

THE MAN TWICE

T J Silverlake

Swearing off all the flaws; cynicism.

As time goes by I become bored with having to seem relevant so I lay-back. I was bored in '68 and I'm bored in '74. Rather than describe it I'll try to crawl out of it. At sounding cynical and directing toward a purposeful reunion with my other mind and I don't lapse back to my prestate of rigorous denial.

Typecast is a term used by actors on talk shows which always indicates one of the negative descriptive qualities of the occupation. All of which have their negative descriptive qualities. Unfortunately not being an actor I can only hope to understand a fragment of the entire meaning that the actor himself must deeply mean. Thus a partial communication is established. Now do I concern myself with understanding the term by writing letters to said actor, "What exactly do you mean by...; do I study encyclopaedia for great actors of the world; do I enroll in acting classes; do I subscribe to cinema magazines (if so which type: learned journals or movie fan magazines).

THERE ONCE WAS THIS MAN WHO BELIEVED AFTER A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF TIME OF NOT BEING LAID THAT ALL THE WORLD WAS AT PEACE AND NOW HE COULD LOOK FOR A GIRL IT WAS OKAY WITH ALL HIS BUDDIES AND IT WAS OKAY WITH HIM IF ONLY AN OPPORTUNITY WOULD PRESENT ITSELF SO HE WENT ABOUT SETTING UP OPPORTUNITIES SO THEY COULD PRESENT THEMSELVES AND HE SPOKE UP FOR ZEN AND HE SPOKE OUT FOR THE INTUITIVE APPROACH WELL ALL THIS BOILED DOWN TO WAS THAT HE COULD NEVER ACCEPT ANY OTHER JUDGMENT ABOUT ANYTHING EXCEPT HIS OWN as he grew older he picked up on certain social devices that he utilized to call attention to himself at parties because he was interested in other peoples' reaction to him well then he started to worry because the reaction was always bland so then he decided to no longer play those games and to Just be honest and lay-back well everybody thought he was using too much dope and he always believing dope was something done as a simple lark decided he would have to start playing those games again and he did, but he found he was unhappy he had all the qualifications for happiness but none of the happiness and he withdrew into his head a lot well his friends decided this was intellectual masturbation and made him even more uncomfortable they said he was naive and overly moral when all he wanted was to fuck well this struck him as weird and it troubled him that no one seemed to understand what he said and always took it in their own personal way well he decided to do something that would once and for all end the problem he committed suicide but not in one move but in many and gradually he came to believe he wasn't even killing himself he was living and all his friends decided he was not very bright and all his friends decided he was really not together and all his friends decided they were the ones who were together and were proud of themselves at how smart they had become and at how they had a lot of power and so he decided since they were now doing so well he could rest his troubled head and become normal and do work and be lazy and he finally got laid and he found out that it was all a question of point of view

LIFE WAS NO LONGER WORTH LIVING IF THERE WAS NO ONE PERSON TO CHECK OUT EVERY MINUTE IDEA OF REALITY WITH AND THE YOUNG MAN DECIDED TO BECOME A PAINTER THERE WAS NO REAL REASON FOR THIS CHOICE OH HE HAD RATIONALIZED CERTAIN IDEAS ABOUT PAINTING AS A MEANS TO MAKE A LIVING AND ABOUT ART AS A REFLECTION OF LIFE AND ABOUT A NEED FOR A DRASTIC CHANGE IN VALUES THAT THE CULTURE NEEDED TO BE SAVED so he yelled and screamed all this new knowledge to everybody that he knew and everybody that he met sometimes he would meet a student at the local college who was bored by the everyday course of his schooling and would listen to him to beat that boredom and he started to talk about human beings which he had decided was the apropos way of describing those real people in the world and he gradually devised a complicated system of values that only he understood the reasons for because he was never able to articulate his real meaning and he was convinced that no one was ever going to understand what he was saying and so he started to read and he found some people he understood and would understand him and so he felt better except everyone he read that he liked was dead, or so he discovered after further research, and then he decided that if these people were dead he was again all alone in his head especially when he tried to communicate a very simple idea and found that idea was taken and destroyed by all his friends and so he decided he would make up a test for everybody in the world so he would have official results and would finally discover the real truth but no one took his test as a test they took it as reality but just the same he learned something from the fact that he had given a test, he was going to eventually find an answer and the truth would be that which he thought at the moment of his death so from then on he prepared himself so that at that moment he would witness what he had searched all his life to find out but he started to think more and more about getting ready then about the question he would be finally answering then he came to a startling idea if he knew the question wouldn't destroying it by finding the answer ultimately destroy the importance of that question well when he told a friend his thoughts on this he said that he asked too many questions

WHY IS IT SO HARD TO BE SIMPLE HE ASKED EVERYBODY WHY SIMPLICITY IS NOT AT ALL HARD BUT BY THE NATURE OF THE DEFINITION WOULD EXCLUDE DIFFICULTY WAS THE REPLY HE MOST OFTEN GOT AND HE BECAME EVEN MORE CERTAIN THAT SIMPLICITY WAS THE ANSWER AND SINCE IT WAS THE TRUTH HE DIDN'T HAVE TO YELL OR SCREAM IT BECAUSE IT WOULD PREVAIL IN ANY CASE MAYBE NOT TODAY MAYBE NOT TOMORROW BUT SOON AND FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE was his rationale for laying back everybody else was wrong and he was right and it was only a matter of time before everybody knew it. But then something happened to shake him up it involved a question that he had decided had been long resolved a bout which he had devised the answer to many years ago: does morality exist? Well he had decided yes it did and had come to elaborate definitions of a just and an unjust act he had decided a just act was one that brought lasting peace to his mind and an unjust act was one that interrupted his peace he was quickly labeled missionary by his friends and all the time they want around saying that he wandered what he had done wrong that they would misunderstand what he actually was saying. He said words that everybody had heard before so they just knew what he was saying before he said it and didn't have to listen again well they missed the point again and he still wanted to get laid but it seemed to be becoming harder instead of easier so he started not to listen too and he found that he was much happier and much friendlier to everybody and he finally met someone who could communicate without talking boy was he relieved.

AT AN EARLIER TIME AND DAY I HAD MANY MORE QUESTIONS TO ASK now it seems less important to. AND SO THE CONCLUSIONS THAT I HAVE BEEN COMING TO ARE founded on no particular probing on my mind's part. I think this is somehow a change in attitude but so unconscious that it is almost fearful. I am used to knowing as much as I can about my situation - a sort of defense against surprise. I find that leaving. And I don't know where it went. I don't care really and my lack of concern is the source of that fear. I say fear but it is not the word, only an approximation of a confusion. And I say confusion but that is also misleading, since I don't feel confused.

When I was young, perhaps twelve, I had organized a complex system for dealing with life. It involved many more unknowns than knowns and a great deal of faith. It involved ideas about growing into manhood and being an adult, something about reaching eighteen seemed magical. At 21 I would know certain things and at 25 I would start to become old.

So I suppose that I am now senile and so am no longer questioning all those things that I hear (an awful lot lately) I should question. Senile at 25 what a relief.

I heard a friend talking the other day and he mentioned that people are not objects to be treated no better than a piece of furniture or the daily paper, but feeling emotional creatures that require certain careful treatment so their existences would not be harmed. Well that was all true it seemed on examination but it is also something that I have no understanding of. I mean: I can take his word on it I suppose and not press the point to the uncomfortable degree I have had the habit of pressing ideas in the past. So I accept it as a matter of easy relationship. But why, I wonder. "Oh God let me know why, please Lord let me see the truth, ' a quote from a Jesus person living next door after he complained about the music being too loud too late at night while his wife who was pregnant seven months. This is what would be referred to as stating your case . . .

AT THE AGE OF 25 THIS YOUNG MAN DECIDED TO ELIMINATE ALL HASSLE FROM HIS LIFE AND SINCE IT SEEMED LIKE SUCH A GOOD IDEA (KIND OF A CULMINATION OF ALL THE SELF-QUESTIONING HE HAD PARTICIPATED IN SINCE HE WAS OLD ENOUGH TO SIT ALONE AND SULK) HE PURSUED THE IDEA WITH CAREFUL ALTHOUGH NOT NECESSARILY SYSTEMATICAL THOUGHT HE GAVE IT EVERY MOMENT NOT TAKEN UP BY MORE SERIOUS CONCERNS or EATING: TO BRING THINGS TO A KIND OF HIP BANALITY his friends could not comprehend the plan or the action or for that matter any of the verbal confusion set forth well this only increased the effectiveness of the plan so much so the young man became interested in word usage and word games and as it has been called 'idea' from this he went on to manipulate the recent turn of cultural events and liberality to provide for himself a rationale. All this seems deceptive and even unethical but it must be realized that this young man had eliminated all those definitions long ago in his existential days of suffering and paying dues etc. so it did not appear to enter the realm of morality this manipulation and then a particular thing event took place there was a person a girl who by action or reason or understanding showed that she understood completely what was going on now this was a shock and not at all expected because she not only understood but also showed by her actions that she was also at the point in consciousness (dynamite) of getting off on

BEING ALONE IN A CULTURE, SO IT WAS THAT SHE DEVELOPED' ALONG SUCH SIMILAR COURSES/LINES AND IT WAS ALMOST MYSTICAL BUT THE WORDS WERE UNDERSTOOD AS IF OUT OF THE WORLD OF INDIVIDUALS AND OUT OF WESTERN MAN'S FLIRTATIONS WITH PSYCHOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY THERE HAD ESCAPED MORE THAN ONE PERSON WHO COULD COMMUNICATE A COMPLETE THOUGHT AND THAT WITHOUT ALWAYS WORDS it was all understood and it was all complete and it was all empty and it was all complete and she took the game and made it hers and he lost the power and spent a great deal of time after that just sitting and watching the daily paper for the current state of the federal government and whether there would be another fuel crisis or if there were a chance of a resurgence of guerrilla warfare in Chili and all that SO AS NOT TO ALARM ANYONE ABOUT THIS DEVELOPMENT SHE DECIDED TO PERSUADE HER PARENTS TO SUPPORT HER TRIP TO A SCHOOL BACK EAST WHERE SHE STUDIED LAW AND BECAME DISENCHANTED AND DECIDED LAW WASN'T WHERE SHE COULD FUNCTION SO SEEING THE EAST COAST BIG CITIES SHE ACCEPTED THAT AS ENOUGH OF AN ACHIEVEMENT TO RETURN HOME WHERE AFTER ALL SHE COULD UNDERSTAND WHAT WAS BEING SAID IN REALITY ETC but going home with all its blues inspired background turned out to be a letdown/damn SO SHE ENTERED THE MAJOR UNIVERSITY IN THE AREA AND TOLD EVERYONE SHE MET THAT SHE HAD ENTERED THE UNIVERSITY AT WHEREVER AND WAS MAJORING IN ART art

well that did it for her success and really after all she was doing something useful and functional/she made it through all right although after finishing the course of studies/six years/of continuous concentration on one subject/well she knew more than your average street person or your average college student and most of the other people she came into contact with/you see she had never once made a mistake in her life and the beauty of that was that she could tell her buddies that she had never made a mistake ANYWAY AFTER A PERIOD OF YEARS THINGS BEGAN TO CREEP BACK INTO HIS MIND AND THOSE SAME QUESTIONS WOULD INTERRUPT THE SIX O'CLOCK NEWS AND SOMETIMES WHEN READING THE SUNDAY TIMES he always bought the Sunday Times because it had the most important news and also a lot more to do/the comics/sports; of which his increasing interest in he could not fully explain to that ego who now asked why/where was it THINKING THAT TO PLACE IT WOULD BE SO ME HOW TO DEFEAT IT AND CO ME TO A COMPLETE UNDERSTANDING OF IT.

And at 19 in 1967 I remember sitting on a stretch of grass up and off the parking lot (parking lots are significant in California) at the state college in Long Beach and talking to an old high school chum (of course he wasn't old at the time) about the possibility of having an original thought and about the existence of God etc. At the time this seemed stimulating and we made similar repeat performances until finals when I went crazy and he went into criminology. I do remember seeing at one of those occasions a young girl, kind of ruddy for a college student (it was before my consciousness had been raised) walking down the sidewalk up the hill to an art class she was carrying a drawing board, very old scarred wooden thing with papers or a tablet of papers attached. I remember the shady trees and the wet grass in the afternoon. It was the first time that the romance of art made itself conscious. But then again I have managed to filter out all those things that would have been useful had I become an engineer.

THERE WAS ALWAYS A STIGMA TO NOT BEING NORMAL AND WILLIE FELT THAT AS MUCH AS ANY OTHER WHEN HE THOUGHT OF HIS YEARS CONCERNED WITH NORMAL WELL YOU KNOW IT ALMOST MADE HIM PUKE PUQUE PUGUE PUGK SICK HE WOULD VANISH BEHIND SOME BUSHES AND QUIETLY RID HIMSELF OF OUR RAW MEAT GREASY CAMP-OUT DINNER AND WORRY ABOUT BEING DISCOVERED AND EMBARRASSED did other people worry that deeply about life Willie wondered a good deal and knew that somehow he was different and that bothered him but not to be held down for long he soon turned the concept around putting it to his best advantage he just knew that if he could worry more than anyone he would have something there (concept jive-line) AT A DISTANCE THE APPEAL WAS TO REASON BUT NOT WITHSTANDING THE INHERENT DIFFICULTIES IN APPROACHING A MINIMAL DEGREE OF ERROR AND SO IT WENT ALL THE TIME SOME SENSE OF URGENCY TO THE LINES AND LINES OF DRIBBLE GOD KNOWS THE PEOPLE HARDLY HEAR WILLIE SPLIT

AND COMFORTABLY APPROACHING THE ANSWER. AT THE SAME INSTANCE FEELING A CONFIDENCE THAT COULD NOT REALLY BE RATIONALIZED IT SEEMED APPROPRIATE THAT I got upset when I couldn't handle school. It had its lighter moments now that I look back see me turn my head see me smile there that indicates something. We forgot to mention JEAN WOULD BE ABLE TO SURVIVE THOSE TRAUMAS OF THE SIXTIES AND EARLY SEVENTIES SHE HAD AN IDEA THAT LIFE WORKED ON CYCLES OF EIGHT YEARS AND THAT AT EVERY INTERVAL OF EIGHT THERE WOULD BE A RETURN TO THE ORIGIN OR AT LEAST SOMETHING THAT APPEARED TO BE THE BEGINNING JEAN BROUGHT IN ALL SORTS OF PROOFS AND AS AN EASY OUT WE ACCEPTED IT ALL

THE POINT COULD BE MADE SHE ONLY SPOKE OF ABSURDITY NOT SPEAKING OF ANYTHING LASTING OUTSIDE OF THE ROOM AS ANYONE LEFT WILLIE WAS BACK AND WANTED TO TALK TO HER SHE SAID SHE NEVER WANTED TO SEE HIM AGAIN HE SAID IT WASN'T IMPORTANT THE ONLY THING HAVING ANY SIGNIFICANCE IS THAT EVERYTHING APPEAR TO BE AS IT WAS AND IT WAS BASICALLY. THE ENTIRE LIFE OF A TYPICAL PERSON IS AN HALLUCINATION then there was a considerable break in communication the power not being lost but misplaced, a curious phenomenon, maybe when the TV stops THOSE WERE THE WORDS THAT FINALLY GOT WILLIE BACK FROM HIS REST AND NOW IT WAS IT WAS NOT DEAD IT WAS RESTING AND THAT WAS SEEN NOW SEEN WHERE IT HADN'T BEFORE NOT CLEARLY BUT THERE AND WITH NO REASSURANCE AND COMPLETE POSITIVE SIGHT after that Willie went through what iconoclasts call Zen whiplash.

JEAN HAD COME TO THE CHANGE WITH LITTLE APPARENT EMOTIONAL TRAUMA AND JEAN DECIDED TO REDIRECT THE INITIAL IDEA OF MANIPULATION INTO MELLOWER DECISIONS JEAN DIRECTED THOSE WHO WOULD BE AND ABLY COERCED THOSE WHO COULD BE AND WILLIE COULD AND WAS AND JEAN DID (I've been used to seeing ghosts since I discovered shadows; an ability that I suspect few others have acquired and one not at all to be envied; so my surprise at Willie's recovery is not as emotionally induced as should be expected)

The major problem with communication is the lack of pertinent facts and as this one developed there were no hard facts to supply straight replies to.

It's not in the realm of fiction to philosophize

It's not possible in interpersonal relationships to establish enough outs to cover every convention that is likely to inhabit the strata of consciousness that we come into counter usually

But, it's not within the realm of fiction to proselytize

WILLIE RELENTED AND THAT HURT HIS PRIDE

NOW JEAN HAD DEVELOPED TO SUCH PROPORTIONS THAT TO CHALLENGE THE GOVERNMENTAL STRUCTURE BECAME HER NEXT GOAL TOPPLE COUP IT WAS RELIABLY RUMORED THAT THIS WAS IN THE MINDS OF MANY OF THE POPULACE AND JEAN GOT HER BIGGEST THRILLS FROM BEING FIRST AND SO DIRECTED THE ENERGY WHICH HAD DEVELOPED THROUGH HER ESTHETIC ACCOMPLISHMENTS TO BIGGER GAME game Willie mutters a lot as if people were conscious of the participation in games and game-plans were made and participation was done through merely having the requisite attainment of age that being considered to be above 25 or 30 yrs old while it has been reported that those of a younger age were also involved in the processes it was usually thought that one had to develop certain cerebral mechanisms usually associated with those who are more mature AND THAT IS A CONSIDERABLE AMOUNT OF JIVE FOR MORTAL MAN TO UNDERSTAND the immortal; those who visit us at certain times in our lonely moments usually at night and so met I me after some gross injury to our pride don't speak of games anymore at a time yes not now and I've seen them smile at the suggestion that man has made to appear immortal oh they will listen and smile but not hear of talk of immortality and they listen well and smile more at talk of immortality and they talk with that smile when I talk of them as immortal and they smile without talking at the suggestion and I've made few but yet they smile

FUN AND PROFIT AND DREAMING OF A REAL THING THAT SEEMED LIKE IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN A DREAM AT THAT I ALWAYS WAS FOOLED INTO ACCEPTING Willie was a close friend (read: I thought so: no more) and I wonder what ever became of him I talk as if it were 50 yrs but it's only been two or so dead space does that. THERE WAS ALSO THIS LINE HE HAD ABOUT WHAT HE COULD NOT UNDERSTAND SOMETHING LIKE TO BE A POET YOU HAVE TO GET INTO BEING CRYPTIC I ADMIT THAT AFTER A COUPLE OF TIMES HEARING THIS I GAVE IN TO THE TEMPTATION TO AGREE BUT I COULDN'T HELP BUT FEEL A LOSS IT WASN'T CRYPTIC I TELL YOU IT WAS SO PLAIN AND EASY AND WHY SHOULD I COMPLICATE IT WITH OUTSIDE REFERENCE AND IT WAS ALSO A DEVICE YEAH THAT'S WHAT IT WAS A DEVICE AND AFTER THAT NOTHING AND I THINK PERHAPS WE ARE ALL LIVING IN OUR OWN VERY CLEAR WORLDS AND IT ONLY APPEARS AS DEVICE TO THOSE WHO CAN'T GET OUT OF THAT LITTLE SPACE THEY HAVE RESERVED IN THEIR HEADS LABELED ME MINE I OR ANY OF THE TERMS IN VOGUE BUT ARE YOU SURE THAT ALL HAS BEEN SAID AND THE ONLY THING YOU HAVE LEFT IS A PLEASANT ALL KNOWING SMILE you're going to smile right into a truck some day Jean had given up (come to a complete understanding of the fallacy of political redress) on her hot vendetta against the state something about Marxist anarchisms politics not being a positive direction for her concepts about the nature of power and the source of other dull side issues like civil rights welfare and the GNP YET AS JEAN LEARNED A POLITICAL

Pretentious, ego-centric, base, debasing riffing into less preceptive more perceptive caring and laying back as a social voyeur staring at the commitments of others as if as if consider the possibility of conventionalism against the possibility of considering the alternative to convention sought after as the level of vanguard relevance the pervading influence of being hipper against the comfort of being mellow then see the next truism as mysticism but that touches too closely to insanity better deny it better deny that mysticism and following some route that never leaves the beginning but is somehow more exciting always the question and the negative no never slowing down direction as a recourse and an out better alone or at ease or uneasy at living without the feeling of life or possibility no, that seems the least of all unimportant worries concerns

Back off to get some objectivity, it's a matter of mind control or a matter of mind spreading from a core thought into its spiral of extending associations. But then. Oh but then lay back and discover how really together you are my oh my what a discovery see the tree see the sky see all the minute details that you never saw before or is can't remember can't. Described by those past their prime as sense trips, "Why don't you get into my idea not those sense trips?"

Speaking out in self-taught anxiety; the kind that cripples your muscles and makes you shake and swear off cigarettes and see claustrophobia

Changing monuments in mid course can make a significant difference in social well-being; witness rock n' roll

are there only certain human conditions that man finds himself in certain moods that can be clearly identified, certain to be clearly avoided are headaches more identifiable than depression why is questioning the only way to find answers and yet it never does is there a purpose to waterbeds and what can be done about the earth shoe painting, is it really dead? and can that be a good subject for a critic is everybody a Marxist or a fascist do people really watch those commercials on television are there really lowriders I've always heard that some people work 8 hrs. a day at a steady job and like it yet I've never known one That bothers me I guess is difficulty really the way to go how do you define difficulty it's hard to say I'd say and the economy well the economy happens to be an entirely different question are we speaking pounds dollars and cents or marks? actually I think changing to the decimal system will enable us to better compete in the common market common market? yes, you've heard of it haven't you? No, I'm afraid not. Well do you know how a bill becomes a law? How a senator is elected? How many stations of the cross there are? The pledge of allegiance? Don't take me for no ford. What? Fordt. What? Forow. What? Fool. Okay, I was just trying to get an overview on your affiliations. Yeah, well it's o.k. Have you heard from your brother in Berkeley? Yeah, he said there was a Janis Joplin revival. Who? Janis Joplin. Who? It's okay. What have been your considerations for spending this summer? Well, I decided to give up smoking. Why? I've come to believe that it is bad for one's health. Yes, one must take care of one's health. Indeed, and so on.

In the accompanying spirit world that lies parallel to the known world of reality there has been much concern lately about the tendency of their youth to slip into induced states of lowered consciousness and for the oldsters to feel neglected by the general populace. The youth are seen sometimes talking to the very old and smiling benignly at every turn of the conversation the older constantly reminiscing about who played lead guitar in Blind Faith or perhaps their idea of don Juan or quadrofex speakers and Shure hi-track cartridges. The youth find no end of amusement in these ruminations and in the naiveté with which they are delivered. No sense of timing; no sense of perspective etc.

Don't mistake me for a fool I'm as aware of this world as you and perhaps more so.

Don't laugh at my statements for they're as intelligent as yours.

Don't smile at my blunders in speech; I do that for affect.

Don't patronize me.

Don't stop me.

Don't talk.

The spirit world is not all it's cracked up to be.

WILLIE LEFT THE BUS STATION WITH HIS DATA POINTS ALL COLLECTED FROM A TRIP FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO LOS ANGELES (DID YOU KNOW THAT SAN FRANCISCANS GET OFFENDED IF YOU CALL THEIR CITY FRISCO BUT LOS ANGELENOS DON'T CARE IF YOU SAY L. A.) HE GOT INTO A RIFF ABOUT FREEWAY CULTURE AS HE WAS DRIVEN HOME BUT DISMISSED IT AS TRITE SOMETHING ABOUT FREEWAYS BEING SOCIAL EVENTS AND DRIVING LIKE PLAYING CHESS (THE HIGHWAY PATROL WERE BLACK QUEENS AND YOUR CAR WAS WHITE QUEEN) HE THOUGHT ABOUT HIS YEARS OF FLIRTATION WITH FAME FORTUNE AND FIELD PAINTING.

JEAN CROSSED THE TRACKS WITH THE EXPECTED WOBBLE IN HER FRONT END THINKING ABOUT THE PROSPECTS OF EXHUMING HER GRANDPARENTS SO THAT SHE COULD USE THEM IN SOME WAY TO CALL UP THE ABSURDITY OF THE POPULACE THAT PUTS THE BANALITIES OF TELEVISION ABOVE THE IMPORTANCE OF SUSTAINING AN ART OF THE TIME AND CULTURE. JEAN WAS ALWAYS TRYING TO FUCK WITH THE NATION'S HEAD.

WILLIE SPENT THE NIGHT AT A MOTEL.

JEAN SPENT THE NIGHT AT HER APARTMENT.

WILLIE DREAMT OF SPIRITS, BUT COULDN'T REMEMBER THE DREAM IN THE MORNING (ALTHOUGH HE HAD DROPPED FOUR ROSE HIPS VITAMIN C TABLETS)

JEAN NEVER GOT TO SLEEP AND NEVER GOT TO DREAM, SHE READ NORMAN MAILER'S NEW NOVEL "THE WORLD OF THE TATTOO"

WILLIE ATE AT A NORM'S RESTAURANT IN THE MORNING

JEAN COOKED HOT OATMEAL

WILLIE WENT LOOKING AT ART IN THE AFTERNOON

JEAN WORKED ON A LETTER TO A CEMETERY IN VIRGINIA

WILLIE DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING WITH ANY REAL EDGE TO IT.

JEAN FINISHED HER LETTER AND WENT FOR A WALK.

WILLIE WAS WALKING OUT OF THE MUSEUM AND NOTICED A GIRL THAT LOOKED LIKE JEAN WALKING TOWARD HIM. (HE WENT THROUGH ALL THESE EYE CONTORTIONS TO SEE IF IT WAS HER WITHOUT LETTING HER CATCH HIM LOOKING, IT WAS ALL OVER BETWEEN THEM SHE HAD HER LIFE AND HE HAD HIS, THERE WAS NO NEED TO GO INTO IT ANYMORE, HE ALL THE SAME FELT SOMETHING) it turned out to be Jean who had caught him staring at her and had applied a half-nelson to his upper torso, Willie felt dehumanized after he came to lying between two corpses caste in resin and finished to a high translucent gloss placed in the center of a gallery floor in a remote region of the suburbs of the San Fernando Valley. THE SHOW WAS ENTITLED "NEVER AGAIN" AND CAUSED QUITE A STIR OF ENTHUSIASM IN THE UPPER ECHELONS OF THE CONTEMPORARY ART COMMUNITY, JEAN MADE A SIX PAGE LAYOUT IN AN IMPORTANT ART JOURNAL AND HAD SOLD QUITE A FEW OF THE VIDEO TAPES SHE HAD MADE OF THE EXHUMATION AND RE-INTERMENT. CRITICS ADJUDGED IT AS A STRONG STATEMENT.

Shuttering and hot Willie lies between a time when he easily understood the reasons for his actions and the time that he spends on wondering about reasons and actions. And lately he's been confident. You could just feel it as he phrased an expression or threw out a quote from some philosopher that you had never heard of, then slipped into a riff on the evolution of some guitarist (that you had at least heard of) but he made his delivery so well that it all sounded so new. A few times he gained an outside glimpse on his talk and apologizes for being so dull-witted, wondering what after all is so interesting about retold history, he salvages his integrity with a pun. Clever. But then rolling again how can he handle swift bits of wit from Jean (Jean's wired all the time) . . at long last you've distilled the essence... " (concept artists; they're all the same)

Once upon a time there was a young man with the most incredible set of baseball playing cards, they were all the rare players and whenever he went to the park he drew a large crowd of those who envied his collection. Then as he grew older baseball became passé and his own tastes developed into more esoteric direction but always remembering the thrill of his first encounters with showing his cards he decided being now a rich man from various dying relations to open an art gallery and finally he had the chance to display his entire collection of cards which had been kept in mint condition under plastic and in special books for their display. Now there wasn't much call these days for that sort of thing so he had to develop the market so that people would find themselves coming to his gallery as if by an unconscious command. He started to advertise in all the Art trade magazines and in all the newspapers with a technique called saturation advertising. It was at this point that his ideas outgrew his ability to fulfill the demand so he hired other people's sets of cards to show and then he developed the idea of keeping a stable of people to have a constant supply of cards. And everything worked out all right. Even when everyone said that he wasn't the same young man who loved baseball.

At an appropriately smoother time and place I could have seen the self-deception involved in becoming a part of any sort of collective situation. Nevertheless there has always been this little tweak of enthusiasm on my part to socialize. It all becomes so odd after taken past the bottom state of passing the time of day and launching into the various topics labeled heavy in the mind's little calibrator of theoretical assumptions. Now facing another day of ratted-out learning experiences, some people will never give up trying to turn you on to a new idea. Maybe that seems important to them, a way of living perhaps, and maybe I resist because I am unable to go effectively through that same rigorous routine of thought and verbal delivery, lameness on my part I assume since most people seem so comfortable in that kind of situational outpouring. Ah well, certain brands of verbal manipulations are easily enough dealt with and recently everyone has become so witty and satirical that it is hard to deny them the quasi-thrill of embarrassment. It's shameful to kick back on your buddies after all you've been shining them on for a lot of years, so complacency seems the fair alternative to hostility. Ah what mediocre men when compared to the grand poetic disillusionment all the young white men have achieved in their art and writings.
