

## JOURNEY WITH JC

### Addendum 2

12/27/83 Oaxaca

It is cold in the cabin. It is 15 minutes to midnight in Mex City but only one half-hour aloft out of LA, after a two-hour wait for "engine troubles. It's quarter to 11 and supper, although now being served to the first-class passengers, will not reach the rear coach for yet another one half-hour, which will be 15 minutes later than the aircraft originally had been scheduled to land in the capital city.

12/28 9:50 a.m. To bank for pesos.

11:00 a.m. Jardin street restaurant across from zocalo.

The tables are marble-topped now. Wonder what happened to all those tin card tables?...hot sunshine! Feels so good.

The first familiar face to walk out of the zocalo is Beto Palacio's. "It's good you come to my 'office,'" JG the Entrepreneur says, shaking my hand. "This is my second office."

"Where's your other?"

"A couple of blocks up the street."

"I thought it was the Guelatao."

"No," he says: drums the table with his fingers; "I like marble."

The "pinchy" Jardin, as JC would say. They take so god-damn long to serve you....

Changing restaurants, at the del Valle they won't serve me... It's not only the wasted half-hour; I should be working instead of sitting watching the same scene as if something new will spout from memory... It takes one trip to the zocalo each time, to appreciate how a story can get boring. I shall have my bread and coffee; I shall go to see Pierre about the play; then meet Palacios at 2 and give him regrets about the promised lunch.... There are two reasons for me to spend time with a

male acquaintance, and something in my gut tells me that the play would not be served by it.

Can't tell you either the date or the time. Let's see...Friday; yes, the banks are closed and some of the stores. Wednesday, first day, I received the ms. from Pierre in the afternoon. Yesterday, Thursday, I read as much of the translation as I could. Today, six copies xeroxed; and, just a few moments ago, mailed the first two copies to the only two potentially interested directors yielded from research of the Mexican film industry. One copy I left with Pierre. The other three I shall distribute, somehow, before I leave.

I find that everything needed to be done here in Oax. is finished. To the coast? For, unless that happens, I see nothing for it but to change reservations and go home.

1/3/1984

No. I have received, instead, the garret from Joanna, who left today for Queretero, and something caused me to take along the notes for the last chapters of the Child's Book of Light...so I find I am, after all, here in Oaxaca again only to work....

Continuing to note "coincidences," as I have chosen in a Jungian manner to seize them for the preceding five years, the garret not available upon my arrival at the Posada. Made acceptable to me in its occupancy by a girl named "Joanna," when she—the young spiritual artist—and I—the now-aging agnostic—met, it was indeed love at first presentation. And so, during the afternoon and evening of the days I worked in my "cuarto" (one of the Posada's "new" rooms—an 8x10, vaulted-brick-roofed cement monk's cell) I had the pleasure of the company of her spirit and intellect. This time, a "daughter" to add to the fall of heart; a worthy bearer of the name of the play's heroine....

So now here I am, back in the beloved garret, little changed except for the absence of Abel's 1978's colorful possessions; where the early morning sun's entry through the wrought-iron double windows makes the falling plaster and decaying wood at night under the bare light bulb totally inconsequential. There have been other co-incidentals this week, all seemingly to help finish distribution of

the play; but the great need to record them, as well as occupy my hands with journal writing if not otherwise busy, has withered. I am spending time, instead, on the double eye!

At times the old questions flit by—am I only a mildly crazy woman who has created these dramas—an “underground” play; a “new physics” out of the air of my fantasizing? Or do these acts have a purpose of their own that I only serve? But they do not bind themselves as before.... I shall do what I can in the time I have left; I would like to take back with me finished draft portions of the Child’s B of L, regardless. On the 15<sup>th</sup> of the month I become, again, a wage slave...and life continues.

Sitting sideways at the small table, my elbow resting on the portable typewriter, night having fallen, I look down to the yard below and let the 1978 or ’79 memories tip-toe by: of the tanned maiden with so much love to give; of Guilberto the Bull, saying to her, “If you are T...a, I am T...o,” and their larger-than-life shadows circling the walls; of Greco in his hat and serape, sitting on the opposite chair as she sang her favorite Verdi aria to him.... I rise and pass the marred oval mirror to lay my journal with its cursory scribbles upon the room’s other table, and see a large-nosed woman with graying hair, and a look in her eye which seems to ask, “Why did she have to live, the maiden in blossom, daughter of my spirit?”

1/4/84

Sitting on one of the white iron benches near the band gazebo in the zocalo, just a couple of benches removed from the one to which the Countryman came to me on bended knee in the spring of ’80, seeing him for the first time since returning to the states in ’79.... Bloodshot eyed and wasted; and I took him back to the states with me then, a story not told, all of the notes burned. Too heartfelt the memories, then...

And I realize I am “scoping the zoke” and have the unpremeditated thought, “Look for one who’s got money and that scared look...” the way I believe he lived.... The pigeons are numerous in the park this year... Look for the pigeon! (And, maybe, find a dove?)

2 p.m. Back at the Jardin after having a very agreeable meeting with the director of the School of Belles Artes at the Benito Juarez University, leaving a copy of the play with him to give to the school's professor (one Pedro Quezada, who is away and won't return until Monday, my day of departure), I was given a memento of thanks from the University; I shall frame it.

Juan says he saw the Countryman two weeks ago—unbelievable! He lives, still. Now, apparently, at Puerto Escondido. (And I almost went there this week; it was in my mind, also having an invitation from a Canadian woman to accompany her there...God! I did go almost; but finishing the CBL took precedence. Can't imagine looking into his eyes, again, with these, different now, mine.

Yes, I shall frame it—\$35,000 later—with a picture of the 63 Rambler in which the Countryman left, never to be seen by me again. Juan buys me a cup of coffee for old times' sake.

1/6/84 Finding deficiencies in the play's translation, but primarily the fact that I sent copies off before discovering them gives me some grief. Up late last night editing the most important pages. Cockroaches in the bathroom after midnight; scorpions in a jar this morning—Rodrigo asked me if I would like them as a present for the Day of Kings.

At the breakfast table in the courtyard I shudder as I pop another piece of papaya into my mouth, remembering the curled tail of the yellow one I found in my room at LaVentosa after the Norte; looking back I am in awe at the "inconveniences" these "projects of my life" have appeared to demand and I think, "Surely all cannot have been for naught?—simply for an ego-child's vision?; not even remarkably purposeless direction of energy?"

So much for the human condition—although perhaps a beautiful exhibitor of it, I prefer still not to give it validation—

[later transcribing these notes, I added:]

NO. *That* is something I would have said *before* reaching *this* plateau. For we now are in Book III of Genesis, remember? Where, now, there *are* three also in entity: you and me and *he*...

Or, thee and I and *she*... Beyond body; no, in excess of its demands because, through good fortune (of birth?) in book I, grace of God (energy?) in book II, cosmological grace (of matter?) in book III, it can be ignored, almost totally.

To be able to ignore it totally would mean its absence while thought continued. But whether in individualized or whole nature It (consciousness?) so can continue, while we are in this state we do not know. Thus is it to reach for the highest point of knowledge currently possible in life?—transcendence?—