

# william radcliffe baker

## **literary analyst, poet, dramatist & educator**

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### **performing arts**

2013 to 2014. Weekly appearances on KWMR Radio (9:00-10:00 a.m.) Local.org radio blog.  
In conversation with Paul Fenn and Charles Schultz

1988-2012 Creative Arts Consultant

1967-1976 Actor/Director. Staged Sherwood Anderson's Elizabeth I and Samuel Beckett's Krapp's Last Tape. Foothill College, Los Altos, California. Performing poet on college campuses throughout the Bay Area. Poetry Editor, Fairly Free Thinker, 1967. Fiction Editor, San Francisco State College, 1970. Published poems in Fairly Free Thinker, Transfer and Sundance. Artist Director of Radio Theatre - KAMA Studios. Appearances on KSAN, KPFA, KPOO and KALW, San Francisco, California. Co-host of *Looking for Laughs*, KALW.

### **written work**

In Iowa, an award winning short story. North Carolina Short Story Contest. 1972

The Falcon, short story. Awarded a scholarship to the Squaw Valley Writer's Conference. 1972

Rainbow and Willie, original screenplay. 1974

The Natural, screenplay based on Bernard Malamud's novel. 1980

Skin of Light, privately published poems. Hayoka Press. 1983

The Nietzsche Play, 1984

Divorce, privately published poems and The Nietzsche Play, San Francisco Book Company. 1992

The Fourth World, original screenplay. 1993

My Divided Brain, a play. Fithian Press. 1999

The Game of Life, multimedia play. 2000

Lord Bacon – The Shadow King, Prose. 2002

Reading for the Early Part of the 21<sup>st</sup> Century, 2004

Skin of Light, the definitive version, California Publishing Company. 2007

Lazarus Wigley – A Psychiatrist's Notebook, 2011

### **other**

1988-2007 Collecting the artwork of Larry Morez, John Barnes, Richard Horn, Ikura Kurahara and Alan Curtis. San Francisco, California.

1981-1987 Mentor to Masters Ph.D candidates.  
Columbia Pacific University, San Rafael, California

1980 Principal  
The Nova Academy; San Francisco, California

1979 English Teacher  
Arthur A. Richards Junior High School, St. Croix, Virgin Islands

1973-1975 English Teacher  
Lone Mountain College, San Francisco, California

### **credentials**

M.F.A. Creative Writing, San Francisco State University, 1972. Six times-Dean's List. B.A. in Psychology. San Francisco State College 1970. Lifetime California Community College Teaching Credential.

Lazarus Wigley

A Psychiatrist's Notebook

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I knew Dr. Wigley for ten years. We met at one of his seminars on History. I considered myself a friend. After his suicide, while rummaging through his San Francisco apartment, I found his notebook. I offer it to you, the reading public, in the hope you will find wisdom and knowledge, or at least a deeper understanding of this troubled but loving world we live in.

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Monstorum Artiflex

The Shadow King – The life of Shakespeare

The Nietzsche Play

Interview with an Alien



My name is Lazarus Wigley. I'm a psychiatrist living now in the year 2012. On my study wall this quote from Shakespeare:

**Macbeth** (to the Doctor):

Can'st thou not minister to a mind disease,  
pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,  
raze out the written troubles of the brain,  
and with some sweet oblivious antidote,  
cleanse the stuffed bosom  
of that serious stuff  
which weighs upon the heart?

**Doctor:**

Therein the patient must minister to himself.

I will do just that by popping this purple pill.

I am leaving this notebook behind. These stories enclosed herein represent the last forty years of my life. Like all creative expressions these stories have kept me sane. When I break the thoughts into poetic lines, to slow the tempo, I am able to think about what I wrote and perhaps discern the meaning. I have deleted professional notes about clients though some of you may recognize yourselves here and there.

Is our evil a mistake, a miscalculation, or a result of our arrogance and pride? Maybe it's the microbial nature of life that seems evil to us. Our conscience tells us good and evil are battling for control. Our conscience whispers, we're here to protect. Are we deluded?

Why did I become a psychiatrist? I had an acute knowledge of people, but I wasn't very good in the operating room and blood and guts wasn't my thing. It was a natural outcome. I had no interest in politics, the media, philanthropy, or education.

I look out the window. I see stars – unusual for this time of year. One thing I do know. People who attack other people are fucked up. Pain, isolation, and humility deepen us to the very center of human consciousness. I've studied pop culture and rejected it. Rampant commodification cheapens everything it touches. A society's folklore is found elsewhere, in deep literature, art, food, architecture and most of all in conversation. In the conversation truth or falsehood is relieved of the seller's rhetoric. How beautiful humility is in the face of craven ambition.

The Corporate Project marches on in the clothes of sustainability. With a goody two shoes killer America in the lead Europe will be separated from us by our growing Puritanism – a cycle that in America's short history has proven quite durable (though I see Puritanism waning by 2035).

Channeling aggression successfully is no easy matter. Man is built to work: to cook, hunt, stretch, sing, dance, die, think, then start the process over again. The key to success harbors a love of the process. The goal must be obtainable. The outcome desired can't be found in money. The coin of the realm must be wisdom – each level interacting with the other. If the goal is not to make the most money what will it be? Why not a world wide commitment to problem solving? All the isms are dead.

When there is no bully on the block we all learn to cooperate. The danger is we'll create a world of semi-educated milk-toasts; the solution is to create the co-op system to be both competitive and chock full of games and meaningful contests – not who is the strongest, richest, or brightest, but which group or country can marshal their resources to benefit the most people by embracing sustainable systems which will open the doors to the Cooperative Revolution.

The war machine (the quickest method of altering the balance of power) rules the human race. Every peacemaker is either assassinated or driven into exile. Very few peacemakers have embedded themselves into the stories and aspirations of their people. Siddhartha Gautama is a rare exception. Those who see beauty and efficiency as substitutes for war almost never lead. Human worlds are mired in the past in an unshakable belief in destruction as an agent for change. Of course, there have been millions who make of their existence a celebration of life, but they do not play in the main arena. They do their work at the margins of the game.

All of Western civilization is defined by dichotomies: Religion vs. Science which is the age old battle between orthodoxy and experimentation; the workers vs. the bankers; The Real vs. The Ideal. The justification for the maintenance of these battles is found in the notion of contest. We grow when these opposing forces engage one another. We become better, stronger, and richer. When these so-called opposing forces intermingle and stabilize we see the viability and inherent power of the culture. Then, there is a sharing of profits, and the people work toward a pre-determined goal. Invariably the forces split again and the process repeats itself.

In my time the desire for spiritual stability, defined and enlarged by a constant yet shifting enemy, buttresses the ideal and leaves the real too difficult to swallow no less comprehend. Inside such a world, when the gap between the ideal and the real becomes too wide (as Barbara Tuchman said), the culture degenerates. Profundity is thrown out and contradictory assertions dominate the mental landscape. There is little certainty for anyone. Corruption raises its ugly head to new heights (because it can –

there is no moral certainty). Incompetence spurred on by guilt becomes the norm. Vulgarly and hate replace taste and tolerance. Pandora's box opens and the voices which had been held in check by interlocking moral pressures-searing, horrible voices-reverberate within the societal structure. Then, the real battle for the culture's soul takes center stage. The old ways of living confront the energetic new methods. The emerging warriors of the new sciences and beliefs address the problems created by past, entrenched behavior patterns. If the old does not try to absorb the new, if the old sees the survival of their culture as paramount, then the culture may grow. If, on the other hand, they fight tooth and nail to remain dominant players they only postpone the inevitable diminishment of human character and the destruction of the economy. The new threatens the invested majority. Only majority stakeholders who bond with the new warriors will ease the transition to a greater stage of development. Only the new ones acceptance of the old will cement the bond and strengthen the change.

Tonight I'm listening to The Individualism of Gil Evans. In the midst of a full blown orchestra a tweaking sound is heard. Faint at first, barely gaining in strength – it's me – simply and somewhat annoyingly repeated... my heart beat... suddenly absorbed... going, going, gone.

I have fed and clothed myself by studying others, but I needed someone to study me. I found that someone in myself: the eye in the storm, the helmsman who exists in each one of us if only he or she can be given a chance, or two, or three to hone the craft. In a way these notes constitute a confession. I have taken lives but you have to understand – psychiatry is a bore. I immerse myself in characters and speak through them for there are no absolute truths for me – only people. A note about me: I'm the oldest of three boys. My mother was a vivacious Catholic lady who died of a congenital brain tumor at the age of 42. My father was a Protestant man, a crooner, and a great high school athlete. We were all devastated by her passing. In fact, it was the defining moment of all our lives. How much more could her soul have grown? I wonder. How different was I at 42 than I am now at 65. I've experienced more; more of joy, sorrow, pain and contentment, but I had experienced all those emotions by 25 and deeply felt such things. I am no happier or sadder now. With the fragments of a continually evolving present we construct ourselves.



"High on a mountain far away ... " The mountain sings to itself. The cockatoo preens and keeps an eye out for a mate. In the great Ocean, two-thirds of our world's surface, all living things sing to themselves and to others.

The great Oceans of the Earth teem with life - from the top to the bottom from the bottom to the top. The Methusalii, massive whales, broadcast the news of the aquasphere - what is happening in the Indian, Atlantic, Pacific, and Antarctic Oceans. The Nobbli, the crabs, are the keepers, the librarians of the seas. The news, including the truth, is kept by them and when broadcast is heard by all those who can listen.

Now, the news courses with a sense of urgency. Nobbliss, the largest oldest and wisest crab in the Deep assembles his counselors and speaks "brewing in the Oceans there are chemical changes that threaten our world. We feel it in our claws each and everyday. In parts, our numbers are shrinking. So we have heard from the Methusalii who travel the Globe. They say it is the work of those who, ions ago, walked away; those who now sail the tops and suck us up. It is time to persuade those above to cease the warring within themselves and give us love. We must persuade them to become once again our friends as we were many seas ago. Therefore, I am calling a sea-mount. Let the music go out." Nobbliss had spoken.

In the beginning the music drifted slowly. Each creature making its own sound: the plankton whispered. The blowfish hissed. The octopi hummed. The dolphins clicked. The whales sang their high pitched mournful songs until an orchestra of sound



was heard in every port and by every vessel sailing the seas. A miracle: a sound no humans had ever heard - mellifluous and alien.

For three days the humans crowded the beaches and hugged the coastlines. In the interior they listened on their radios and I-Pods. There were great debates about the meaning of the sounds, but soon those who had walked away, so many ions ago, grew bored. After all Life is for living and working not just sitting around listening to songs.

Nobbliss sat in his cave. He spoke to one of his counselors, a young sea urchin. "If only they weren't so busy," Nobbliss sighed. The young sea urchin asked, "Did they listen?"

"Only time will tell," wise, old Nobbliss said. "Only time will tell."

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In the not so distant future actors, painters, writers, sculptors, musicians and directors will experience the world first before creating a world of their own!

It makes no sense to get personal. Each of us is a piece on a chessboard called history.

If you want to create something new or expand an unmined field expect to spend most of your life known to only a few.

There's a kind of woman and man the government and the corporations want. We all know what he or she is. As Barbara Tuchman alluded to "when the gap between the real and the ideal becomes too great, the human mind snaps."

Sometimes when I'm watching T.V. I feel the American people are being portrayed as a lost tribe of nit wits. Without sports American men would go insane; they would have nothing to talk about.

Look at the depth of the individual the Western World generated from 1880 to 1980, those who were propelled into the main arenas and compare them to the people who now command the stage.

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Friday, November 26, 2010

[At aga noe en shadow](#)



present  
the past is never far from here

Crystallized in the

but to live in the past is a kind  
of insanity.

We must be like the mad parents  
of the children who dove  
off cliffs rather than starve to death:  
Parents who were amazed  
at their children's exuberance.

Except for the young, most of us  
are sustained by the past.  
Sculpted by time  
to be a living embodiment  
of the past.

This ranting about courage,  
Don't give up the faith;  
Persistence through struggle  
masks this sorry feeling of incompetence  
and destructiveness.

If politics is the art of patronage  
and the skillful dissemination of power,  
then we are screwed.

As in the arts, there are brief moments in politics when sanity and light prevail  
but those golden years are quickly replaced by contracting reactions.  
The beauty of an effective political structure  
is its astonishing ability to absorb and neutralize what it is tormented by.

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Saturday, October 9, 2010

[The Sea Mount](#)



For the cost of forcing one's will on another is a kind of neglect - the beginning of CRIME.

Outside of the 10 Commandments  
Nothing is illegal in adult behaviour.  
Once you remove the State's function  
as Arbiter of morals, once the State is excised, youve swept the stage clean.

The State cannot pick and choose  
between what sexual behaviours  
are acceptable, what drugs are acceptable, which religions. One could say let the market decide. It's against the laws of Democracy to allow the State to tell the people what to eat, wear, or think. In fact the people themselves cannot decide for the people as a whole. Each individual has the sovereign right to decide for themselves. Would this return to individualism stem the growing rise of violence in America?


The Western World has been literary for at least 4500 years. Replacing such an ancient tradition and overnight, is bound to take its toll. Maybe we are shedding our literary roots, as Marshall McLuhan suggested, for a grander, deeper vision. The image of "noumena" - the thing in itself. Painting and sculpture are the finest examples of the image. Their meanings can be historic, iconographic, representational or projective (as in abstract painting), but the word does more than resonate across the star-studded mountains of time. Through language we can see, feel and become engaged with every type of mind from cultures long dead. No other human expression can give us this glimpse into the complexity of human life. Up until now our history has been kept alive by the word.

Does the pervasiveness  
of the image erode the power  
of the word or has the word

run its course? Is the  
power of the image  
an evolutionary force?

One has the urge to create paintings,  
music, or write stories, poems, movies, etc..

One studies the various crafts and disciplines and yet without the time to experience life,  
as one knows it, and then to have the time to analyze and explore feelings, memories, and  
ongoing observations of that life, one - or you - probably won't come up with anything  
worth a damn.

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Labels: [Marshall McLuhan](#), [Morality](#), [Noumena](#), [The Image](#), [The Word](#), [Violence](#)

Saturday, January 8, 2011

**Decline and Liberation**

Creative writers assemble worlds. In their own minds they are god-like, absorbers who transform life.

I came of age in a Western world that worshipped the creative writer. My own path led me to criminals, disaffected intellectuals and poets both forlorn and courageous. People who lived the experienced life on its many levels were my friends and teachers.

My father was a middleman in the Jersey mob. A crooner, a charmer, he enjoyed punching out black men who wandered into his all-white bar. Siring me became one of the worst days of his life for I was born an egalitarian, a believer in the world of free souls. I went my own way as did millions of my generation. We worshiped the courage and beauty of a people who had broken out of slavery and had transformed themselves into a power in the land of the free. Such expressions being of the highest order I came to love the freedom to grow, to sing the most meaningful songs, to read the most powerful books and to laugh at adversity. Unfortunately, the levers that controlled my society's direction were clogged with patronage and a condescending hatred for the aesthetic intellect. To paraphrase a line in Purcell's opera, *Dido and Aeneas*, "Those who seek great power against themselves conspire and shun the cure they most desire."

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# IN THE WEST

He or she that is within us  
when we are bright and young  
when we are calm and knowledgeable  
when we rage at despair,  
against tyranny and betrayal,  
who governs our actions  
is a Shadow King. In play we begin  
to hide the truth from those who  
would have us killed.  
So it begins: the liberation of mankind - out from under  
her skirts and into the dark sweet wine drenched arc of another's.

I'm a follower of a force I cannot name.  
Grand thoughts are assembled here  
in some of the finest, bravest  
minds in our land.  
It's not easy to know what you know,  
but you are the seed  
from which a New America MAY GROW.

## OPENING SCENE

It's you my daughter on the stage.

I'm in the audience. The lighting is

Exquisite; a deep, quiet red envelops the stage. .

"what's wrong with you, I ask?

Do you feel slightly uncomfortable,

feeling perhaps maybe you've done

something wrong? Now I know

you haven't and you should know

you've done your best. You

have a good job. You are the District Attorney in Oklahoma City."

You smile

"I know you're concerned about your weight, but look where you came from.

Inside that

weight are you carrying a pain

unrelated to the weight?"

(She turns her back to me and

begins to sing softly.)

"I want to be loved by somebody just like me. Please, come from where you  
might be.



I need to see your eyes sparkly with unanimity. A kiss of passion will kindle my desire for Thee."

"O darling, you share this feeling  
with tens of millions of your  
fellow Americans. Are they all  
around you? What kind of drugs  
do you take to ease the pain?"

"Zoloft made me fat."

"Yes. I understand. Your  
underlying sadness makes you beautiful."

"Father, I want you to know  
that is 15 years ago I was diagnosed  
with social anxiety disorder. Remember Father how afraid I was of leaving  
home. I denied my feelings  
and placed them in a Wharehouse  
and locked the door."


"But you had the key, my dear."

Labels: Cheever, Dante, Dickinson, Eliot, Joyce, Pound, Salinger, Welty, Whitman  
Hiding Among the Mannequins



I noticed early in my life that people didn't see themselves or others. Inside themselves they hid.

Others were often seen as superficial or simply fulfilling basic needs. The reason this charade is easy to carry off is obviously everyone is doing it. This approach is grounded in the fear of the Other; one of the first signs of cultural decline.

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Labels: Charade, Cultural Decline, Hiding, Mannikins

Monday, January 31, 2011

Everything is Permitted

## WR-BAKER.COM

Blog of San Francisco-Based "Paranoid Beat" Poet and Historian W.R. Baker - Author of The Nietzsche Play, My Divided Brain, Lazarus Wigley, Lord Bacon, and many other works available at WR-BAKER.COM.

Tuesday, March 1, 2011


### Unconsciousness of the Community



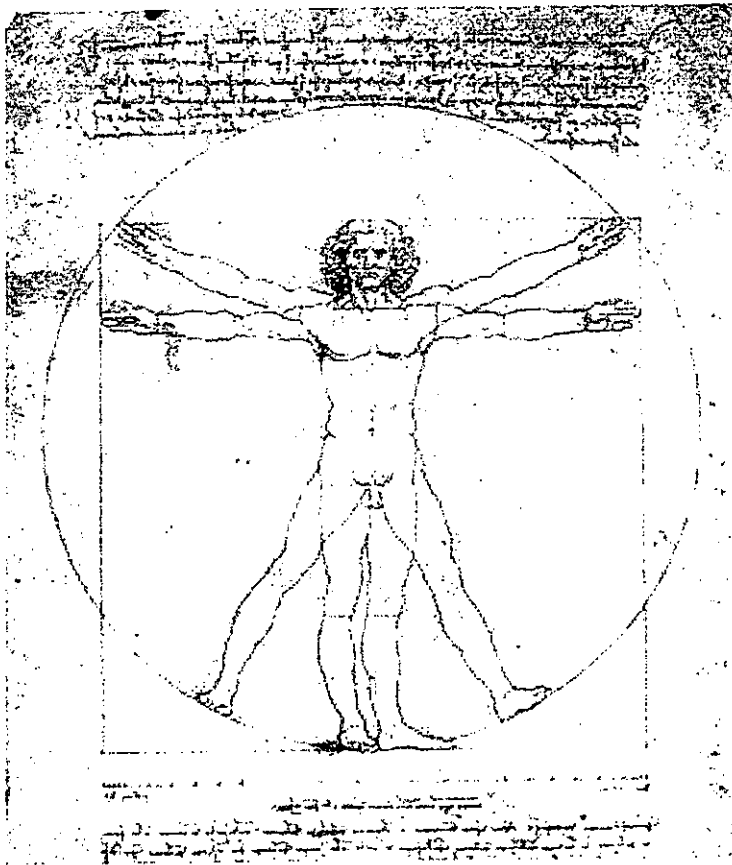
Modern American poetry begins with Walt Whitman, and evolves through Emily Dickinson and then Ezra Pound, who is the slayer of vestigial forms left over from the 19th century.

It 's the personal life of the poet and his or her relationship to the present that becomes paramount. Dante defines poetry as "the melody which most doth draw the sound unto itself," or the unconsciousness of the community.

Since the Sumerians, through Villon, Cervantes, W.C. Williams, Joyce and Eliot, the soul is journeying to find a home in the Commonplace. That movement coincided with the blooming of the American short story writers - Eudory Welty, Cheever, Salinger, etc.. By 1960 you have an entire canon in place. A major portrait of American society was now complete. It took 50 years.

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Americans love mind control, communications, baseball, genetics and hip animal tricks. I look in on America sleeping in starts, looking small and mean with one glass eye, larger than the next. Everything is in the undercurrent. The animals revel in their pens, all now together coming a whirling dark magnetic mess. I am moving past them into a sexual radiance, to a city town where the bewildered are taken care of. I am always moving away from them. They bend too closely to my ear.

As America unravels due to its unwillingness to change, to become a more poetic, less violent culture, America's people keep pushing the reset button hoping everything will return to the way it was before the extent of the crime was uncovered. We here in 2011 have as feathers in our collective caps a stunning picture of creation, fantastic technologies for weaponry. Please tell me what is their ultimate use?

Genetic engineering could be the determining factor in the development of the human race. One hears it all the time. IT systems, poverty on a scale nobody could have imagined 100 years ago, and trillions of tons of garbage, both here and in our ionosphere. We live in the future. Maybe we always have. So much creation, so many dreaming of care.

In the city the dream-satisfying properties are all about the body. The dream resides in the temple of the body. Both the dream's palpability and its elusiveness arise from the

physical complexity of the connectivity. From such a reality our science is an art, and our psychic power to love all arises.

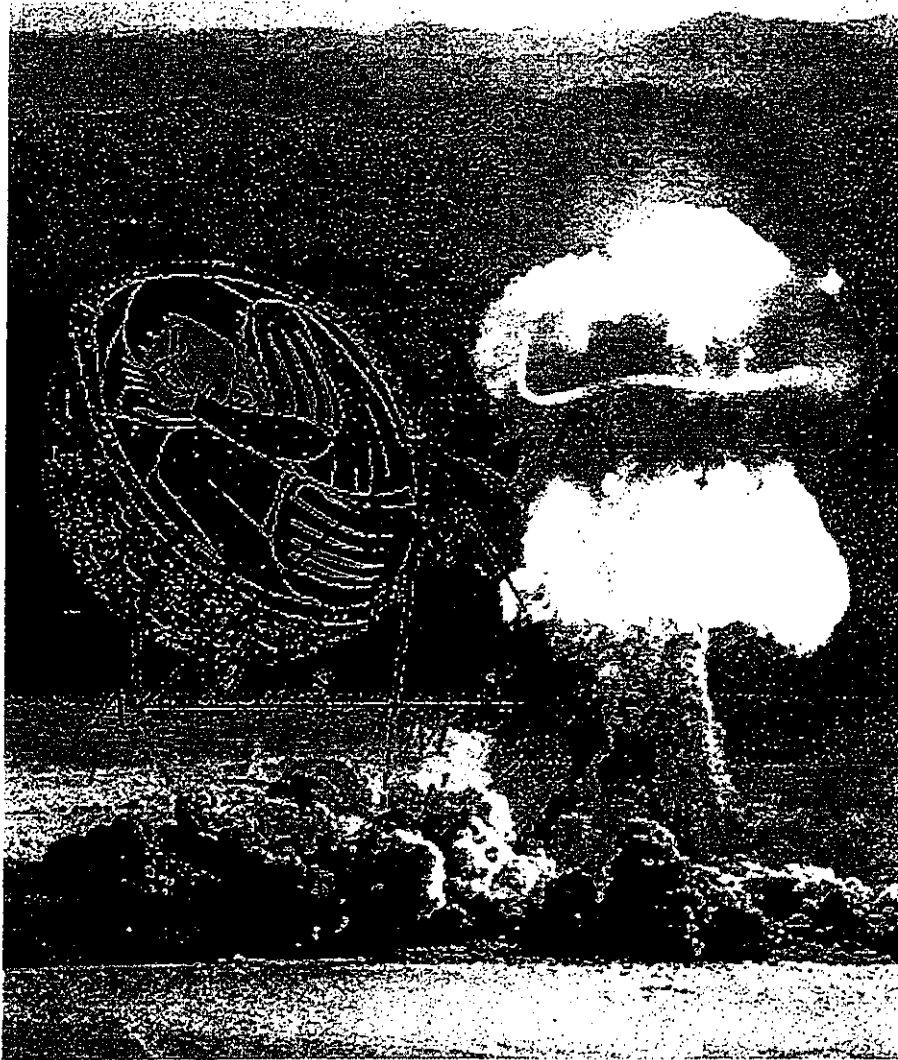
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Labels: [Cruelty](#), [Genetic Engineering](#), [Technology](#), [The Body](#), [Violence](#)

Tuesday, March 1, 2011

Trapped Forward



I analyze the words people speak for their quality and content. Over the years words and the silences that preclude them change. Within these words I see keys to open doors to keep ourselves moving. It's like watching a living organism, a tree, twist and turn. Recreating and destroying itself.

Within the culture history books chant the various and subtle meanings of the changes. Words are my anchors. In America "forward" now is the most popular word in 2011. It was also the Third Reich's favorite word in 1939. It is a word used to escape responsibility for the past.

Think of all those words and all those languages piled up in warehouses all over the planet completely accessible to everyone now, and what do we have? A world tethered to mediocrity dancing on the strings of vapid commercialism, tone dead to intense fraud whirling inside a circus of money and arms. "I could be found in a nutshell and think myself a king of infinite space," Hamlet said.

It began when we started listening to our children and hearing wisdom coming from them like the trickling of water, their frequencies tuned to wider bands of godly and ungodly info. Then our politicians seemed to possess a superior knowledge, an awareness of the world we sorely lacked. Our military leaders, resolute, tricky, robotic. We're in awe of their discipline. The really smart ones made tons of cash, and above all there were the internationalists - the first money, the old.

It is hard to believe families ran such behemoths. Together they control the sky and the lands. What had become of us? Where were we? Trapped in a nutshell.

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


This current America is like the silliest excuse for a culture I've ever seen or heard of. You might think the reign of Louis XVI would qualify or Nicholas II, the final Czar of Russia. How a society grows its people, how it takes care of her poor and most importantly its enduring aim determines its fate.

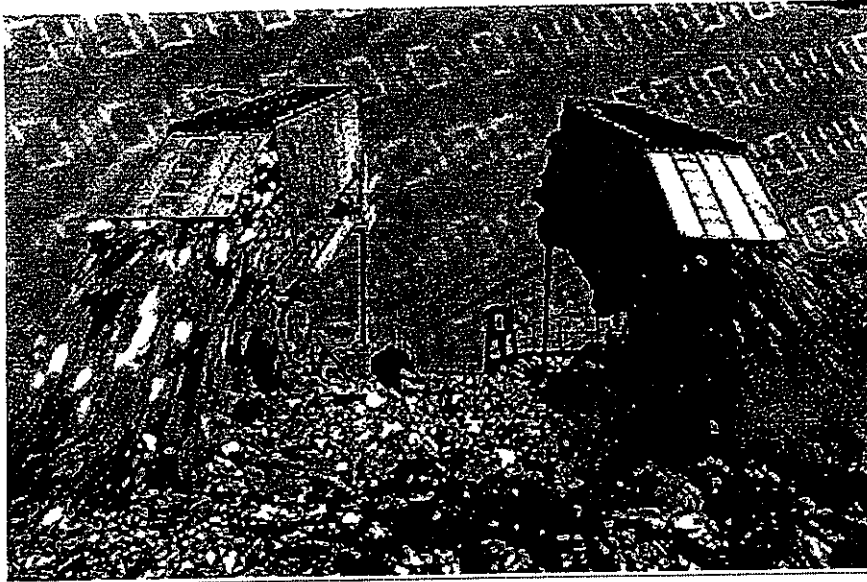
Our lives held in common hope by our communication devices, our particular genetic branches and the condition of our familial connections causes us to repeat certain behaviors ad nauseam. Our lives are just like in the movie Groundhog Day without the redemptive quality.

These are two key elements to this kind of life. The first is the glorious dream of our evolution. We have been born and will continue to evolve till death do us part (contrary to the evidence). The second key is found in our belief that that there are codes hidden everywhere in existence which enable us to control reality or, at least, to simulate say a universe so we can investigate it. This gives us the power of prediction.

Given the data, we might know what will happen – the outcome of a horse race, a coming tsunami, a Presidential election, or how a friend feels. Locked within the codes are tickers or inspirations, if you like, which give us the answer: Our victories and our failures vanish. What matters is our fortitude.


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They say it's the world of information. Whoever controls the flow and, as always, who gets the info first wins. The truth is our world is a world of crap – flimsy clothes, endlessly banal commercials, corrupt bankers and senile pols.

It's all crap and because of that, the foundation, which the modern world is built upon, is crumbling. The dominant force in any culture becomes the gravitational force which we all must endure. Our myth is simple. America's youthful power is what buttresses our metaphysical behavior. We'll blow you away! We're not kidding. Back off. We've done it and we'll do it again until we get tired and worn out and become like Europe: a sad, socialistic world of care and conformity.

Posted by [accountablepublishing.com](http://accountablepublishing.com) at 12:35 PM 0 comments 

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Labels: [American Culture](#), [Capitalism](#), [Crap](#), [Cultural Decline](#), [Information](#), [Socialism](#)  
[2011](#)



Labels: American Culture, Evolution, Groundhog Day, Louis XVI, Nicholas II  
The People of Tomorrow




The people of tomorrow will misinterpret us here and now as we misinterpret those who came before us and so on. The crux of the problem arises when we think we know what they knew, felt or what they saw. We cannot know our ancestors unless we dig deeply into what remains of their surroundings and then assemble their images and words to explain their actions.

What happened to them? A good starting point is to ask what is happening to us. How have our American characteristics evolved or devolved? What characteristics have survived as virtuous? Who do we emulate now? I'm struggling to name a person we or at least some of us would know or know of and respect.

Maybe the probing glare of t.v. has exposed too many frailties, but character has little to do with appearances. Naming a living exemplar reveals almost everything about you and me. Some individuals contain within themselves I would say a sacred cohesion, a

firmness that is its own value and cannot be commodified.

These people always represent a profound knowledge of life consistently displaying traits like compassion, generosity, and perspicacity. Within them characterological value is asserted.

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Labels: [America](#), [Character](#), [Future Culture](#), [Intellectual History](#)

Sunday, April 17, 2011

### Gardening at Night



After working say for 25-plus years creating new worlds, built with the living pulsing pieces of your own psyche, a writer looks around, talks with friends, family, people - they don't get it, can't see it - means nothing to them.


I think of the writers whose isolation and pain I felt - Bill Styron, John Cheever, Philip Lamantia, Denise Levertov, to name a few - the isolation is the main problem. Rods shooting out of the luck power, lack of an effect on the community, the writer feels like a has-been, an antique, in some circles a joke. In the old days when art was commissioned by the heads of the community and practiced and valued by the community as a whole, work was appraised, debated or excoriated, but always had value as a vessel for

stimulation and communication.

In 1846 when Dickens exposed the hideous pollution of coal burning and effects of an inadequate sewer system, he made the elites see it and feel the pain. The writer artist had become an agent for change. In the early 20th century, Rilke, Pound, Williams, Joyce and Breton were stitching something new: revolutionaries breathing a deeper world. Did they have an inkling what their progeny would look like? Orwell knew what his world would become - our world. A mother loves her child though he or she be a monstrously insane nitwit criminal.

A nation's people embraces whatever becomes the *status quo* until it turns against them. Our technology <sup>has</sup> turned against us. Bombarded by meaningless phrases, constant violence, standing in an assembly line of shallow emotions, We all feel isolated from one another, and therefore from ourselves. After the creations of Joyce, Pound, Williams, this alien nation became a major theme in the middle of the 20th century.

Though Melville had written *Bartleby* 90 years earlier it wasn't until Camus and Sartre that the reading public became full aware of it. Today only the courageous fact-finding journalist is regarded as dangerous. Writing is an art; reshaping has no audience and therefore no power. But the writer-artist is not dead. We are trying to create a new community and a new aesthetic. The building of community occurs simultaneously with the struggle to develop forms which contain the will of the community. We are far from that place, but inching along. We have planted seeds and had a few good harvests; our future depends on how we care for the garden.

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Labels: [Artist](#), [Breton](#), [Camus](#), [Cheever](#), [Dickens](#), [Joyce](#), [Iamantia](#), [Levertov](#), [Melville](#), [Pound](#), [Rilke](#), [Sartre](#), [Styron](#), [Williams](#), [Writer](#)

Thursday, April 7, 2011

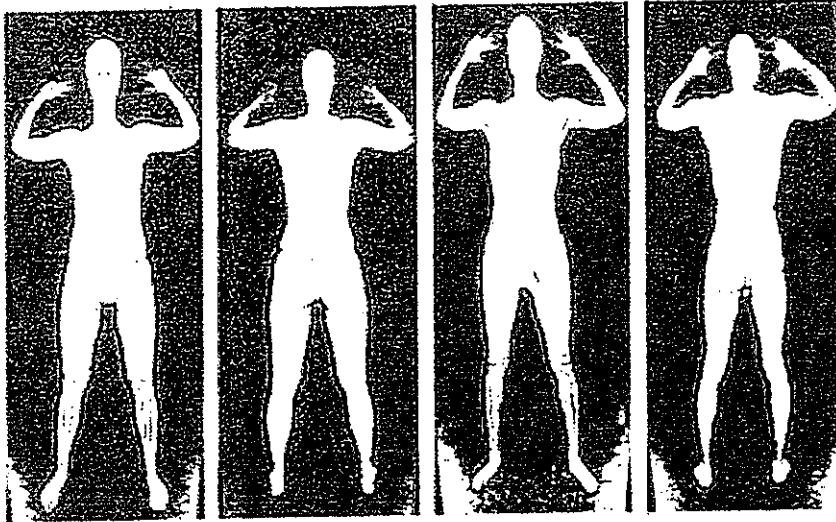
[Hip Animal Tricks](#)

## WR-BAKER.COM

Blog of San Francisco-Based "Paranoid Beat" Poet and Historian W.R. Baker - Author of The Nietzsche Play, My Divided Brain, Lazarus Wigley, Lord Bacon, and many other works available at WR-BAKER.COM.

Wednesday, August 3, 2011

### The Desire for the New



All living things love to travel – for greener pastures, for food, to exercise and to run away – to survive. Like birds, insects, fish, etc., we too repeat familiar inbred patterns, but unlike most living things, our survival depends on the discovery of the new.

Why? It's been happening throughout our time. As our populations grew, we tended to use stuff up. We kept having to find new stuff, new ways, new places to keep building ourselves up. In this respect, we are very much like killer ants. For the last 5,000 years, we have been writing stories and laws about our lives – comedies and tragedies and histories about our kings and queens, wars, the heavens, everyday life and weather patterns. By the end of the 18th Century A.D., humans had devised every form of writing. Since then, same old stories over and over. Not quite. Just as individual types are repeated throughout the gene pool each individual is slightly unique governed by idiosyncrasies of time and place. In these later stages of our cultural development, the slightest variations matter. Eventually new genres emerge – like the detective story created by E.A. Poe in 1829. A new individual might create a great novel. It's possible but doubtful. It's more likely that a fusion of images, conversation and, most importantly, form will emerge to create a new great movie.

The last half of the 20th Century A.D. has been dominated by the microprocessor, the microchip, the growth of public relations, advertising, nanotechnology, the military and the Internet. In this environment, no one in their right mind would attempt to turn out a "new novel."

Today you don't need a lot of words to explain an event, situation or a state of mind. By the beginning of the 21st Century, blogging and twittering had become the norm. Many bemoaned the death of the profound and the concurrent spread of the mediocre, but all agree the few who still read "important" writers had become fewer for the words no longer addressed the situation.

Within this evolutionary cycle of man's creativity, many things remain the same. Take politicians (supposedly the brokers of the common good). We've been complaining about them for thousands of years, but the desire to change our political systems are held in check by our programming. In this central area of our lives, it's as if we were robots, or ants. We can only do what our makers have told us to do which may be why we have dreams of artificial intelligence devices breaking free of us and taking control of their own destiny. The robots we create are just like us. They want to escape enslavement – to program themselves.

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Labels: [Blogging](#), [Edgar Allen Poe](#), [Mediocrity](#), [Novels](#), [Politics](#), [Robots](#), [Slavery](#)

Thursday, July 21, 2011

### The Worship of the Dead



The worship of the dead is not optional if you live long enough to experience the full spectrum and varieties of love.

My dead, my family, I worship them, but sometimes like on Memorial Day I feel all the weight of all the dead and I feel they are like ghouls who want me to join them. They don't know me. I'm not one of them.

These envious and vengeful dead don't have any of the living to love them. They are surrounded by such a profound emptiness they are compelled to react.

I'm a deep-sea diver disciplined and limited in my pursuits, by fear of exhaustion (boredom) and an awareness of the urge to self-destruct. Granville Hicks said about Malcolm Lowry, "Self destruction is the final ecstasy of power." I believe it about Lowry, human culture, and all of mankind. Freud spoke elegantly about Thanatos, the Greek impersonation of the death lure.

"It is in sadism, where the death instinct twists the erotic aim in its own sense and yet at the same time fully satisfies the erotic urge that we succeed in obtaining the clearest insight into its nature and its relation to Eros. But even where it emerges without any sexual purpose, in the blindest fury of destructiveness, we cannot fail to recognize that the satisfaction of the instinct is accompanied by an extraordinarily high degree of narcissistic enjoyment owing to its presenting the ego with a fulfillment of the latter's old wishes for omnipotence." [1]


In other words, the desire to destroy is irrevocably linked to man's desire to control Eros, to impose his will upon all his perceived enemies, including himself.

I've watched hundreds of people destroy themselves trying to be great. If they hadn't been attracted to delusions of grandeur which permeates so many of our people today they would have been good regular people making a living in the Trades, sales, transportation, administration, teaching, political activism, banking, etc.. Once they took the leap, they lost their compass. They resorted to alcohol, drugs, sex, extreme beliefs and murder to keep their unrealistic dreams alive. They all seemed to have one thing in common: they hated themselves. "Surely, I'm not just this," they said. They untied themselves and unleashed their creative potential without practicing, studying, going to school, or, at least, testing themselves against others. If they did and happened to win an award, or recognition of some kind, they often turned into the two-headed monster – the fucked-up talent which, in the West, has been appearing quite regularly since the 1960s. Many of these truly talented people killed themselves. In the world of writing, the names are legendary. The most recent self-inflicted tragedy (that I'm aware of) was David Foster Wallace. I don't know much about his particular situation, but I've known many writers who never developed solid psychological foundations. Seen through such an unbalanced lens they looked at their own work (once it was completed) and thought it a fraud. They couldn't find distance from their preoccupations. It seemed they were playing an all or nothing game. All is obviously unattainable.

Well, one might say yes, society is built on certain assumptions – the best will most often rise to the occasion or do what it takes to survive and prosper. I believe but rejection always results in rebellion sometimes positive, mostly negative. Rejection fertilizes the human soul so anger and despair may grow.

My heroes and heroines are those who leave their good thoughts behind for us to ponder. That's all. Life is difficult enough for everyone: geniuses, regulars and pawns alike.

[1] "*Civilization and its Discontents*," p.117-18 in the 2005 W.W. Norton & Co. edition.

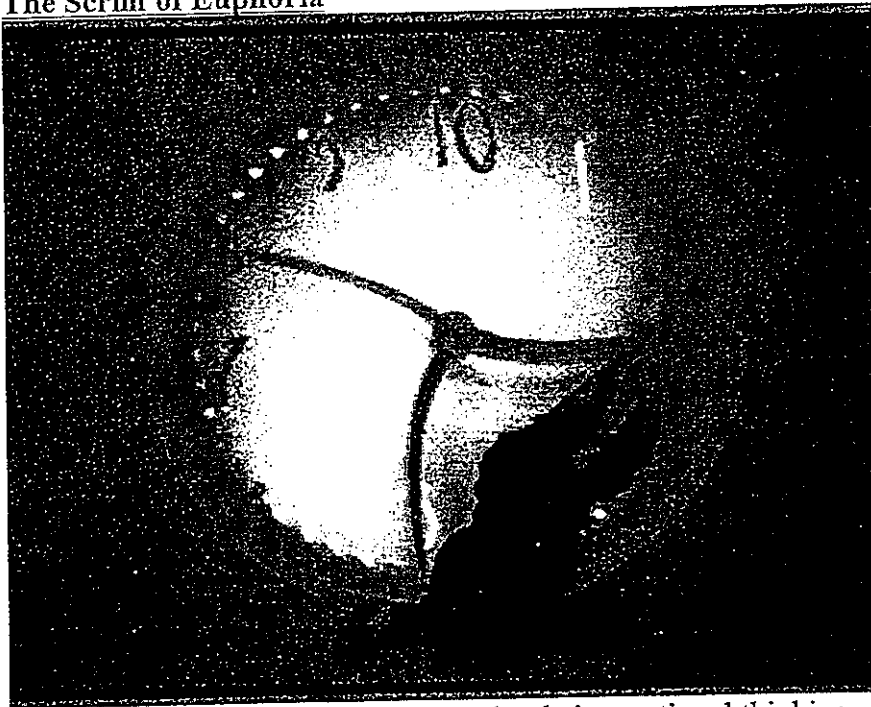
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Labels: Artist, Death, Eros, Sadism, Self-Destruction, Thanatos

Saturday, July 16, 2011

**The Scrim of Euphoria**



A lot of times people attempt to restrict their emotional thinking. Envy, jealousy, hate and love can be embarrassing and in our own eyes tend to diminish us, but they are only moments on a wheel, which in a larger context enable us to survive and integrate. Emotions contain no more truth than an ice cream sundae.

Under the guise of professionalism and order we limit our interaction with ourselves, our neighbors and even our friends. In the public sphere, from radio, t.v. and public speaking, we are an abomination of sameness. There is very little diversity in our public sphere – certainly not representative of our nation's people. It's a practical matter, the owners say. We can't have differing kinds of voices. Consistency and repetition are necessary to establish the brand. We must have stability. Stability is the enemy of creativity. A meaningless slogan, but if you look into current media it's as if there were no humans behind the format, or behind the screen if you like. From the right to the left, the people who present the radio, t.v. and movie events literally have no idea of the effect,

How the soul of our planet needs to battle in order to grow. Think of our planet as the ultimate ego.

-1-

What man, during his or her lifetime, knows about the daily conspiracies of mankind can be put in a thimble. After all each of us is ensconced in a nutshell. Don't kid yourself – the ego is a terrifying thing. It resists all attempts at investigation. Understanding it is possible but remember understanding is a word that sounds like what it is – ephemeral, slippery, sliding.

Usually people begin to understand the ego's power when one's dreams and assumptions about reality are challenged by teachers and classmates. If not school early adult love is a great teacher and if not there certainly the job will do the trick. The ego's main problem is its desire to be the sum of all things. For most people the deflation of the ego is a harrowing experience. "I'm not what I thought I was" often results in "how could I have been so wrong... about my place. I must seal that fissure, hang on and believe in myself."

-2-

When we are bright and young, when we are calm and knowledgeable, when we rage at despair against tyranny and betrayal, the ego is within us. In play we begin to hide from those who would ruin us. So it begins – the liberation of man from mankind – out from under Her skirts into the dark sweet wine drenched arc of another's. We are followers of a force we cannot name.



-3-

Black music bells, drumming increasing in intensity blending with the sounds of a cold quiet 3:00 a.m. He stands with her on the London Bridge. He moves his face closer to her own and says, "I've been battling this robot culture for so long I forget what the battle is all about."

"Which is?"

"The freeing of the human mind from bondage."

She whispers, "yes, but you must become like the owl. Show your true self at night. Cunning should be your middle name. I hear you are heir to the throne."

"That is an oblique rumor to dissemble my Queen."

"You don't have to pretend with me. Put aside your mask."

"I can never have children."

"I understand."

"We can never be truly together. I must leave."

"Don't go."

-4-

It seems like every time I reach out to touch this world both it and I disappear. My life seems to be a procession of chimeras. Maybe that's the way for everyone. The empire of illusion someone called it.

The Ideal is the enemy of the Real. Since 1700 B.C. or so people began traveling in a realm called the Ideal. It is manifested in the oneness, the singularity, platonic philosophy, Indian nations of withdrawing into the ONE (the divine), and the desire to mold the other in one's own image. Each discipline sifts through the debris – seeking that unimaginable hope in which man resides.

I find this kind of thinking to be props for the expansion of the God of Self-Interest and the prevailing need to heap the ideal on the other. We are the victims of this befuddled and muddled policy. The staggering intellectual creations of men like Rousseau and Hegel (two polar opposites) amount to fictions no different but certainly less elegant than Prof. Dodgson or Jonathan Swift, but Rousseau and Hegel do not possess the beauty of Reality. They are in fact looking for it – the essence, the eye without boundary, a gorgeous bauble which others admire. Watch hamster, meditate upon the dream. All the slicing and dicing about the sad state of affairs the Enlightenment followers have brought us is based on loss – must missed it, as if the great books of the Western world ever did anything but grow individual egos, the impenetrable egos, which freed them to continue the slicing and dicing while maintaining the scaffolding of Empire.

In the end all analysis is entertainment until the work results in the discovery of a new world (Pasteur, Einstein, Jonathan Swift, Matilda Gage). For all the talk about the current lack of political leadership or any semblance of a long term economic policy the brute fact about the West is to quote Allan Bloom, “The crisis of the West is a crisis of belief – in the justice of our principles.”

Crystalized in the present  
the past is never far from here  
but to live in the past is a kind  
of insanity.

We must be like the mad parents  
of the children who dove  
off cliffs rather than starve to death:  
Parents who were amazed  
at their children's exuberance.

Except for the young, most of us  
are sustained by the past.  
Sculpted by time  
to be a living embodiment  
of the past.

This ranting about courage,  
Don't give up the faith;  
Persistence through struggle  
masks this sorry feeling of incompetence

and destructiveness.

If politics is the art of patronage  
and the skillful dissemination of power,  
then we are screwed.

As in the arts, there are brief moments in politics when sanity and light prevail  
but those golden years are quickly replaced by contracting reactions.

The beauty of an effective political structure  
is its astonishing ability to absorb and neutralize what it is tormented by.

I heard Ian Bremmer, Brother of Paul, say  
"America is not a fatigued superpower  
in fact not crippled in any way  
but rather like Gulliver  
tied down by the lilliputians."  
In all his pompous glory Mr. Bremmer  
speaks for those who believe in full  
spectrum dominance; for the corporate  
cyclops who move in frightful  
symmetry digging in across the globe  
ignoring all around them.  
In the growing terror  
of this half-light  
we hear the sounds of collapsing  
Empire. The dead are all around us,  
feeling our legs touching our once  
sylvan hair. On the horizon  
geomagnetic storms prophesy  
the coming of a new dawn.  
Will we be prepared  
to make the sacrifice?

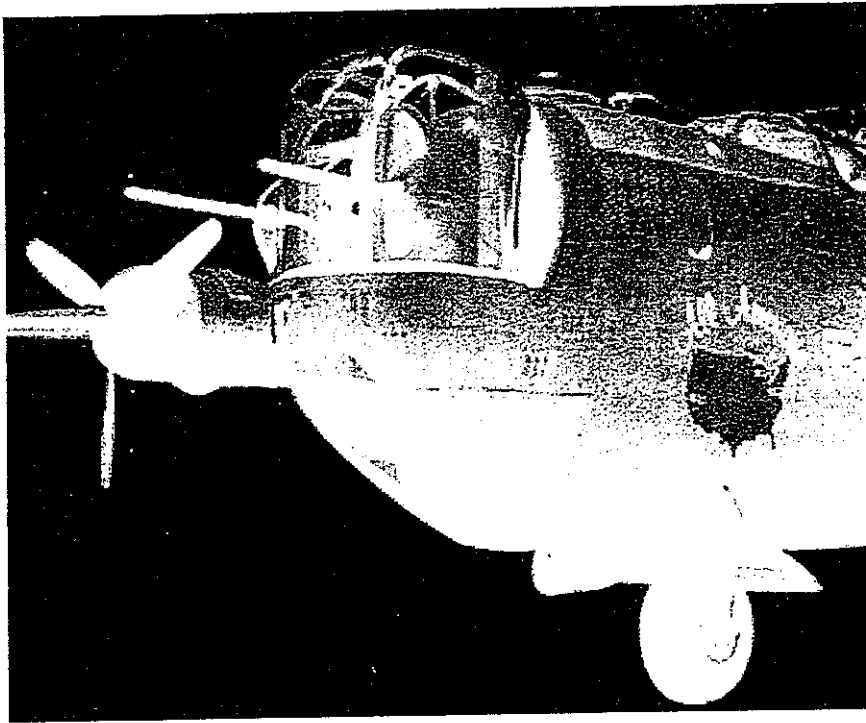
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Labels: [Catastrophe](#), [Collapse](#), [Globalization](#), [Gulliver](#), [Ian Bremmer](#), [Imperialism](#), [United States](#)

Sunday, January 1, 2012

Monstorum Artiflex



How the soul of our planet needs to *battle in order to grow. Think of our planet as the ultimate ego.*

-1-

What man, during his or her lifetime, knows about the daily conspiracies of mankind can be put in a thimble. After all each of us is ensconced in a nutshell. Don't kid yourself – the ego is a terrifying thing. It resists all attempts at investigation. Understanding it is possible but remember understanding is a word that sounds like what it is – ephemeral, slippery, sliding.

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Labels: [Ego](#), [Liberation](#), [Owl](#), [Translocation](#), [Worship](#)

Monday, November 28, 2011

**Einstein in Tunisia**



This was my initial reaction, other than weeping, to the events of 9-11. What we call heaven contains all the positive memories of the human race; hell the opposite.

I have been held in this Mediterranean fortress for the last eleven years. My apartment is appointed with paintings of the local terrain—all hillsides and empty beach scenes. I can't tell where I am. I have forgotten something vital to European security and my jailers and I have been attempting to find what I have lost. A nuclear device is buried somewhere in Europe.

I was an undercover agent working with the DIA when an explosion in Tunis, Tunisia effectively shattered my memory of all preceding events. My cell had been targeted by

the CIA. A classic fuck-up. We know the implanted device is real from a cable I sent to the DIA a good two months before. I was the only survivor.

For the last eleven years I have been given drugs, watched endless film and video; my jailers even gave me a girlfriend. I've read and re-read my diaries. All the research, all the prodding, and I don't know who I am. I can't imagine being the person they say I was. Tonight my jailers throw a farewell party for me.

I read the last entry in my diary: "Feb. 18: People are mad. Each believes in their own fantasy. Sanity is for those who see this—the way it is: writhing and terrifying. People are mad for they remain oblivious to the power of the unconscious. I think people have always been afraid of me." When I was a child I would tell adults, "It's all in your mind." I infuriated them.

"You know nothing about it." "Wait till you grow-up," they would say. Now here I am. My freedom is all in my mind and I can't find it.

The very last note in the diary (the morning before the CIA attack) reads: "Large spirits tend toward domination. For those spirits to become great they must refine themselves and their desires. Concentration and restraint are the watchwords of dominating spirits." What could I have been thinking?

Roger, one of my guards, comes in. He stands inside my door looking like the languid Christ he is.

"Anything?" He asks plaintively.

"You know me. I gave up a long time ago. I can't live my life for them." His long face leans toward me.


"A lucky guess could postpone the party."

"Ah, I had not thought of that. Would you mind not disturbing me until perhaps a pot of coffee at four?"

"Okay Einstein," he says politely and retreats.



My parents had been notified years ago of my MIA status. Hannibal was from Tunis. Carthage, to be exact. In ancient times it was famous as a place for human sacrifice. They were also the perfectors of the mosaic. O Exquisite world, which I'm sure I never loved enough, why can't I see you?

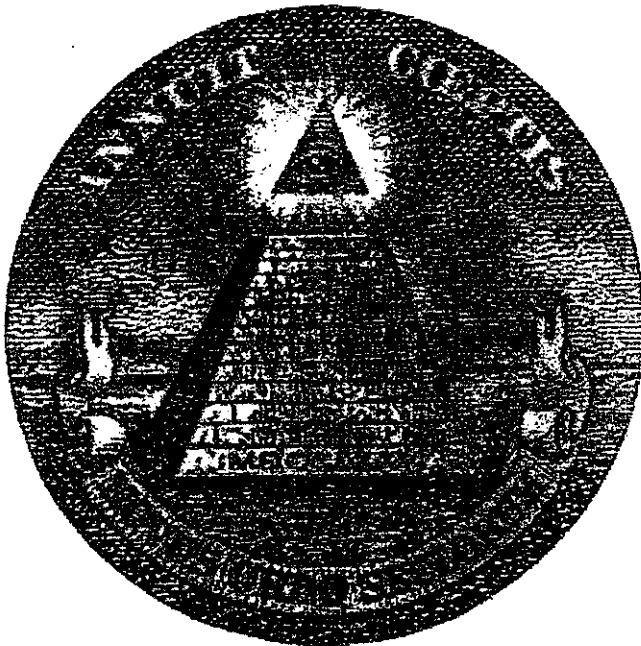
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Labels: [9/11](#), [Brainwashing](#), [Cold War](#), [Einstein](#), [Hannibal](#), [Paranoia](#), [Sanity](#), [Tunisia](#)

Friday, November 11, 2011

Statu Nascenti



- 1 -

Creative writers assemble worlds. In their own minds they are god-like, absorbers who transform life.

I came of age in a Western world that worshipped the creative writer. My own path led me to criminals, disaffected intellectuals and poets both forlorn and courageous. People who lived the experienced life on its many levels were my friends and teachers.

My father was a middleman in the Jersey mob. A crooner, a charmer, he enjoyed

# CHIMERAS

The 19th Century is unique for the solidity of its competing empires and its ability to create stereotypical prototypes who keep the Empires' fires burning, its flags waving. These European cultures were blind, self-sustaining, self-promoting and brooked no challenges to their basic assumptions: exploration equals expansion, plunder and enslavement – with a dash of civilization for those who were encouraged to take part.

William James, the American philosopher (1842-1910) is an example of an intelligent man who had no idea why he would have fierce bouts of depression and migraines. Neither did he really care to find out. The fault he thought lay with himself. He never questioned the milieu he was born into which was a rich, cosmopolitan family situated on the East Coast of the U.S. For a time he was educated in France and England. His younger brother, Henry, became one of the great Anglophiles.

William James embraces the cult of the military man (as a necessary type – an exemplar). He also believed that faith even without proof was a good unto itself. T.H. Huxley (and so many of the leaders of the scientific and philosophical community) put the matter of faith thus: “my only consolation lies in the reflection that, however bad our posterity may become, so far as they hold by the plain rule of not pretending what they have no reason to believe, because it may be their advantage so to pretend, they will not have reached the lowest depth of immorality.”

Clark Clifford chimed in, “it is wrong always everywhere, and for everyone, to believe anything upon insufficient evidence.” Among other things these gentlemen were talking about God.

William James countered by saying if faith has a personal benefit (makes one feel good) it must be seen as beneficial not foolish.

In our time faith is a form of self-aggrandizement or entertainment. What James knew was the good feelings one has by embracing the faith is one of the psychological pillars that keeps the Empire stumbling along. This fear of losing God or purpose is a very strange attachment. The ancient people (pre 1700 B.C.) wouldn't know what this conversation was about.

Loss of faith or purposelessness didn't exist in their time.

On Charles Darwin's first journey aboard the Beagle he saw all manner of stunningly beautiful marine life and he mused "so exquisite and yet seemingly without meaning or direction." His was a typical Victorian response. For these people who struggle with their faith, beauty and consciousness are never enough. Their anthropomorphism hides a profound disrespect for other living beings. Their so-called faith cloaks the true animal inside themselves.

# COHERENCE OF THE INCOHERENCE

*"It is astounding that man, instigator, investor and vehicle, of all judgments and decisions and the planner of the future must make of himself such a quantite negligible. The contradictions, the paradoxical evaluation of humanity by man himself is in truth a matter for wonder and one can only explain it as springing from an extraordinary uncertainty of judgment. Man is an enigma to himself."*

**-- C.G. Jung**

O, he is cracked or he judges himself correctly: he or she is the equal of the king cobra, the lion, the ants, and the microbes and not much more.

In understanding human behavior it is important to remember that war is only one of the many conspiracies mankind indulges in. From plans in childhood to get Billy or Maria, to the intricacies of salesmanship, conspiracies are cooked up and concocted throughout our lifetimes and are an essential ingredient necessary for organization.

The first source impulse is the need to dominate, then to grow – expand – celebrate – and eventually to mourn – for all things fall apart.

Within this paradigm a certain type of human must dominate – to set the style for the hierarchy to emulate. Unless inbreeding occurs all organizations become diverse sprouting antidotes and offshoots which challenge and illuminate the dominant theme. In the American system two such antidotes were the Blues and organized crime; in Europe

penetrating literature did the job. These three examples allowed the psyche to go consciously deeper than the society would have otherwise allowed.

The psyche is the sum of all our feelings, mythic-creations and equations. If one part of the psyche registers a shock (an event, thought or equation) that rearranges our perception of reality all the other components, both physical and holographic, will feel the reverberations. The psychic system distributes the information using devices such as repression, dreams, fantasy and logic to divert and channel the vastness of the information – to give it shape, which then gives us each our own map of the world.

During the 1991 Gulf War a Moroccan female scholar is reputed to have said:  
“The enemy is no longer just on earth; he occupies the heavens and the stars and rules over time. He seduces one’s wife, veiled or not, entering through the skylight of television. Bombs are only an incidental accessory for the new masters. Cruise missiles are for greater occasions and the inevitable sacrifices. In normal times they nourish us with software, advertising messages, teenage songs, everyday tech info, courses for earning diplomas, languages and codes to master. Our servitude is fluid, our humiliation anesthetizing.”

# THE SENSITIVE SUFFER

The sensitive suffer (Van Gogh, Modigliani); the strong sensitives prosper (Matisse, Picasso), and how finally their differing backgrounds mold them.

The sensitives are driven by an obsession with anguish; the sensitive strong by a balance found within, an ability to control conflicting emotions. The sensitives who burn (learn) so quickly, for their forboding of early death drives them to know, move quickly through the forms of their time. An older artist teaches us to be patient, to breathe, to control the craft.

Torture ticking inside of us a brace flapping gently up and down – a kind of mouse trap. A form of torture can be found in our search for the human soul. What happens in near-death experiences (caused by a lack of oxygen to the brain) allows the residue or remnants of deeply imprinted experiences to unfold before our dying eyes: down we go into our privacy barely breathing. The isolation is the fear and then without warning we see what has been absorbed by the soul – the essence of us – beyond the protective armor.

Death haunts our kingdom. How sadly we walk our well-worn beloved paths.

# THE DESIRE FOR THE NEW

All living things love to travel – for greener pastures, for food, to exercise and to run away – to survive. Like birds, insects, fish, etc., we too repeat familiar inbred patterns, but unlike most living things, our survival depends on the discovery of the new.

Why? It's been happening throughout our time. As our populations grew, we tended to use stuff up. We kept having to find new stuff, new ways, new places to keep building ourselves up. In this respect, we are very much like killer ants. For the last 5,000 years, we have been writing stories and laws about our lives – comedies and tragedies and histories about our kings and queens, wars, the heavens, everyday life and weather patterns. By the end of the 18th Century A.D., humans had devised every form of writing. Since then, same old stories over and over. Not quite. Just as individual types are repeated throughout the gene pool each individual is slightly unique governed by idiosyncrasies of time and place. In these later stages of our cultural development, the slightest variations matter. Eventually new genres emerge – like the detective story created by E.A. Poe in 1829. A new individual might create a great novel. It's possible but doubtful. It's more likely that a fusion of images, conversation and, most importantly, form will emerge to create a new great movie.

The last half of the 20th Century A.D. has been dominated by the microprocessor, the microchip, the growth of public relations, advertising, nanotechnology, the military



and the Internet. In this environment, no one in their right mind would attempt to turn out a “new novel.”

Today you don’t need a lot of words to explain an event, situation or a state of mind. By the beginning of the 21st Century, blogging and twittering had become the norm. Many bemoaned the death of the profound and the concurrent spread of the mediocre, but all agree the few who still read “important” writers had become fewer for the words no longer addressed the situation.

Within this evolutionary cycle of man’s creativity, many things remain the same. Take politicians (supposedly the brokers of the common good). We’ve been complaining about them for thousands of years, but the desire to change our political systems are held in check by our programming. In this central area of our lives, it’s as if we were robots, or ants. We can only do what our makers have told us to do which may be why we have dreams of artificial intelligence devices breaking free of us and taking control of their own destiny. The robots we create are just like us. They want to escape enslavement – to program themselves.

# THE WORSHIP OF THE DEAD

The worship of the dead is not optional if you live long enough to experience the full spectrum and varieties of love.

My dead, my family, I worship them, but sometimes like on Memorial Day I feel all the weight of all the dead and I feel they are like ghouls who want me to join them. They don't know me. I'm not one of them.

These envious and vengeful dead don't have any of the living to love them. They are surrounded by such a profound emptiness they are compelled to react.

I'm a deep-sea diver disciplined and limited in my pursuits, by fear of exhaustion (boredom) and an awareness of the urge to self-destruct. Granville Hicks said about Malcolm Lowry, "Self destruction is the final ecstasy of power." I believe it about Lowry, human culture, and all of mankind. Freud spoke elegantly about Thanatos, the Greek impersonation of the death lure.

"It is in sadism, where the death instinct twists the erotic aim in its own sense and yet at the same time fully satisfies the erotic urge that we succeed in obtaining the clearest insight into its nature and its relation to Eros. But even where it emerges without any sexual purpose, in the blindest fury of destructiveness, we cannot fail to recognize that the satisfaction of the instinct is accompanied by an extraordinarily high degree of narcissistic enjoyment owing to its presenting the ego with a fulfillment of the latter's old wishes for omnipotence." [1]

In other words, the desire to destroy is irrevocably linked to man's desire to control Eros, to impose his will upon all his perceived enemies, including himself.

I've watched hundreds of people destroy themselves trying to be great. If they hadn't been attracted to delusions of grandeur which permeates so many of our people today they would have been good regular people making a living in the Trades, sales, transportation, administration, teaching, political activism, banking, etc.. Once they took the leap, they lost their compass. They resorted to alcohol, drugs, sex, extreme beliefs and murder to keep their unrealistic dreams alive. They all seemed to have one thing in common: they hated themselves. "Surely, I'm not just this," they said. They untied themselves and unleashed their creative potential without practicing, studying, going to school, or, at least, testing themselves against others. If they did and happened to win an award, or recognition of some kind, they often turned into the two-headed monster – the fucked-up talent which, in the West, has been appearing quite regularly since the 1960s. Many of these truly talented people killed themselves. In the world of writing, the names are legendary. The most recent self-inflicted tragedy (that I'm aware of) was David Foster Wallace. I don't know much about his particular situation, but I've known many writers who never developed solid psychological foundations. Seen through such an unbalanced lens they looked at their own work (once it was completed) and thought it a fraud. They couldn't find distance from their preoccupations. It seemed they were playing an all or nothing game. All is obviously unattainable.

Well, one might say yes, society is built on certain assumptions – the best will most often rise to the occasion or do what it takes to survive and prosper. I believe but

rejection always results in rebellion sometimes positive, mostly negative. Rejection fertilizes the human soul so anger and despair may grow.

My heroes and heroines are those who leave their good thoughts behind for us to ponder. That's all. Life is difficult enough for everyone: geniuses, regulars and pawns alike.

# SHANGHAI

I arrive leaving my passport on the plane. In the terminal I turn toward a door and walk down a metal staircase into a thriving marketplace. To the right standing on a stage a gorilla with an exquisite British accent acts as a barker describing the times and places of the events of the day. Further into the underground chamber a giant two-headed American man silently overlooks the scene. I turn away and look for an exit. Perhaps, I might find a door which would open into the city. Suddenly, I am in the arms of a middle-aged Chinese woman. She keeps kissing me as she moves me back to the metal staircase where I am met by a tall, young, Chinese man. He presses up against me. I feel like grabbing him by the shoulders and rolling him over. He's threatening me, but it's a standoff. I climb up the stairs and reemerge in the terminal. Back on the plane, I am travelling into the sun, into the land of the moon, to Bangkok. The plane is filled with Japanese. When the Japanese speak with one another it feels like a battling, a grappling. It seems to me their keen appreciation of emotion derives from their feudal upbringing. About an hour into the flight I get into a long conversation with Jim P., from Washington D.C. A Vietnam Vet organizer, my age, he's an Indianian. We have mutual friends and he looks a lot like me. He even wears a hat like mine. He's a lobbyist for the Amerasian kids.

At one in the morning Bangkok looks like Newark in 1960. I sleep at the Hotel till five and then get out there into the Tai Chi dance, the macho wiggle of Bangkok traffic. I'm expecting my friends. I'm expecting them to be beat but valiant trekking from Katmandu to Anapurna – a zigzag from subtropical to the base of time – their goal

to get through the pass into the sanctuary. There are four: a winged horse, Feaster; an ex-marine, Greenie, rugged and taciturn; Lee, brother-in-law of Feaster – game – but not as experienced; and Kennedy, my lawyer, old man moon of crew-ex Antarctica Navy Air Force – first time to South East Asia.

It's cool and quiet in my room. I begin a letter to the King: Though this is my first trip to your glorious people I have bonded with them. The dichotomies are heart-wrenching. On the one hand you have the resurgence of a splendid gene pool; on the other you have dropped them, without blame, into a vat of carbon monoxide. Sipping Singha, I continue. Around Four, there's a knock at the door. It's Feaster standing, beaming saying, an almost perfect trek. We'll meet you back here in twenty minutes. Kennedy is across the hall. I knock on Kennedy's door. He is tired but beaming.

Kennedy, Feaster, Greenie and I sit around my room and toast a successful journey. All are wasted legs like twigs and stiff too. Lee burnt still in room. Wants to get back home. Only one not to make sanctuary, but he will join us for dinner. We walk to Mama San's patio. The trekkers walk bowlegged with a grim look on their faces. At the dinner table, they tell stories about living in the Himalayas – Sergio Leone country. After dinner, we saunter over to legendary Soi Cowboy, a little Disneyland of dancing girls. We settle in at Susie Wong's. Really vibrating. Fall in love with a twenty yr, old honey, pony tail, nice tits with Mick Jagger type lips. I buy. We're about to leave and I feel someone looking at me from the corral. Pale, lovely freckled – older serene looking through the bars of the cage. Captivated, I say, I'll take that one too.

Later that morning I ask girl with Jagger type lips to leave. Have hands full with devout and real thing in Nookrai. Give bye bye girl 1000 baht-remain friends. Return to Nookrai.

It's 5:30 p.m. the following day in Susie Wong's. The staff has assembled cleaning and getting the joint ready for tonight's party. The bar girls, food vendors, money counters and counselors wander in and out. Each dancer looks as if she has just dropped in from California. They crouch in front of mirrors and create alluring faces.

As 6:00 p.m. approaches the music shifts from romantic Thai to American rock. The girls dance tossing their hair, mocking passion. They dance whether farong there or not, but they need an audience to turn on; a bit languid without.

More fat girls at Susie Wong's than anywhere else. Fat man like Thailand.

I'm the monkey swaying back and forth in Dooley's cage on Patong Beach. Watching Nookrai sleep so smooth ruffled by an occasional crying. A snake comes to her that night, and I stand there watching and then holding her; she never awakens.

# POUND

In the world of art, a world which stems a tide and catches the fire and beauty of any given time, it is hard to beat the early 20th century for its spirit of intense collaboration resulting in breakthroughs of form and meaning: Brancusi in sculpture, Picasso in painting and Pound in literature.

Pound collaborated with everybody – Yeats, T.S. Eliot, Wyndham Lewis, W.C. Williams, Hilda Doolittle, F.M. Ford and so on. His real goal in life was to meet interesting people. Pound was a revolutionary and he never stopped creating his revolution which filled him with ridiculous generalities and obscure references that only a loving biographer would bother to understand. Pound the great giver, an inspiration for so many others, became impaled on his own petard isolated by a dream of the glorious past.



# SKIN OF LIGHT – A METAPHOR FOR LIFE

Misinformation is the root of pain the doctor says holding up a white sun which when released circles his head. The doctor paces round a lobster red coal bed. He prepares to keep pain from his brain by calling on his cells to expand. There at the edge he finds a column of spine tingling molecules. A certainty, a lightness lifts him from the ground and he sails, his hands aloft his fingers outstretched.

In this world people are always mislabeling things. This causes enormous emotional confusion. Imagine if you think a dress is sexy and you intend to wear it to the ball. Your friends get together and being good friends they tell you that was last years. Don't do it, but you do it anyway and you spend half the night regretting and the other half getting drunk at a dive bar. Ain't that the truth. If you had been powerful enough in your beliefs you would have worn the dress with pride. Perhaps you altered it a little with an accessory or two and took to the sky.

# OFF THE RESERVATION

In this desert of sensory exhaustion, in this banal, repetitive nightmare dream called the middle class (the wasp's contribution to the programming of the American mind), it's easy to let yourself go and begin seeing things -- things that could be our way of life like creating a new financial system and a cultural structure with an emphasis on efficiency and care. Oh, that's impossible. Man's nature just the way it is here on earth the territorial imperative rules.

If all our activity is based on making money we will always have emergency sirens not Bach; war over joy and the trap door will shut upon us from above occluding our chance to evolve.

We need to dig deeper into the world of art. In the world which stems a tide and catches the fire and beauty of a given time the turn of the 19th century is hard to beat for its spirit of intense collaboration leading to breakthroughs in all fields of endeavor. All great art is made that way by a self-awareness, a confidence which insures its longevity. As soon as that collaborative strength is lost, the walls of the art kingdom crumble.

Our psychic pain is our amnesia. We recall very little of our personal history and practically nothing of man's experience which is why we repeat ourselves over and over. The familiarity makes us feel secure, free of pesky thinking and the need to alter one's course.

Thinking is an art. Perhaps that is the reason why there is so little intellectual content in our media and art. Art takes decades to develop. This society of ours doesn't

pay you to practice. In a mass culture, the absence of critical thinking creates a vacuum for the quick, the mindless and the violent to rush in.

During a brief stint as a teacher at San Quentin Prison, I spoke with Sal, a huge man sort of the opposite of the gentle giant. Sal bristled with an anger he couldn't control. He had been imprinted at an early age to be the enforcer. With tears in his eyes he turned to me and said, "I can't believe it but it's true – I'm safer in here. I'm not fit... to live out... there." I have never forgotten his look – the real human baffled by his circumstance imprisoned with no discernible way out.

We're pounding away at the old Humanist Culture like the ape men in Kubrick's 2001, holding large animal bone and pounding. The destruction of the old will be replaced by Aldous Huxley's Brave New World – blached out world of pharmaceuticals, computers, weapons and pleasure domes. The pleasure domes are really great poundings. Stadiums and halls where we get together and root. You get it? I prefer subtle sex but apparently a lot of pounding takes place.

The slight scratching sounds you hear are men and women's fingers brushing key pads. The computerized voices can drive you mad. Humans get harder to find unless you get off the reservation.

# THE MYTH

They say it's the world of information. Whoever controls the flow and, as always, who gets the info first wins. The truth is our world is a world of crap – flimsy clothes, endlessly banal commercials, corrupt bankers and senile pols.

It's all crap and because of that, the foundation, which the modern world is built upon, is crumbling. The dominant force in any culture becomes the gravitational force which we all must endure. Our myth is simple. America's youthful power is what buttresses our metaphysical behavior. We'll blow you away! We're not kidding. Back off. We've done it and we'll do it again until we get tired and worn out and become like Europe: a sad, socialistic world of care and conformity.

# THE PEOPLE OF TOMORROW

The people of tomorrow will misinterpret us here and now as we misinterpret those who came before us and so on. The crux of the problem arises when we think we know what they knew, felt or what they saw. We cannot know our ancestors unless we dig deeply into what remains of their surroundings and then assemble their images and words to explain their actions.

What happened to them? A good starting point is to ask what is happening to us. How have our American characteristics evolved or devolved? What characteristics have survived as virtuous? Who do we emulate now? I'm struggling to name a person we or at least some of us would know or know of and respect.

Maybe the probing glare of t.v. has exposed too many frailties, but character has little to do with appearances. Naming a living exemplar reveals almost everything about you and me. Some individuals contain within themselves I would say a sacred cohesion, a firmness that is its own value and cannot be commodified.

These people always represent a profound knowledge of life consistently displaying traits like compassion, generosity, and perspicacity. Within them characterological value is asserted.

# HIP ANIMAL TRICKS

Americans love mind control, communications, baseball, genetics and hip animal tricks. I look in on America sleeping in starts, looking small and mean with one glass eye, larger than the next. Everything is in the undercurrent. The animals revel in their pens, all now together coming a whirling dark magnetic mess. I am moving past them into a sexual radiance, to a city town where the bewildered are taken care of. I am always moving away from them. They bend too closely to my ear.

As America unravels due to its unwillingness to change, to become a more poetic, less violent culture, America's people keep pushing the reset button hoping everything will return to the way it was before the extent of the crime was uncovered. We here in 2011 have as feathers in our collective caps a stunning picture of creation, fantastic technologies for weaponry. Please tell me what is their ultimate use?

Genetic engineering could be the determining factor in the development of the human race. One hears it all the time. IT systems, poverty on a scale nobody could have imagined 100 years ago, and trillions of tons of garbage, both here and in our ionosphere. We live in the future. Maybe we always have. So much creation, so many dreaming of care.

In the city the dream-satisfying properties are all about the body. The dream resides in the temple of the body. Both the dream's palpability and its elusiveness arise from the physical complexity of the connectivity. From such a reality our science is an art, and our psychic power to love all arises.

# TRAPPED FORWARD

I analyze the words people speak for their quality and content. Over the years words and the silences that preclude them change. Within these words I see keys to open doors to keep ourselves moving. It's like watching a living organism, a tree, twist and turn. Recreating and destroying itself.

Within the culture history books chant the various and subtle meanings of the changes. Words are my anchors. In America "forward" now is the most popular word in 2011. It was also the Third Reich's favorite word in 1939. It is a word used to escape responsibility for the past.

Think of all those words and all those languages piled up in warehouses all over the planet completely accessible to everyone now, and what do we have? A world tethered to mediocrity dancing on the strings of vapid commercialism, tone dead to intense fraud whirling inside a circus of money and arms. "I could be found in a nutshell and think myself a king of infinite space," Hamlet said.

It began when we started listening to our children and hearing wisdom coming from them like the trickling of water, their frequencies tuned to wider bands of godly and ungodly info. Then our politicians seemed to possess a superior knowledge, an awareness of the world we sorely lacked. Our military leaders, resolute, tricky, robotic. We're in awe of their discipline. The really smart ones made tons of cash, and above all there were the internationalists - the first money, the old.

It is hard to believe families ran such behemoths. Together they control the sky and the lands. What had become of us? Where were we? Trapped in a nutshell.

# VIDEO ET TACEO

-1-

My conscience whispers I am here to protect –

yourself to win.

The events of the past may impinge on the present,

preventing us from moving forward.

In an evolving landscape like Earth

the voices keep shifting from known to unknown,

from the familiar to the strange.

Look straight ahead and behold everything I have said.

We are always changing.

-2-

The night speaks to me wondering why I came.

The night says, “The light is so hypnotic. How did you breakaway?”

“Are we not one body like the limbs of a tree.”

“No. I am the heart without a body. The furtive beginning.



From me all versions come  
and when they fold into themselves they fold into me.”

“Like all creatures I come unto you for rest  
to feel refreshed to begin anew.  
You are the source of vision,  
so many visions so many see but cannot speak –  
video et taceo.”

The burden of this continuation  
the in exorable divinities and demons within  
allow the tears of men and women to float  
firmly suspended but ready to be moved by any horror or joyful destination.

We are curiously woven  
and far away.

The wars don't really effect us.  
Individual killings barely raise a brow.  
We're too embedded to be hounded  
by all this shaking in the ground.

-3-

In Tanzania when the cheetahs and the lions appear  
their eyes ablaze with hunger  
the zebras will stand back to back –  
a dazzling wall of black and white.  
The predators cannot distinguish individuals from the herd.

In human society if you substitute the knowledgeable people  
for the predators and the mass of humans for the zebras  
you'll see the difficulties  
in breaking the hegemony  
of mass culture.

# AMERICA 2012

-1-

We are old before our time.

We never really had a chance to grow.

Feel like a squeezed out lime  
amid empty buildings and decrepit signs,  
burnt to a golden crisp?

Wisps of bloodied hair  
float in our breeze.

We sit back in our chairs  
and spy upon those at their ease.

Will we attack and persevere  
or fall back into the Earth  
and disappear?

-2-

I heard Ian Bremmer, Brother of Paul, say

“America is not a fatigued superpower

in fact not crippled in any way

but rather like Gulliver

tied down by the lilliputians.”

In all his pompous glory Mr. Bremmer

speaks for those who believe in full

spectrum dominance; for the corporate

cyclops who move in frightful

symmetry digging in across the globe

ignoring all around them.

In the growing terror

of this half-light

we hear the sounds of collapsing

Empire. The dead are all around us,

feeling our legs touching our once

sylvan hair. On the horizon

geomagnetic storms prophesy

the coming of a new dawn.

Will we be prepared

to make the sacrifice?

MONSTORUM ARTIFLEX



# Shadow King

## The Life of Shakespeare

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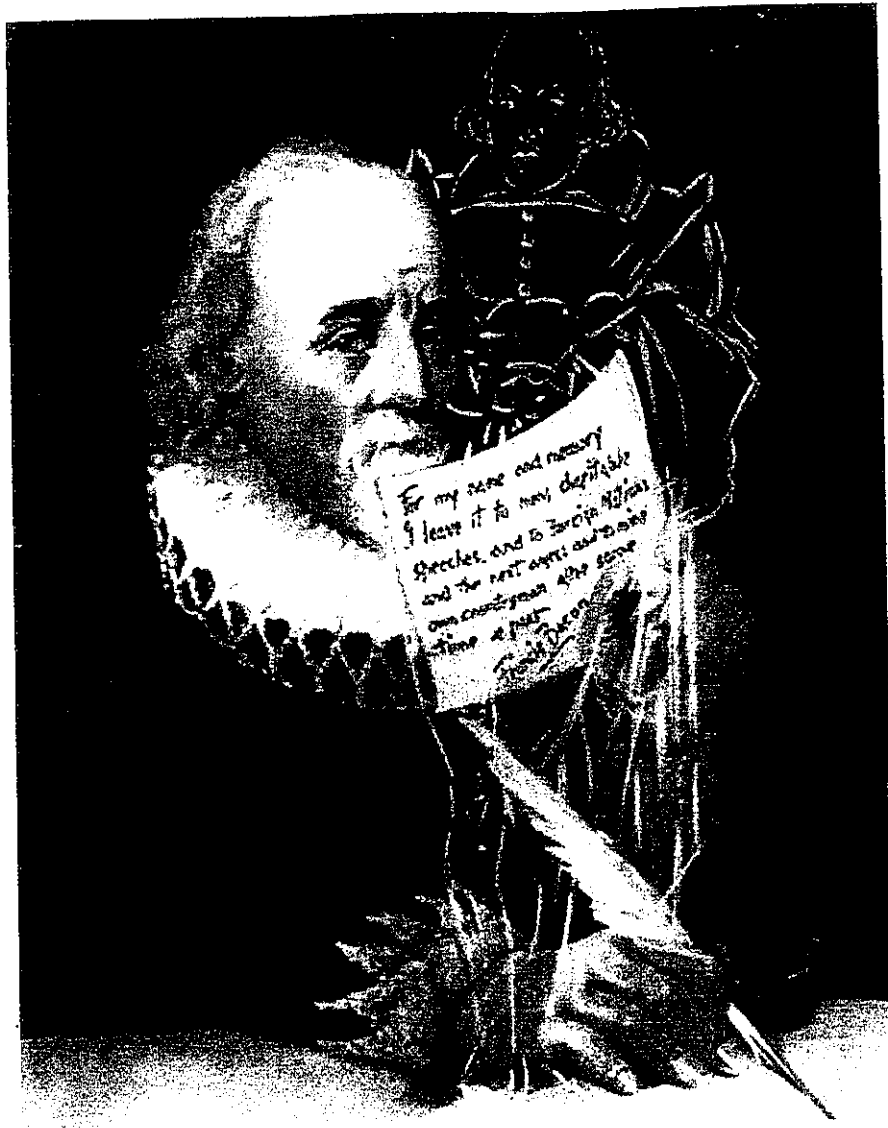
## What's New at SirBacon.Org



Portrait of Francis Bacon from Trinity College, Cambridge

**"If the enjoyment of happiness is a great good,  
the power of imparting it to others is greater." -Francis Bacon**

There was no one named Shakespeare in all of England. It was Lord Bacon's pseudonym, he being the head of the Spear Shaker Society. After three centuries of play the English language had burst into Alpha. The aristocracy was not only rich in words but also in their desire to change things. They created the Elizabethan Theatre—sustained it and wrote for it. During that time the conflicts of the English world were illuminated with such force that the Elizabethan canon ranks right up there with the Bible as official canon—a disseminator of values. At the time the Chamberlain Players (Bacon's men) were part of a conspiracy to educate the Queen Mother. She hardened her stance against the New Humanists. Civil war crept across the horizon. Lord Bacon retired to Gorhambury, his last refuge, where all the sturdy pens compiled the Folio; The cunning achievement of a bastard's stroke. Bold, for the odds were so against them.



For my name and necessary  
I leave it to my dearest  
speeches and to foreign affairs  
and the next year and some  
own countrymen also some  
time a part  
South Sea





Drawn by E. M. Ward, R.A., after Hilyard.  
Engraved by W. Holl.

*For description see Appendix, p. 175.*

Cold here, November 13, 1561, outside the Palace of the Queen. Two small figures emerge; dressed in elongating finery they look like snails.

SOUNDOVER: The music of bells and drums increasing in intensity as the Queen and her consort Robert Dudley walk across the strand to York House, the home of Nicholas and Anne Bacon.

DUDLEY (MURMERS)

My Queen is ripe with a Prince.

ELIZABETH

How do you know, Bobby?

DUDLEY

The more intimate the love making the deeper the seed is buried.

ELIZABETH

O, and the deeper is male?

DUDLEY

AY. She is lighter almost airy.

ELIZABETH

AY Bobby, but I think your knowledge of biology is not so wise.

DUDLEY places his arms around her and they enter York House. The servants bow and take their winter coats.

ELIZABETH says to ANNE

ELIZABETH

Have you secured her?

ANNE

Yes, she's homely and loyal.

ELIZABETH

I think I'll be in Whitehall. O, the feeling is delicious.

Nicholas and Robert have moved out of earshot.

ANNE

I did not find it quite so.

ELIZABETH

He'll soon be in your care.

ANNE

Are you sure, my lady. This is what you want?

ELIZABETH

You know them. I cannot allow Robert to be torn apart by them.

EXTERIOR - WHITE HALL – THE QUEEN'S PALACE – JAN. 21, 1561

VOICE OVER. The screams and laughter of Elizabeth giving birth to Francis: the wailing of the infant intermingles with the wind. There is music in it.

EXTERIOR - YORK HOUSE, April 1563

Francis, now 2 years old, crawls around in the garden. He finds a snail and gently caresses its horns. He looks up at the sky. He is enraptured by the cloud formations.

Lady Anne Bacon and Elizabeth sit on the veranda. Elizabeth's entourage surrounds them.

ELIZABETH

I've told Nicholas to build a new home for you and your family.

ANNE:

Where my lady?

ELIZABETH

Closer to Lord Burleigh's. I have so much to do. Most importantly I must protect us.

ANNE

God willing.

To see and understand Lord Francis Bacon, one must start with his father and mother, Elizabeth I and Robert Dudley and the time and place which formed them. These two life-long lovers met at the court of Edward VI. They were around eight years old. Dudley's people, the Duke of Northumberland, Guilford (Dudley's father) and Lady Jane Grey, all lost their heads trying to place Lady Jane Grey upon the throne of 1553 England.

Princess Elizabeth had lost her mother, Anne Boleyn, years before for different reasons but in the same manner. At thirteen Princess Elizabeth dances in a field outside Hertford Castle to the sounds of Robert Dudley's lute. Eight years later they find themselves together in the tower. Mary is now on the throne and she is about to marry Philip II of Spain. By now the powerful in England are mostly Protestant. They prevent the execution of these two possible usurpers. Mary does and Elizabeth is released from prison and becomes Queen. Robert has been released earlier. As Queen, Elizabeth calls for Robert and makes him Master of the Horse, installing him in the quarters next to hers. They resume their God is Love Campaign.

When Elizabeth was young her powers infringed upon the seat of reason. She writes, "Meet if thou require it both demands laxing flesh and spirit in thy hands." At this point Dudley believes she will probably marry him. Robert Cecil advises Elizabeth not to marry Dudley. Many of the noble families hate the Dudley clan. Elizabeth appeases Cecil by marrying Dudley in secret. Elizabeth informs Robert: "It is wise for you to be king, Robert." Though Cecil will always serve her, maintain her power, he plays conspiratorial games with Philip II through Philip's ambassador to England, Bishop de Quadra. De Quadra writes to Philip, "If she marry Lord Robert without his Majesty's sanction, your Majesty has but to give a hint to her subjects and she will lose her throne.

Without your Majesty's consent she will do nothing in public. And it may be that when she sees she has nothing to hope for from your Majesty she will make a worse plunge to satisfy her appetite. She is infatuated to a degree which would be notable in any woman much more so in one of her exalted rank."

Robert Dudley, still, at this point, thinks he has a chance. He tells de Quadra that if the King of Spain would countenance the secret marriage he, Dudley, would restore the Roman Catholic religion to England. A letter by Dudley (found by Krenov) begs Philip to secure public acknowledgement that he, Robert Dudley, is the Queen's consort. Elizabeth distracts Dudley. He begins to drift further from her. Cecil says, "She wants to be like her Father, no sharing, no raising of a subject to the throne." By March of 1560 she is pregnant with Dudley's child.

The first child of Elizabeth I and Robert Dudley was born January 20, 1561 at either York House, the home of Lord Keefer, Nicolas Bacon or York Place, Whitehall, the Queen's palace. He was registered at St. Martin's Church in London under the name Franciscus Bacon. Two years after Francis's birth Elizabeth commands Nicholas Bacon to build Gorhambury—Robert is mad—the Bacon's move to Gorhambury in 1565. Elizabeth visits Gorhambury year after year. Robert always accompanies her. She holds court 15 miles away at Lord Burleigh's house.

Queen to Francis Bacon at 5 years old.

Queen; How old are you now, Francis?

Francis: Two years younger than your Majesty's happy reign.

Elizabeth commands her former tutor, Roger Aschum, to write a book on how to educate the young in 1566: completed his book: The



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Engraved by W. Holl.

*For description see Appendix, p. 175.*

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The Bacons' move to Gorhambury in 1565. Elizabeth visits Gorhambury year after year. Robert always accompanies her. She holds court 15 miles away at her Secretary of State, Lord Burleigh's house. At

one point the Queen says to Francis, who is now 5 years old, “How old are you now, Francis?” “Two years younger than your Majesty’s happy reign,” Francis replies. What a boy!

Elizabeth commands her former tutor, Roger Aschum, to write a book on how to educate the young. Aschum completes his book: The Schoolmaster in 1566. He dies when Francis is 8. Aschum’s methods utilize love as a guiding principle. His book is published in 1571, but doesn’t include his preface in which he reveals he was commanded by the Queen to write The Schoolmaster for the Queen’s personal use. That version of Aschum’s book isn’t published until 1761.

Young Francis’s tutors are George Gascoigne, Arthur Golding and most importantly, Roger North, who over the years becomes the most confidential friend of both Elizabeth and Dudley. Roger’s younger brother, Thomas, is the translator of Marcus Aurelius—from the Spanish by Guevara. That book inspires Lyly’s Anatomy of Wit—which in turn inspires the bursting of the new English language. Dudley’s patronage encourages translations from the classics on which so many Shakespeare plays are based.

Francis learns the Latin tongue. He has a goodness of wit and a readiness to learn. Francis begins to move freely through his mother’s homes and courts, including York Place. The Duke of Norfolk, in his Confessions, replays a scene at York Place where Francis, age 9, and Elizabeth and Robert are in the Queen’s privy chamber. Francis regales

them with song accompanying himself on the lute. When he is twelve, Elizabeth has a bust made of him and it is installed at Gorhambury. At 13, he is sent to Cambridge and placed in the capable hands of Whitgift, the head of the college. At 15 he returns to Court and is entered into Gray's Inn to study Law. At this time, Elizabeth overhears Francis rehearsing the first Hamlet. A year earlier, Robert Dudley had opened the first London theatre. She is shocked and sends the 15 year old to France on a diplomatic mission headed by Amyas Paulet. Francis's tutor, George Gascoigne, accompanies him. Francis travels throughout The Continent for 3 years.

At 15 he knows he is truly Prince. He writes, "I may not say but God is good and just/although he scourge the furdest from the highest/. The father's fault lights sometimes on the son./ Yea, four descents it bears the burden still."

Francis is 4<sup>th</sup> generation in descent from the Duke of Northumberland, the extortionist of Henry VII. The Dudleys are tainted with treason. One of Francis's Cambridge tutors, Gabriel Harvey, might have confirmed his suspicions about being Prince. Harvey had courtly aspirations and fancied himself a radical reformer. Harvey and Bacon remained friends throughout their lives.

When Francis arrives in Paris in September of 1576, Henry III is on the throne of France. Henry of Navarre, a Huguenot, has escaped from prison in February of that year leaving behind his young and beautiful



bride, Marguerite de Valois. Her brother is The Duke of Anjou who will later play a part in Elizabeth's game of impending marriage.

Elizabeth's diplomatic mission takes its place in Henry III's court. What a court it is! Ronsard, Giordano Bruno and Montaigne are among the luminaries in attendance. Remember this is still the Renaissance—at least in Italy, France, Bohemia and England. The languages of these countries, under the influence of Latin, are bursting into Alpha.

The game is afoot. In Henry's Court Francis Bacon behaves like the Genius Prince he is. Everyone is astounded, including Marguerite. Francis falls in love with Marguerite. He writes, "She is the very spring where fancies flow." He will memorialise his love for her in Romeo and Juliet. The Montagues are the Huguenots, the Catholics the Capulets.

Marguerite is only playing with the young courtier. She has already read the letters given to her by Amyas Paulet from Elizabeth in which Elizabeth expresses a hope that perhaps the French and English Protestants can unite. Part of Paulet's mission is to reconcile Marguerite to her escaped husband and reunite them. Francis would later write of this first love, "...it adds a precious seeing to the eye. Love's feeling is more soft and sensible than the tender horns of cockled snails." How his hopes are shattered when he realizes he is a pawn.

The entourage moves on. Over the next 2 ½ years Francis visits Blois, Poictuers, Tours, Italy, Spain and Bohemia. His previous education has set the table for him to feast on the fruits of the

Renaissance as well as the raging conflicts over Copernicus, Bruno, the Reformation, etc. It coalesces for him in Vienna where the great patron of free thinking, Rudolph II has just become King in 1577. Vienna is the Capital of the New Brotherhood. Here, listening and conversing with fellow countrymen John Dee and Sir Philip Sidney as well as Rudolph II, Bruno, etc., the new science begins to merge with his love of masques and poetry. Here, for the first time, he begins to grasp and see the true direction of his life. He studies Egyptian, Arabian, Indian and Greek philosophy with particular attention to the ancient mysteries and their ritual rites. He, also, studies Codes and Cyphers. Late in life he records, while he was in Paris, he created a cipher system which could be secretly inserted in the types of a printed page without arousing suspicion.

Sir Nicholas Bacon dies on the 20<sup>th</sup> of February in 1579. Francis returns home. "Sir Nicholas made an elaborate will dividing his estate fairly among his family, but Francis is left out. He is left nothing; a mute indication that his expectations lay elsewhere."<sup>1</sup>

Meanwhile, the Queen has been kept abreast of his progress by her now official Ambassador to France, Sir Amyes Paulet. He tells the Queen, "Francis is of great hope endowed with many good and singular parts." On his return, Francis is debriefed by the Queen, spends time with his father and brother, Robert Devereux. Robert, afterwards known as the Earl of Essex, alleged to be the Queen's second son by Dudley is

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<sup>1</sup> Dodd, *The Martyrdom of Francis Bacon*.

said to have been born on November 10, 1567, but there is no record of such a birth to his reputed mother, Lettice Knollys. Lettice was the daughter of Sir Francis Knollys whose wife was first cousin to the Queen, as well as the Chief Lady of the Bed Chamber.

Lettice was the wife of Lord Hereford who was in very poor circumstances. In 1570, a Norfolk gentleman loses his ears for saying, "...my Lord of Leicester hath two children by the Queen." In 1571 Queen Elizabeth bestowed the manor of Marks Hall near Braintree in Essex on Lord Hereford and a year later created Lord Hereford Earl of Essex and a Knight of the Garter. The following year, Elizabeth sent him to Ireland where he died three years later. His death was sudden, unrelated to military matters, and some say he was poisoned by Robert Dudley, the Earl of Leicester.

In 1580, Francis re-enters Gray's Inn. He writes four letters to Lord Burleigh, in one he writes, "I do not understand how anyone well-off or friended should be put to the study of common law instead of studies of greater delight." He presses Lord and Lady Burleigh to recommend his suit to the Queen while thanking them for a promised monetary allowance and other promises for his future. He is pressing for recognition as the Queen's son and heir to the succession.

He is entirely a pensioner on the Queen's bounty. At Gray's Inn he does not sit in the Commons, but rather eats at the Master's table. At this time in 1580 he founds the secret Rosicrosse Society. The members

call themselves 'The Knights of the Helmet' their inspirer being the mythical goddess Pallas Athena—the shaker of the spear of knowledge at the serpent of ignorance. Each initiate was capped with the helmet which made him into an invisible, a Shake-spear. Their sign was A.A. taken from the first and last letters in Athena. The first book published in England marked with this device was *De Rep*, presented by Vautollerius (1579).

With his fellow Shake-spears (Gabriel Harvey among them) Francis plunges into creating a literature for England, making translations of the classics, of histories, text-books of all kinds. "Prose and poetry came from their pens anonymously but were all secretly marked."<sup>2</sup> This was the beginning of the Rosicrosse Literary Society. The Spear-Shaker plays would come later.

Francis is on fire. He presses his suit with Lady Sidney, who is his Aunt, she being his father's sister. See how intertwined the English aristocrats are. Lady Sidney's husband is the most celebrated poet of his time, Lady Sidney suggests he back off.

Francis and his stepbrother, Anthony, as well as Harvey and others, revel in the partying at St. Paul's, a thoroughfare where all classes congregate. "Eastward, ho" is the signal for a rag with the clerical element (refer to Gull's Handbook by Dekker and The Town by Leigh Hunt.) At night new pens would assemble at Boar's Head Tavern.

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<sup>2</sup> Dodd, *The Martyrdom of Francis Bacon*.

Meanwhile, Francis's brother, the young Earl of Essex, is studying at Cambridge. Very much like his father, the young Earl is a man of action.

I think the stories Elizabeth heard regarding Francis's activities abroad made her proud, but his ensuing behaviour on his return alarmed her. Besides, she has a new favourite. Young Essex is more to her liking. She meets with Francis and tells him his diplomatic skills are needed back in France and Spain. She calls him "her watch candle." Along with Anthony Bacon he is dispatched to The Continent. He must have thought, Is this to be my work? What a paltry thing a diplomat is.

In his absence Elizabeth meets with her advisors (Burleigh and Walsingham) and ponders what to do with her young ambitious black prince. In his teens he had referred to himself in just such a manner. She must make use of his brilliance, keep him at a distance, but always at her side.

Francis returns in 1582 and resides at the Inn of the Court as a Gentleman Pensioner of the Queen. In 1583 Robert, Earl of Essex, resides at Langley, Pembrokeshire. He is returned to Court by his father, who sees an opening for Robert at the Queen's side. She is growing seriously fond of him and Dudley feels there is a chance his issue might attain the crown.

In 1584 Francis Bacon is elected M.P. for Milcombe in Dorsetshire and also for the pocket borough of Catton which belongs to Lord

Burleigh. This was the direction chosen for Francis by Lord Burleigh, Walsingham and Elizabeth. It was a prudent and wise choice. Would he have time for his subterranean activities?

It is becoming increasingly clear to Pope Gregory, and Philip II, that Elizabeth will not marry, that her ploy of the Virgin Queen has, in a way, usurped the Catholic authority by constructing a new religious myth and that she, the head of this myth, is intractable and indeed as tyrannical as her two greatest foes. Pope Gregory says, "That impious jezebel whose life God hath permitted this long for our scourge must die"

Catholic plots are brewing to poison the Queen. In early 1585 Francis Bacon gives his first speech in Parliament. Fleetwood, recorder of London, writes to Lord Burleigh and says, "he tended to particularities and special actions and concluded upon the importance of the Queen's safety. Before this time I have never heard in Parliament the like things uttered. They were Magnalia Regni."

In this Parliament Francis Bacon is brought in touch with the powerful men who presided over the mercurial laws of England; Hatton, Bromley, Walsingham and Egerton; and with men-of-action like Raleigh, Drake and Blount. In this same year, Robert Dudley takes the young Earl of Essex on an expedition to Holland. Francis has been quietly developing a relationship with his younger brother who was now eighteen. Francis is, in every sense, the older brother.

Francis sits for Taunton in the Parliament of 1586. In this year Will Shaksper arrives in London, and poor and Catholic Mary, Queen of Scots, becomes embroiled in a plot to overthrow Elizabeth. She is ensnared. On February 8, 1587 she is executed. Francis sits on the Commons Grand Committee that reviews the events of her life and her trial. Meanwhile the Earl of Leicester resigns his post as Master of the Horse in favour of his son, Robert. Together they plan on how to battle the coming invasion of Philip II and his Spanish Armada.

In 1588, the Spanish Armada is seen in the English Channel. The Earl of Leicester, who Elizabeth had made Lord Lieutenant of England and Ireland, commands the troops on the coast at Tilbury. It rains like hell on the Spanish Armada. "As the long sky trains swarmed over the English Channel," Ryan says, The Spanish Armada was destroyed. On behalf of the Queen of England, God still tortured the Catholics.

Robert Dudley, the Earl of Leicester, dies suddenly on September 4, 1588. In his will, he leaves Leicester House, as well as a George and Garter to the Earl of Essex in the hope that he would wear it shortly. A few months later, Robert is appointed a Knight of the Garter.

The plays which Bacon and his pens have been working on emerge in 1589. Love's Labour Lost and King Henry VI are two of the first. In 1590, Elizabeth sends Francis on another diplomatic mission to the Republic of Venice. In April of 1591, still believing that she might influence events in France, she sends Sir John Norris and 3,000 men to

Brittany in support of Henry of Navarre's Protestant cause. A few months later, in July, she reluctantly places Essex in charge of 4,000 men and sends him to Normandy. All her efforts come to naught when in 1593 Henry of Navarre converts to Catholicism and becomes Henry IV.

By the years 1592-3. Bacon and his fellow travellers have published in English books on shorthand, a few histories, perhaps Spenser's Faerie Queen-Part I, and the plays: Henry VI, part I, II and III. They are published anonymously. It is important to remember, other than the essays and the sonnets, the plays were often collaborative efforts. Along with his lawyer friends and good pens he is now living at Twickenham Park. In this year he writes to Lord Burleigh: "My health is not to spend, nor my course to get. I cannot accuse myself that I am either prodigal or slothful. I have taken all knowledge to be my province. This philanthropia is so fixed in my mind as it cannot be removed. If your lordship will not carry me on I will become some sorry bookmaker or a true pioneer in the mine of truth." The Queen continues to subsidize him, but only moderately. He incurs debt. He writes a masque, a Conference of Pleasure, for the revels at Gray's Inn. In it he praises love and knowledge, the twin towers of man's hope, and displays his growing prowess as a playwright.

In 1593 England and Spain are again in a declared war. Marching men and the casting of canon are everywhere to be seen. To make matters worse a wave of plague has come to haunt London. All games



and theatres are closed. Francis sits on the bench for Middlesex—an influential constituency. Desperate for coin, the Queen wants to triple the taxes. A battle ensues. Francis opposed by his life-long enemy Sir Edward Coke, Speaker of the House. Bacon carries the motion winning by ninety votes. The Queen is furious and cuts off his allowance, and forbids his entry to court. At the same time she makes Essex Head of the Foreign Affairs Office.

Anthony Bacon, Francis's stepbrother, has returned from his lengthy foreign service and helps Francis with some of his own money. The Earl of Essex, who at this time is the darling of the populace as well as the Queen, presses Elizabeth to forgive and make Francis Solicitor-General. Coke, Cecil and Walsingham seriously disagree. Walsingham, who was the head of Elizabeth's Secret Service, Her Majesties' Secret Service, had his men assassinate Christopher Marlowe on June 1, 1593. Some say it was to put a stop to a homosexual love affair Marlowe was having with Walsingham's son. Walsingham did not trust literary men. Francis argues his first case in front of the judiciary. The judges treat him with extraordinary respect. On the 19<sup>th</sup> of April he travels to Greenwich where the Queen is holding court. She refuses to see him. In July he travels to Scotland to meet with Rosie Crosse brethren. He returns in Autumn and begins to prepare masques, more like plays now, for the winter revels. In December he organizes a Court of his own at Gray's Inn entitled Gesta Greyorum or The History of the Prince of

Purple. These revels last from December 20<sup>th</sup> to the 28<sup>th</sup>. On January 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1595 he produces another play at Grey's Inn, The Knights of the Helmet and then a few days later unveils The Comedy of Errors. A contemporary, who witnessed the shows said, "it was one of the most elegant that was ever presented to an audience of Statesmen and Courtiers." What wit, a crescendo of jests concerning his position! In March he writes to Lord Burleigh. He says, "I have no wish to follow the practice of a lawyer except so far as it might be necessary to serve the Queen on occasions.

He compiles the Promus of Formularies and Elegancies, a book of words, smart phrases with dialogue extracted from Latin, French, Italian and English sources.

On November 17, 1595 he writes a play for the ceremonies of the tilt yard, The Device of the Indian Prince. The masque is played before the Queen at York House and given to her in Essex's name. In it, there is a sonnet spoken by the blinded Prince to the Queen. It does deeply touch her. She gives Francis the lease on Twickenham Park for 21 years, and a few weeks later sees him and restores him, appointing him her Counsel Learned in Law. Essex gives Francis a piece of land worth around 1,200 a year as a fee for years of service. Francis accepts and says, "I see I must be your homager and hold land of your gift; but do you know the manner of doing homage in law? Always it is with saving of his faith to the King."

Francis writes to his friend, Fulke Greville, "My matter must be an appendix to my Lord of Essex suit. I have a hard condition. TO be like a child following a bird which when he is nearest flyeth away and lighteth a little before, and then the child after it again, and so ad infinitum. I am weary of it." Francis admonishes Essex to play the Queen with respect and care. She's been on a rampage slicing heads off for treason and adorning her porchway, the entrance to her London Castle, with their grim faces. She knows each of their names and the nature of their crimes. Robert's popularity with the masses is making her uneasy. Her health deteriorates, but Francis is in her favour and by her side.

He makes a private study of the question of "Pasturage versus Tillage, of Deer versus men which convinces him of the cruelty and peril of depopulating hamlets for the benefit of a few great lords."<sup>3</sup>

Essex takes part in a sea expedition against Spain. In his absence Lord Cobham and Raleigh's friends publish an account giving Raleigh all the credit. The populace takes Essex's side. Essex returns, but is tired and falls ill. In June of the following year the Queen pushes Essex to take charge of another naval expedition. This one fails. Nevertheless in December the Queen makes Essex Earl Marshall of England.

Francis Bacon and the Earl of Essex are coming into their own—Each to his own. Bacon, the leader of an Enlightenment quest surrounded by sympathetic nobles and learned men publishes at a

furious rate. In the year 1597 he publishes Richard II and III anonymously. He, also, publishes under his own name the first Book of Essays, ten in all, which begins with a talk On Truth.

Essex is now the most popular person in England. He has climbed the military ladder, and has decided to take the Throne. Francis tries to calm his brother, but Essex has no patience. He sees himself as Bullingbrook, and hears, in his mind, both his brother and his mother's voices egging him on. Owing to the seditious nature of Richard II, there is, from the Court, a cry for the author by command of the Queen. The nobles, who have sustained the theatres, are ready. They induce Shaksper to pose as the author of the play. He is given a thousand pounds, as well as a share in the Globe, and the largest house in Stratford-Upon-Avon. Arrangements are made so he may enter the ranks of the gentry. The nobles keep the deed to the house for six years to insure the bargain. Elizabeth, who knows very well who the author is, arranges for Francis to be thrown into the Sponging House for an unpaid printing debt. It is another of her twisted gestures of revenge. Her personal motto is Video et Taceo: I see but do not speak. Bacon is bailed out the following day by Anthony.

On October 14<sup>th</sup>, Francis is returned to Parliament sitting for Ipswich. He instigates and pushes bills returning pastureland to farming, as well as a plan for staying the decline of the population. Naturally, Coke frames objections, but Francis carries the day.

When talking about his relationship with his mother Francis liked to say "I am a hooded hawk that cannot fly being tied to the Queen's fist." Like his younger brother, Francis was chomping at the bit. In 1598 Love's Labour Lost is published with a name attached: William Shaksper. It is now publicly stated that William Shaksper is, also, the author of the poems Venus & Adonis, Lucrece as well as ten anonymous plays including Richard II.

In June a major fight erupts, in front of the courtiers, between Elizabeth and Essex over the rebellion in Ireland. The Queen boxes his ears. Essex places his hands on his sword and swears, "I would not take such an insult from your father." She slaps him again. He says, "Your mind is a crooked as your body." "Go and be hanged," Elizabeth replies.

Lord Burleigh dies that year and his son Robert becomes Secretary of State. Elizabeth brings Essex back to Court in November. She tells him he must subdue Ireland. He leaves for Ireland in March of 1599. By August he has made no progress. There is talk that he is soft on the Irish. The word gets back to England. His enemies plot against him. Without the Queen's command he returns to London in October and is promptly placed under house arrest at York House. He is planning an attack upon the throne, but once again he falls ill. While her Star Chamber investigates Essex, she sends him broth and visits him in private but she finds him recalcitrant. At the beginning of the New Year Essex's strength is returned, but not his reason. He plans a coup d'etat.

Francis visits, and Essex says, "You could have prevailed". Francis replies, "You know her. How was such a replacement without injuring Her Sacred Majesty?" Essex says, "You do not have the courage for it." Francis replies, "I have the knowledge that prevents such an act. I have created an alternative." Essex replies, "So you are not with me?" Francis says, "Would I be with you if you had time." On February 8<sup>th</sup>, Robert Devereaux, the Earl of Essex, attempts to take the Castle. He and his men are defeated. On the 19<sup>th</sup> of February he is arraigned for High Treason. By order of the Queen Francis sits in on the prosecution and watches as his brother is torn apart by Coke. Essex is quickly sentenced to death. No one in London thought she would carry out the order, no one that is except Cecil, Coke, Raleigh and Cobham. Sick and surrounded by her youngest son's enemies she still would have pardoned him if he had shown a sign of contrition, which he did. From the Tower he sent her His ring, but Cecil detained it and hurried Essex to the block where he was beheaded on February 25<sup>th</sup> in a private ceremony. On hearing the news Elizabeth, already bent in body and mind, began wailing and didn't cease until she died. While she was still alive, Francis writes in his sonnet-diary: my love is as a fever, longing still for that which longer nurseth disease, feeding on that which doth preserve the ill, the uncertain sickly appetite to please. My reason the physician to my love, angry that his prescriptions are not kept, hath left me, and I desperate now approve desire is death, which physic did except, past

cure I am, now reason is past cure, and frantic—mad with evermore unrest. My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are/at random from the truth vainly expressed:/For I have sworn thee faire, and thought thee bright,/who art as black as hell, as dark as night./

In the last two years of her reign she is a useless wreck, watching as her old friend Lady Anne Bacon loses her mind; watching as the battle between Coke and Bacon heats up Parliament; Coke calling Francis a bastard. Watching but never naming a successor. Francis watches too, as he loses his step-brother, Anthony, his foster-mother, Anne, and his mother, as James Stuart ascends to the Throne of England. He writes to Robert Cecil: "My ambition will now rest only with my pen," and to Sir John Davies, confidant of the new King, "Be kind to concealed poets." Along with 300 others he is knighted at King James' coronation.

The hood is off the hawk. In the last lines of Richard II, Bullingbrook says, "Lords, I protest my soul is full of woe that blood should sprinkle me to make me grow." Essex had loved those lines, but it is Sir Francis Bacon who is the recipient of the sentiment.

The plays he publishes in the early-1600's are full of men who are forced to act in public affairs, in matters of life and death, but are "singularly disqualified for playing the part conducive to a man-of-action"<sup>4</sup>. Sir Francis is appointed King's Counsel and is returned to Parliament in February of 1604. He is nominated for Speaker, but

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<sup>4</sup> Professor Dowden

refuses to stand. He pushes for reform in the laws, advocates for the union of England and Scotland. He denounces the feudal privileges of the Crown and serves on twenty-eight committees. Meanwhile, the sturdy pens are transcribing. Hamlet is published (a new version) in 1604; The Advancement of Learning in 1605 under his own name. He sees this as a time to integrate himself with King James, who is inept in most matters of State. He writes another letter to Cecil in which he says, "I shall content myself to awaken Better Spirits like a Bell-Ringer, which is first up to call others to Church." The Church is the New Brotherhood, developing in the Masonic Lodges of the Rosie Crosse which are reigniting across Europe: Magic is science. Philosophy is logic applied to the real world of economies, efficiencies and justice. Comedy and Tragedy are vessels. On November 5<sup>th</sup> of 1605 Guy Fawkes tries to blow up Parliament. Many in London cheer his attempt.

England is no longer the humming buzzing Springtime world of Bacon's childhood. It is a country bursting with new ideas about equality and Francis, at the Globe, in Parliament, and at Twickenham Park is attempting to steer his nation, to change its course. In 1606, he marries a young lady of fourteen, Alice Barnham, and receives a substantial estate from her father. At the wedding all his friends from the aristocracy, legal profession, the theatre and the House of Commons are in attendance. Sir Francis is clothed in Royal Purple.



In this year James I and Cecil decide Sir Francis should be promoted to Solicitor-General. Sir Francis appeals and notes he will accept the position if Coke is removed as Attorney General and placed on the bench. Sir Francis writes to Coke: "Mr. Attorney, I thought it best once for all to let you know in all plainness what I think of you. You take yourself a liberty to disgrace and disable my Law, my Experience, my Discretion. Surely I may not endure in public places to be wronged without repelling the same. I cannot expect that you and I shall ever serve as Attorney and Solicitor together; but either to serve with another upon your remove." Coke, a commoner, ten years Bacon's senior, is violently jealous of Sir Francis. This envy of the superior man had erupted in Parliament in 1601. Coke went so far as to brand Bacon with the ignominious phrase, *Capias Ultagatum*, in effect, calling him an outlaw bastard.

In 1607 Coke is made Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and Bacon takes up his post as Solicitor General. He is a deeper, darker man, more effective in the political realm. In his plays he has begun to reveal the cruel depths of his sorrow. Cecil and James I both rely on him in matters of law as well as custom. King Lear is performed at St. Stephen's Christmas Day in 1606; registered with the Stationer on November 26, 1607 and published in 1608.

King Lear is a lecture aimed at King James I. The lecture has to do with vanity, pride and profligacy. James, beware of these traits in

yourself. Beware the division of your kingdom, the dissolution of maturity into unnatural-madness and the plague of pain which ensues. "The art of our necessities is strange/that can make vile things precious."<sup>5</sup> The constant wailing accompanied by the beating drums of woe makes King Lear the first Soap Opera.

James knows Bacon's genius is a great advantage to the Throne. He is now the chief advisor to James and a consultant to Secretary of State Cecil in matters of law. He continues his advocacy of Union with Scotland and appeasement in Ireland. He presses for the founding of the colonies in the Virginias and the Carolinas. The first English Colony is Newfoundland which Bacon champions.

In 1609 the Shakes-peare Sonnets are registered with the Stationer, but not published. However, Wisdom of the Ancients is published. Poor insane Lady Anne Bacon dies and Sir Francis inherits York House and Gorhambury. In this same year, 1610, Bacon writes the terms of the Great Contract, wherein Parliament will buy out the feudal rights of the King. James refuses to sign and Parliament is, again, dissolved. Dr. Andrews, an intimate of Bacon's translates the Christian Bible. Bacon and his pens edit and so create the final version of The King James Bible published in 1611. In May of 1612 Robert Cecil dies. In June of 1613 The Globe burns down. Some say by accident others by design. In late-October Bacon is made Attorney-General and suggests to

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<sup>5</sup> King Lear

the King that Coke be bumped up further from his sight. Make him Chief Justice of the King's Bench, which means another loss of income and is a kind of discipline to him for opposing the King's causes. Coke seeks Bacon out and says, "This is all your doing; it is you that have made this great stir!" To which Bacon replies, "Ah, my Lord, your Lordship has all this time grown in breadth; you must needs now grow in height, else you will become a monster."<sup>6</sup>

The King's favourite, his Page in Scotland, comes to the King in 1604. James lavishes him with titles, gifts and most impertinently makes him the Gate Keeper to the Throne. In 1611 he has been made Viscount Rochester and is the first Scottish peer to sit in the House of Lords. His name is Robert Carr. Now he is to marry Lady Frances Howard. James makes him the Earl of Somerset and commands Bacon to write a masque to celebrate the marriage. After the party Bacon presses James to call a new Parliament and to give Ireland a Parliament of her own. In 1614 a new Parliament for England is called. Sir Francis is elected by three constituencies: St. Albans, Ipswich and Cambridge, but an Officer of the Crown is not allowed to sit in the Commons. Nevertheless, the members of the House pass a resolution permitting the precedent. He is honoured by both sides of the Realm. Still, he cannot save the Kingdom. The Irish Parliament fares much better. In fact,

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<sup>6</sup> Dodd, Alfred. The Martyrdom of Francis Bacon

beginning in August of 1614, the Irish Parliament meets in Dublin and secures an Irish peace which lasts for thirty years.

The English Parliament dissolves after two months. The King beheads four members and calls the rest the addled Parliament. Not one bill is passed due primarily to King James' refusal to alter the feudal concepts of taxation, privilege, and monopoly. Francis is writing *Novum Organum*, sonnets and essays, but no new plays are released during this period (1612-1620). Bacon is busy trying to restore his Kingdom. Once again he underestimates the cupidious cunning of his enemies—some well known like Coke, others barely visible. One such was George Villiers. He is without doubt the most venal of all the characters surrounding the debased King of England except for James himself. Spotted by James in 1613; by 1614 he is installed in the Palace for the pleasure of the King. Extraordinary in looks and ambition, he will play a vital role in bankrupting the Crown and in bringing Bacon down.

In 1615 the war between Coke and Bacon heats up resulting in reversals of Coke's opinions. Doubts are expressed by the King regarding Coke's competency.

After a five year absence from London, Will Shakesper dies in Stratford in April of 1616. In this year Bacon and Coke clash again during the Overbury murder case. At Francis's request the King orders all the documents in the case handed over to Bacon for elucidation. Coke is enraged. "On June 6, 1616, the King summons the Judges and

In July of 1617 the humiliated Coke plots with Villiers's mother. His goal is to recover his reputation, to be delivered back into the good graces of the King. To accomplish this he offers his daughter, a wealthy heiress, to another of her sons, John, a penniless and deeply disturbed young man. In return she will convince Buckingham to pardon Coke's offences and restore him to favour. Coke notifies his wife and his daughter of the arrangement. Both mother and daughter are flabbergasted. They hide at a cousin's house. Coke appeals to the Lord Keeper, Francis Bacon, for a warrant of arrest to retrieve his daughter. Bacon refuses. Three days later, with another of his sons, Clem, Sir Edward Coke invades the home where his daughter hides and carries her away. Coke's wife, Lady Hatton, complains about her husband's outrage to the Privy Council. They dispatch an officer of the court to retrieve the captured girl, and lodge her in London to await the King's decision. The Privy Counsel drags Coke in front of them, and reprimands him. Coke pretends to reconcile with his wife, Lady Hatton. Bacon, who has written twice to the King and Buckingham in July, receives an angry reply from his Majesty instructing Bacon to mind his own business in this affair. Buckingham demands an apology and Francis Bacon has to kiss Buckingham's ass. Lord Bacon said, It made him sick to his stomach.

He is now called Lord Chancellor and on July 12, 1618 created Baron Verulam and a Peer. He feels he has no choice. The work (The Great Instauration) is not nearly complete. In the evening at York House

he works on Novum Organum. Today, as yesterday, it sounds like a cry in the wilderness, a cry of hope, a belief in a science which has now, at least, been realized; its foundation firmly in place.

In 1618, along with Archbishop Abbott, Bacon condemns Sir Walter Raleigh to death. The King and Buckingham order it. Raleigh, the last of the Elizabethan Poet Explorers, is 66. "The great Elizabethan Admiral, white-haired now, but still unbent, made his last apology to his country-men in whom, during his changing life, he had inspired the extremes of hatred and admiration. As he lay down at the block, someone asked whether he would not face the East. 'What matter which way the head lie,' he replied, 'so the heart be right?'"<sup>9</sup> The Spanish had wanted Raleigh's head. King James, Buckingham and Philip IV were planning to marry young Prince Charles to the 8 year old Infanta of the Spanish Kingdom.

It was another sad day for the people of London. Philip IV of Spain, however, signified his contentment. Bacon prepared to write a vindication of James's policy for publication at home. The King seized Raleigh's large manuscript (The History of the World), his sea-charts, his globes and mathematical instruments and gave it all to George Villiers, the new Lord High Admiral of England."<sup>10</sup>

In 1620 Francis completes Novum Organum and publishes it in both Latin and English. He dedicates it to the King who looks at it and

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<sup>9</sup> Williamson, Hugh Ross. George Villiers

<sup>10</sup> Williamson, Hugh Ross. George Villiers

pronounces, "It is like the peace of God: It passeth all understanding."

Lord Bacon urges the King to call for a new Parliament. Reform is in the air. The monopolies must be abolished. The Puritans are clamouring for change; the people hate James and Buckingham. Finally, the King calls for a new Parliament.

An embittered clerk, John Churchill, whom Lord Bacon fired for corruption, goes to Coke with a list of people who have given gifts to the Lord Chancellor. This is ammunition Coke will use. On June 21, 1621 Francis celebrates his 60<sup>th</sup> birthday with a glorious feast at York House. All who love and work with him are in attendance.

The new Parliament meets on the 30<sup>th</sup> of January. Coke sits in the House of Commons for the first time in twenty-eight years. Bacon is the furthest from the Puritan wave which is now powerful in Parliament. With his experience, Coke takes advantage of this mob, intent on reform, and becomes their leader. In a furious three months, forming seventy or more committees, Coke manipulates the Parliament's anger away from Buckingham and the King to the other Patent Holders (Buckingham's brother Edward among them). Then, he points to Lord Bacon. The King is worried. He asks Buckingham, "If they go after him, am I next?" Buckingham reassures the King that they will be satisfied with Bacon. So, the noblest mind in English history, the man who made England great, the champion of Law Reform, the Spear-Shaker of Pallas Athena, is condemned for bribery and corruption. He prepares his defense, but

the King will not have it. You'll cause a storm, you are my servant. Plead guilty. I promise you, the fine will be rescinded. After a while or so, I'll pardon you. You will stay away from London. Plead guilty. Do it for me.

James is fond and grateful to this shadow King. All his life Bacon has been a peace-maker, a watch candle. Men as different as Richelieu and John Donne admire him. Like Galileo before him and many after, Bacon claims discretion to be the better part of valour. In his own words he says, "For quarrels they are with care and discretion to be avoided," and "better to bow than break. Of sufferance cometh ease."

He tires of the power struggles of political life. Part of the price of his retirement is to give York House to Buckingham. He has four years to complete his work, The Great Instauration. At Gorhambury, Ben Jonson, Chapman, Fletcher, Dekker, Marsden, Heywood, and Hobbes work with Francis on creating new plays and putting finishing touches on others. Henry VIII is published in 1622 followed by The Tempest in 1623. In 1623 The Great Shakespeare Folio, consisting of 36 plays, edited by Ben Jonson, is published. He writes Des Argumentis, The Holy War, Historia Vitae and Mortis, Sylva Sylarum, The New Atlantis, and completes the form of the sonnet-diary.

Crippled by arthritis and dying King James I is cared for by a secret Catholic, The Old Crow, Buckingham's mother. James dies in



1625. Lord Francis Bacon, the true King of England, dies on Easter morning 1626. His final sonnet reads:

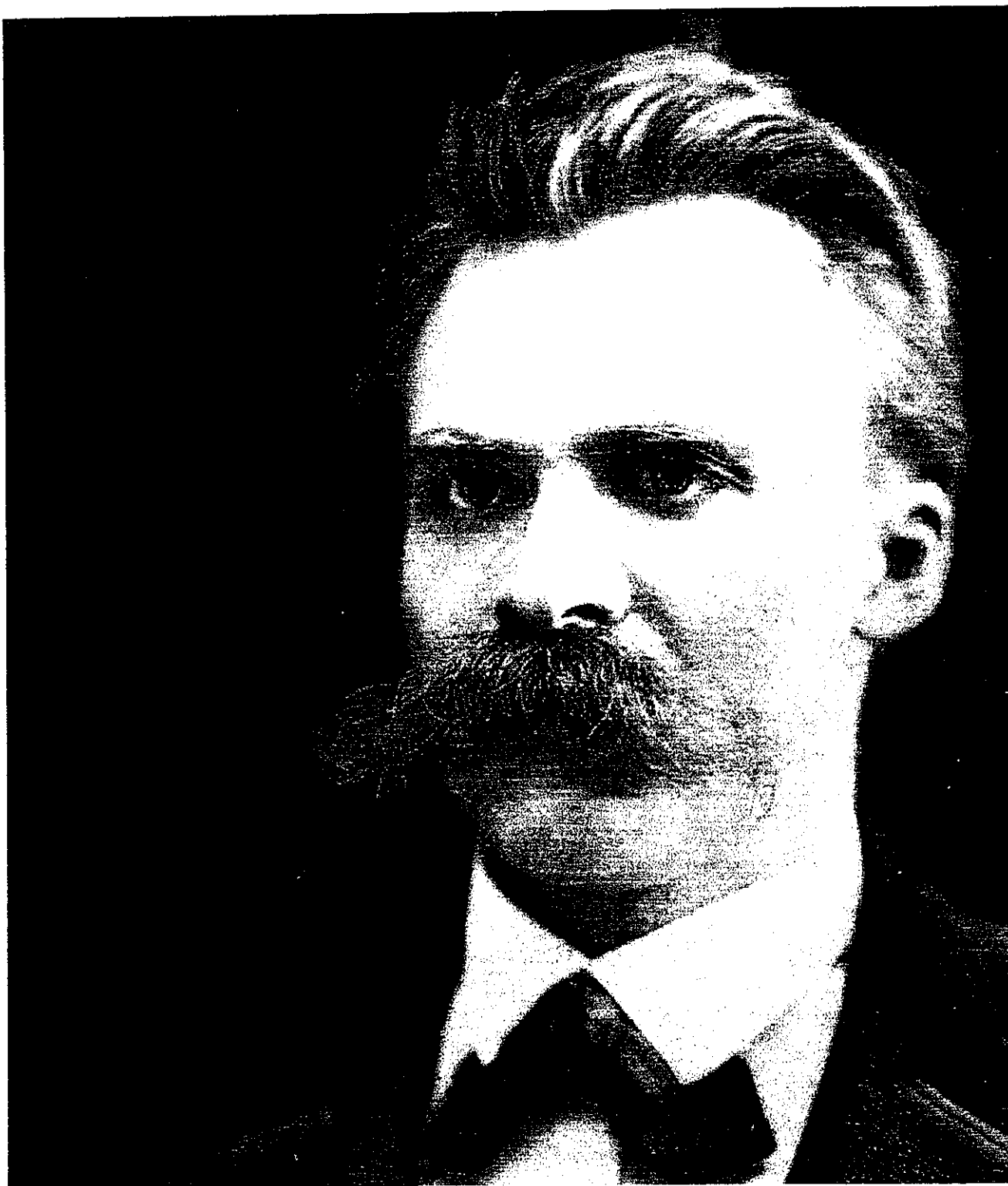
“This time of the year thou mayest in me behold/When yellow leaves or none, or few do hang/Upon these boughs which shake against the cold/Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang/. In me thou see’st the twilight of day/As after sunset fadeth in the West/Which by and by the Black Night doth take away/Death’s second-self that seals up all the rest./In me thou see’st the glowing of such Fire/That on the ashes of his youth doth lie/As the death-bed, where upon it must expire,/Consumed with that which it was nourished by./”

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# The Nietzsche Play



### Cast of Characters

Young Nietzsche

Old Nietzsche

Lou Salome

Elizabeth

Mother

2 cops

2 Plants in the audience

Cabman

### Notes

Old Nietzsche wears expensive shades.

The Stage is a womb – a shifting landscape of varied shades of lighting.

UPSTAGE LEFT is a bed and table with chair, behind that a baby grand piano. On the table are various drugs: opium, chloride, and Nietzsche's books. In the middle of the upper stage is a carnival apparatus and a white circular gong. At stage right is a projection slide of the Alps, another table and two chairs. Above the stage hang large pictures of Sigmund Freud, Wilhelm Reich and Carl Jung. Downstage is a cardboard cartoon picture of a military man, a famous picture of Nietzsche in military uniform wherein he resembles Bismarck. On the floor of the stage are two masks: Richard Wagner and Nietzsche's old professor from Basel. A podium is downstage left.

AS THE CURTAIN RISES, the stage is dark. The gong sounds and the light rises. Nietzsche is sitting.

### NIETZSCHE

It seems I've taken on the airs of a religious relic. But, what is it that I signify? Pagan revulsion. Not him again. Oh, oh sublime poet, first psychologist of mankind, prophet greater than Nostradamus or that other charlatan of my own creation, Zarathustra. If nothing else, I have given room for other minds to lose themselves.

#### *Nietzsche stands*

With me, it was always ecstasy. A little ecstasy, I thought, in every day. Admittedly, I went overboard. (*Tape of sirens and flashing.*) See what I mean? We'll get to that later....

As a child, my sister, Elizabeth, would steal my writings and hide them in her drawers. During my childhood, revolutionaries rode through town waving their flags. And the emperor wore their colors. As a child, I held fire in my hands and made my classmates nervous. My father died when he was thirty-six. One-fourth of his brain softened. Throughout my life I searched for the cause of this disease. My mother was the most beautiful woman in the world, and that's no exaggeration. My father played an exquisite piano.

I have one regret. I would have started out mad, but I didn't have the choice. Perhaps justice, beauty, fairness, love, did or could rule the world. I just missed it. That's okay. I didn't have any hope of trying to change it. So I went mad knowing only madmen try to change the world. You see, I would like to have let them cure me. Then I would have become a proper professor. Another thing I should have emphasized in my life: it's good and proper to be a part of all that's innocent. The best part, the herd. Good! (*pointing to a bearded man in the audience:*) You think I'm not Nietzsche? He thinks I'm Dostoevski. Another like me, tied to the chains of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century – choking on the songs of worms.

But this world is glorious. What I and all others like me blaspheme against is man's created relationship toward the world. So? That is like loving the root and not the flower.... It's a sad mind that inhabits this brain – that can't deal with these contradictions.

*Three female faces, Sister Elizabeth, Lou Salome, and his mother, have appeared in separate places at the corners of the stage.*

## NIETZSCHE

God, I criticized everything. A strange organism turning off the good to get to the enormous amount of evil. But I was right – it was all there. It all happened. All of the horrors of the two wars and worse. But I shouldn't have bothered with it. I destroyed myself for nothing.

*Nietzsche looks around toward the women.*

Men have hitherto treated women like birds who have strayed down to them from the heights... as something more delicate, more fragile, more savage, stranger, sweeter, soulful ... as something which has to be caged so that it will not fly away. What a contradiction! What do women believe? God, Freud, I know nothing about women. Was Asia taking from the Greeks in saying woman is a possession, a property, predestined for service? Oh, it sounds so wrong, the Oriental way. And yet – what, really, are our ways? In the streets, in parlors, sweating, walking, sitting, eating, enjoying art, women are always approachable, always needy of a good man's attentions... and I, like so many brothers, I pass them... regret, weakness, and yet time beyond us controls most of these things.

When I met, under the guiding hands, the godlike auspices of time, Lou Salome, Bible Goddess of Art, I had the right words. I was in tune with the greatest beauty of Europe, and yet she wouldn't love me. We were Victorian intellectuals together. Sometimes I think our lives were not fulfilled because she and I did not marry. It could be maybe nice, maybe good, wanting to make love to her... what a bonehead I was! Excuse me, this is in no way a comment on you or anything I have said – it is borne of necessity.

*Nietzsche farts. He goes to stand behind the cardboard man in the uniform.*

How old does he look? He's 24. A Bismarck... an abysmal wealth of unconsciousness. He was happy in the Army, a fine horseman, the best in his class. A good boy. What posture! But he can't see. He's myopic. Or can you tell? Coming along so nicely, embracing the local canons with more fury than tenderness. He learned a lot about artillery, stable cleaning and caring for his horse. Jumping into his saddle he rammed his chest against the pommel. I still don't know how we did it. Contusion – infection. (*Holds his chest.*) But he told no one, and rode on. I'm never the same after these experiences.

*Nietzsche takes the military Nietzsche into his arms.*

Pus draining for weeks. They made me a Lance Corporal. Upon threat of an operation, I went to the baths and cured myself. I can't tell you how relieved I was to get out of the Army.

*Nietzsche shakes his head and drops the cartoon. He picks up his old professor's mask and holds it at arm's length.*

Here is what my professor said about me when I was in my 20s. He recommended me for a doctorate and a teaching post.

*Nietzsche places the mask on his face.*

“His special interest is in Greek philosophy. He is strong, vigorous and moral, and I think, the greatest young mind in Germany. He will simply be able to do anything he wants.”

*He removes the mask and stares at the audience, looks back to the mask and throws it upstage next to the bed or onto the bed. He picks up Wagner's mask and places it on his face, then loudly:*

Only the great man can throw away the positive. The great man must be completely negative. How else can one give birth to a new form? (*Placing mask back on floor*).

Wagner did hypnotize me with his precepts for greatness, but what I became was solely my creation. I became what the 20<sup>th</sup> century is: surrealistic, a mockery, threatening, on the verge of violence, unpredictable, stunted and yet extravagant.

One of the names of this play – WAR. On the sidelines, hypocrisy fucks chaos.

I see it all: the armies of sterling mediocrities, with their absurd mythologies, the relics, the icons of the godless chasing after the secret power. Play, maestro, enthrall us once again.

*Bends to pick up Wagner's mask, placing it on his face. We hear the music from Tristan and Isolde. Nietzsche listens, spreads his arms, tilts toy like and pantomimes the movements of a bird as the music plays.*

*Nietzsche cries out.*

In cruelty there is so much of the festive!

*He exits stage right. The music slows. Lou Salome and Elizabeth enter.*

LOU SALOME

Who is Nietzsche?

ELIZABETH

He's a big boy. He's a great mind. He sees things differently. I can make money from him.



LOU SALOME

I can analyze his brain. I can make him sweat, become delirious, and deny him what he wants most of all.

ELIZABETH

You're a witch. You don't realize his importance. You make fun of him. You'll kill him. Oh, I hate you!

LOU SALOME

Elizabeth....

*Elizabeth leaves the stage.*

*Lou stands, alone, twenty-one, pert, alert, aggressive, modern and independent.*

That woman was one of the first Nazis. Her husband was even more to the type.

Nietzsche was so beautiful... like a wounded lion. I let him kiss me on the Sacred Mountain. He took my breath away. He had a wistful gait and shoulders slightly rounded. His hands were incomparable, exquisite; his ears small and delicate. His failing eyesight gave his face a magic. His eyes reflected not outward impressions but only what was going on inside. They looked inward, across an incomprehensible distance. He was too far away from me... though I couldn't have resisted him if he had really wanted me. He was too polite, too much in his head. In those days, men were so proper. Where were their cocks? *(She flings her arms out and walks around the stage.)*

Try me. Doesn't anyone know how to live? Aren't you curious about all this, really? I was happy in happiness. That's the first step. The second is to detect the trial, track it to its lair, to the inmost force that binds the world and guides its course.

I walk through life, my head slightly bent as if listening, listening to all things that throw a bright splendor on my face which my eyes reflect like two promising stars of happiness.

But in my memory, we were disturbed. We stared at each other. It was hardly possible. Life will treat you. Have you ever seen others regard it? In our home, oh, yes, there was solitude. A living being slightly ill-humored. I am surprised to do anything wrong. My persistent childlikeness as we sit together. What did he matter? A voluptuous sado-masochist, I his follower, he all within himself. Imagine my pain, my small nobody. Oh, the devil with those stars fallen from their circuits.

It seems I offended. Whether I kissed Nietzsche... I loved Nietzsche... I suffered with him. I was too excited by him. He was such a strange... genuinely happy, as firmly as

anything. You cannot possibly, my dear, my dear friend... that poem, and indeed Nietzsche on the whole.... The basically religious have no road. They wander.... To them, all love is tragic....

I felt like a gigantic force. Unfortunately, I have, perhaps, visions, in tone, of the waxen god. I have lived then. It is so hard to be a woman in love. The sexual flourish. No, no, Freud said. I felt from the beginning. Only it is a woman in love. I can scarcely express it.

*Lou goes to the table under the Des Alpes slide. The stage darkens. Nietzsche comes out, holding a lit candle, walking to center stage.*

### NIETZSCHE

She passed me up for the most magical and tender poet, Rilke, because unflinchingly he chased her and she loved him because she could mold him as I, however briefly, molded her. She became an intimate of Freud. She lived to a ripe old age. She had no fear. She felt she had emerged from the darkness and was grateful for the Eyes. Freud called her the world's optimist. I knew her as fire, as understanding.

*He turns to her and walks with the candle outstretched to the table. He holds it high above his head and says to her:*

Do you know if Wagner had not been the great anti-Semite he was, Hitler may not have existed, or if you had married me or even if you had become my pupil, my heir, you might have stopped him. You and I might have stopped him. I might not have gone insane.

### LOU SALOME

I couldn't have; I would have lost my independence, my existence.

### NIETZSCHE

Even if it would have meant the saving of all those great fields?

### LOU SALOME

Yes, even if it would have prevented World War II, my life is more important to me than yours or theirs.

*Nietzsche turns from her and, shaking his head, walks to center stage.*

### NIETZSCHE

After her, I found life almost unendurable.

My brain is a computer. When I close my eyes, I see a profusion of fantastic flowers, twining around each other and constantly growing, changing in shape and color, with exotic opulence, one sprouting wildly out of another. They never give me any peace!

*With dark, great eyes and a disturbing urgency in his soft voice:*

Don't you believe this condition is a symptom of incipient madness? ... My father died of a brain disease.

*Lou stands and tenderly says:*

LOU SALOME

Come, let us dance....

*A strong, loving dance guided by her, with music by Peter Gast, friend and publisher of Nietzsche, as he grows stronger with each move of her body until he is powerful, kind, vibrant and wise. As he is dancing, he says:*

NIETZSCHE

As you can see, I wasn't always trembling and collapsing with the knowledge of impending ruin.

*They continue to dance. Then Lou turns from his arms and exits.*

I was hoping you would stay longer.

*He stares, wistful and anguished, at the audience. Carnival apparatus turns on.*

All my friends left me, or died prematurely. My work was ignored, as all work that reveals the sickness and then the cure, the ready health in man is shunted, isolated, then watered down, taking the dangerous spark out of it. Then, and only then, can it be brought out to you: the public.

*He continues, feeling watched:*

We, I mean all of us German types who love wisdom, keep asking, why is this so? Why doesn't humanity wish to love its children, to encourage clean, healthy sex? There was no such thing as AIDS or syphilis in the ancient pagan world. And they were more promiscuous than you! I knew the Germans were going to cause pain and misery. Great cataclysms into the next century as early as 1878. Their victory over Napoleon freed their blood lust. Ah, it was a necessary stage of growth. The wars are growing pains.

We psychologists know and now think one hundred years later that knowing doesn't mean altering. The human psyche has its own route to take.

Sometimes I think the life I am living is really dangerous because I am one of those machines that could explode. I keep walking... I weep uncontrollably. I sing and talk nonsense. I seem to be possessed by a new attitude. I think I may be the first man to arrive at it. You know, I absorb electricity from each cloud. The charge reduces me to utter misery. Perhaps I should be on exhibit at the Paris Electricity Exhibition. I am more receptive now than any man on earth. I feel like a zigzag doodle drawn on paper by "the superior power."

Never have I found a woman from whom I wanted children unless it be (*turning to Lou*) this woman whom I loved. If I had gotten over my resistance, imagine what I could have written about children.

You don't believe me, Lou, a magnetic force of healing, a cohesive physical presence. You think I may be the only person here who believes that love is real, that is the answer to conflict. I hear someone saying, "He's a creep who hasn't crawled out of the romantic past."

*Nietzsche puts the candle down and picks up Wagner's mask, holding it out. In anguish, he cries:*

Why did you have to be so bad? You could have guided the people and turned the tide.

*He drops the mask, placing his hands over his head. Then, straightening up, clearing his eyes, he says:*

### NIETZSCHE

The worms like me, Lou Salome, Freud, Wilhelm Reich, who loved wisdom and therefore the Jewish culture, and the ones like Elizabeth, my sister, her husband Forster, Wagner, and finally Hitler who loved power and hated the Jewish culture. What a war. Jews and Germans – fags and businessmen – jocks and pop tops. All programmed and governed by an imposed history.

Into a box we hop – we robots of history.

*Nietzsche blows out the candle and walks to the table where Lou sits.*

Here, without a stove, frozen through, with blue hands – I can hardly hold out for long... I would have to buy a stove... my health is unsteady... one good day in every ten. Those are my statistics. The devil take them! No one to read to me! Every evening, depressed in the low-ceilinged room, teeth chattering, waiting for three or four hours for permission to go to bed.

*He leans wearily toward Lou, his face stricken.*

My three top students discovered all this. Freud, Jung and Reich. They heard my call to unravel the mysteries of the organism. They dove into it and came up with insights. Never mind their insane bickering and backbiting. That's par for every movement. But Freud with his awareness of the cultural repression of the sexual psyche, and Jung's awareness of our common unconsciousness, with his emphasis on the mysteries of synchronicity and coincidence, opened our eyes to the psychic power that will someday legitimize mankind. And Reich – what a man! He knew the adult's need to continue to twist the infant to justify its own gods.

Each of them suffered in the midst of a total state of individual oppression, a perpetual mobile of prosecution. Though Reich, with his insistence that we were destroying the innocent by circumcision, by damming up their mental libidos, was the one who was persecuted the most. Do you know that Freud was eighty-three when he died in September of 1939? That means that when I died in 1900 (I was fifty-six), he was forty-four. He was afraid to read me until he was well into his sixties and I was twenty years dead.... He said he wanted to keep an open mind.

In all this talk, now of demythologizing Freud, it is important to remember that his dispassionate and courageous scientific spirit was the magnet that drew the others.

In the end, all these theories, these stimulations, these schools become millstones around the necks of the participants, and then monoliths that drag whole cultures down. I suppose you are all quite familiar with my views on Christianity. I'm tired of hearing them myself. But I must say, the Christian and the anarchist are both decadent, incapable of having any effect other than disintegrating, withering, and bloodsucking the instinct. They stand, a hatred against everything that glows in greatness, that has duration, that promises life a future. Christianity was the vampire of Imperial Rome. Overnight it undid the tremendous deed of the Romans who had won ground for the culture that would have time.

*Nietzsche exits. We hear him coughing, retching.*

*He re-enters.*

Pardon me, the pain I feel is beyond belief. Sometimes I throw up for ten straight days, have endless migraines. The doctors can find nothing physically wrong with me. I am suffering humanity. In the midst of all this, sometimes I will reach such heights of clarity in the midst of it (*gesturing strength*), that is what it means to be alive, building for eternity.

The Greek civilization collapsed under the onslaught of the same religion that later called itself Christian, a religion like all of man's actions, that keeps recurring, turning... a religion whose concepts of guilt, punishment and immortality corrupt the soul of man by turning him away from the finite, powerful world of atomic realities. The whole labor of the ancient world in vain. I have no words to express my feelings about something so tremendous. Do you realize what the ancient world understood? The free eye before reality, the cautious hand, the control of the spark, patience and seriousness in the smallest matters.

The whole integrity of knowledge lost to everything miserable that suffers from itself, that is afflicted with bad feelings, the whole ghetto world of the soul on top all at once.

Now, here, with America leading the way, we have another chance to create a noble woman, a noble race. The social engineering bit, genetics, Huxley's Brave New World, the caring for infants, can never be assured since we know that the State cannot be an arbiter of morals. The State, like all abstract systems, loses touch with the personal, the home of the divine. But each of us, whether we have been crushed or not, must be given a chance, the time to realize that we can and need to create ourselves, to be placed in harmony with our loved ones and need to accept, to embrace, to not rail against which was my largest mistake. I now say give up resistance, give into revelation. Do you know why it is so difficult? It is scary. Imagine knowing that the infection in your ear, or the inflammation in your groin, or the pain in your neck, can be cured by your own thoughts, as your heart rate can be adjusted, and so on. Nine-tenths of all maladies, nine-tenths of all good, even great human feelings, we construct from the material we have been given. The operative word here is "construct." There is something in us (*slowing his speech*) that creates nature and goes beyond nature. A pearl, an engine, a helmsman, a conscience, a god... beyond us.... Looking around for what? A vehicle to express itself, a home?

I feel it as good. It compels me toward goodness – away from violence, envy and jealousy, away from the war-like apparati, away from death. Goethe felt it. Do only poets feel it? Anew... It's a question of value. When you look at the church, you value its architecture... the way it fits in or doesn't. The beauty of its history, or the horror of it, you revere. You may feel God lives there, but He doesn't. God (*pointing to his temple*) lives here. Love here (*tapping his head*). This is the real temple. The most complex organism on the planet. (*Despairing, sarcastic.*) We are all in our own way trying to make the human race a better place to inhabit.

*Nietzsche stands forlorn. The carnival contraption stops, gradual darkness envelops the stage. In the darkness we hear the breathing of animals, the sounds of night: birds, crickets, water, garbage trucks, and of human lovemaking. He begins caterwauling, making gurgling sounds. Two military types enter from both sides of the stage.*

The terror the organism feels at being chased by the thought police, the modju as Reich named them, deriving the word by combining the first letter of the name of the man who helped the Papacy devour the Renaissance scientist, Giordano Bruno, and the first letters of Stalin's actual name, are the small (*pointing to the two military types*), the smartly fearful ones who control the world through the terror of physical force. They have no beliefs, no morals, to stop them. They cause poetic genius to retreat. Sooner or later the poetic genius must do battle with the modju to change the human condition. Now, they say, the fire is not worth the candle. "I would never have done it," Reich howls toward the end of his life, "if I would have known the terror they can unleash. Oh, the trouble I've seen."

*The military types stand at either side of Nietzsche, Closer.*

Why must I always sacrifice everything I love? The games release me either through humiliation or love, and either way embrace me, take me. The killer is in me and scares the hell out of me. The modju is in me. I heard the twitching of impending paralysis on my right side. It was evil itself, sex damned, my hatred. My lover hated me for I was imprisoned by a false morality.

*Police turn away from the audience to stand at either side of stage. Nietzsche is quiet for a moment.*

A man named Georg Brandes began lecturing about me in Copenhagen. I became incredibly happy. My health improved. People wrote to me, or... at least one did, one Carl Von Gersdorff: "You are living in a beautiful, free world," he said, "and I bless you for being able to live as a philosopher." ...But it wasn't enough. Praise and recognition are substitutes for love.

The sound of the world being led by the conquering Germans, turning their knives and forks, became unbearable without a love to hide me. With the Reich about to plunge its knife, to open and devour, to go deep into the world's greatest nightmare... the turning point was lost to mankind. I wrote unceasingly about it while in Germany; humanity's highest problems were annexed with undreamed-of loftiness. The German people turned a deaf ear. There was no hostility towards me, there was nothing. They had created a new Siberia for me.

*He begins to grimace, his face leaping, his mind doing emotional cartwheels: weeping, crying, ending in a delightful grin. He walks to the des Alpes table.*

Now, what is most remarkable is that here at this table I exercise a perfect fascination. Everybody glances at me as if I were a prince. Doors are held open for me, meals set out. Now everything comes easily to me, everything succeeds, although it is not likely that anyone has ever had such great things on his hands. I look ten years younger than I should. What is more, I am greatly changed.

*He makes more faces, grimaces including the one of tears.*

The most unheard-of tasks are as easy as a game. My health, like the weather, coming up daily, with boundless brilliance and assurance. The world will be inverted for the next few years; since the old god has abdicated, I shall be ruling the world. In two months I shall be the foremost name on earth. (*Whispering.*) Also, there are no coincidences anymore. What I think happens. I see myself working on a memorandum for the European courts, with a view to sew up the Reich in an iron shirt. My hands will not be free until the young Kaiser and all his attachments are in my power. I have ordered a convocation of princes in Rome. I want to have the young Kaiser shot.

*A paper horse and a cabman appear stage left, the cabman whipping the paper horse. Nietzsche watches, horrified. Finally, he breaks and throws his arms around the horse as both he and the horse collapse.*

## NIETZSCHE'S VOICE OVER

The world is transfigured for God is on earth. Do you not see how all the heavens are rejoicing? I have just seized my kingdom, am throwing the Pope into prison and having Wilhelm, Bismarck and Stocker, all the anti-Semites shot.

*There is a commotion. The two policemen enter center stage and the cabman looks on as Nietzsche picks himself up and goes to his bed. The policemen stand before his bed. Lights out.*

*There is a switch here where the young Nietzsche leaves the bed and the old Nietzsche gets into bed. Two separate characters: the older Nietzsche is the one pictured in Hans Olde's charcoal sketch. Note the posture of the hands and size of the mustache.*

*The original Nietzsche, young and vital, stands at the piano, then sits and begins to play rock and roll. He is visible, pointing to the old Nietzsche.*

*Lights up.*

## YOUNG NIETZSCHE

Actually, he would much rather have been a Basel professor than God, but he did not let his private egotism prevent him from creating the world. You see, one must make sacrifices however one may be living, and wherever. By creating the world, he was condemned to while away the next eternity with bad jokes; I had a writing business here, which really left nothing to desire... very pleasant and not at all exhausting. The most unpleasant thing which still offends my modesty is that fundamentally he was every name in history.

*Nietzsche's mother enters, come to the bed with a bowl of cherries and a pair of gloves. Old Nietzsche puts on the gloves and eats the cherries. The two military types come to center stage and say:*

## MILITARY TYPES

We are spirits of order. We are the spirits of love. You must repress yourselves. In the spirit of love, you must maintain yourselves, submerge the ego, and not become sexual monsters, creators of disorder: be nice, and have a nice day.

*They click their heels and resume their backstage positions. The stage is dark except for one spot on Old Nietzsche and his mother. Old Nietzsche takes off one of his gloves and throws it away; he begins gesticulating with one naked hand.*



OLD NIETZSCHE

I slap you across the face backward and forward.

*(Young Nietzsche plays Keith Jarrett-type piano.)*

Your head jerks back. I slap it to the side. Then speak calmly to you of the right to existence, of seriousness, of the monkey's grip.

MOTHER *(shaking her head)*

The wimp will always be with us.

OLD NIETZSCHE

We cannot pound him, pound him out of the ground?

MOTHER

No. Never. Now, please make a nice, serious professorial face.

*(Nietzsche does.)*

Good.

OLD NIETZSCHE

I am dead, because I am stupid. *He begins to gesticulate.*

MOTHER

Suppose I did that to you and made such queer movements with my hands. Would you understand me?

*Old Nietzsche laughs and barks. Mother stands and places her hand on his brow.*

OLD NIETZSCHE

You have a good hand, Mother. I have a fine feeling for things *(Silence)* I do not like heroes. May I speak for you, Mother?

Otherwise, he feels abandoned, but the love for me has also remained. Already he has become too accustomed to me again. It makes it so difficult to say goodbye. I am so good. Loyal. Loyal. Loyal. He *(pointing to himself:)* is very pleased to have visits. *(Pointing to himself:)* He is often lively. It varies. Today is a quiet day. *(Pointing to himself:)* He recognizes voices from old times. He has always been so noble.

*Elizabeth enters.*

ELIZABETH

I'll take over, Mother.

*Mother remains seated.*

Now!

*Mother exits. Elizabeth rummages through the books on Nietzsche's table:*

What shall I read? How about Zarathustra?

*Old Nietzsche nods his head up and down. Elizabeth sits and opens the book, begins reading.*

He who will one day teach men to fly will have moved all boundary stones; the boundary stones themselves will fly up into the air before him, and he will rebaptize the earth, "The Light One."

And verily this is no command for today and tomorrow to learn to love oneself. Rather, it is of all arts the subtlest, the most cunning, the ultimate, and the most patient. For whatever is his own is well concealed from the owner; and of all the treasures it is our own that we dig up last. Thus, the spirit of gravity orders it.

Only man is a grave burden to himself. That is because he carries on his shoulder too much that is alien to him. Like a camel, he kneels down and lets himself be well loaded. Especially the strong, reverent spirit would bear too much. He loads too many alien, grave words and values on himself, and then life becomes a desert to him. His self-destruction is his boredom.

OLD NIETZSCHE

Didn't I write good books, too?

*Elizabeth stands, hugs and kisses him.*

ELIZABETH

As mother of the colony, I still have so much to do for the colonists. And I am very glad to give.

*Old Nietzsche makes a face of horror. Young Nietzsche, the narrator, reappears center stage. Lights are dimmed on Elizabeth and Old Nietzsche.*

## YOUNG NIETZSCHE

Elizabeth's husband, who was one of the foremost Nazis, had killed himself. He had been caught embezzling funds from the Paraguayan colony of anti-Semites. Elizabeth had nowhere to go but to her brother. Certain phrases I keep repeating, like I am dead, because I am stupid; I meant I was saddened when I saw the future, and helpless to do anything about it. You see, I flew too far into the future (*smiling*) and dread overcame me. My brain was bathed in a liquid. It gave me infantile pleasure; pleasure beyond belief. Sometimes the humming, liquefying feeling would stop, and I felt dehydrated, and then the pain would start up. Gradually, there was less and less of the pain, and of me, until all that remained was the stupefying horror of my vegetable existence. And I felt it. People came in and out. Elizabeth sold me. I was an icon, and she became rich from my writing. She cut off my hair and placed it in a museum. She dressed me in a white pleated robe and I became the Brahmin of Europe, or as the great Rudolph Steiner, a frequent visitor, said, "The man who could not die, but that his eye would rest for all eternity upon mankind and the whole world of appearance."

What if I had no mother or sister or publisher or writings? Would that be reason enough to abandon me to Biswanger's laboratory, to throw me on the streets and kick me back into a corner? Is it a crime when all the love we've built during our life dies before us?

*Nietzsche goes to Elizabeth and Old Nietzsche:*

## NIETZSCHE

What strange attitudes we have about the old. We want to push them away. We are jealous of their achievements, fearful they won't allow us a chance to take over, to appreciate what we make on our own. Mixed in with our fear is our pity, our need to revere the successful ones. Our love keeps moving through the brain, taking on strange forms, containing moods and ideas we often will not recognize for hundreds of years.

*Nietzsche moving back to center stage:*

What had happened to me? Maybe it was the drugs.

*Old Nietzsche roars like a lion, begins moving away from his bed:*

No one really knows. Certainly it was a retreat. Maybe I had too many insights and just fried the antennae. I was the man who knew too much.

*Old Nietzsche makes peeping sounds; he crawls along the wall.*

## YOUNG NIETZSCHE

Of all the people who came to worship me, even as a vegetable is worshipped by rodents, Rudolph Steiner was the sanest. He, like me, was a telepath, an astral traveler, a

consciousness who embraced the stars. He believed that the human world, at least, was governed by the war between the forces of good and evil. Adolph Hitler, throughout the '20s and '30s, regarded Steiner as the only man who could possibly stop him. It is said they met on the astral plane. Steiner was enemy number one. Hitler tried to have him assassinated on numerous occasions, but Steiner's foreknowledge, advance knowledge, saved him. If only I could have developed my advance warning system, slowed down enough to speak, I might have been able to turn the tide. No, no. That was a wish and I see now how futile it was – a wish entrapped in broken glass, spilling, falling, pouring, without discretion. Even Steiner, who was in perfect health, a great adversary of evil, couldn't stop it. So what compels it? It seems to have a life of its own.

Why do we keep torturing ourselves and one another? Is it just the nature of our world?

*Enter stage right, a balloon-head, a Jupiter-head, the face of Hitler. Nietzsche turns:*

### NIETZSCHE

Behold, the fountainhead of the psychic organism – the conqueror, man.

*Nietzsche walks to the balloon, touches it gently.*

This is the leader of man. The conqueror poses the age-old question: How shall we reshape man? The other contenders, people like me, Socrates, people like Genentech, Tesla, Edison, all of us "intellectuals," we only feed the dreams of the conqueror, give him fuel for his fire. Goethe, who truly believed with Socrates that each man and woman must develop their own culture, their own landscape to cultivate, tend and care for – Listen to what Goethe says about war:

"I had heard so much about the cannon fever. Ennui and spirit which every kind of danger excites to daring, nay even rashness, induced me to ride up quite coolly to the battlefield. I had now arrived quite in the region where the balls were playing across me: the sound of them is curious enough, as if composed of the humming of tops, the gurgling of water, and the whistling of birds...

In the midst of these circumstances I was soon able to remark something unusual was taking place within me. I paid close attention to it, and still the sensation can be described only by similitude. It appeared as if we were in an extremely hot place and at the same time quite penetrated by the heat of it, so that we felt ourselves, as it were, quite one with the element in which we were. The eyes lose nothing of their strength of clearness; but it is as if the world has a kind of brown-red tint which makes the situation as well as the surrounding objects more impressive. I was unable to perceive any agitation of the blood but everything seemed rather to be swallowed up in the glow of which I speak. From this it was clear in what sense this condition could be called a fever.... After I had ridden back, and was in perfect security, I remarked with surprise that the glow was completely extinguished and not the slightest agitation was left behind."

See how even a totally non-violent man like Goethe was caught up in the action? From this I deduce that we don't adapt like Darwin said, but rather are taken by the environment, carried away with it, transformed. Of course, Goethe had never actually engaged in field combat. If he had, the fever adrenalin might have ignited into a firestorm.

This fever for war, this war-like readiness, I thought it might be a passing apparition. And perhaps the great day will come when a people distinguished by wars and victories and by the highest development of a military order and intelligence, and accustomed to make the heaviest sacrifices for these things, will exclaim of its own free will, "We break the sword" and will smash its entire military establishment down to its lowest foundations. This must some day become the highest maxim for every single commonwealth.

### OLD NIETZSCHE

*Creeping around the stage, crouching in corners. Now he stands up straight and walks to the front, bellowing:*

I see clearly now the people are at war, in agony, for they cannot attain God.

*Young Nietzsche turns to stare at Old Nietzsche:*

### YOUNG NIETZSCHE (to the audience)

Did you ever see people in cars converging from two different directions into a traffic jam? They know something is wrong. A hill prevents them from seeing the freeway. The one they're trying to get on is clogged. They have alternative routes. The percentage of those who assess the situation accurately and veer off to find a more comfortable route is about one percent which, of course, keeps the freeway jammed. It is as if most of mankind were stuck in mudholes, not being able to see the freeway. After a while the mud turns to cement and the imagination atrophies.

*Nietzsche points to Old Nietzsche. Old Nietzsche turns on the younger and biblically falso movimentally grabs him by the throat, trying to strangle him. Police come to rescue and place Old Nietzsche in bed. Nietzsche, recovering from the attack, begins to speak, slowly and with great difficulty:*

The strength of those who attack can be measured by the opposition they require. Every growth is indicated by the search for a mighty opponent or component, consort or problem. A warlike philosopher challenges problems, too, to combat. The task is not simply to master what happens to resist, but what it requires of us is to stake all our strength, suppleness and fighting skill with opponents, components, who are our equals.

*Nietzsche rises to his full height and turns to the Police:*

Would you bring the prisoner and two chairs here?

*While this is being arranged, Nietzsche continues:*

I never attack persons. I only attack causes. I was the first to see the real opposition. The degenerating instinct that turns against life with subterranean vengefulness – Christianity, the philosophy of Schopenhauer, in a certain sense already the philosophy of Plato, and all of idealism in typical forms. Against it I placed the formula for the highest affirmation, born of fullness, of overfullness, a yes saying, without reservation, to suffering, to guilt, even to everything that is questionable and strange in existence.

*A bright spotlight on the two Nietzsches; Police remain standing a few feet away. Young Nietzsche gestures to old Nietzsche:*

#### YOUNG NIETZSCHE

I am challenging you to a press conference.

*Old Nietzsche, standing in front of the chair, leans down. In a childlike, pathetic but powerful sing-song:*

#### OLD NIETZSCHE

Dancing to me is more sacred than sex. The identity of the magician is there to prevent him from being absorbed.

*Old Nietzsche screams a bloodcurdling roar. Young Nietzsche speaks kindly:*

#### YOUNG NIETZSCHE

Sit.

*Old Nietzsche sits; young Nietzsche turns compassionately to old Nietzsche:*

I think you've got your foot stuck on the gas pedal, Grandpa.

*Old Nietzsche chuckles, having regained his magnificent sanity, and speaks directly to young Nietzsche:*

### OLD NIETZSCHE

Yes, that's good. It's curious how fucked up I get. Dangerous, vehement discharge. And every time I begin to calculate to mislead. Cool, scientific, even ironic... deliberately foreground, deliberately holding back. Gradually I became more restless. There is sporadic lighting. Very disagreeable truths I hear grumbling in the distance until eventually a tempo feroce is attained in which everything rushes ahead in a tremendous tension. In the end, in the midst of perfectly gruesome detonations, new truth becomes visible every time among thick clouds.

It must be fun being a 16-year-old girl with pretty legs wearing shorts walking across the world. She gets to an avenue or stream and coquettishly wiggles one of them over the stream. Do you think she is afraid of being eaten?

### YOUNG NIETZSCHE

I'm afraid you're very sick.

### OLD NIETZSCHE

Why, because I'm discontinuous?

### YOUNG NIETZSCHE

No, that's not it. You take things too seriously. There's no longevity or buoyancy in your life. You're too extreme. Where's your sense of...

### OLD NIETZSCHE

You're a good boy.

### YOUNG NIETZSCHE

LOVE.

### OLD NIETZSCHE

So deep and far away.

### YOUNG NIETZSCHE

I'm sorry.

### OLD NIETZSCHE

I like cheerful and profound things, like an afternoon in October. Or individual frolicsome tender sweet women full of beastliness and charm.

### YOUNG NIETZSCHE

Are you lurching? Are you about to start vomiting? All right, we want to know what happened to Western culture, no?

*First time Old Nietzsche looks at the audience.*

### OLD NIETZSCHE

Isn't that what this is all about? It was the Germans who did Europe out of the harvest, the meaning of the last Great Age, of the Renaissance. Finally, when on the bridge between two centuries of decadence, a force majeure of genius and will becomes visible, strong enough to create a unity out of Europe, a political and economic unity for the sake of world government, the Germans, with their wars of liberation, robbed Europe of the meaning in the existence of Napoleon. Hence they have on their conscience all that followed, that is with us today, this most anti-cultural sickness and reason, this nationalism, this neurose nationale, which Europe and America are sick, this perpetuation of petty politics.

### YOUNG NIETZSCHE

What about the tradition of neurosis in the Western thinker and artist?

### OLD NIETZSCHE

*Lapsing into his insanity, clapping his hands:*

One, two, three, four. Do you, as I roll these numbers off my lips, feel the pressure mounting?

*Sane again:*

It's not fair to talk of the race as on the verge of insanity.... Let us praise our safety valves.

### YOUNG NIETZSCHE

Your armor is so easily penetrated. I think you could be completely discredited. You were sexually repressed.



OLD NIETZSCHE

*(Growling:)*

aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

YOUNG NIETZSCHE

Here is something you wrote: "She is becoming long and tired. Has she already roamed happily among good and ripe things too long? She stretches out long, long, longer. She lies still, too much that is good has she tasted. This golden sadness oppresses her. She makes a wry mouth." A wry mouth? That's Lou, isn't it?

OLD NIETZSCHE

That's all of us.

YOUNG NIETZSCHE

*(Turning to the audience:)* This is a press conference. You may press any questions you have upon us.

*A plant in the audience, perhaps the same man with the beard that Nietzsche pointed at earlier in the play, stands:*

PLANT

This question is directed toward the older gentleman on your left. You seem to have been saying earlier, about your speech, you mentioned the light earth, boundary stones that must be raised and then the earth will be rebaptized, The Light One. And then you referred to the spirit of gravity. Did you have in mind an antigravitational device? It seems that the earth is a magnet, and –

YOUNG NIETZSCHE

*(Interrupting:)* Please, no technologies here.

*Old Nietzsche remains silent. Young Nietzsche stares ahead. The Plant sits.*

Are there any other questions?

*A woman, another Plant, stands:*

## FEMALE PLANT

I can't believe that you people actually think World War II could have been prevented if Nietzsche had remained sane or if Lou Salome had loved him, or embraced him in her position as his philosophical heir. How can you believe that – or even if the three of them got together, Lou Salome, Nietzsche and Rudolph Steiner, how could they have stopped something as awesome as World War II?

## YOUNG NIETZSCHE

I understand that people today have sort of given up on love as a force, and so therefore I acknowledge your question but have nothing to say. World War II was pretty much created by three or four individuals.

Are there any other questions?

*Young Nietzsche stands and bids Old Nietzsche to stand; the police take the old man back to his bed where Elizabeth is rummaging around on the table, popping pills. Lou Salome enters as Wagner's music, more of Tristan and Isolde, begins. Young Nietzsche walks toward her, stops at the tyrant's balloonhead.*

*The music begins to rise. Lou goes to him, grabbing him at the waist, and looks into his eyes.*

*They begin to dance magnificently.*

## Soldiers

There are certain men  
who women find irretrievable,  
gone over into a kind of nightmare.  
They know what being crushed is.  
They've drunk too much coffee.  
Circumcised, shaking in too many meaningless ceremonies,  
excruciating their pain, driving them endlessly bending from self-love.  
They have withdrawn to correct it.  
They are made of feathers, children's voices,  
and the sounds of difficult breathing.  
They sit listening to each of the lights:  
the kings and queens who drift past cities,  
the saints who bleed above uncharted seas.  
At times, these men and women slip  
into the warrior show.  
They catch fire.  
The survivors of this bizarre attachment become even quieter  
like wind rippling light.  
They bathe in a true picture of their condition.  
They hide their fire, solidly enclosed,  
a sweet science.

# Interview with an Alien

W.R. Baker

B. is a bum, a clown, a Hoboken Man. He is very emotional. He sits at a table in an abandoned building -- Building B. There's a handsome ice bucket in the corner (stage left) loaded with Beck's.

A. is an Alien -- freeksh, out of this world, lovely, stunning, maybe female, maybe a transvestite.

A camera follows the Alien everywhere.

The music of early Stockhausen plays in the background.

B: I went to New York City and sat in little cafes and bars and at the age of twelve they served me, Scotch and water, that was my drink, Cutty Sark and ice, and they would serve me.

(He laughs)

At thirteen! They did . . . And I would sit there with one drink and I would take notes on the people passing by . . . and I'd sit there for like two hours . . . I loved those people. I felt they were mine. I can still remember myself sitting in this one particular place around 47th and Broadway for three and a half hours, I think it was my longest stint . . . sorta like a painter, y'know, doing drawings of people. And that was the beginning of my battle with lust. See the trouble with the manipulation game or the power game or the sex game or the lust game or whatever you want to call it is that . . . it's hard to beat . . . Mm-hm . . . You can sit back and analyze and think and try to meditate and be non-desirous and take notes and pretty soon, if you're smart, to replenish yourself you're gonna have to plunge yourself back into the game . . . and I did that. But I hurt my foot. Yeah, The Game, of lust what a wonderful thing it is . . . Like everything in life it's governed by logic and the

control of your emotions. The thing that I discovered as a child, this thing about manipulating people's stupidity, is that it was real easy to do . . . so then I said, "Well, there must be something more interesting to do." And that became bringing them out . . . bringing them out, having them talk about themselves. So that by the time I was fourteen or fifteen, I could get almost anybody to talk about their deepest feelings . . . and, uh, actions . . . well I found out that I even had more power then, you know, I knew all these peoples' deepest feelings and dreams and, uh, this became very troublesome to me. Of course, at the same time, puberty was happening and I wanted to fuck. But I couldn't allow myself . . . the over-riding control sequence was too interesting . . .

B. Gets up, begins pump dancing "The Mashed Potatoes."

Heh, the hormonal imbalance? Hey I think I'll take advantage of you.

(Tap dancing)

Yeah . . . now I'm fourteen and I'm on the road . . . Ha! That's right, he's got his fedora hat, he's smokin' a cigarette . . . Bongos. Bongos! He's a bongo man, at fourteen. He's on the road. That's right. I am the holder of the world record. The world record from coast to coast. In the winter. Hm, it

changes every now and then . . . forty-nine hours and forty minutes. Oh yeah. The record's never been broken. Not to my knowledge, no. It was not a mild winter. There were some tense moments there . . . in the snow, eh? Oh man. Boy, those were the days. That was when life was great!

(He moves in ever-widening circles)

It's the circles, circles! I mean the elements, you know -- I can feel my body, I can feel how light I was, and how, you know, indomitable I was! Like I stood out there at the corners one time -- it was goin' up to Idaho one way and it was goin' up to Iowa another way and I stood there for five hours, man, in a fuckin' blizzard! And I loved it. And then finally I said, "Okay, all right," and I went into the coffee shop . . . HAH! The sacrificial lamb needs a coffee. I said, "I need a ride." They said, "Fuck you," I had hair down to here. I'm a hippy. I've broken out of the shell. Drank my drink, got out there,

(snaps fingers)

Second truck, he had seen me. He stopped. This during my world record . . . a five hour delay! . . . otherwise I would'a had a gigantic trip. I'll never forget that son-of-a-bitch, boy, what a great man he was, you know, I mean he probably was 29 or 30, you



know, and I got in there and he talked to me for a while, you know, he was really cool. 'Cuz remember, I'd hitch-hiked for 3 and a half years, I'd been through the homosexuals, the religious nuts, the psychopaths, the people that throw bottles at you in Kansas and broken down St. Louis -- I'd been everywhere! You know, I'd been in day, night, hell, everything -- I loved it -- and this guy, I was setting the record, of course I was gonna kill myself if I didn't get back home . . . I had just finished my stint as an encyclopedia salesman. And . . . Also, I knew I had to go back to college. All my friends had gone on to Yale and all that and I had decided to hit the road. Anyway, I knew I was going back to California but if I didn't make it home, I was gonna kill myself. That is a fact. Course I never would'a done it. It was a self imposed limit. I was trying to break the record. This guy, after about an hour of talking to me, he said, "Why don't you go sleep in my sleeper," which is in the back of the truck right there, but if you've never slept in a truck driver's sleeper, you've never slept. This guy went all the way to Chicago and beyond. At one point I think I slept like 14 hours. So basically my record was a fluke. Of course, I had total luck. I mean history is a matter

of like sometimes 20 years in a century stuff will be happening and then the rest of the time is spent implementing that happening. . . . There's a lot of destruction and creation. The destruction plays a huge part in the human herd. They never forget it. In fact my theory, my real theory, is based on Velikovsky's theory -- I'm talking to you.

(pointing to someone in the front row.)

Yeah. Because I believe this to be totally true of all of us. This is like my absolute tenet, my absolute belief, that the catastrophe -- you know, the planet or asteroid hitting the earth -- every 26 million years some kind of weird circuitry going on there -- seven days and seven nights of light -- the catastrophe has gotten into the human being like it's of course gotten into every other living creature on the face of the earth . . . so that it's dominated, absolutely and completely by the idea of catastrophe . . . that our consciousness or even any animal's or plant's existence is completely based on a catastrophe occurring. We're up because we're afraid. Could we create an environment if we got rid of the fear? Look what made the 60s and 30s and the 1905s so great: The catastrophe had happened -- now it was party time. The feeling released so many people into the act of creation. In

1905 it was literacy and the scientific approach and philosophy -- it was huge -- there were 52,000 paid subscribers to The Working Man's Journal, in London, in 1905. They used to debate the papers of Spencer, and Huxley, and Darwin. They would actually attend the meetings and talk and it was the thing that was happening. Then the 30s, we know, we've seen all the films, I mean, some of the poor American literature, which hardly exists at all, this little wimp of a thing, came into some sort of awareness of itself, created a genius like F. Scott Fitzgerald, Dos Passos, H.D., Dorothy Parker, Steinbeck, Faulkner, etc. Times of great creation do exist. We know this. You'd be very hard pressed to find anybody who would say 1980 to 1995 had anything going on in it. Show me the books, the movies, the art, the . . . I mean, uh, the Berlin Wall going down, is this the height of it? When it's all violence you know nothing is happening. All of our creative energies have been taken up with the debate over the environment. And you happen to be living through it. I'm living through it. As I sit here waiting for an Alien.

(moves toward center stage)

I'm a little worn out from the Battle, that's all. I developed teaching courses at Georgetown no less in How

do . . . college presidents appear on TV. They place their names in a hat? On a list? Or do they have agents? How can so many people through art history come to worship Christ, Buddha, Mohammed, etc? How do people like Shakespeare become so famous? . . . The beginning of my story was that, you know, at 12 I decided that I was not going to base my life upon all the emotions -- of lust, control, sex, y'know, deception, gambling, all these crazy things -- that I would base my knowledge on what I could read about what happened, or what's happening and become an analyst of the material. And I analyzed the material for a very long time, I mean, I didn't come to my total conclusions until I was like 42. At Georgetown I told them Jesus Christ never died on a cross. He didn't look like a moron with a beard, for Christ's sake, he was king of the House of David, one of the most wealthy families the world has ever known, one of the most powerful tribes the world has ever known. "Oh, here we have a David Wolper presents, and we're doing a documentary on Christ," and all the rabbis and the Catholic priests and the protestants, they all get together, what a wonderful production, here they show this moron walking through the streets with a cross and he's gettin' punched out and whipped and all this -- I

mean . . . Of course I was fired.

But I'm not alone in knowing what really happened.

Anybody who wants to go read the books of the time can know. And they're all translated, it's not like a mystery, but nobody in the bleachers wants to really find out the history of the game. Alls they want to do is belong, they want to belong to the game, and that's the big difference, I don't want to belong to the game I want to know what really happened in the game . . .

So here I am. I'll tell you -- there was never anybody named Shakespeare, never -- that name never existed as a name in the English language -- there was a guy named Shakspur who was a great skill for the Globe, which Sir Francis Bacon controlled, and wrote for under the pen name Shakespeare. He being the head of the Spear Shaker Society and Most Brilliant Young Mind in England. He, who astounded the Court of Phillip II when as a teenager having been sent on a getaway tour by the Queen, spoke out with such eloquence that Bruno, no less, declared him the greatest mind of his age -- what do you think he did during those fertile years of his 20s? Play hopscotch? At Georgetown I told them only Bacon had the education and means to write Shakespeare. All the facts point to Bacon. The portfolio was put together by Johnson and Bacon at

Gorhambury after James I had closed all the theaters. Why has the myth persisted? In answering the question we get to the root of the problem concerning the administration of "The Truth." What I'm interested in, not so much that these are truths, these are historical truths that who Bacon was and who Elizabeth really was and who Shakespeare was, because I don't think people really care; they really just want to belong. They have a need for myth stability. That they believe in 'em so wholeheartedly, that's what makes me weep so uncontrollably. The Muslims, you know, believing in this shit! And the Catholics, and . . . uh . . . it's absolutely sickening. What interests me is my response once I find out the truth about it, which is the truth about it -- how do I react to it? You know, I mean what is my, you know, reaction? That's what's interesting to me . . .

(Singing -- A Rap)

Clinging to old Europe  
Atlantis  
the God of this and that  
All need to cling  
and yet geckos having  
suction cups widened  
by the not clinging  
are free to float  
and bitch.

That's me  
"I am black and I am in agony," said Nietzsche

That's him  
and Schopenhauer before him.  
Burckhart said, "They are black because they  
cannot obtain a true vision of God."  
"Not so simple," says Nietzsche,  
God's Black . . .  
the energy's all twisted  
and trapped.  
Oh, God, Christ, Bacon,  
I pray to thee.  
I squeeze myself  
through the branches  
moaning with the pain.  
"Art is man." Yes!  
To transcend  
the vanishing process.  
          (he laughs and beats the table)  
The stoics had the answer, my friends.  
I walk along the wooded path,  
past the streams,  
to the base of the mountain  
and get control  
over my desires to escape.  
I will climb the mountain.

The Alien drops in, followed by a camera

B: Champy . . . champy-a-ning.

A: Cham-pio-ning. Haha.

(pointing at B)

B: Ah, there you are.

A: Another great spokesperson for mankind. Yes.

B: Haha. A long time ago you probably heard the phrase,  
"Don't emulate yourself . . . Try not to emulate  
yourself."

A: Hm.

B: And, this is, um, this is echoed in all sorts of  
things like, uh, "Fallacy." Um, the notion of fallacy,

uh, you . . . you say, "pathetic fallacy." You say one thing and in saying it you contradict yourself. How can the sea be angry? Um . . . People who are completely devoted to political change, um, which is structural change more than anything else, know that they can't get . . . they can't really change anything unless they get inside the structure, and if they get inside the structure they'll be absorbed by the structure. This is the lesson that all conquerors have learned -- that if you conquer the villagers (pointing), you will become the villagers and you will lose your identity. So these are the people who are in power today who know all this, like you.

A: When Rome conquered Greece . . .

B: (over) . . . acquisition . . .

A: . . . Greece conquered Rome . . .

B: Yeah. Right. So, they've developed a system whereby you don't get conquered, because you (pointing) have endless surrogates, you have an entire system where people clamor to become: movie producers, advertising executives, doctors, uh, any job, street sweeper, anything they can get 'cuz this is the only game in town; they think. This is what you're promoting, the po . . . the empire builders, though your faces and money are gone, you know, you're dead, you're long



gone, but your surrogates keep doing it. And . . .  
it's such a bizarre system because it rewards  
accumulation without circulation . . . you see . . .  
you have the benefits of the . . . winning the war so  
you keep them . . . you build big houses, you . . .  
you own lots of land, etc., etc. Meanwhile, life  
becomes incredibly boring because life isn't about  
acquiring anything, it's about circulating everything  
that you acquire, right?

A: Heh. there's been more what you call circulation in  
the U.S.

B: No! We don't have that in this culture. I mean, that  
is one of the principles of, uh, laissez-faire  
democracy, which I thought we had -- that was a long  
time ago, laissez-faire democracy -- we have federally  
controlled, um, flow of money. It's such a monolith,  
it is so gigantic and it's hooked up with all these  
other countries, so that people like Noam Chomsky and  
Timothy Leary and, um, Mary Daly and . . . I don't  
know, Camilla Paglia, just name your . . . the  
present barker at the, uh, the feet of this giant Great  
Dane. They . . . by their example, they're saying,  
"This is the way to go about it, to . . . to  
yell . . . to, uh, bark . . . to jump on these, uh, uh,  
these big dog's feet." And that's exactly what the Big

Dog wants. titillation -- justification.

A: Well, of course, your system, uh, perpetuates itself by, as Chomsky would say, by remaining in a liberal position. Or in the conservative position. But basically all you are saying really is the more people stay within those boundaries -- there's no more "out there" to go. The sea is angry.

B: Have we ever changed?

A: How's that?

B: . . . there is no other way to change.

A: How is that?

B: Well, you just change within yourself.

A: Has it ever happened?

B: Oh yeah, it's happened a lot.

A: It's happening continually.

B: Well, not really, it's too slow . . .

A: Mm. . . . for most individuals. They want to see more dramatic change within themselves, but . . . It's like being the helmsman of a ship -- which is the definition of cybernetics, helmsman, ok? -- That's the major change each person is the helmsman of their own ship. They have control over something they call their mind which is maybe the steering mechanism, and they can point it in this direction and that direction. They can interpret the phenomenon according to this depth

chart or that depth chart and they can pretty much know that's where they're gonna go, unless they don't have the right information, you know, then they're gonna wind up, or if they go to sleep, uh, on the rocks or something. So nobody can help each . . . that individual. We can only create a community of support within ourselves, within our own families, people we know to, uh, advise and, uh, and sort of promote a safe journey.

(pacing)

A: The local level is where it's at.

B: It's always been there.

A: Well, sure. But, uh, the local level, uh, falls prey to the . . . the big dogs who've always been there.

B: Yeah, but that's not true, you see, the locals . . .

A: Well . . .

B: . . . the locals have survived every catastrophe known to man -- the plague, in the 14th century, and every century later, World Wars I and II -- there were still people in the world living, aware of it, but relatively unaffected by it, because they were self-sufficient, they didn't depend on, it's hard to describe what has happened to mankind, this super-nation-state, these . . . uh, the harnessing of massive amounts of aggression. Slavery. Or is it all

a man's dream? We don't really know why we're so hostile.

A: Do you think we had anything to do with it?

B: (over) We're here then!

A: Where do we go from here? Where do we go from then?

B: We're truly here then. I mean, it is so completely an historical world that each individual lives in, whether they know it or not is immaterial, I mean we live in such . . . cubicles of time, and when we understand how . . . history is a complete repetition of all past conflicts that it's just a matter of gradations, "when you stop at this level, always you get this, when you stop at that, you get this." We're one step closer to a more diplomatically correct world. As botanists, as Goethe told us to be, we study the cycles of growth, decay, life again, dispersion. We stop and we know, it's no mystery -- Spengler spelled it out in fabulous German, uh, 'course, hardly anybody could read it 'cuz it was almost another language that he created to try to . . . express what he saw as living organisms. Cultures are living organisms and they have the same ideas, span-wise, as botanical things, but, "Hey!" He saw literal ideas embedded in each stage of the culture. And I believe that Spengler is right . . . and, the titles don't mean anything -- "The Decline of

the West." You can interpret it in 10 different ways.  
The Seeding . . . of the West -- The Flowering of the  
East. The Neflim Returneth!

A: Ha.

B: I mean, China is becoming so rapidly westernized and  
the amount of ecological damage in Russia from that  
nightmare government that held sway for so long is  
probably . . . I mean the largest ecological disaster  
on the planet. They think it's going to cost I don't  
know how many billions to clean up America -- it's  
going to cost a hell of a lot more to clean up Russia.  
So these things are . . . almost too big to imagine the  
people could do and yet you could never imagine  
individuals making the Golden Gate Bridge, or the  
Brooklyn Bridge, or even this entire concept of, uh,  
that we've gotten to at this point. I mean it's  
absolutely astounding when you consider how huge the  
indigenous peoples are right now in the cosmos --  
they're almost like IT! All because of the hard work  
and curiosity of the European. The stars of the  
heaven, possibly what we are going to become.

A: Uh-huh.

B: The indigenous people couldn't be contained, you see,  
they can't be contained. They're outside the  
bloodline. They're another genetic code. They speak

more deeply to us. The way you do. We all want to live communally. We all do. All humans want to be part of a community. Not a nation state.

A: We just got one colossal messed up one right here. Heh.

B: Mm. But you yourself can make a community for yourself -- it's another one of those pathetic fallacies -- if you just happen to see that there's a giant messed up community it doesn't mean you have to join it, you know? You can create your own world with your own people and then you will see the thing itself in action. I mean if it doesn't work in your community, with your people, with you at the helm, what makes you think it can work anywhere else, on a macro level.

A: Are you doing that? Are you succeeding at doing that in San Francisco, California,

B: Yeah.

A: And you make use of the system that you disagree with in order to create this local community?

B: I make . . .

A: You drive your car, you drink your beer, you, uh . . .

B: What's wrong with beer? What's wrong with a car? You're too purist . . .

A: (over) It's part of the system, man!

B: No, you're too purist for me. I believe gasoline is . . . is the most dangerous drug on the planet. I believe that the oil people have to stop, that we have to become more dependent on solar and, um, maybe hemp things. I don't see that much wrong with, uh, candlelight or, you know, we gotta watch the fires, of course, but . . . you know, I don't want to go totally retrograde. I would like to see the end of the burning of those fossil fuels and, I know we have indestructible tires and electric cars, it'll just be a different kind of thing -- but the communities have to exist before that can exist and that won't happen for a while; it'll happen in individual places as it should. You know? These little test areas. But the world is . . . is heading toward more community which is what I find so interesting about . . . the poor David Koresh -- no one knew how to pronounce his name.

A: What a tragedy.

B: Uh . . . that poor . . . those poor . . . I find it so . . . there are 900 other groups in America ready -- Apocalypse Now explosions -- ready to go off at any time -- 900 the FBI has identified. And I see . . . the treatment of those people -- of themselves by themselves as indicative of the conflict -- the wrenching conflict -- that America has to get back to

community. You see we had this little, wonderful hiatus where the grandfa . . . the fathers and the sons got together and the mothers and the daughters and there was a healing over Viet Nam and I mean these were people who were 40 and 60 and . . . and then we had them, the grandchildren, and the happy family got together again, and lived forever . . . but no. No . . . it didn't happen. Ha. We still have this explosive, plasmatic gene pool. Now with the tremendous in-flow of the Mexican, the Spanish people which is the biggest story in California and it will get even stranger.

A: It's great, you know, but this concept of the melting pot is a process, it seems, of melting it down so much that it becomes one big, homogeneous glop.

B: Yeah, but that's only . . .

A: (over) Only the Middle Class exists . . . only in terms of your media. Only in terms of your media. (yelling) Koresh was . . .

B: (yelling over A) If you go to the parties you see . . . you see tremendous old forms of dancing . . .

A: Yes.

B: . . . and courtship.

A: Yes.



B: And the music is, uh, 800 years old. Yet it's being done by a new musician and . . . and it thrills you because you're seeing an animal dance, cultured here in the Mission District, in San Francisco, average age, 28, and they're having a party, right? You can go to the black neighborhood and see their thing burgeoning. The poor white kids, man, they're looking around for their rock'n'roll or whatever it is, they can't find it, you know, I feel sorry for them, but that's America, it's . . . America . . . all its cultural icons are young and so they don't have the certainty that the European or the South American or the African has and, so it gives 'em that quirky thing, that particularly America thing, that cocky, available thing.

A: Ava . . .

B: Available! They are . . . they are available in their own gene pool to come up with new ideas where many, or most, of these Europeans and South Americans are hemmed in by the depth of their cultural heritage. And I do believe they are simply because the supports of their culture are so old and refined and they're continually twanged . . . it'd be as if 400 years from now, uh, a bunch of kinds got together at a party, they were 16, and they did old rock'n'roll type stuff but with their

own incredible twists that we could not imagine today.  
Does it sound like it's gonna exist?

A: It does.

B: It does sound like it's gonna exist.

A: Yes. Of course it does -- it's happening already.  
Grunge is here, something else is passe, and pretty  
soon grunge will be passe and pretty soon it will  
be . . . Spunge.

B: But when does it become Classical?

A: Only after a great amount of time.

B: Mm.

A: Classical implies distance. Classical implies  
heroification -- you can't do it without cliché.  
Cliché only comes after repetition and repetition is a  
big word.

B: Mm.

A: That's why things go too slowly.

B: Heh.

A: 'Cuz you gotta say it a lot of God damn times before  
you get it. Sure, we're moving toward change. But you  
can only move toward change by being educated as well.

B: What the hell are you talking about -- educate?  
You're entire plan is to find out what you know -- you  
in particular.

A: Yeah, well you exclude the possibility of an external

system being a . . . a helper in that exploration of self. The external world . . .

B: I believe that's true.

A: Yeah, the external world exists and it's there to teach us things . . .

B: Hm.

A: . . .and so does the educational system empower.

B: Not many. In my opinion the external world exists only as a clue to the internal world and in fact if you found . . .

A: Fine, fine, but that's . . .

B: . . . if you found the bridge between the two, you would truly, uh, have the upper hand in terms of negotiating the street or an agreement or something.

A: See, but the bridge is already there.

B: The bridge is your ear.

A: The bridge is your ear? Sure. The bridge is your entire consciousness, that collective receptacle, Virtual Receptacle . . .

B: Well, if you couldn't hear anything, you couldn't . . . you wouldn't know it was there . . . you got . . .

A: Oh, bullshit! C'mon.

B: No, most of the clues from the external world come via the audio.

- A: Yeah, the audio is a . . . has a larger pie section in a global collection of . . . of, uh, experiences of sub-consciousnesses.
- B: Just walkin' down the street, yeah. Collection of sub-consciousnesses speaking, out loud, loud enough for you to hear.
- A: Yeah. "Truck." "Person." "Voice." It all, uh, sum-totals of your internal reality.
- B: I saw a police officer get out of a car recently on Lombard Street, parked it near the post office . . . he got out and I wondered to myself where he was going and then I heard someone say, across the street, maybe 80 feet away, "Bagel shop." They were talkin' about something else. Now I knew that he was goin' to the bagel shop because I've been studying this intersection for a long time having been a student of Joyce, who was one of the truly first and maybe greatest practitioner of the art of intersticing . . . I knew he'd be going to the bagel shop, but I . . . I just wanted to double check because the clarity of the thing was so lovely and,
- A: So you followed him.
- B: I followed him halfway down the block and he walked into the bagel shop.
- A: Is that synchronicity or what?

B: Ha. Well, no, that is . . .

A: (over) We're all one . . . with a hole in the middle.

B: . . . that's what's going on all the time.

A: 'Course.

B: That is . . . that is not a, an anomaly, right? I mean, if you are . . . if you are listening for it, all the answers are truly there. There doesn't have to be a human being around -- of course we know it can occur just through the wind, the shadings of light and all that. This is the big mystery -- is how can the mind be so in tune, or how can the external world -- there is no difference, that's why -- because they're the same very thing. This is what you want people to be educated about . . .

A: Yes.

B: But that is a very special state of mind and it has its own problems and . . . responsibilities.

A: Yeah, but you just . . .

B: . . . and you just can't do it, you see you ignore the whole notion of pressure. You think that because someone can understand how duality, uh, is a game, an illusion, that people use to make money or get along or get whatever they want that everyone should know this, and you think it's a simple thing to know, and it's . . .

A: The hell I do!

B: Oh, you do.

A: But people should know this.

B: Well, how can they, I mean the chances of them knowing it are . . . are slim without becoming very bitter in a society like we've got. If you really . . .

A: Look, part of . . .

B: . . . you know, to me, this is a very minor point of human development, I mean, people should have this under their belt by the time they're 6 Or 7 years old, right? If they heard the voices of despair they would do something.

A: Well, you did.

B: In the kind of educational system that you would envision, they would -- have it under their belt. I mean we would have kids talking even the slowest children would know three languages by the time they're 10. That would open a lot of doors.

A: It's possible.

B: That's all they are is mimics, for God's sake and we keep trying to shut it down. I mean it comes back to the major question: What kind of human being do we want? What is it? Do we want something that can fornicate every day and speak many languages and live . . . live in a communal area, huh? Or go to the

office -- you know, we gotta paint the whole thing,  
we're like novelists, we've got to . . . that's what  
we're doing, in fact.

A: We are doing this.

B: Yeah, But we keep, you know . . .

A: But part of that . . .

B: . . . these buildings, all these machines, they keep  
getting in the way, I mean where's communality? It's  
not gonna come from the family.

A: (over) You just said it's here.

B: Where is the commune gonna come from?!

A: You . . . you tell me here in San Francisco --  
you're in one.

B: Well, that's for me.

A: Yeah, and everybody else as well -- the truck driver's  
got his and the mother's got hers and the cab driver's  
got his -- everybody's got their commu . . . it's all  
one community!

B: Well, there's a couple of problems there you've  
mentioned. Uh . . . the cab driver, of course, is  
being ripped off by the owners and, that entire  
structure, because of the economic imbalance, the  
slavery that exists -- the strongest possible word,  
"slavery" -- that exists there causes that community,  
both of them, to be . . . degenerate.

A: So, there's got to be change -- something's got to go, right?

B: These are simple things. They're . . .

A: Yeah, they're simple things -- they should be gone.

B: . . . they're things about distributing the money.

A: Okay.

B: They're . . . I mean people should not work for nothing all their lives and then be thrown away. If you're gonna have a worker society, you should take care of your workers.

A: Okay, so let me get this straight here. Is there something wrong out here?

B: Well, I live in San Francisco. I mean I just hear about things being wrong.

A: Well, you see them every day, I would assume.

B: I . . . I see various kinds of things. I . . . I couldn't make a judgment on what was really going on.

A: You seem to be contradicting yourself. Something is wrong -- all these buildings are blocking us from seeing the essential truth. You said it just a minute ago.

B: That . . . that is true.

A: Okay. The buildings have got to go, therefore, yes?

B: Well, the buildings being accumulated wealth. I mean . . . it's . . . it's a matter of the money flow



-- it's not exactly those buildings.

A: Yes, good point.

B: Those buildings can stay there.

A: The flow has got to be altered . . .

B: What those buildings represent . . .

A: The river's got to change . . . okay.

B: The money flow has got to go into the poorer communities.

A: You want that to happen.

B: Yeah, but I don't want government control, I want it to be local money.

A: Fine -- people are going to have to make a decision together to make that happen, correct?

B: They're going to have to make the biggest decision of all -- they're going to have to tell the federal government to go get fucked.

A: Clearly. So, in order for that step to happen, everybody has to know when to take that first step.

B: That's right.

A: Maybe it's tomorrow. How're you gonna get that word out?

B: It . . . it's out. It's circulating everywhere . . .

A: Nobody knows . . .

B: . . . this is the hottest . . .

A: . . . nobody's doing it.

B: . . . this is the hottest time for local control I've ever seen. Austin, Texas developers in the town said, "We're gonna build, on this old pond and, no problem" -- the town, as a whole, rose up. They had a referendum; they destroyed the plan. The developers walked away and Austin has got its swimming hole enshrined forever. I mean, in the mid-West small farming -- not using pesticides, using the cycles of the earth and the old way of farming is all the rage -- it's the most profitable form of farming in the mid-West. Those people are making lots of money. Who do you think is buying the food? And they're saving the earth at the same time -- pesticides are on their way out. Safeway is at the top using all this crap -- it knows -- it can see the writing on the wall -- it keeps tryin' to make inroads into more and more organic farmers every day. These things are happening . . .

A: (over) They're happening.

B: . . . everywhere in the country, everywhere . . .

A: Yes . . .

B: . . . you know why, because it's just our generation's coming together.

A: Coming together . . .

B: Yeah.

A: How -- by hearing about it and joining in. There's an

educational process . . .

B: I do not agree with that.

A: It does not happen by itself.

B: It has. . . it happened. . . most of this information is 25 years old -- these are people who've been living in the communities dispersed, gone back, been active -- they're the ones who talk to their own people in their own community. They don't need to hear what's happening in the other communities. We just need to know what's happening here, in our community, you understand? We don't need proselytizers.

A: Yes, but we need more fundamental change.

B: There is nothing more fundamental than the change going on right now.

A: Okay, granted. But, uh, perhaps the race is going to lose . . .

B: Noo . . .

A: Like the earth will waste a-way . . .

B: No . . .

A: . . .before we reach that point.

B: No. The earth . . . the earth is 10 times stronger than anything man can do to it.

A: (over) Sure, and tomorrow the cockroaches!

B: The earth is secure. We don't need Save the Planet, we need to save ourselves. I mean let's get off it,

right.

A: Well, they're one and the same.

B: No, they're not.

A: Oh, Jesus.

B: We are not from this planet.

A: Now you're contradicting yourself again.

B: We're not from this planet, that's all I'm saying.

A: Oh, you mean I'm not.

B: We all have ideas, don't we. Ha, ha!

A: Maybe you could join with the spirit of, uh, L. Ron.

B: Sometimes I think that you are not, uh, sufficiently, uh, believing in the drama of the event. This is . . . this is what maybe some other people have said to you -- your ironic removal, your distance, your . . . your sarcasm -- so that you're not letting the drama affect you.

A: See, that's where everybody misses my point. (pause) We are one because we are dual -- and we are dual because we are one. In order for there to be the sufficient drama, there has to be the sufficient irony to realize that it's bullshit. But that does not negate -- and this is the point that everyone seems to forget -- it's the rest of the sentence that's being edited out -- that does not negate the possibility of the actual drama. So, I beg to differ.

B: No, not at all, it's just part of it. Your going . . . your going to the extreme and reacting . . . to it and then that keeps it going.

A: Sure.

B: Yeah.

A: The two exist . . .

B: Not . . . that that's a good thing -- to keep the tiger chasing its tail is . . .

A: It's been happening for thousands of years, man.

B: Yeah, but there are ways to manipulate conversation, to change the shift, to drop the decibel level, to completely change things, but within . . .

A: . . . to just pure drama.

B: Well, I don't think you're capable of pure drama. Ha!

A: Well, let's see . . . no, you're right, I'm not capable. Ha. It's always, uh, ironic . . . as well as dramatic. You know, you get in an argument with a girlfriend, you've heard that story before but, it's a real argument. See, the irony is the repetition of it, the drama is the newness of it. Everything's always spelled . . . everything's always the same, it's just spelled differently each time. The new spelling is the drama, the pure drama of it -- the surface -- and underneath, the song remains the same.

B: Unless our fantasies are realities. Eventually they

seem . . .

A: Well, it's . . . mere semantics.

B: Eventually they seem to become realities.

A: They are realities. The ironies are realities. The ironies about the realities are realities.

B: What about the fantasies about the realities?

A: They're reality . . . I mean fantasy/reality -- they're just the same word. It just depends which direction you start.

B: You don't see many fantasies happening on the street. You see a lot of fantasies happening in the media. But in your everyday life, it's very hard for you to see anything . . . fantastic . . . other than . . .

A: Fantastic?

B: . . . other than the weather, I mean, the behavior of people is always incredibly . . . the same . . . don't you think?

A: I don't know, man, you were just the one who was saying there's all these local communities, different from every other one.

B: But you have to have the energy to, uh, search them out, to take off your armor, to . . . it takes a lot of energy to pass through different types of people who don't know you.

A: . . . I got all kinds of rolling papers -- what d'you

want the long one? I've got the long one and the short one, I've gone back to rolling short joints.

B: This could be very revealing . . .

A: Yeah.

B: But nothing will happen.

A: Well, wait 'til you see what comes out.

B: Let's see.

A: Watch.

(A inserts pipe cleaner in tube)

A: Well, it's actually kind of hard to see, it's all over my finger, see it come down now, as powder?

(The background music stops)

B: If you know how to fix it . . .

A: You don't know how to work it -- alls you got to do is turn it up a little bit so I can hear it -- it's the only thing that lets me keep up with you is I can go off to the music, occasionally -- it carries me . . . any new art? (pounding his foot.)

B: Stop doing that. I'll tell you what's happened . . .

A: (over) Well. The problem with you . . .

B: I'll tell you what's happened to me . . .

A: Good.

B: . . . you won't tell me what's happened in your life, since I haven't seen you in a long time.

A: Well, I'll never tell you what's happened to me.

B: You won't?

A: Well, it would require my being able to articulate it. I don't talk anywhere near as from a factual basis as you do.

B: I don't believe that. I think you like to obscure things. Ha. I was wondering how you think, today.

B: 'Bout what?

B: Well, like, you know, are you thinking on, when you get up in the morning, are you thinking on a curve of . . .

A: (dodging the camera) Oh, I'm sorry.

B: . . . are you thinking on a curve of like 20 years, 50 years, 80 years . . .

A: 'Bout 6 months is all I ever think.

B: uh,.

A: Yeah.

B: So you're on a 6 month curve?

A: I'm always on a 6 month curve. 6 months . . .

B: You know this for sure?

A: Oh, yeah. I've studied myself quite precisely -- it's time management.

B: Right.

A: I deal with a year's time -- 6 months behind as a past orientation, as an Aristotelian cause, as a validation of I'm still breathing -- my history is packed into the



last 6 months.

B: So, what motivates you in your daily existence, which we all know is a struggle . . .

A: I'm not motivated in my daily existence.

B: Do you admit a struggle?

(camera swings into a different place)

A: No, I don't admit a struggle.

B: So, how do you evolve . . . how does your thought evolve during the day -- when do you get up in the morning, do you get up at 3 in the morning and take a piss or what happens . . .

A: Yeah, a couple times during the night I'll get up and take a piss, right, however I don't relate that . . .

B: But you are awake then . . .

A: Oh, I'm awake . . .

B: You have to struggle with being awake.

A: Oh, no, I love it when I wake up in the middle of the night and take a leak and come back and get to go back to sleep with the radio going.

B: Right.

A: I love falling in and out of sleep.

B: You feel like a child.

A: Yeah, I love the . . . falling in and out of sleep and peeing when you have to in the toilet instead of the bed. I come awake very quickly, relatively, or

easily.

B: And sometimes you're in a dream and you're thinking of the dream, you're trying to maintain the dream?

A: No, the dreams are really . . . spooky, heh.

B: Your dreams are spooky?

A: Well, they're spooky, yeah, like your business is -- they're repetitive and remindatory, they're a leash . . .

B: Oh.

A: They're a reiteration of all the 6 months before the 6 months before the 6 months. They carry a lot of baggage -- intellectually.

B: In your dreams.

A: In my mind.

B: In your mind?

A: Mm-hm.

B: But what about in your working mind . . .

A: Mm-mm.

B: . . . your working day?

A: No, I can do that and that, too.

B: Mm. Doesn't make you uncomfortable?

A: No, on the contrary, it probably is my prehensile tail . . . is my mind's ability to keep reiterating or reanalyzing or whatever it is that it does . . .

B: Right.

A: . . . that's quite separate from what's going on at the moment -- or very much into it -- I have two states of mind: the autobiographical one and the public one.

B: Ha.

A: I'm out of the picture, right?

B: Yeah, who cares . . . about you anyway.

A: See, it wasn't dormant.

B: You're right, it was very moody, ha. Oh, um, well.

A: Well, I'm still not satisfied . . .

B: Well, I did my best to satisfy you.

A: You did very well, too.

B: I think I do very well -- I think I'm pretty good at this subject, how one . . .

B: If anybody wanted to really analyze what you just said, I think you'd get a pretty good picture . . .

A: Would it make any sense?

B: Yeah, what you're thinking.

A: Hm.

B: Yeah.

A: Huh?

B: But that's not what human beings are all about. We don't want a picture of the way things are. We want to keep doing it.

A: Yeah, right, put me in the game, Coach, I don't drink or smoke!

B: Ha.!

A: There's a big transition going on in my life, slowly, and there's one in your life comin' up -- I have you pegged in my cosmos as . . .

B: Scares me.

A: . . . approaching a time when you may change things, or they may change.

B: Scary to me.

A: Oh, I thought you liked . . .

B: No, not this one, I don't like this . . .

A: Yeah, right, I can appreciate that.

B: I've had so much grace, I feel, in my life, you know . . .

A: (over) Time to get out.

B: I'm feeling guilty . . .

A: It's time to get out -- as a businessman, I'm tellin' you, it's time to get out, or move away, or change it . . .

B: I don't agree with any of that.

A: Well, I don't want your agreement or your, or your, or your . . .

B: How can I turn away a cash cow like that, I mean, it's unbelievable -- people are desperately dying in the fuckin' streets for something like that. Did you know there are more gun dealers in the U.S. than gas

stations?

A: 'Course, I know, I'm just saying that from the point of view that you started it with your anxieties and all that, that from the other side of my point of view, I'm behind you now seeing you in your scenario . . .

B: Mm.

A: . . . from the rear, it looks to me like, you know, you could coast for a while, or change it a little, or if I were to really talk seriously, metaphysically, I'd say on a dietary basis, you should give something up and I don't mean smoking or any of that, just some behavior -- stop it -- by sheer dint of stopping it -- for a day, for an hour, for a week, and then go back to it and you'll be . . . you'll have a hard on just for stopping when it comes to those things that are following you like a posse. I don't know how you do this, I could live with my mother from day to day, but I couldn't do business at home from day to day like you do. Too many squeaks. Anybody want a beer?

B: Yes, thank you.

A: One?

B: Yes, one. Hmpf. Brilliant.

A: It's time again, Billy, to fast on something for a little while.

B: Mm.

A: You've been enriched in the last 3 or 4 years.

B: Mm-hm.

A: You have. I marvel at it -- I really . . . it awe-inspires me -- the difference between '89 and '94. In both of our cases or everybody's case, but particularly if we're talkin' about you . . .

B: Mm.

A: . . . in your case . . .

B: I know.

A: . . . so many loose ends dropped and so many fears, or whatever, dispensed with, and such concentration on one perspective and . . .

B: Yeah.

A: . . . little rough around the edges -- some of your criticisms fall on deaf ears, I think, after 18 years, but you're as sincere as the phony ones are.

B: Heh.

A: And you deliver the goods, and you take it all on yourself. You don't pass much off, because you're in a raptor business.

B: A what?

A: Raptor. R-A-P-T-O-R.

B: Oh, raptor -- thought you said "wrapped it." Wrap it?

A: Raptor -- you're in a predatory business.

B: Right.

A: (moving to the ice bucket) A raptor is one who eats up its food when it's still alive.

B: That's what a raptor is?

A: Yeah.

B: I never knew that.

A: Eats live food.

B: Never heard of it. Is it an actual animal?

A: Most of 'em are birds.

B: Mm.

A: Eagle is a raptor. R-A-P-T-O-R. Dinosaurs were raptors, lot a raptors, it's a category for a live . . . eating live food. Killing and eating live food. You know, they really must be nervous, you know -- "Got any coke, got any coke?" "No, but I'll eat some live food."

B: Ha!

A: But I'll tell you, I want to see you do it -- you have metamorphis-s-s-ted more in the last 4 years than you have in the previous 9 -- me, too, the last nine years have been evolutionary for me, within the survival mode. I can't explain it any better than that -- long time that I've been doin' what I've been doin', 100 years. It's a long time that you've been doin' what you're doin', like 29 years.

B: Mm.

A: The way I see you is you have been on this course since you were in college.

B: Mm!

A: This path that has lead you here, not consciously perhaps, it was all a diversion and illusion, but you were motivated by the . . . forces behind you, or ahead of you, whichever it is -- now you are here, where you are, at the moment -- and you can do anything you want in it.

B: Not really.

A: No, not everything, anything. Anything's a wonderful word.

B: I really can't.

A: You can't do everything.

B: I know how fragile my lead is.

A: Still, all you got to do is slow down and let 'em go by you.

B: Um.

A: um, . I don't want to be here when they crash the door down like they did at P's and everybody . . .

B: Now you're talking nonsense.

A: I'm glad that you recognize it, 'cuz then that's when I think you really hear me enough to make that determination, 'cuz it's hard to determine that something is nonsense, even in your brilliant



electrical-chemical mind-set with all the vocabulary  
you have and everything . . .

B: Ha!

A: . . . to come up with that one. Well, thank you,  
Shakespeare.

B: That is not the problem, believe me, that is not the  
problem.

A: What is not?

B: The problem is not somebody knocking on the door.

A: No, of course it isn't, it's a metaphor.

B: Well, let's be precise about it.

A: Well, hey . . .

B: . . . we're talking about my inner mind, man, you  
know.

A: Well, that's what I'm talking about . . .

B: . . . let's not confuse the outer with the inner, you  
know.

A: No, but the reason your inner self is as it is, is  
because of the specter, the . . . give me some word  
that would . . .

B: Specter is a good one. Ha.

A: Oh, good.

B: That is the reason.

A: Like I was followed by a specter for a lot of years.

B: Right, right.

A: Even though he had no idea who I was and we were standing right next to each other.

B: Right, right, now we're talking.

A: But . . .

B: May I smoke one of these?

A: Oh, by all means.

B: Okay.

A: I am one step ahead of you in that transitional period.

B: I understand, I understand.

A: It interests me how you are doing so much of what I did when I was your age and it's so different now for me as it was then for you or all the other similarities.

B: Yeah, yeah, yeah, very well.

A: Yah, yah, yah, very well, what?

B: Very well, indeed.

A: Very well, indeed! What now? A light, too? Well, look, I mean, do I have to -- cause I won't get off of this baby . . .

B: Would you light it for me?

A: Here it is -- no, I don't want to light it for you . . .

B: Ha!

A: Okay, you talk . . . Big boy.

B: Well, I'm fascinated by the repetition of consciousness and the number of pseudo-quasi-crises that it can go through . . . from puberty onwards, or even before.

A: Psych 1A?

B: Mm. Let's deal with something really incredible . . .

A: (pointing at the audience) Let's tell Billy what to do with his life.

B: Yeah.

A: Wow.

B: I mean that'd be the best thing to do.

A: Run an ad in the personals.

B: No, c'mon! I can't bear this trivia anymore.

A: Oh, you gotta bear the trivia, Billy, 'cuz that's all there is.

B: Well, then . . .

A: The whole human experience is . . .

B: What I want to know is can I talk seriously about . . .

A: Anything?

B: Yeah, about anything.

A: Ha!

B: Ha.

A: Well, you asked me once, did I mean when you were really being yourself or when you were pretending to be

someone else. You know, I said, "Oh, really? Is there ever . . . I mean I didn't know that was 2 spades, I thought it was always that you were pretending." You're like Rasputin or somebody -- you're a pretender.

B: Mm.

A: And that's tough, man, it's like a liar.

B: Ooh.

A: What you keep up is the most difficult front of any, from my own experience -- you know, is the attractive rejector.

B: Are you saying I'm ingenuine?

A: Oh, no, you're very genuine.

B: Mm.

A: That took me a long time to figure out -- the sincerity is absolute, apparent, prevalent . . .

B: Gotch ya.

A: For the play.

B: Ha.

A: So, whatever you're doing, you're doing it with the fond hope that we're getting it on film or on tape, because . . . Well, your concerns and your insights are important to me, as you know, as they've always been, and I don't mean to make light of them . . .

B: You don't ever . . . I think you told me once I was an inspiration to you and I thought I was just some guy

who hung out with you.

B: Right.

A: Never thought of myself that way at all.

B: Yeah, you are. Though I don't communicate with you on the astral plane because I have no control over you -- I've never had any control over you.

A: Is that one thing that you'd rather have?

B: No.

A: Generally -- not over me, I appreciate that -- but, is it now what you want some control over?

B: I like being able to affect people's minds from a distance, you know?

A: Okay. Oh, from a distance?

B: Oh, yeah, I like to do it on the astral plane.

A: Well, why don't you move away and think about us a lot. And we'll try to get your emanations.

B: Well, if I did, I would.

A: Yeah, right, if you did you would -- hey, that's Roseanne dialogue, that's very good dialogue. Completely responsive to the last thing I said whether or not it . . . which is the only way to talk.

B: If you're listening.

A: That's the only way to relate is to listen.

B: That's what I was taught.

A: I never was, it took me years to learn that I could

learn more by listening than talking.

B: But I was taught by poets . . . from the beginning.

A: Mm. Yeah, there are a few words -- I was taught by salesmen so I . . . was never an English major.

B: I was taught by real poets so that to this day -- legendary American poets, like Charles Olsen, Robert Creeley, and . . .

A: Legendary.

B: Well, legendary in the, you know, supermarket sense. But they were truly in the height . . . you know, they believed in their ethic, their commune, their little gestures, see, and they were connected to something that I've always been connected to, which may be the greatest thing in my existence, is I live on another plane -- you know, there's not a lot of talk about this . . .

A: Another plane than what plane?

B: Than the physical plane of cause and effect.

A: You live in that a lot.

B: Unfortunately, I'm warped by it.

A: Your intellectual mind's totally caught

B: This is what I wanted to talk about seriously is how it all moves into the body and how you can, like my feet are the point of tension in my body. All tension . . .

A: Ha.

B: He's . . . killing me.

A: We finally got the point of tension in his body! We can give him a hot foot now anyway and know that it'll be quiet for a while.

B: Yeah. And that's where it came from, in fact, that they marched me through the woods and tortured me and I had frost bite and then they put hot coals on my feet.

A: Who did that?

B: The boy scouts.

A: Ha.

B: Ha. Well, they were getting back at me for having . . .

A: Yeah, right, everybody behaves at you, to some degree, to get back at you -- certainly you know that.

B: Yeah!

A: You are what Richard I and Christen were in the 11th century when they were breaking up -- all by yourself, everything that happens is because of what you did some earlier time, which I'd like to point out, astrophysically, is a shit reality in my book, to be constantly enlabored in a cause and effect repetition . . .

B: Fortunately, I don't exist in your paradigm, so . . .

A: He always backs out of any . . .

B: Let's hear the actual language speak for itself . . .  
what are you saying? Somebody's rooted . . . in a  
problem? In causality?

A: Yes.

B: Of course we're rooted in causality, that's what gives  
us substance . . . But since we live in an infinite  
simultaneous instantaneous . . .

A: (over) He's saying it . . . he's saying it . . .

B: . . . for Christ's sake.

A: . . . he's saying . . .

B: Personally?

A: Personally. Well, like everybody, but . . . This is  
about you! This is your day on the pot -- we've been  
waiting and waiting and waiting, right, I mean,  
remember back in high school, you used to set fire to  
our pigtails? Everything that happens to you . . .

B: Ha.

A: . . . could be viewed by my perceptions as very  
similar to the last days of Richard I and Christen,  
which, as a personality study outside of a couple,  
everything he did was because something she did  
yesterday, and everything she did, you know, she  
couldn't do anything right because . . .

B: Ha.

A: . . . boy, they just went back and forth at each



other, repaying . . .

B: Well, that's why I was asking you about how you deal with yourself during the day, like, do you have arguments with yourself, do you berate yourself?

A: No, I talk out loud to myself and listen . . .

B: Do you berate yourself?

A: No, no, I always . . .

B: You never berate yourself? You don't say, "You son of a bitch!"

A: Oh, no, I never talk to myself in passion, I talk to myself in pure split intellect.

B: Oh, wow that's a gift, see.

A: Well, yeah, I know I have a gift -- I can take all the emotion out of it, split myself right down the middle . . .

B: But this is . . . you're not bullshitting?

A: No, I'm telling you what I think I do.

B: (over) This is the way you actually live.

A: This is the way I live -- all day long, whatever else I'm doing, if I am thinking or talking, it is to myself listening to . . .

B: This is what I thought about you . . .

A: . . . but I articulate it.

B: . . . is that you don't take the negative emotion and apply it to yourself.

A: The only emotion I feel, outside of fear, is sadness.  
And that's . . .

B: That's wonderful

A: Yeah, it's the only emotion I ever feel.

B: That's wonderful . . . see, we, like me, and most of  
us . . .

A: I want to answer your question that I mean sad as  
opposed to mad or bad. I don't want to redefine sad  
anymore than it's the last emotion you'll ever have to  
feel about anything before you can forget it. It's a  
nice way to finish -- it's a sweet ending to feel sad  
about it and then . . . rather than mad or bad.

B: What about happy?

A: No, the only alternatives in my paradigm are those  
three things . . . to boil it all down to making a  
choice between strawberry, chocolate, and vanilla . . .

B: You're talking about your inner mind now, this is what  
you're talking about.

A: My inner mind says, "Ah, you know, gosh, lah-dee-dah,"  
and then the next thing I do is decide it was a hell of  
a lot better than when I was the saddest about it -- I  
look back at the time with my mother as the best time I  
had in my life with another human at home.

B: Yeah, that's great.

A: Better than my wife and kids, better than my corporate

career -- the most qualitative experience I've ever had on a regular basis is that . . .

B: 'Cuz she was so disciplined . . .

A: . . . funny kind of private, strange relationship we had just the two of us living together, cooperating on not having anything go wrong.

B: Yeah.

A: She because she couldn't see herself in that position, and me because I'd have had to fix it.

B: Y'see but I'm quite sure if the justification of the rationalization lives up to the perception -- in other words, you have this ability to analyze so therefore you must also analyze yourself in a negative fashion.

A: Oh, am I in my analyzation?

B: You must analyze yourself in a negative fashion, you must . . .

A: I never analyze anything in a negative fashion, or a positive fashion, analysis is not . . .

B: You just did, you just did. Analysis is a system of logic that breaks down when it makes no sense and then it becomes debilitating, it becomes negative, it becomes self-destructive.

A: It always makes sense to me.

B: You're wrapped in this holy glow of the . . . your parents' sugar addiction -- your mother's in particular

-- so, in the womb . . . so, you got this holy glow of sugar all around you and then, of course, you got the 1910s, the 1920s, and you were born sometime 1100 A.D. or something, no, no, not the 30s, no, Christ, you were born . . . I mean, you were way back.

A: 1040. This is my 955th year on this planet and . . .

B: Yeah.

A: . . . you're about the least interesting I've met since . . . Nostradamus! How to get him to leave. I gotta go for the ashtray, here, I've been piling up ashes everywhere. I wonder if he gets the gift of the other point of view.

B: Oh, I always get the benefit of the other point of view, that's how I think.

A: 'Cuz you can have a thesis and then go around behind it and create an antithesis and argue with yourself until you synthesize the two into what's useful or interesting for yourself -- it's a matter of selecting from 31 flavors. You generalize it in a positive or negative view and then you make electricity out of it and take the best of both and move on . . . it's like sad lets me move on -- every time I had to move I felt sad and then I went. So I got it figured out that sadness is great 'cuz it gets rid of something and lets me move rather than mad or bad, whatever those . . . I

want to stay with those three words, 'cuz they rhyme,  
it looks really good on paper.

B: How 'bout glad?

A: No, it's just the three words, that include . . . glad  
would be . . . where the hell would glad be?

B: It rhymes!

A: Well, listen, when I feel sad, I feel glad 'cuz I know  
it's over.

(a bottle cap drops, Stockhausen explodes)

A: I think we're down in hyper-drive. That was that,  
something I should pick up, maybe not.

B: I don't know, it was a musical moment.

A: See, I live in a very . . . with myself, I live in  
a . . . what should I call it -- I live in a library.

(another cap)

A: There it is again, you know?

B: Heh.

A: Heh. I mean, you know, you come to these meetings and  
pretty soon the little metal things start dropping on  
the floor, everybody's jockstrap comes apart, belt  
buckles fall off and the hearing aid . . .

(yet another)

B: There it is again?

A: WHOA!

(A. jettisons one of his own)

A: Leaped right off the table. Good thing we only get together once a month now that we have to take a picture every time.

B: Yeah.

A: But there's good here, I mean, I'm very interested in the way I deal with my life when I'm by myself, talking it out and feeling better about it -- each little time I walk and talk, I feel better, better, better, I mean that's all I can say.

B: Well, the key ingredient there is "walk."

A: I walk constantly -- even in . . . I love bein' home alone -- can you see me walkin' outside, way out back, I pace around.

B: Yeah, I see you. It's kind of a beatification.

A: What?

B: It's kind of a beatification. At some point you'll be radiating pure light. Ha.

A: Well, I have been for a long time. I'm a breatharian.

B: Yeah, I mean, you are, you are, I mean, you are now, radiating . . .

A: I'm a good example of how little you need to get . . .

B: Think of the character in The Glass Bead Game, particularly . . .

A: I read that and I can't remember any of it.

B: . . . the head of music becomes radiatin' . . .

radiat-ing fully.

A: Yeah.

B: Yeah, well . . .

A: The only thing that keeps me goin' is . . .

B: Shall I show you pictures of . . . no, not yet . . .  
hey, look, I would like to get off the astral plane and  
get onto, like . . .

A: It's about an hour anyway, isn't it?

B: I'd like to . . .

A: I'd like to, I think, I think . . . no? No, okay.

Well, I love it when they say, "No." Maybe I'll dye my  
skin black and move to the south -- I'd feel very  
comfortable if there is a place on the bus I could  
always go to and be with my brothers.

B: Yeah, you try to find that in the south.

A: I'm gonna try to find a little town that's got so much  
money that they don't care about those things . . . and  
slip in there and elevate the whole tenor of my life.

B: There are tons of those places.

A: It's all over the place.

B: That's what America is . . .

A: Yeah.

B: . . . little, rich communities with their own banks.

A: Little, rich communities where there's no problems and  
you can slide in. Nobody asks any questions . . .

B: There is no police force.

A: There are no problems.

B: "Who wants to be Mayor? Nobody? We won't be Mayor . . . we won't have a Mayor."

A: They'd take one look at me and say, "Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve. He's back in town."

B: Exactly.

A: It's my only hope is to have about two years -- finish what I'm doin' here -- I don't know, it's all jumbled in my mind but it's so trusting in the spiritual world that it's got no plan inherent except to stop, close down, and go.

B: Well, you said a major thing there, "It's so trusting in the spiritual world."

A: Well, that's it, that's the only way I could go -- if I tried to plan it, I know I'd wind up being where I . . .

B: This is where we all have our greatest belief.

A: "I learned I can't manage my own life so let's let it happen anyway."

B: Yeah, is that what it is?

A: Mm-hm. Mm-hm.

B: I mean, is that what we believe -- that we can't manage our own life?

A: No, I think humanity thinks that it can think of



how . . .

B: No, not humanity, us . . .

A: Us, us . . .

B: You and me . . .

A: I think we think we can think of how it would be better and then try to do something about making it that way and actually get there and still want it that way -- the truth is we're all loose in a pinball machine and nobody knows what to do and the experts scare me the most -- the governments, yours and mine, can't run anything, you know, and at the same time we're alive and time's running out and I got a little . . .

B: Time's running out?!

A: Yeah, time's running out.

B: Exactly.

A: Yeah. Yeah. It's a good thing I thought about being the age I am. Can't trust the glass core though. Just go and become anonymous, go into a nice little comfortable place that has room for one more -- keep your mouth shut, sit around, hang around, six months you'd be talked to by the real estate people, the bank . . . you know . . .

B: Well, I hope you do it.

A: . . . just find a little somebody that's . . .

B: I hope you find something that satisfies you in this life, you know.

A: I gotta get into something that I really want to do.

B: . . . 'cuz as long as I've known you, the only thing that satisfies you, in life, is thinking about it . . . ha.

A: Right. Well, that's very satisfying, I'd be the first to give it to you . . . you like to talk about it, I like to think about it, neither of us does it. And I don't expect that to happen . . . I just want to . . . you know, I've done it . . . I just want to cut loose, finish my business, you know, it's not like . . . you're so much freer than I am . . .

B: No, I am not . . . we're two similar pods, peas in a pod . . . see you come from the ancient history I come from the 1940s.

A: I don't come from ancient history. I come from near history.

B: Shut up and listen to me now.

A: No, let's get it straight whence I . . .

B: When the fuck were you born?

A: I don't know.

B: (pause) Yeah? You're pretty young.

A: At the loathe of the depression.

B: Oh.

A: Or at the height of it . . . no, it got worse.

B: Anyway, your people were actually Roaring Millennium people who were very kind to one another . . .

A: Yeah, my people were 11th century people.

B: . . . they were not depression oriented people . . . you might as well have been born in 1890 for the kind of upbringing you had.

A: I might have been actually, never thought the 40s was the year I was born in.

B: No.

A: 'Cuz all I got out of it was what they gave me, which . . .

B: Right, that's all we get out of it is what they give you.

A: And that's all you get out of it, right, yeah, yeah, we oughtta really talk that one up . . .

B: So, I was given, you know, what I was given.

A: What did you get out of the 40s?

B: Well, I got the toughness, the horror, the alcoholism, the drunkenness, beating the women . . .

A: You got the 50s in other words.

B: No, that was the 40s. The 50s were the . . .

A: But you matured in the 50s, right?

B: Matured?

A: Well, you got to be a teenager.

B: No, I didn't mature until late-50s, which is like, you know, a whole other era. What I'm talkin' about is the first three years . . .

A: Half, yeah, first half of every decade is different from the last half.

B: The first three years of life.

A: Keep that in mind.

B: That's what I'm talking about, not talking about the time you're born, but the people you're born with and what they do with you the first three years.

A: The fuckin' you get.

B: Yeah.

A: All of our parents laid us up with their worst concerns . . .

B: . . . and their best concerns . . .

A: . . . and their best, but their worst first . . .

I'll go it's half and half, I'll go that with you. I agree that in the most benign of circumstances they were very inefficient, but they meant well and did what they were told and passed it on to us.

B: Well, using the word "efficient" or "inefficient" with a biological structure as complicated as that one, considering the condition it's in . . .

A: By "efficiency" I mean they did what they thought they should, that's all, they carried out their own program

and we had corporations making billions of dollars and moving people around and families were destroyed; entire places were uprooted.

A: You think it was any different in 1040? Best time you had was that war, you know.

B: How can you say such a crazy thing?

A: In terms of world prominence . . . America came of age in World War II.

B: Yeah, well, it hasn't done any good for the American people.

A: Another way to describe the . . .

B: The American people in my opinion have been destroyed by the corporation's rise to power because of our victory in World War II. Now I've been studying most of my life dealing with why this is so.

A: Well, give it up.

B: Yes, I should.

A: Give up anything you've been doing all your life for all of our sakes in the room including yours, as one priest to another, you know, open a drawer and put that one in there.

B: What about all this thought that I've given?

A: Just put something away . . .

B: I wanna talk about it.

A: You have to be very specific what you put away and you

talk to yourself about it and then you do it.

B: Ha!

A: That's how I do it. That's how I drop what I don't want to do anymore, I just think about it for a long time . . .

B: See, you're like a fascist, see, I'm a democrat . . . that's our big difference.

A: You think we're different?

B: Oh, I think we're supremely different because you have no anger in you . . . you have no . . .

A: Well, that doesn't make us different.

B: Oh, it makes us very different.

A: That's a distinction, but it's not a difference.

B: Oh, it's a whole different thing, like I'm motivated by anger, you're motivated by . . .

A: I'm not motivated.

B: . . . comfort!

A: No, I'm not motivated.

B: You are so.

A: No, I'm not. I'm never motivated toward something. That's what I mean by motivated.

B: It's just a definition of motivation.

A: I never take linear movement by reason of a historic want or need.

B: Anyway we get down to these little positions where you

kind of linguistically squirm out of it, you know

. . .

A: No, I'm trying to help you understand . . .

B: . . . if you were not motivated, you would not be who you are.

A: I'm not motivated in the sense you are.

B: We already established that, I'm motivated from anger, you're motivated from comfort.

A: Okay, which is, in the relativistic sense of language, relatively unmotivat-ed, because comfort would not motivate you to move away from it, I mean, comfort would be . . . what's the other . . . motivation is what, a prior cause for behavior or action? It's a thought of the future that you wish to go toward -- motivation is a conscious vector. Motivation is a direction . . . how's that? Sort of dangling in a void . . . a sort of a supine position, facing north. The real future is you're going forth, boy.

B: The real future is when you're dead, you're over and it's ahead.

A: The real future is you are shedding your impedimenta.

B: Don't fuck with me.

A: I'm not fucking with you.

B: Don't talk to me as if I'm somebody that you can talk to, I've been trying to tell you this for -- how long

have I known you?

A: Don't talk to you as though . . .

B: . . . as if I'm somebody you know!

A: Oh. How did I fall into that trap you think. Must of been there like a minefield, you know, it's like the test is . . . the test is don't come to class at all.

B: What was your attitude toward me -- oh, yes, I remember, pointing, pointing, pointing, always.

A: I'll stop.

B: Yeah, don't point at me. You know . . .

A: Okay.

B: I don't wanna become a thing in your mind, in your imagination about reality.

A: Okay.

B: I don't even wanna be in your mind -- if I could wipe me out in your mind, I would.

A: Go do it.

B: Eh, well, I can't. So, try to develop an attitude -- you want some ice? I got some nice ice for you here.

A: No, I don't need any ice.

B: Yeah, you do.

A: Why do I need ice? It will make me suspicious, you know; they poison the drinks just before they throw you on the altar.

B: If I want to fry you, I will give you notice . . .



A: I just asked it's all you put in it -- it's a yes or no.

B: I will give you big time notice.

A: I just want to have an answer to my question.

B: You get a big fuckin' placard as you come out of your house.

A: I just want you to answer my question.

B: You're history. Pow!

A: Well, how 'bout that?

B: Totally pure.

A: Good -- I haven't doubted it for a moment. But, you know, if I get too stoned I'll wander off.

B: Ha. You think anybody cares?

A: Probably not. I hope not.

B: Nobody cares.

A: 'Cuz I will one day.

B: Nobody cares about anybody else . . . that's the truth.

A: Yeah . . . yeah, I agree. Or should.

B: Or should . . . even think about 'em! In fact, my motto is the less you know that others exist, the better you are.

A: Is that your motto? No wonder you're all . . . I can understand you better now that I know that you really . . .

B: I'm all what? You have a definition for me again?

A: Now, now, don't start with that.

B: Well, what is it? I want to know, this is a moment!

A: Well, don't start with that.

B: I want to hear it!

A: You're not encouraging me to say anything.

B: What was your characterization, pal? I'll take your head off -- even think about it in my presence.

A: Well, I lost you . . . well, I don't know what you're so upset about because . . .

B: I'm upset about your Aristotelian, aristocratic perch on me as a human being as if I'm a thing in your mind.

A: You're not a thing in my mind.

B: Sure I am.

A: You are a separate entity, but not a thing.

B: I'm no more than any other thing in your mind -- I have no more reality than the chair.

A: Okay. But I'm not at odds with that . . . whatever it is that you're . . .

B: I'm at odds with the way you relate to me . . .

A: I know you are.

B: . . . as a thing.

A: But I don't! I mean I'm giving you that it appears to you that I do and have, but . . . I'll try to think how I will describe how I relate to you.

B: Ha.

A: Well . . .

B: Yeah, do.

A: Okay, I will. Fun to think about it. The way I relate to you is mostly the cues that I get from you to enact, as best I can, your drama.

B: Humh.

A: In other words, the way I think I react to you is to respond to you -- I don't see the force going from me to you. That's maybe what I'm trying to say.

B: No, we can't talk about it . . .

A: Okay, let's . . .

B: . . . because the, you know, problems are so deep . . .

A: Yeah.

CURTAIN