chat; we plan to meet here at Tron's, Sunday, Feb. 2. Stay tuned. Oh yeah; I learned from Peace that Rainbow is still—for over a year now—seriously involved with "Klaus." It sounds like Sally is single. Part of the time on the phone, as at times in our past, Sally spoke to me in a childish voice—in a way that I call *baby talk*.

So the anniversary of your birth will be the eve of a planned exercise in my—*infantility*? Not that I'm planning a romantic interl[ude], but associatively I note that no matter how much jizzum I pumped into her forty-eight-year-old premenopausal womb, there could never have been an egg lying in wait: by virtue of having had her tubes tied, Sally was in a state of infertility. There was no danger—or hope, on my part—of pregnancy. Sally said she'd love to have my babies—another kind of baby talk. She even mentioned marriage, a subject on which I wasn't afraid to reveal my true feelings. Once, in Fallsburg, she sought my admission that we were already in some sense married. My refusal to grant her that much was met with loud, distraught crying. Gigolo, friend, lover, whatever—fine. But not husband. No. When we were splitting up a few months later I wept, not for the loss of a friend or lover, but in anxiety about separating from my—mother.

Jizzum [= jazz, in its original meaning] began to flow into Sally's hot, capacious cunt from my never-so-hugely-and-hotly erect penis after she convinced me—with the help of my penis—that I was wrong to cling to the ojas theory, or what I called “the teachings.” She did accomplish what she saw as needful: getting me in touch with my sexuality, which is to say getting our sexes to touch. The first night we made love Sally had a loud orgasm that carried through the wall against which was the bed that Rainbow lay on, wide awake. After several such nights Rainbow moved from the middle of the three interconnecting bedrooms to the one at the other end, the one that I'd been sleeping in. I moved into her old bedroom. I slept between the immediate objects of my lust: the realized at one door and the longed-for at the other.

Speaking of in betweens, here's a poem, or a song without a melody, a rhyme in ten-syllable lines that began in iambic pentameter and here and there returns to that rhythm but mostly seems to set forth with merely syllabic regularity a description graphical and metaphorical in couplets for the most part. For the moist part. I present it without further ado.

Shanti's Portrait

As you sat across the table from me,
You, lit by glowing candlelight,
Became the model for what we see
Is a memento of a Friday night
When the moon, full in the sign of Cancer,
Shone on Mauna Kea's snow. We
Had looked into each other's eyes, smiled
And laughed. When you went to dance I whiled
Away the moments sketching in a face.
(The table cloths are paper at that place.)

When you returned and asked me, “Who's that?”
I replied, “Maybe it's you.” You said,
“She doesn't have my hair.” I agreed.
I zig-zagged vibrant dreads around your head
Till all your blissful energy was freed.
By morning light you thought her eyes were crazy.
At night the view was just a wee bit hazy
Is the excuse—and the fact!—that I gave.
It's yours if it's something you'd like to save.
Now it's resting on Photron's closet shelf
Till somebody claims it—maybe yourself!

Driving home, your youngest daughter's father
Sat with you to your left. On the other

Side sat I. As we had touched eye to eye,
Now our legs were touching at the thigh.
I felt like the earth, you two at *my* sides
Like the full moon and sun pulling my tides:
My best friend on the one hand, his lover
On the other. You both shone so strongly
That I thought that my wish was held wrongly
An upcoming eclipse to discover.

Next day at the beach was sunny and bright.
Tron and I swallowed our tongues out of sight.
I tried to buzz my lips like Evianne
But I couldn't do it the way she can
With her tongue stuck out between her soft lips
The way she puckers when she gives a kiss.

* * *

Shanti, what to say? It's been seven days
Since that Friday night when the moon was full
And I tried to draw you through the haze.
The tides continue to exert their pull.
You and Tron have drawn an ocean apart.
It's time for you two to make a fresh start.

The tide is ebbing and in my dream's stream
Your shining shimmering happy eyes gleam.

The portrait is from the neck up, in brown crayon, nearly twice life-size. As we sat in the Poipu nightclub I got some compliments on it, including this from a man who identified himself as the artist whose paintings are for sale in a nearby pizzeria: "Damned good. That's damned good." Maybe *it's* good; *I* had fun doing . . . it. I was thinking of Shanti as I drew, but I wasn't trying to draw her. Until the dreads grew, the face had a short crew-cut. The main discrepancy between the picture and the reality is the nose: the bridge is a bit high and the end points slightly down instead of having a chiseled upturn. And the eyes . . . I like the eyes but I'm not sure they're Shanti's. As Shanti said when people gathered to look at the picture: "That's not me; *this* is me." And Jay: you're my best friend, too—and certainly *exclusively* my most intimate confidant. Not that I'm asking you to hold any of this in confidence . . .

Saturday, January 25 I hope to print and mail this this morning when there's only one early pickup at the PO. So . . . at breakneck speed I'll try to hit the keys to communication.

Arjuna moved back to Fallsburg according to Peace whose mother I used to fuck with my tongue stuck in my nasopharynx which precluded

Frenching but seemed to allow us to climax together. Early in our sexual relationship I'd sometimes come shortly after entering her, yet keeping my erection and going on to satisfy her. This is a type of "premature ejaculation seen in young men whom it doesn't bother because they don't lose their erections," to paraphrase sex writers. Another disease of young adults that I had while at Sally's, which Tron had while at KU Med Center in KC studying biochemistry in the early seventies, and which at the time I attributed to semen loss, was mycoplasma pneumonia. I say "young"—I was thirty-four, but a very immature thirty-four. While bed-ridden with pneumonia I read your rousing tale of the truck ride in Ladakh, hand-delivered by Lightner who came upstairs to my mid-hell bedroom that I shared with large pictures of the gurus—it could have been the meditation hall for a small center.

Nietzsche says in GM 3,8: "As for the 'chastity' of philosophers . . . : it is . . . the will of their dominating instinct, at least during their periods of great pregnancy. . . . —their 'maternal' instinct ruthlessly disposes of all other stores and accumulations of energy, of animal vigor, for the benefit of the evolving work: the greater energy then *uses up* the lesser."

Simultaneous orgasms don't mean much. I'd've rather been having loud ones, for myself, with or without a partner—getting the energy to move upward. What energy? The Kundalini of course—but what's that? A great feeling of aliveness, a jolt, a shudder, convulsing, yawning, snoring, growling, barking, spinning, dancing, jumping, shaking wildness. But I needed a partner—or a mom.

Nothing else pops into my head at the moment—to write, that is. So, for a birthday greeting I'm sending you stuff about the precursor to birth, sex. Not by any initial plan—like my own conception. I guess really I just had some stuff that I needed to get off my chest—and I had someone I wanted to get off my penis, and someone I wanted to get on. Her on me, like Shakti on the recumbent Shiva. Getting on her wouldn't've been as interesting. Maybe. Now that she's been having sex, presumably, for a year or so, I wonder if she's a loud lover: that could be fun—driving hoarse the once-opened Rainbow.

Birthday Bliss to you, Jay! Aloha!

I missed the mail pickup, so I'll go ahead with more. Tron's on call this weekend, but maybe Monday I'll get down to Lihue for Pico and mail this. The Friday a week ago that we went to Poipu had been a rough one for Shanti—one of the worst days of her life, she said, in that she'd never "lost it" with all her kids as she did that day. But she got it together enough to come over here—still crying on the way. Her neighbors and friends Bob and Madeline came in a separate car; we all got in Bob's big old Ford for the trip to the nightclub. The next day we took three cars to Maunai beach at the Mauna Kea Beach Resort. That night Shanti's friend Eagle had a dream in which Shanti was crying and crying. In the morning he drove his van from the old airport in Kona to a pay phone to a call her.

This reminds me of what Lightner said the previous weekend about thinking of a person: it strengthens the connection to that person.

For all our human insignificance in a cosmos that's so . . . *big*, we, after all, are all entangled in not a chaos but in a mysteriously interactive cosmos, i.e. *orderly system*. It is only by virtue of some human commonality—a complex order of biology, language, etc.—that we are able to communicate to each other our own orderings, reorderings and disorderings of the universe; these efforts may be in some way belittlings of the gigantic cosmos, they may be ways to encounter the freedom and power of chaos as the generative power of the death of self within our own becoming: the breaking out of isolations physical, sexual, social, psychological, rational, emotional. Declassifying, de-ossifying our microcosms—chaosifying ourselves—we become more cosmic, capable in turn of greater chaos and subsequently brighter, more interestingly patterned galaxies, constellations and universes. We may have such gravity that we may pull others off the surfaces of their planets, causing them to experience the lightness of levity, to take a larger view, to consider greater orderings—and the possibilities of chaos.

I may answer a question that I imagine you have formed—that formed it/self when you read the line of the lyric about Tron and Shanti having drawn oceans apart: What does that mean? It means—I refer to the fact that—Shanti acted in a manner that Tron takes to be “psychotically jealous” in response to an action of Tron’s that Shanti takes to be yet another indication and reminder of what she takes to be his attitude that she is not his type, not of his class—not possessed of the clothing, social graces and glamour that she’s convinced Tron wants in a woman that would be his “old lady,” something that Shanti feels she’s not nor ever will be—as much as she’d like for Tron to accept her as herself and as his old lady. She tells me she loves him but this is the most painful relationship she’s ever had, so she’s putting it on hold—for who knows how long? She decided some time ago that the way to conduct herself sexually is monogamously, and she’s had a monogamous relationship with Tron for years, but she doesn’t want to sleep with someone who treats her like that. This is a recurrent pattern: this issue arises, they drift apart, then gravitate back to one another. That’s not the tide I wrote of, but it’s an apt metaphor here, too.

On the table cloth of paper I drew an earth about the size of a quarter (100¥ or 500¥ piece?) and around that a circle with the moon of the same size in its four quarters (= 120¥—lucky you!) by way of demonstrating to Tron the gravitational effect of the first and last quarter moon vis-à-vis that of the full and new moon. I’m sure, now, that he already knew all about that—in fact after I drew the circles he explained that he was thinking of the daily rather than monthly pull that the moon exerts on the ocean, thereby creating the daily tides. The phase of the moon—its alignment with the sun or its cross-purposes to it, gravitationally speaking—accentuate or moderate the tides that arise on

the earth every day as it turns past the attractive face of the moon— however much of it is lit by the sun. Or by candlelight, to mix referents. After that I drew the face. Shanti wants the picture; she even offered to mail me a mailing tube for me to mail it in. I declined. Why? I might reconsider. Anyway, I plan to mail it to her, assuming her ocean doesn't break on the Koloa beach any time soon. By the way, I said to Tron the other day, referring appreciatively and apologetically to his silent, patient tolerance of my gabbing, "I realize that you already know almost everything I say to you." He laughed and replied, "To the contrary—I almost always have no idea what you're talking about!" What's with Tron? What wits Tron!—life in the fast brain! He keeps me guessing, or rather—he keeps me *given up*. Fresh and relevant . . .

You now possess the Epistles of the Testament of the Church of Freshness and Relevancy that I prophesied last July on the rock of Oahu in the house of Lightner, O Shiva né Gene known as Jay! I pray, "O Lord! Make me a Profit!"

So far 20th Cent. Ultra's line is busy or there's no answer. Janus material arrived; the other two should be coming. P.S. 1/26 The Gateway Trust arrived.

Tron wonders if there's more music like Number 4. I mentioned all the gamelan tapes, but he doesn't seem to be interested in the Kenwood. That forest is too dark, perhaps. Alas, he hasn't heard Urga yet. But he's a bizzy man. P.S. 1/26 He just heard Urga.

Last night Sally asked me, "Are you living on Tron's love?" That's an incisive query that brings up issues of guilt, indebtedness, value, time, and the notion of a moral world order that I'd like to broach with her in a discussion of Transference and Animus/Anima Projections in a Heterosexual Relationship, the title of an article that we join now in progress. Yes! Hello to our new viewers/auditors/readers! Om, now coming down the Koloa Road, with his tongue up behind his nose, grunting like he's a fucking pig or something—excuse me, let me phrase that more delicately: . . . well, how's this? Moaning like he's making love to Rainbow—while sucking on a salt lemon he's just learned how to make in his first conversation with his Santa Klaus, a conversation that they just had near the midpoint of Om's daily walk—he ruminates on the spirit of the place that he feels in the souls of those to whom he waves in their cars and in their yards as *they pass one another*, relativistically speaking. Which brings us to the interdependence of matter, space and time, or what we might as well call thinking. And to what I was thinking as I stood by the ravine and looked at the horizon of blue air on blue water. I thought: I feel the breeze come out of the ravine like the spirit of the place; I should libidinize and recathect the world as my mother and my mate, and I should give my love to its spirit as to a friend, beginning with my breath and with what it always whispers but sometimes wants to yell as it blows out of the ravine of my body, my world.

Now, sitting at the Mac, I listen to the victorious [Skt. *ujjayi*] sound of my breathing while the tip of my tongue rests on my uvula. My fingers write this as the voice in my head, “my” “thinking,” dictates. My breath stops and I feel into my diaphragm and grunt and grind forth more raging fire with which to illuminate the world that had grown dark and had abandoned me, like a bad mother. I squirm, my pelvis pitches, rolls and yaws; my feet tap, my toes and soles clench and release; I concentrate on the voice in my head then once again hear my breath as the voice in my head, my “self,” “the ego,” “the I,” tells me—“I” tell “myself,” “I” “think”—*why not think out loud, with feeling, with melody perhaps?* “I” “silently” “ask” “myself” “this.” Suddenly I say out loud in baby talk, “Jay, I want somebody to hug . . .” and I sing, “Can’t I hug my heart? Can I hug my heart? May I hug my heart?” Then I soulfully scat polyphthongic exhalations, leap out of the chair and turn the light on; while I wail nonsensically I think, “I’m walking across the room just like Lua!” I laugh, never having identified with Lua before, thinking that he—or I—must be in an exalted *state* at which point I sit back down and in my *stasis* take inordinately long—let’s be accurate: *frightfully* long—to compose this sentence, having to deal with a fear of losing my connection to this feeling, to this breath/sound, to this creative aliveness, the pelvic pulse of this . . .

A Post-Deconstructive, Undisentangled Phenomenology of Yoga could make money if it spanned the yoga, New Science, and academic worlds or found a niche in one of them. I’m talking book, film, CD, CD-ROM game, Saturday morning cartoon show and breakfast cereal (Shivanataraj in various mudras)—I’m talking *marketing potential*. It might be best to start with the film: Richard Gere as me, William Hurt as you, Jack Nicholson as Tron (sorry, Tron—no Ah-nold, for that role anyway; OK—maybe Steve Martin), Rae Dawn Chong or Nia Peeples as Rainbow, Arnold S. as Gurumayi. After a week of their rehearsing—rather: doing *this* yoga—and getting into their own real characters as people, Sally would come, be told of the roles each of them is to play, and she, hopefully, would play herself. We could show this—what you’ve been reading—appearing on the Mac screen: Richard typing away then having kriyas and writing about them, cutting between screen, face and full figure shots of him, flashbacks, fantasies and dreams. Then we catch up to the present when Sally arrives, at which point I intend to be at the moving end of a line of points that keeps pointing back inside me, along my spine, my heart, my tongue, branching to my ears and eyes and back to my diaphragm and pelvis, each breath like a day and night, a lunar month, a year of seasons, a life and death. I let my breathing and my chewing food sound like the wind, the ocean, an earthquake in my mouth sending a tsunami through my body as my world burns brightly. Like Heraclitus’s fire. My uvula is better to me than her nipple or clitoris (her of any she), my palate than her lips (any pair, facial or genital), my nasopharynx than her vagina, my nares (inner nostrils) than her cervix, my mind than her

womb, my tongue than my penis. I feel my face, letting it express fear, disgust, sadness and anger. I think that I can face her. Here she is, now: my world.

January 26 One day shortly before the big TAP on my sahasrar, in Del Mar in the fall of '73, I called the Self-Realization Fellowship ashram ten or so miles up the road in Encinitas. I told Brother Premamoy I was interested in becoming a brother, a monk. He asked me why I thought I wanted to be a monk. I said I thought I'd like the lifestyle. He asked me how long I did the hong-sau technique (SRF's name for *ujjayi* pranayama) at a stretch. Fifteen minutes, I told him, which is the suggested length for practicing this "concentration" technique when sitting prior to practicing the "meditation" technique of Om (which is essentially what Maharajji calls "music," hong-sau being virtually the same as his "word" and "light" techniques combined). He asked if I'd ever smoked marijuana. When I said Yes, he dismissed me with the comment that it takes years to eliminate the toxins of marijuana from the brain.

That upset me. Being dismissed and being condemned to years of living with an impure mental instrument—a mirror of consciousness sullied with a tenacious goo that rendered it incapable of clear spiritual perceptions—made me determined to prove him wrong: I pressed forward with all my energies to achieve the definitive, doubt-removing spiritual experience I'd sought for so long. Soon my toxic fragments coalesced and "I" "died." I revived, blissful and proud. I erected a mental monument to my self-realization atop the grave of my doubt. My attainment, my "state," was to become haunted statuary.

Hong-sau may be practiced any time, Yogananda tells us, even while eating. And especially, I might add, while wheezing, to which *ujjayi* bears a resemblance I noted last night after hours of off-and-almost-always-on *ujjayi* during which time I ate while hearing my breathing and chewing, for a change, through my Eustachian tubes which had opened with the action of my jawbone. After my meal of a sandwich of cream cheese and mustard on toast, and tortilla chips, the *ujjayi* coarsened to a wheeze. I was amused as I observed this new occurrence for a few moments, then I relaxed into my body, feeling my torso and spine; my head snapped back, I felt and heard a pop in my neck, and the wheezing was gone: *ujjayi* washed on, like waves on the shore.

In the midst of divorce proceedings has my arranged marriage to the guru blossomed into love? Lacking macrons and other diacritical marks for a full orthography I reproduce to the best of the Mac's ability the penultimate stanza of "Jyota Se Jyota" from *Sri Guru Gita* (Gurudev Siddha Peeth, Ganeshpuri, fourth ed., 1978), p. 69:

Saci jyota jage hrdaya men (2X)
So'ham nada jagavo
Sadguru jyota se jyota jagavo
(Refrain)

The true flame is alive in our hearts.
Awaken us to the So'ham-music.

And from the preceding page:

Refrain :
Jyota se jyota jagavo
Sadguru jyota se jyota jagavo
Mera antara timira mitavo
Sadguru jyota se jyota jagavo

Light my lamp from thy lamp, O Sadguru,
Light my lamp from thy lamp,
Remove the darkness covering my heart.

After reading, hearing and singing about hong-sau/Word/so'ham for so many years I'm beginning to appreciate the basic technique that is as advertised: simple and natural. It seemed forced, not simple, until I accepted the naturalness, the OKness, of the stuff that it brought up: grimacing, contorting, grunting, shaking, screeching—ugly physico-emotional kriyas. Allowing myself this, I'm beginning to spontaneously hear so'ham: ujjayi is doing itself. This, I suppose, is what's called *ajapa-japa*. I'm in a position of having to confess that Siddha Yoga at some point or points does become a spontaneous yoga. It's blissful, it's freeing. I'm tasting the bliss of freedom, muktananda, and I appreciate Swami Muktananda in a new light, in the light, if you will, of the flame of the lamp of my heart. Can I sincerely chant the last stanza of "Jyota Se Jyota"?

Jivana Muktananda avinashi (2X)
Caranana sarana lagavo
Sadguru jyota se jyota jagavo
(Refrain)

O imperishable Muktananda!
Let our lives be dedicated to thy feet.

Yes, given: the status of the guru's feet as a recognized mystery of Siddha Yoga; the notion that these "feet" (surely not the feet of the dead Baba buried in Ganeshpuri with the rest of his body) encompass the totality of existence; the nature of Muktananda as the muktananda, the

blissful freedom, of anyone fortunate enough to hear about it and experience it due to the dedicated efforts of people like Baba and myself. What, then, is such a fortunate one's due? His due will be his pleasure, which is communicating the source of his pleasure. The communicating—the saying—and the source are the same: the breath, whose inhalation and exhalation are sometimes called the feet of the (here I restore the honorific upper-case G) Guru. "I salute Sri Guru, whose two lotus feet remove the pain of duality and who always protects one from calamities. I salute the Guru's two feet, which are within the reach of speech, thought, and contemplation, and which have different lusters—white and red—representing Shiva and Shakti." (*Guru Gita* 43, 45) If I consider that Shiva = jiva (soul), the imperishability (from *jivana*) of the soul of muktananda is no problem. I recall Kshama Zeta—Arjuna's wife and editor-in-chief of *Darshan*—saying that Gurumayi kidded her about not believing in reincarnation; it seems it was no big deal.

Do people want to be kids of a physically childless Guru who kids? Are we kidding when we chant the second verse of "Jyota Se Jyota," which means: "We, thy children, have come to thy door. Show thy auspicious form."? Yes and No, respectively. This is the desire for and the acknowledgement of a transference. As we once, in our infancy, worshiped our parents, "We worship thee, bowing our heads low. Shower the nectar of thy love." (Third verse) We worship the object of our transference, or at least obsess about her, lowering our heads into our infantile stuff. When we taste the love we know it's all right to let it all out, even though "It has been sleeping within us for ages—Awaken that Chitshakti." (Fourth verse) Let Chitshakti's kriyas heal us. That brings us to the flaming heart and the So'ham-music-awakening, which leaves only the first verse unconsidered: "O Lord of Yoga, O Lord of Knowledge, O Lord of all, O Supreme Master! Shower thy grace." That's a good thing for the aspiring children of a Yoga Master, of a Guru, to call out on her doorstep.

I've come full circle, all the way back to Yogananda, Maharajji, Baba and Gurumayi—even back to Rajneesh, who gave me a name I've thought of several times today: Prem Avadipa, which he told me means Bursting Out In a Flame of Love. An incendiary lust bomb! From a card at the feet of Gurumayi and her brother (speaking of lust) I received the name Raghu, a progenitor of Rama. A glance at the accumulated empty spaghetti sauce bottles in Tron's kitchen shows Ragú to be a favorite brand—along with Progresso. So one pilgrim not-so-humbly progresses, recirculating less along the lines of a particular path than around the cycles of the breath-cycle that I ride over the face of the dancing and playing field of the world, always between the goal posts. Perhaps I'll ride into the Siddha Meditation Center of Vancouver. O flame of my heart! The center leader there, Joan MacNaughton, is *very* easy to look at—and easy to talk to: she listened to me sympathetically for an hour in the aftermath of my sending TAP to Gurumayi and others, not including Joan, to whom I'd not

spoken previously. I first saw her subsequently (on Sally's birthday, by coincidence), at the only SYDA function I've attended since Sept. '90: an intro. program at the Hotel Vancouver featuring a mandali that included two friends from Honolulu.

From my present vantage point I see Yoga sadhana as being an opening to the breath—an opening of the body to the air that it constantly exchanges between the inner and outer atmospheres. Yoga is the union of the tangible, sensible elements of the body with those of the world: when "I" vaporizes, we/you/he/she/they/it's the world of: flaming sight and warmth; solidity and smells of earth; liquid tastes and textures of nectars mundane and cranial; fluid, melodious flows of air in wind, breeze and breath; etheric echoes and auroras of imagination and conception.

The Guru serves as teacher, model, guide, provocateur, priest, pretender, perpetrator, president—whatever we make of her in a tango of one. But has her I completely evaporated? Gurumayi, reluctantly perhaps, is a shrink; Baba, who penned the lyrics of "Jyota Se Jyota," certainly set the stage for that role to play out, not that transference-susceptibility isn't inherent in positions of authority, and especially in the position of authority *deified*: Guruhood. But counter-transference problems (such as the therapist falling in lust with the client) may be waved away by faith in the Guru's I-lessness and/or by positing a crazy/holy/avadhuta metamorality. But as Feuerstein, I believe, and others point out, the accounts of (once again honoring Siddha Yoga usage I here revert to a lower-case g) gurus' rape victims are not so easily dismissed—by me, I hasten to add. Loyalists of raping gurus adduce the perfection/avadhuta arguments to explain away these *most* damning of incidents. Who knows? The initials GM bear new significance when following *On the Genealogy of Morals*. Mustn't the way out of the swamp resemble the swamp from the perspective of the swamp dwellers? Maybe it's a jungle out there/in here and we should tell each other, "Go get 'em, tiger!" Just remember, tiger—the Goddess riding on your back is your own Kundalini.

Perhaps my feelings about the Guru reflect my feelings about my parents—mixed, in a lively balance (*spinning*, maybe), with an underlying tenderness. Baba said that each feeling is a petal of a lotus in the heart; like a bee, the ego lands at random, now on this petal, now on that, experiencing the corresponding feeling. That's a poetic image and (I was about to say it's facile rubbish as psychology) it reminds me of what I said about chance and lust—so it must be true!

What of the Guru as the grace-bestowing power of God, the grantor of Shaktipat? I'll do some algebraic simplification and equate *God* with Shakti so as to not have to factor God as is. (This will avoid extensions involving Gödel and his results.) This leaves us with the Guru and Shaktipat, for elucidation of which I suggest considering an analogy of a husband (the Guru) impregnating (bestowing Shaktipat upon) his wife (the recipient). The husband may be potent, the wife may conceive, and the child may be born regardless of, even in spite of, traits of the

husband's personality. He may be a horribly abusive husband, but that doesn't mean he's not a father. If the pregnant wife can find shelter and nourishment apart from an abusive husband, she may successfully bear and raise her child without ever seeing the father again. The child is analogous to the mother's awareness of the Self; when the child is full-grown, the mother/Shaktipat recipient is then a Guru herself. The existence of Shaktipat is no more in doubt than the existence of human conception and birth; the values that we attach to its bestower are culturally biased, as are the metaphysical explanations of the bestowal. In these cultural biases Guruhood is like fatherhood: in many cultures the child—as well as the wife—is the property of the husband. And oh! the colorful explanations of conception that abounded prior to microscopic investigations—investigations that don't dispel but *enhance* the mystery.

Shaktipat may involve—seemingly require—many things: the right mood, lighting, music, fragrance, food, drink, pictures, attire, furnishings, feathers, television, with a satellite dish perhaps. The makings of a romantic weekend. Or a weekend with a favorite aunt, the one who likes to go to amusement parks after sharing a pot of her favorite tea—peyote. Things may seem paranormal—they may *be* paranormal: “There are more things, Her-rays-show, . . .” She may be *paramoral*.

Baba warned yogis against giving Shaktipat before they've “stored up the maximum of Shakti.” The Buddha said that a buddha has infinite karma, inverting the Hindu idea of a liberated being. I equate Baba's maximum and Buddha's infinity; I locate them both in spirit, in the fathomless depths of breath.

Tron just asked, “So this tape player works?” We're children in the woods with EMF.

Anyway, why do I write all this about G/gurus? I guess you could say I'm still working on my masters. And mistresses. Hello, Sally. Hi, Gurumayi.

To nearly conclude, I think: You, Jay, might wonder how ujjayi/so'ham can, other than with poetic license, be called music. That's how I thought about it, until I got into it, it got into me, and it began coming out of me on its own, which feels good. That's the basis for comparison: I hear music and feel good, I hear the so'ham-sound and feel good, very good. It's a surprising kind of music, absorbing, lulling, then expressive of exactly what I'm feeling, even before I'm aware—in thought—of feeling it. It's making the music that's making me, or you. You, Jay: u-j-Jay-I: I think you'll like ujjayi, as I do, along with humming and, well . . . I still like glossolalia, too—at least it pops out of me sometimes—but never inappropriately: it's never embarrassed me. “I” must not be an avadhuta. “I” am still in control, but the control is broadening, widening, deepening, climbing cosmically and chaotically by turns, like sleep and waking. *Nityam jagrad-avasthayam svapna-vadyo'vatishthate*. “Always in the waking state, he abides like one asleep.” (*Sri Avadhuta Strotram* 10) Letting snoring happen while awake,

letting hums occur on the inhalation +/- or exhalation—these are gateways to deeper ujjayi and to ajapa-japa. Sincerely! This is the future of megalomania and the breath is the time machine of the ego. I know it! It's huge, Jay, ujjayi! It's the long-sought victory that Maharajji handed to us, but how could we have known? Baba tried, with utmost dedication, to inspire us—he urged us to complete our sadhanas as quickly as possible, advice that kept on and keeps on encouraging me. He said that sadhana picks up speed near the end. I feel the momentum gaining! I suspect that it ends in an endless beginning of dawning moments. With fond apologies to Gurumayi I say—once, twice, how ever many times it takes—again, with great loveliness and respectability, I welcome us all with all our hearts, farts, darts, smarts, charts, carts, arts and Cuisinarts.

Why don't you leave your self-imposed, robotic exile and go to Ganeshpuri? At least see if there's a Siddha Meditation Center in Kyoto. Perhaps you have—? OM GURU OM GURU OM

January 27 I discussed the Word with Tron as I fixed spaghetti last night (Ragú CHUNKY GARDEN STYLE Mushrooms and Green Peppers). He used to meditate on the Word as a vibration—common premi parlance—in the “mid-thoracic” region, i.e., chest. He almost heard it as a monosyllabic rumbling, he said as he circled about the topic—but mostly it was a feeling. His sharing that has helped me to lead my heart more fully into the dance of the so'ham/so-hung music. I told him that the rumbling reminded me that Gurumayi said she once put her ear to Baba's belly and heard a deep Om reverberating hugely. I glanced back at the clock: spaghetti noodles ready already. Time flies when you're having satsang. I thought ude enjoy hearing another petal pop in the garland of yoga.

Spanda is vibration, the pulse of the macro- and microcosmic dance. Spanda Ballet. The pulse of the heart and aorta, the rumble of the diaphragm—the conductor and tympani of the operatic ballet of my existence starring prima donna ballerina basso-soprano the one the only willing to eternally recur yet stopping as though dead in the middle of her singing to leap and trill anew in this the only life I know I'm talking about her, my precious breath. She sings, We're never gonna *be alive* in the first place unless we get a *whole lot crazy!* The Seals are off, Quaff the Nectar of Air! Baba told a smoker of marijuana to smoke the mantra. Get smokin'! Toke that so'ham-sound. It's like a built-in Walkman by Sohungy. A Tokeman. A High Attachment, higher than any from Hitachi. Suck the nectar of the feet of the Guru! With her Toes she'll beat Toshiba!—hands down! Face down in heart, pranam to the incoming and outgoing breaths. . . .

Latest proposed collection/title: *UNEXPURGATORY: A Year in the Spiritual Life at the Edge of Lovableness and Respectability, from the Journals, Letters, and Satire of AnonOms.* OM GURU OM OM GURU OM OM GURU OM OM GURU OM OM GURU OM OM GURU OM OM GURU OM OM GURU OM OM GURU OM OM

Aloha, Jay!

Tuesday, January 28, 1992

Dear Jay,

I just returned from a whirlwind mind-twirling around-the-world tour of your year of traveling light-heartedly, foot-loose, fancy-free, and—selectively—fancy-accumulatingly. Thankas very much! From Hong-Kong smog and night lights to a Bangkok (how many visits there?) the prurient details of which I had to read between the imagined lines of lips parting to admit a part of your trip that is more sensitive than hemorrhoidal anal tissue—sensitive as an issue to an ex or absent lover and sensitive as the most distinctive part of the male anatomy, the very part that those moist lips parted to admit. I empathize with your not wanting to divulge whoring activities to others, especially Mai: I feel reluctant, though tempted (maliciously? would that mean *vengefully?*), to reveal to Sally my lustful spying on her naked daughter. This isn't an exact parallel but it, too, would be an admission to a lover (whom I still in some way love) of my lust having wandered from her in the midst of our lust together. (The Wanderlust punsibilities just arose after the fact. Well . . . let sleeping logs die.) I understand this omission from a circular, spherical, universal epistle that, like the jet stream, circulates in the depths of the rarest air and in the most genteel of atmospheres. Having said this, I will tell you my reaction to what you did commit to paper: Bravo! Yes! I enjoyed it immensely! Honestly!

After escaping the urbanities, surfing on tables with Aussie blokes partying for broke and rubbing elbows with Marinated culture-collectors, I was ready for the joyful toil of carving caves with baroque gargoyles. Good grief! The no-show Japanese left our gallivanting gaijin with the galloping gamelan alone among Balinese grinning from jegog to jegog! Synchronistic felicity topped only by the first-upmanship on Kala Pattar! Though being the great indoorsman that I am, I had no trouble appreciating that a Hillary or Ranier-conquering Dan might consider you a naïf—yet I contracted, like an ecstatic influenza, an expanded sense of

perspective that was far more than visual: it was visceral and trans-cerebral at the same timeless, ether-aided, breathing bliss. As it was in your journeying (in your life!) so it was in my reading about it: the high point! It's a good thing you vanquished, or persisted in spite of, your fear of "sentimentality"—that *feeling* is where the juice, the *rasa*, of your writing comes from. (I started to spell writing writhing by "mistake." Feeling fuels kriyas too. Jay Shriek Om Yes!) If you meet the censor on the desktop—censor him! Revision comes after the vision; you lose the view if you keep coming down from the write heighth—and the censor is a great one to bring you down. This could be a motto for writing: Keep those "brains oozing out of [your] skull like rotten fruit!" Yeah! Write on!

By way of censoring him I here negotiate with my censor by telling you that the censor has put me in mind of stories of one good friend asking another to tell him what he really thinks about him, especially, of course, all the bad stuff, the things he doesn't like about him. This is in the context of your jesting request for a loan of blue pencil and whiteout. What I say is about your writing, not about you—but your writing is, in part, about *you* and in a sense it's "something about you." (God! Censors are so damned long-winded. No wonder they can follow us to the peaks of inspiration!) These stories conclude with the curious friend regretting his curiosity—after losing his temper (losing his censor?) over surprising and, as it turns out, unwelcome revelations of observations that his now former friend had discreetly kept to himself for years.

And now, in truth, all I have to suggest is a few changes of spelling and usage. The worst first: I don't write strictly according to any textbooks (needless to say!) but I've gathered useful pointers from a couple, including the advice to (ahem) censor the phrase "Needless to say" (p. 3) the reasoning being that if there were no need you wouldn't have said it—or—if you said something needlessly, cut that out along with this prefatory apology for what needn't be said and, therefore, needn't be heard and, in the interest of conciseness, *shouldn't* be said. But who's interested in conciseness? (Some academics are: *The Elements of Style* could be called *Play of Conciseness*.) Imagine the shadows lengthening as a glorious evening descends upon Hong Kong. Above the noise of the city comes the growing drone of aircraft propellers. Now in sight, above the setting sun, are three biplanes flying in a layer formation, one above the other. They simultaneously emit white smoke, each plane inscribing, over the beginnings of a spectacular sunset, a word of the message *Needless/To/Say*. Or perhaps *No/Sweat,/Pokhara!*

The rest that I noted: P. 4 Look up "obviate"—you mean "preclude" or some such. P. 5 I'd say "gave me a feel" instead of "gave you a feel." P. 20 hoof pl. hoofs or hooves, but roof pl. *roofs*. P. 24 Not gague (nor guage) but *gauge* (I just looked it up to be sure). That's it! It's a great read!—as other lucky recipients will let you know. Even if they only comment on the trip itself—which is hardly imaginable—the only way they got such a feel for the trip was via your written word. That, at

least, was my experience: I'd heard you speak of parts of it and I'd read some earlier accounts (also enjoyable—thoroughly), but putting it all together as you have gives the story impact, punch—even ecstasy!

Speaking (in my head) of spelling, misspelling and miss-(Mrs.- and Ms.-)spelling . . . Have you ever looked at something and had the slightest bit of a funny feeling, not a bad feeling but a barley (oops! *barely*) preconscious glimmer of . . . gone . . . nothing . . .? After sending “Yoga” to you yesterday, I realized that “*psychotically*” (italics added) was an unintended Freudian split. P.S. 1/30 Psychotically is the proper spelling, after all.

Not just to say Your deodorant works—but rather, You smell good! What's that cologne?—I will say with regards to your, well, Yes! *superlative* use of superlatives: in conjunction with your disarming self-disclosure of your censorial awareness of this academically-assessed excess, your superlatives serve to convey a sincere sense of the excitement of the moment, that moment of complete sensuous absorption that is *always the ultimate*, every time it happens, wherever it may be, whatever it may be due to: view, drugs, sex and/or music, etc. (Even breathing!)

Apples sell well in Japan; I don't know if the local varieties include Macintoshes, but if so perhaps you could rent one. But they may only have Japples.

Is Siddha Yoga in Osaka? Or are you going to scream over to Ganeshpuri? Hey—tell Berlitz that you need a medical leave of absence. Then come here instead! You can consult with Dr. Rayfield, Meta-physician.

Yesterday afternoon Tron and I drove past Onekahakaha Park, biding our time before the start of the sci-fi movie *Free Jack* starring Emilio Estevez, Anthony Hopkins and Mick Jagger. (Tron had the day off, after the weekend on call.) I was driving, but not beyond the bounds of reality as on one recently exagerratedly reported occasion. We turned around where the road turns to gravel. It was a beautiful afternoon: emerald verdure by the sapphire sea: cliché Hawaii, poster-perfect. Tron directed his happy cabbie to pull onto the Matson pier. We parked, got out, and walked up to a cruise liner, looking wonderingly at its white immensity of picture-window-and-porthole-puka'd steel. We walked up the gangplank and spoke with a friendly officer who informed us, upon our asking, that the ship was made in Germany and that we needed to make arrangements twenty-four hours in advance if we wanted to tour it (“her” is the proper nautical possessive pronomial adjective, I suppose). We then walked as close as we could to where the barge Haleakala was unloading containers, using the barge's own gargantuan crane—*much* heftier than a construction crane. (Compared to a deconstruction crane, well . . .)

I was talking, describing and musing about the things I saw as I saw them; as thoughts about those things came to me, I, without thinking first, spoke them out loud. I remarked to Tron on my thinking out loud and

apologized for commenting on everything I noticed. I immediately added the observation that I might not notice things were I to not comment on them. Tron linked that remark to Wittgenstein's theory of language, which set me off on a discourse—as we headed toward the theater—about Plato, Nietzsche and Wittgenstein. After we parked I took my socks out of my green American [Way of the] Tourister bag. I took my shoes off so as to make it easier for me to put the socks on my feet. Good idea! I was sitting in the driver's seat of Tron's Honda (173,000 miles and still going strong—the car, I mean) trying to put on my other (left) Reebok. The right shoe had been no problem, but the insole of the left one kept scrunching up when I inserted my stockinged foot into the already-loosely-tied shoe. This happened a few times, I guess, before I looked up and saw Tron waiting near the ticket office. To explain my delay I called out to him, "I'm having trouble with my shoe!" He called back, "How much trouble can a shoe be?" I answered, "Thank goodness I'm not having trouble with my *mind!*"

After the movie (fun, recommended—not!) we went into Safeway for staples for our food-guns. Tron had asked me for the keys to the car, to get his checkbook. I offered to pay, but . . . He returned, so I abandoned him at the checkout stand and went next door to Long's for dental floss. (Wait! It gets better!) As though by fate, we both met back at the car at almost the same instant. As we loaded the groceries into the Honda's unhatched back, Tron proudly displayed what he'd picked up by the cashier: the current *Rolling Stone*, with Ralph Steadman's art—on the cover and inside—illustrating Hunter Thompson's prose. I said, "Yes! The other day I saw this issue and I thought of Thompson and I thought, 'I guess I could say, "I'm a gonzo philosopher.'" We drove off, discussing possible publishing avenues for "philosophico-polemico-poetical" works, but not in those pulchritudinous terms. I told Tron that I'd proposed a title to you for a possible (collaborative?) opus: *Unexpurgatory: A Year in the Spiritual Life at the Edge of Lovableness and Respectability*, . . . He suggested "one word: simply: *Metaphysick*." I said that I'd thought of his writing some sort of foreword, preface, introduction or whatever—to whatever the work might be and be titled; his name and title could read Tron O. Rayfield, MD, Meta-physician. We got home, put on the CMPLer, Tron recommenced reading Coover's *Gerald's Party*, I read part of the blurb of the Pico book and then sat down to read the last two-thirds of your letter. At the end of the CD Tron went into his room. He said, "Let's see what Hunter Thompson has on his mind." "Or on his shoe," said I.

Once again we're at the feet. Which way does my guru-wind blow today? Is there a small craftiness advisory in effect for insular waters? What in God's name do I mean? Guru and God: two concepts that stand together as a tribute to the human imagination—and to the human reality of parenthood. The products of parenthood, all of us, require a great deal of imagination to get through life which isn't to say to in any way make it through some sort of death, rather it's to say to not think about dying

while all the while actually doing just that: dying. But No! Breathing, we are *living*. Death is just a long inhalation, then? asks my phantom interlocutor as he inhales, sounding like a toker with lungs full of smoke.

I enjoyed your Kathmandu homecoming. Every superlative experience *is* better than the last one. No, each is *beyond comparison*; every “magical adventure” of absorption is a homecoming. Speaking of homecoming—to the extent that Taoist-Tourists have homes—I think I’ll look at your birthday book.

I got up, saw the book in the dining room and went into the kitchen to wash some dishes. I glanced at it on my way back to the Mac, full of the inspiration of Guruseva. Something about K’s again. About the letter k itself. I think that the only consonants (not including semi-vowels like r and l) that can be spoken for the length of a breath, as vowels can be, are the nasals and labials n, ng, m and their exotic variants and combinations. The guttural k, or something like it, may go on indefinitely by making a breathy, moist rasping sound like the beginning of a whispered k held for a whole exhalation, perhaps because of a bone lodged in the throat. Experimenting with this right now (sans bone) I find that I can inhale doing the same thing; on the inhalation it gives a marvelously cooling sensation to the back of the throat. Now, with my mouth closed, it becomes a type of snore. Maybe I’ll call the printout of this “Snoring,” in honor of avadhutas and the much maligned state of sleep. I think *Sri Avadhuta Stotram* 10 is right (“Always in the waking state, he abides like one asleep”); real wakefulness means: while “awake,” breathing like a sleeping baby at the Guru’s breast, which is the breath. That’s a circular definition—circular like the breath. Imagine whatever breasts you like: they’re circular too.

“Lend me your jeers!” I have come to praise seizures, not to marry them! Lend me your Jews! Over Khao San Road fly four biplanes—or are they Iraqi fighters?—*It/Must/Be/Said*. Down below, on the road, for all to hear, they’re saying it themselves!—the “obnoxiously loud Jews.” (P. 4) I’ve lately registered amusement at the depth of my shame of my not-too-obviously Jewish last name. My amusement at your observation (and the parenthetically asserted necessity of its statement) was just the loosening I needed to get yet another thing off my chest and into the ears that you so graciously lend my words. The root has pulled free, along with the rest of this genealogical weed, medicinal herb, or whatever—this embarrassment. Some Jewish comedienne has called guilt the gift that keeps on giving; in the case of my minority bloodline I was given to understand that there’s something wrong with Jewishness because my father and his three siblings had all “assimilated” (my father’s term, and apparently the common one) to the dominant cultural religious form: Protestantism. His sister married an assimilated Jew (or is it assimilated Christian?); his two brothers had three wives all told; as I recall the wives didn’t seem Jewish, and if they had been once, they’d assimilated. My dad (So formal I was, calling him

my *father*. Oy vé!) married a Christian Scientist who'd flown a straight line from the WASPs' nest.

Jewishness, Jews say, is matrilineal: without the Jewish mother there's no Jewish child. (Not that there aren't Jewish orphans.) However smothering my mother may have been, a mother who doesn't like to cook, even for her children, isn't even a cultish post-WASP version of a Jewish mother. (I here reluctantly turn away from the beckoning subject of the pathology of Christian Science.) My dad says that he last went to synagogue when he was five years old. His dad, whom I never met and whose overcoat I left with you in Kamakura, was president of the Jewish country club in Kansas City. I remember my grandmother doing volunteer work at Menorah Hospital. Dad says they were "social" Jews (Reform, of course, as opposed to Orthodox, Hassidic, or something). His mother's creed, he told me, was the Ten Commandments and Christ's Sermon on the Mount. My dad, I'd say, is a nebulously sacralized Dale Carnegie graduate who used to read the column by preacher Norman Vincent Peale (author of *The Art of Positive Thinking*) in the magazine section of the Sunday *Kansas City Star*. He's used a home-made mantra for years: smilelskylstrength. The sibilance of the s's is soothing, he explained; smile is for the heart, sky is for the deity and strength is the power of doing right. He repeats it and contemplates the meaning. (I had just typed "sky" in the above when the phone rang; it was Sky, none too happy about his financial situation. I came back to the Mac; the last entry on the screen was: smilelskyl. I'm getting used to this sort of thing happening. You can ask him; I told him about the mantra and typing it in. He didn't sound surprised either. Of course. He related to the sky = deity equation.)

Grandfather Om co-founded the food brokerage firm of Beaumont and AnonOmIs. Before C & H (California and Hawaii) Sugar Co. eliminated the middlemen from their distribution network, my grandfather was considered the "sugar dean" west of the Mississippi. Sugar was big business. When I was little I went to the A & P supermarket with my mom, where one day I learned that the C & H sugar on the shelf had something to do with my relatives. That made it special to me. It also made California and Hawaii special. California (L.A.) already had the distinction of being the home of my only maternal aunt, uncle and cousin. The Pacific of A & P held much more interest for me than the Atlantic. Here I am, on a sugar plantation in Hawaii. My grandfather and then my father visited the islands when they were a territory. Not yet a state—or a prefecture. Dad came in 1931 on his way to Yokohama before his senior year at Yale. His dad had been a Yalie for a year.

My sister has a prominent but not particularly Jewish nose, straight brown hair and the married name of Bright that she's kept after divorcing. My dad told me when I was about twenty that I might find life easier with a different last name, such as my middle name (my mother's maiden name): Om. He was in no way trying to disown me, nor would changing my name have meant that; as a decision it was up to me. I hadn't ever

considered it before and I didn't give it much thought then. I didn't see a problem with AnonOmIs. He didn't bring it up again. I've never discussed my Jewish roots with anyone Jewish but my dad. I told Sally; she likes Jews: her only long-term relationship other than with her Irish-Catholic husband (Don Sun) was with a Jew, for eight years. After knowing Arjuna rather well for a couple of years I mentioned to him that my dad is Jewish. Arjuna's a Russian Jew. He said, "No wonder I like you so much!" That was it. Supposedly German Jews looked down on Russian Jews, but we seemed to have outgrown that, though I'd outgrown him by several inches. A year or so ago at my sister's place I used the word "Yiddish"; she said she'd never heard it before, to the surprise of her Mennonite boyfriend and me.

So, Jay, how Jew like that story? Jay? Jay? Wake up, Jay!

I will say (very soon now!) that I have little sympathy for Israel; it is to Palestine what China is to Tibet: the displacing cause of refugee-sovereignty. In the long view, however, I say Whatever! and throw up my hands. Were I a believer in afterlife retribution for "wrong" "choices" and "sins" against "humanity," I would imagine Hitler to be in no hotter a hell than Moses.

January 29 Breaking through my soldier's cement mentality on my sentimental sojourn, dawning with the day, is the knowledge that today is the first semi-anniversary of our arrival in Koloa. The fireworks may now be lit. Thank you.

To conclude, hopefully, with the treatment of my Semitic heritage (but I never related the story of my initiation into the Sufi Healing Order!), I'll toss in a leftover or two: Sally told me that Arjuna had changed his last name at the request of his (German?) Jewish wife, Kshama (that's the name Baba gave her). Zeta sure sounds Latin to me. I never talked to Arjuna about it, but one day I brought the mail into the ashram as I usually did in those days and handed a letter to Arjuna. I had, as usual, looked at the return address. It was from NY, NY; Arjuna said it was from his dad. I don't remember the last name in the upper left-hand corner of the envelope, but it was something long and odd that started with F. I didn't have the courage (the heart? the clear conscience?) to ask him about it, as I didn't have the guts, the balls, to confront Arjuna over the secrecy cloaking the death from AIDS of the hemophiliac Krishna, aka Saul Goldberg, a German Jew. My parents met Krishna during one of their brief stays at the ashram. Dad was quite fond of him. Krishna did have a great sense of humor.

Maybe I should take a cue from Nietzsche, who, proud of his Polish ancestry, called himself a Pole. Maybe I should wear a yarmulke (skullcap) and prayer shawl and let my locks (lox?) spiral from my temples over a scruffy, curly beard. I could become dirtier, beadier, greedier—I could catch syphilis! Ah, Nietzsche!—who skewered the Jew and "the Jew thrice over"—the Christian—alike, yet was an anti-anti-

Semite and champion of the Jew—a champion, particularly, of Heine. My first real girlfriend, now that I think back on it, must have had an assimilated father: he looked the part; her name was Ann Hein, born in Wichita one day before my appearance in St. Luke’s Hospital (not Menorah Hospital; oh, no no!—though my parents were married by a rabbi in my dad’s parents’ home [there are no weddings or funerals in Christian Science churches; I suppose the rationale is this: in founder Mary Baker Eddy’s hallucination of Christianity {a nightmare squared}, sex and death don’t *really* exist]) in Kansas City, Missouri. Another shameful truth! I’m not a native of Kansas, state of noble philosophers! I was born in, assimilated into, the state of Misery! Alas! Buddha was right! I guess that’s why I took refuge with him, too—among my other outlandish homecoming-seekings.

Jay, did I ever tell you about my braces? Have you heard the sad tale of my crooked teeth, how they once—after years of orthodontia—were straight, and how they gradually and inevitably, like tectonic plates, shifted back towards a primordial chaotic jumble? No? But now you’ve heard it, I guess. Well, that’s the short version. I don’t want to bore you with long, woeful stories about my chewishness.

(12:26 a.m.) Captivated, I read *The Lady and the Monk* from cover to cover today.

January 30 In Kyoto, Osaka and Kobe—with, lest there be any doubt, ties to Kansas Synchroni City/Jung Institute, Zurich—our East Indian British Californian friend Pico Iyer irons ironies out upon the breadth of his global empathies penetrating to the molecular structure of the fiber with his high-contrast highly detailed vision, voice and ear, mirroring and echoing with the sapphiric and emeraldic glints of his vast collection of cultural classics and pop paragons the common human themes of gratitude, apology, debt, guilt, shame, sorrow, attachment, loss, dream, society, repression, anger, conflict—and entertainment. And Time, language, meaning, projection, transference in religion . . . all in the context of his relationship with sparkling and sprightly Sachiko. He quotes Julian Barnes: “Stop the loom, the futile chattering of human thought. Stare at the lighted window, and just breathe.” And enjoy! Coming soon to a mailbox near you! Breathing now in a body as you!

In coming to terms (of sale, loan, agreement, endearment, embodiment, enSonment, consignment . . .) with the Mother archetype, I’m transcèdively possessed and surrealistically confronted by her and by the Son and Father archetypes as well. Having learned from Pico that ma is Japanese for space, I associate: ma to matrika to the flute that I hold at my pubis like a two-foot erection. I play the flute wildly in what turns out to be the introduction to a wailing song: My momma done told me all over the place, “Son don’t you call me, after you fuck, because Son—don’t you know that That sucks?” Which brings me to the lips between the nipple and the uvula and the tongue between the uvula and the lips—in other

words: to speech and to a pseudo-Hawaiian song. From here we descend to the repository of joy, the scrotum, tingling like a battery. It hasn't emptied its seed in what? maybe two weeks? Maybe it's time for a wet dream. Time, dream. Identity. Ah. Anyway. The Tibetan-art handbill clipping that you sent in your music box sits on the table between the Mac screen and me and between the keyboard and the Mac screen, smiling and glowing like a Kathmandu sunrise. The dakini in the picture breathes.

Aloha,
Om

Saturday, February 1, 1992

Dear Jay,

This very day of 45 significances and more, you and huge hunks of Himalayas arrived at the old Koloa Post Office, soon to be torn down and relocated across the street. (“Soon” as in Tron’s reply to someone who asked him how soon he’s going to open the theater. Our dakini Doc Rayfield replied, “The theater’s been a month from opening for a couple of years.”) “Bengawan Solo” plays in your honor and to my enjoyment, sounding Hawaiian as never before—conception shaping perception once again.

Jay, I’ve saved all your letters and postcards (with the possible exception of the Life Rears Its Ugly Head card) since the great Ladakh account. I can photocopy whatever.

Our triangulation locates you somewhere in the midst of working out, through, in . . . your stuff—same place we are! Welcome to the human race! As I told Lightner (forgive the figure of speciousness): “God bless us all!”

I believe in publishing, sharing, and confessing travels and “stuffs.” Relating—speaking to other minds and being heard—satisfies in ways that burning and mental confinement of writings and memories can’t. There is a time and a place for severe editing—in totalitarian states, for instance. When Sky and I burned the Bible, the Tao Te Ching, the Koran, and the Dhammapada (or some such) at Kawanakoa, I tossed a manuscript volume of my scrawlings onto the flames. Ten years later I’d accumulated a boxful of similar writing. One morning I took the box into the parking lot across from my residence on Wilder Ave.; with an “Om Namah Shivaya!” I hurled it into a dumpster. *Svaha!* As long as we animate these corpses we call “our bodies,” we may as well share contemporary artifacts of our lyves, we may as well kumyoonikate.

Yes, Tron appreciates the flaming violin on *Rai*.

VISA and Iyer should be in your possession by now. I checked once again on postage rates: either two months by boat or: small packet or printed matter or ?—all of which came out to be the same. Alas.

I didn’t know that Wagner thought Nietzsche was rubbing against his brain by drubbing his semen down the drain.

Om Guru Om Guru Om Gurudev Jaya Guru Jaya Guru Jaya Gurudev. So I and others chanted as Tron sat meditatively during the satsang at Jim and Ruthie’s this evening. Sally was the speaker in a very relaxed and energizing program that included a video, and a meditation *during* which Sally spoke, suggesting that we use the mantra Om Namah Shivaya in conjunction with the breath . . . be aware of the breath. The suggestion is particularly potent when already in the meditative state. Tron genuinely enjoyed himself, as did I. Sally and Tron hadn’t met; it was a fun group, with Jim and Ruthie, whom Tron and I have known for years. Tron approved. I enjoyed your comments on Tron’s self-stated mandate

“my job is to step on your sensitivity” and your saying you no longer need his approval nor he yours and this is mutually freeing. Tonight I mentioned to Tron for a second time my father-transference to him that I’d detected and reported to him for the first time a few weeks ago. This time around it was “Whoop!—there it is! Surprise!” when I discussed with Tron Sally’s suggestion that I write Gurumayi—a seeking of his approval motivating my discussion, I noticed. He said I could only write lies or—and we both laughed—“I’m sorry for writing the last letter I sent you—‘Time Alone Passing.’” I told Tron I noticed a question quietly nagging me wondering what Tron would think. We found it laughable that I should care what he thought about it. So we laughed and I’m not writing Gurumayi. I’m writing you.

Chanting I never stopped loving. After the program, as Tron, Jim, Ruthie, Sally and I stood chatting, the subject turned to my writings subsequent to TAP. Sally offered a mocking title, *A History of the People I’ve Known, Loved and Hated*. I said I may fictionalize some of the characters, for instance, Sally might be called Mary Montgomery. Tron and I got nice welcoming and parting hugs from Sally. I told Sally, in Tron’s earshot, that Tron and I don’t hug. Sally said he should hug me—it would open his heart. Shanti wishes he would hug her more (at all?). We got home, agreed that Sally’s perfume was very nice and wondered what it was. I called and asked. Sally said it’s Knowing by Estée Lauder. She asked if we were going to put it on each other. I said, No, Tron might want to give some to his girlfriend. Sally made these pokes in good spirits, as we received them. She asked when I’m coming to chant in Honolulu. I said in ten or so days. She offered to pick me up at the airport, take me to Lightner’s—and to and fro’ Lightner’s for satsang.

Feb. 2 I’m flying from Honolulu to Phoenix Feb. 13. I plan to go to Honolulu the day before, a Wednesday—satsang night. Dad’s going to the Mayo Clinic in Scottsdale, AZ, and my folks want to look it over as a possible winter home. Then the plan is to visit family in LA and friends in Berkeley. Maybe I’ll see Rainbow and Klaus in Oakland, or at least talk to her.

Feb. 3 We’ve *corresponded*, whether we ever collaborate or co-amuse or whatever. Tron asked me to print out the stuff I’ve written while here. Then he asked if I could insert copies of your letters, which I will do as soon as I make copies. It’s a good idea to include your stuff: even if there are other ears to hear what I’ve said, it was to your ears that I addressed my caws, and your letters form an integral part of my written and read “spiritual life.” Besides, I intend to include your exhilarating travel report in its thirty-six paginated passionate pages. In a way it’s a prelude to August in Koloa, but I’ll put it in its order of receipt—it brings things full circle. I just counted: your other letters come to 81 pages! With 118 pages (including the Friends, Koloans . . . note that adds a page to the

travelogue) from you, there will be a balance of Om's tough Times and Jay's attractive cursive—the suicidal, the anguished and the ecstatic. The ex-static. The eggs' attic.

After reading half of a Coover novel—*Gerald's Party*, worth a look (Tron's still reading it)—and half a book of his short stories and a little of another novel, I'm wearying of the dude. "A Sudden Story" is my favorite of his works. When I called him my favorite author I was forgetting Nietzsche, and I was in a sort of fevered infatuation. My inspiration for writing and reading has been slackening lately. I seem to be out of the Nietzschean maps of the woods, abyss, peaks and labyrinths. He's quite a guide, but from here on—for a while anyway—I'll be screaming out my own echo-soundings in the days and nights of my soul. With the stretchings and contractions of my spine I audibly breathe the wind that rolls the boulders of my mind and erodes its tired slope until, soon, it all becomes plain—plainly my own happy mystery. From my own misery comes laughter—laughter that has heeded fear and laughs from the bliss of trembling in terror . . . that finally is an orgasm of sane craziness.

Saturday, before seeing Sally at satsang, I told her on the phone that I thought the Guru is fundamentally a screen for transferences. She said that after you get past the transference you then have the Guru—the Guru tattwa, the Guru principle. Gurumayi does seem to be dissolving into the air I breathe into my flesh, bones and pumping blood. I was pleasantly surprised that I derived pleasure from her talk on video; I'm giving her the benefit of a jury trial and the jury's telling me that they don't give a shit and to just set her free. The conclusion—continuation?—of the transference dance may involve a personal visit to Gurumayi, a trip such as I, less than half jestingly, suggested we make last summer. In any event being with my parents again will be an opportunity to clear and straighten the lines, webs, knots—the psychophysical udes—that I have with my transferents. Maybe one never gets udes to it—or *always* does, rather. But the knot, or the view and feeling of the knot, get(s) bigger—even spacious, light, joyful, *fun*. Entertaining. Misery as mirth.

I find that to enter the moment, the present, I have to respond to it from the bottom-side of my terror of the incarnaton I must achieve every time I come back into my body from the realm of thought, daydream, memory and fantasy that I occupy to escape the pain that I carry in my bodymind, in my muscles and tissues. Saturday night Jim was discussing hatha yoga and "muscle memory" with Tron. (Jim and Ruthie have taught hatha yoga for years.) Jim said that if you can get past the first year, or the first two or three years, of hatha yoga, during which time the muscle memory gets reprogrammed, you'll never stop doing it, or at least you won't stop for very long. I think I understood what he was saying. I find it impossible to—I have no interest in—giving up my idio- and not-so-idiosyncratic practices. Actually they're not idiosyncratic at all: they're just song and dance, ancient forms of expression. Maybe I do a sort of yoga; maybe hula is yoga, too. I think hatha yogis modify or at least

enhance their practices when they begin to experience the emotional component of their physical limitations. If the mind doesn't stretch with the body, the bodymind snaps back, sometimes painfully, emotionally and/or confusingly. Great aids to integration are chanting and prayer (silent prayer does work for the multitudes who take themselves seriously when they talk to themselves, i.e., *think*, as I yet do, though less and less {Jaya Gurudev!} [?]). Here we may include glossolalia and *whole-hearted* pranayama. Whole-hearted—that may mean spontaneous. Hmmm. That's the sermon for today.

A practical matter, not that yoga isn't: version 1.1 of the StyleWriter software is available on three disks, for free, from the place you got the Mac. (Just take them the original disks.) I never got back over there to do it. Maybe Tron will (I still dream, don't I!). Or your return may be necessary. I learned of 1.1 on p. 207 of *Macworld* for Jan. '92, which should still be here when you return. It allows background printing and includes four more TrueType fonts. Sounds good, although it could be the case that word processing or whatever would be slowed during printing. That sometimes happens in similar cases, I've read. Try and see, I guess.

Last year I stayed in Vancouver for months past the tax season that came months after my dental appointment that was my excuse to go there in early Dec. of '90. This time, who knows?

I was planning on going into Hanalei tomorrow to have your letters copied, but Tron called tonight to say he'd come halfway home when he looked at the gas gauge and saw that he didn't have enough to make it back to work in the morning, so he's staying in Hanalei tonight. So I'll probably mail this from Koloa tomorrow and make a final check of 248 later, as I would've done anyway, la dee da. Happy Bill Nelson concert tomorrow! How was it? Good night.

Feb. 4 My calling Sally when she was on this island, after having last spoken to her eight months ago yesterday, she attributed to "the Guru" calling me back, reeling me back in. (*Nevermind?*) Who knows?

In case you've misplaced it, my Vancouver mailing address (as long as my parents are around, and going to Pt. P. regularly):

**108 Open Rd., Pt. Paragon, WA 98108
(365) 365-0365**

That's the Van. phone, of course. I'll let you know if the Salish Drive address is preferable at any point. I'll be in Van by March 1, or maybe a week before, I imagine. I'll keep you posted. This will be the first real touring I've done without you since going around Japan with my family. It promises to tap the roots of intensity! Insanity! Instant lucidity! Illumination! Endarkenment! Resolution! Victory! *Ujjayi!* Jaya Gurumayi and I! May she and I wed in inner bliss and bring forth children you wouldn't want to miss!

Tuesday, February 4, 1992

Dear Jay,

Yes! I read part of your reply to “Post-Decon UDE Phenom of Yo” “silently,” as they say, then started over and read it all out loud to myself. Great! Yes, as to the Sally Sun connection: she was or is my “old lady,” my mommy and lover (the latter role doesn’t interest me so much now)—just what I fantasized in the person of Gurumayi. Sally and GM are tangled up in my long-playing babyhood and adolescence. Like an infant, I’m able to surprise someone well into his adulthood, even his menopause, which, as it originally refers only to the cessation of menstruation, I would call a—*climacteric* n. [< Gr. *klimax*, ladder] a crucial period in life, esp. the menopause (*Webster’s New World Dictionary*). Whoa! I’m so academic, suddenly; I take that to mean that I feel threatened. I do feel threatened! I’m heading for the jaws of the original threateners of my existence: my parents. Wasn’t I hoping to placate their lingering threat by worshipping the Guru? The uppercase G here denotes the Guru of metaphysical (real, erroneous or presumed), archetypal, transferential and physical dimensions—some of the same dimensions *I* have! Note the use of the uppercase I!

I surprise myself! I provoke myself! I worshiped Baba as my Guru. I don’t think I would’ve known about him if there hadn’t been SYDA or the equivalent. “Self-Realization Fellowship”—I didn’t see that on my first two readings of your envelope—then I laughed out loud! I’ll have to xerox the envelope along with its contents for inclusion in the Epidialogue to *UNEXPURGATORY*. Yogananda didn’t want to do organizational work but his Guru (to whom he related as *Guru*) told him there’s no honey without a hive. I have an instinct to communicate my experiences of “yoga.” In my neurotic case yoga is entangled with the organizations that envelope the teachings of the gurus as well as the gurus themselves, whether they’re Baba, Gurumayi, Maharaj-ji, Rajneesh, Yogananda, Luther, Calvin or Jesus. Since a yogi didn’t walk out of the jungle or out of Doubleday Bookstore on Canal Street in New Orleans to initiate me, I’m entangled with organizations. (In my sophomore and only semester at Tulane, I bought, at Doubleday Bookstore, *The Portable Jung* and *Autobiography of a Yogi*, the latter published by Self-Realization Fellowship, Los Angeles.)

I have a survival instinct. I toyed—seriously, as infants do—with the idea of sending SYDA a donation for the reasons given (to obtain a sympathetic reading of *Koloalogy* that would, in my fantasy, generate empathy), then dropped the idea even as I wrote “Yoga.” Early in *L&M*, Iyer gives a cogent version of the post-organizational Zen-veterans’ view of their former homes, the monasteries. I continue to empathize with such a view of spiritual organizations that sees their politics, their pettiness, their ugliness—their neurotic-group-of-humans-ness. I’m still fighting my

neuroses; I feel the possibility of victory as never before, thanks being due largely to the yoga propagated by spiritual organizations. I've imagined myself going on staff with SYDA. The feeling—of mere survival? of fear of being told what to do in a fascist microcosm?—accompanying this fantasy is confused and much weaker than my identification with “Joe” in Iyer’s book. I identified joyfully with his wild-man creativity. The latter, I hope, is my future.

Between my dream of my future and my present . . . what is there? One fantasy: I drop an exploding trunkload of *Trunkexpurgatory* volumes on the SYDA Machiavellian Tower of Baba-I. Your reminders recall and rally my own intellectual freedom forces, wordy wrestlers in the arena of my mind who flip their resident opponents *flop!* onto the mat. This needs to be a fight to a more definitive finish. I invoke my instinct for survival, my terror of death and my creative impulse to judge a fight to the death between . . . what? Whom? My spirit of organizational complicity and my deconstructive soul, perhaps. OK. The battle has been joined and here’s how it goes: They both seem to be playing to the survival instinct, and weakly at that, saying that, in fact, they—the combatants—are, at bottom, indistinguishable from one another. The referee will hear none of that. He separates the Accomplice and the Deconstructor, zapping them with his cattle prod. They come out of neutral corners and meet again, the Accomplice saying that even Derrida has a lineage, with an institutional background to boot. The Deconstructor responds that Derrida is apolitical and has never supported any of the spectrum from communism to fascism.

“But what of the rigidity and spiritlessness of academicism?”
counters the Accomplice.

“That’s nothing compared to the martial, even penal, atmosphere of an ashram.”

“But where else can people learn in this world than in a part of this world?”

“In the comfort of their own homes.”

“Which is to say in the comfort of their own hovels built from bricks of their own dried shit.”

“Better that than a hygienic, shiny, brave new work camp of mindless robotoid culties.”

“An ashram is a high-temperature, high-pressure atmosphere, perfect for neurotic seekers to burn off their stuff.”

“It’s the perfect atmosphere for the guru to abuse hundreds of transference relationships.”

“I propose a compromise.”

“A compromise? An organization is a mass of compromises: compromises of integrity, compromises with hypocrisy, compromises of people’s autonomy and potential. Compromise is another word for complicity. When you propose a compromise you propose yourself, Accomplice.”

“I would be *your* Accomplice, Deconstructor. We must begin now—here comes the ref with that damn prod again.”

They merge as only a spirit and a soul can. At least in this instance they can, and do—thoroughly. The composite entity at times shows the face of the Accomplice, at times the face of the Deconstructor. At times the face is unidentifiable, and at times a blank—no face at all.

Having stuffed the prod down the ref’s throat, the new becomingness turns to the instinctual, terrific and creative judges at ringside and announces, through the teeth of a faceless skull, “I don’t know who I am, but you can call me the Decomplicitor. I’m going to survive creatively even if it kills me.” Turning to the stunned crowd in the arena, he shouts, “Publish and perish! Suck your noses! Yes! That’s what I’ve meant to inspire all along! That and shouting! Dancing! Singing! All from the depths and heights of whatever you call your emotional geographies: devotion, infancy, adolescence, romanticism, senility, insanity or muscle memory! Tear down the stadium and build a night club! Call it Club Temple for all I care! Thaw out! Do some kind of unfrozen yoga! If Jois is joyous, that’s jolly! Just do it! Purractice, Puppies and Pussies! Doggone it now! Finish your sadhanas!” (To be continued? To be caught and uded? To be calm and deluded?) To break the peace and all its pieces! Freedom of speech! Freedom to breathe carelessly! Thoughtlessly! Freedom to wake up *deeply!*

“This *circle*, so you once called it, predicting its closure” refers to your saying (in June or July, I think) that my flight from and criticism of the guru would “come full circle.” Perhaps you suspected then that Sally would once again draw me perilously close to the successor to your—and my—beloved (and, by me, hated) Baba. I made another allusion to your prediction some months ago, in a letter—I’m not sure which one.

Is Gurumayi—whom I also love/hate—undeserving, in your mind, of the succession to the “lineage” of two? Did Baba err? Ever?

Re: the gravitational effect of the first and last quarter moons vis-à-vis that of the full and new moons. I said that “the phase of the moon—its alignment with the sun or its cross-purposes to it, gravitationally speaking—accentuate or moderate the tides that arise on the earth every day as it turns past the attractive face of the moon—however much of it is lit by the sun.” I was trying to carry some lyrical momentum into science, and ended up with as much lyricism and clear science as is contained in the expression “lyrical momentum.” Anyway. At the full and new moons the sun, moon and earth are in alignment. (In astrological terms, the sun opposes the moon when it is full and the two conjoin—are in conjunction—when the moon is new.) With the gravitational forces of the moon and sun pulling on the same line—whether or not they are on the same side of the earth—the tidal pull on the earth is maximized. Hence we have the most extreme high and low tides at full and new moons, or shortly thereafter, if there is a lag effect, which I believe there must be, as in a long distance conversation—or correspondence. At the first and last

quarters the moon “squares” the sun, i.e., the earth is at the vertex of a right angle on one side of which lies the moon with the sun on the other side of the angle, working at cross-purposes, as it were, to the moon’s tidal pull, thereby reducing somewhat the extremes of the tides. Then we have low tides that are not as low as at full and new moons, and high tides that aren’t as high.

Brothers, yes. Tron and I have only female siblings; you, Lightner, Sky, Tron and I are like brothers to one another, no doubt. Lightner, having two blood brothers, would concur I’m sure.

I didn’t intend the High Attachment remark as a put-down or as a review of your Greatest Hits. I believe that an awareness of your interest in recorded music fluttered in my mind as I typed that. But only to inspire! Yes! Get on with “sucking the toes of your nose!” You’re absolutely samadhi-dead right! Yes! Join the Om-Sky-Tron nose-sucking club! Against this method no madness can prevail, for it leads to the heart of madness! The art of badness! The fart of sadness! The right sort of gladness! Not a bad joke—a noble toke!

I think Tron likes #4 well enough to justify keeping the CD. *Urga* was heard by a sleepy-eared doctor-painter who might appreciate it more another time when and if he finds it—time, I mean. He likes the Sinead tape. As do I. I have gone for days at a time recently—today being one of them—when I haven’t turned on the stereo; I’ve just listened to the music of so’ham.

Our hard-working brother depends on me for capsule condensations of your letters: he hasn’t the foggiest, as hasn’t Shanti, that you’ve misspelled their daughter’s name. I knew the correct spelling from ’90—Evianne—but a comment from Lakshmi led me astray. Rather, I led myself astray by thinking about revealing, but out of fear not revealing, to Tron or to you—in this somewhat open epistolary record—the fact that Lakshmi laughed at the source of inspiration for Evianne’s name, which according to Shanti was Evian mineral water. Lakshmi said it’s common knowledge that out of spite for gullible Americans who buy the tapwater likes of Perrier for ridiculous prices, the marketers of Evian—likewise mere tapwater according to her—gave their product a name that backwards reads Naïve. Since then I’ve learned the dictionary version: naïve *adj.* [Fr. < L. *nativus*, natural] unaffectedly simple; artless; unsophisticated. The name refers cutely to the water’s purity, not disdainfully to the consumer’s stupidity. Lakshmi has not come far enough from naïveté. Perhaps, with Krishna’s help, she’ll return to it. Did I tell you? *Forbes* of 10/22/90 mentions Lakshmi in conjunction with Florence in its annual roundup of the 400 wealthiest Americans, saying that Lakshmi Prince Wordsworth, adopted by Florence and her only child, is not the heiress. I assume she never was! This was published months before Florence, or whoever, kicked Lakshmi out of the Diamond Head estate about a year ago.

Feb. 5 Last night I read the above paragraph to Tron, after reading to him most of your letter and relevant parts of “Phenom. of Yoga.”

You say, “I choose to value what I experienced at Ganeshpuri.” I assume that you refer to positive experiences of the sort that elicited your 1987 report of, as I recall, never having felt better physically, emotionally and spiritually than you felt during your stay(s) in Ganeshpuri. During that stay you worked in the library that contained the trunk that contained the books that were off limits to the users of a library that was itself off limits to almost everyone in the ashram. In your lengthy missive of 1987 the trunk received no mention. Perhaps your hitherto unsurpassed feelings of well-being were due to cultic brainwashing — ? Or do you suppose they were they the result of a spirituality of such sensitivity that it could absorb Baba’s Shakti through and in spite of obfuscating and obscuring layers of that acronymic anomaly, SYDA, that you assault acrimoniously? Perhaps you were able to subtract SYDA from Ganeshpuri and obtain a positive remainder. Perhaps with such keen powers of discernment you should become a swami. Perhaps you could fuck devotees to your heart’s or other parts’ content and then be buried regally and praised along with the other Gurus in the daily recitation of the Guru Gita. Baba, Gurumayi, Ganeshpuri, SYDA, you, me, every “I”—I think that all of it is knot what it seems. Know it is “knot.” And you, ude better know it as knot and know you as knot. Do you *choose* in your vaunted intellectual (and arrogant? and sad and lonely) freedom? Do you choose or does instinct choose and stick it to you for you as you? As I began recounting this latest of our dialogues to Tron, I explained how you attached yourself to my several-thousand-dollar donation idea and then clung to it as I proceeded away from it in a developing dialectic—developing *delirium* is more accurate—that I unfolded on the page as it occurred to me; I was not presenting preconceived prescriptions pretending to perfection. Tron the meta-physician said that clinging is one of your problems. Amen. End of daily sermon. To whom doesn’t Tron’s diagnosis apply?

I wonder, as you no doubt have, how many Chiyumis or better there are at the Kyoto and Osaka centers. O yogi who used to go to Tokyo from Kita-Kamakura for the occasional Sunday Guru Gita! Have I and the ravages of time poisoned or purified you to the extent that this sadhana of solitude continues to be an interlude you choose and haven’t yet rued? What will it take for you to come unglued? What supreme solvent will dissolve the bonds that bind you to your bed on a cold Sunday morning when in your home town of Kyoto several warm female butts sit beneath erect, alert, pert female torsos and heads animated by what spirit other than the air we all breathe and the consciousness that playfully whispers in the words of your idiot correspondent, yours truly? SYDA may be poison, but it may be the antidote to a bizarre, slow death by the insidious Berlitzococcus bacterium. The GURU works in misty-teary-eyed ways. You and SYDA are in Kyoto for the same reason: money! You have something in common! besides Baba, who said (or if he didn’t say he at

least *implied*) that money is consciousness. Raise a hymn to ojas, limn the lines of lucre! All's one that ends one! Is it knot?

Revised contents herewith. Rest content. No! Break the peaces!

Yes!