**ONE MORTAL**

*Faceless, formless consciousness*

 *in an arbitrary temporary body—*

*all,* en fin,  *any one of us is.*

Anonymous

**Introduction**

 Another awakening from sleep’s blissful oblivion, the sky doing its dawn silvering beyond the window overhead and Mind parroted, *“I get tears in my ears, lying in my bed as I cry over you”--* as did I, the cause a dream of JC, in which he acknowledged my work on *Daughters.*  Grief for all death took full course. Another living here might have thought me gone mad and in a way I had; Mind’s eye flooded with sights of eyes of the dying, beloved pets as well as persons. *How much less is Life, without that certainty of the sound of a loved voice replying to yours; the sharing in ‘existence’ even when not together…. Isn’t the feeling of Love that makes existence most tolerable?*

I wailed loudly with profuse expulsion of tears, over and over, as eyes of loved and gone reappeared: the last time I saw JC’s, before the second surgery; Mother’s, as she whispered, “Why am I still here?--all my work is done;” my Father-in-law’s, imploring, being taken against will from the home of six decades built with his own hands, to die in antiseptic anonymity; Bruno’s, wrapped in his blanket, on my lap, at the Vet’s…..

I cried like an aggravated baby at the monstrosity of it all, inundated by emotion at the intractability of our human lot, with thoughts of persons ‘round the globe suffering *no semblance* of reason for having lived at all…*parent losses, children losses…witnesses of indiscriminate annihilation of all that gives Life purpose.*  I cried as never--neither as a child, nor when adult losses occurred; keenly aware that even in one’s works there is no later glory. All work was and is for its moment, the satisfaction then-given to the soul’s then-dream….

Because of the combined current drought and an early fall *(--when* will *they adjust earth’s calendar again?--)*, the oaks are shedding their leaves in droves. But I don’t need to sweep the grounds this morning; I did it yesterday. Instead at seven o’clock, like Mma. Ramotswe, coffee cup instead of bush tea in hand, I took a walk around the garden and underneath the tree arches. Eighteen years in creation, I understood Mrs. Winchester; differences being only size of and available funds for our respective ‘death-defying’ occupation. Noticing that the latest trimmings revealed needed higher shapings I thought, *I’ll have that done next year if I’m still ‘here’;* but immediately edited the thought: *next year, if everyone I love is.* Knowing a typical response to suggesting myabsence would be, *“Think of all the people who have loved you being without your existence,”* Mind responded, *there would be others for them to love….*

 Anyone familiar with this author’s writings would see that they sought to reason three main affecters of Psyche, thus the “Human Condition:” container of all, the Cosmos; its subject, Mind/Body; its influencer, ‘Religion’. A number of dreams directly related to those pursuits were collected in *Dreaming Unified Fields.* Those that follow here primarily touch “the I’s” quest for self-knowledge.

When it comes down to the emanation of dreams, the word isn’t in yet whether all comes from but one individual life’s Private Unconscious, or an admixture of elements of one reincarnated individual and/or combined with residue from the archaic Unconscious. The school that holds self-carrying consciousness is reborn repeatedly in differing bodies (reincarnation) embraces two sub-possibilities: either one permanent but nameless identity *chooses* its subsequent lives according to which it has been well-suited developmentally by prior lives, or, succeeding reincarnations are determined by prior lives’ relationships. In no event, however, will prior incarnations be remembered (although some do believe it possible). The second school holds that there only is one eternal and unique identity per person; and, after body’s demise, it ethereally proceeds to eternal existence of variously conceived manners.

Dreaming is the most conducive experience bolstering belief in me of reincarnation. It threatens to compel conviction that the components of the imperceivable ‘entity’ of me--that which is aware in existence while dependent upon and within the current body--previously has inhabited other bodies. Such notion is tenable in the cosmological ‘closed’ system I have envisioned, wherein the elements that constitute consciousness would be indestructible and re-used, as is the energy of which all matter is. *(Is it not possible,* Mind asks, *that, in the catacombs of human history is a residue of all the laughter we have laughed, the tears that we have shed: one, nameless but permanent identity born and reborn within gravity’s bed?)*

I do believe that dreaming can aid in purging one’s Private Unconscious and closing doors on psychical conflicts from past struggles and compromises; in my case, especially between Domestic and Writer personae. I cannot know, however, whether ‘the I’s’ attributions to its dreams are factual; or, they merely reflect a method to render them useful, reversing Fritz Perl’s remark: *one can work on dream situations the same as one can, on life contents.”*  In that respect, dreams in this ‘memoir’ primarily provide the vehicle.

*This,* friends, is *it: the last of our notes, rotes, and quotes…*

**September 1973**

 On our first child-free vacation, by the time JC and I reached Coba’s high temple, no part of me wasn’t wet with sweat. Legs, weary from climbs at Chichenitza and Palenque, refused to go farther than Coba’s temple base. We were alone at the site, and JC began to climb. I sat at the bottom corner, face buried in the droop of my gauze skirt between open knees, when I heard a sound—a *cluck—*followed by another and soon, a chorus. I lifted my head to see a flock of wild turkeys ominously approaching. When the head guy reached about four feet from me I edged around the wall’s cornice and up the pyramids first two steps.

 The turkeys, however, continued their agitated advance; so I edged my fanny up another two steps; soon, eight; then, ten and, ultimately, to the first pyramid level. The turkeys, seemingly disinclined to climb steps, left me free to look around. The scene was hypnotizing. Strengthened, I began purposely to make my way to the top. There I starkly was made aware of how I was standing on rock—*rock* stacked at the bottom center of a vast bowl filled to its horizon rim with black-green jungle….

*Of course!* I thought. If born in that jungle beneath an endless canopy of trees, I, too, would want to stack rocks to stand upon to see what might lie beyond, to say nothing of the night’s full sky! It was about an hour before sunset, and in the far distance the sun’s rays pierced light white clouds and remained brightly perceivable beneath them. I had seen a similar distant sight on the road to Palenque, except then the clouds through which the sun rays struck were black and, beneath *them,* it was raining. The comparison would stay with me and, eventually, living to write *A Child’s Book of Light,* I would believe I knew why*….*

“Anyone who wishes to interpret a dream must him [or her] self be on approximately the same level as the dream, for nowhere can he [or she] see anything more than what he [or she] is him [or her] self.” … “If we want to interpret a dream correctly, we need a thorough knowledge of the conscious situation at that moment, because the dream contains its unconscious complement, that is, the material which the conscious situation has constellated in the unconscious. Without this knowledge it is impossible to interpret a dream correctly, except by a lucky fluke.” [Jung, C. G., *Psychological Reflections,* Princeton, N.J.:Princeton University Press, Bollingen Series XXXI fourth printing 1978; pages 63, 67.]

**1979**

 *I am alone and going blind. At first I think my hair has fallen before my eyes and I keep trying to brush it away. One by one the lights in the house are going out…flicker and out…flicker and out—flicker hair away from my eyes! Are the lights going out elsewhere? Through the last chink of eyesight that I have I look out the front door. No…a light shines brightly in each neighboring house!*

 *Inside I am in peril of stumbling over furniture. And the place has a deserted feeling. JC’s not there in any form! There is his tobacco pouch on the sideboard, but where is he? Where are my children?*

 *The wind begins to blow. It’s coming through a crack between the patio door and its frame. I struggle with the door but just as I am able to draw it tight enough to secure the clasp it bows out at the bottom and threatens to crack. Something is hanging outside of the door, blowing in the wind—a blanket? And there is something resting on the ground behind it. WHAT IS THAT?—THAT ACROSS THE DOORSTEP?—*

 *The fabric swings away in a gust, and I see a brown wooden box of unmistakable form, unmistakable length, corners hewn into unmistakable angles. Aghast, I turn from the sight…*

[Post-separation…in the earlier waking moments this night, all I cared for the morrow was that I see the sun again, for my life had taken an unanticipated dreadful turn….]

*It seemed that a demon long buried in the subconscious was escaping its tethers, pinning me down as I lay sleeping and forcing witness. My dream-captured consciousness whirled, determined to meet it face to face—*

[But such is not the way of child confusion when it erupts from the putrid repository of the sacred dreams of youth--]

 *A force flung me down. It stuck its blunt spear into my back and hurled a horrid appendage around my waist. It pushed my head against the mattress and pulled the shade from the eye of my soul. I saw myself as ‘I’ was; I saw that ‘I’ within my child’s smiling eyes as they rolled back and she fell into innocence’s sleep, thumb in mouth, small fingers stroking her genitals. Then ‘my’ baby shadow emerged from her and crawled back into the world….*

This was the year of the birth of *Journey with JC,* the obsession to wreak an objective view of human sexuality, determined to explore the objective need for and effects of release of bioenergy via the genitals and its influence on mental and physical health*. How often* did *bioenergy require such release from the human body? How much might it differ not just between ‘masculine’ and ‘feminine’ but individually between all bodies, and also with body’s aging? Finally,* who *judges how much ‘libido’ an individual naturally ‘should’ have?*

Was the known functioning of the female reproductive system no longer taught in school to teen girls, as it was to me in a “hygiene” class at San Francisco’s Marina Junior High School in 1949? How simple!: Every approximate four weeks, an egg was released from an ovary, traveled the fallopian tube, and nestled in a little blood cradle in the uterus, where for some three days or so it awaited possible fertilization. If fertilization didn’t occur, the cradle and its contents were discharged through “menstruation.”

That knowledge enabled 18-year-old me to say to JC, “I don’t think this is a good time to do this,” which (*of course?—being male?)* didn’t discourage him in the least, leading him to be a father much sooner than he might have chosen. The time frame in which a female can become impregnated is so fairly calculable, why isn’t it broadcast from rooftops and females strengthened to take control? Is what I was taught still taught? I do not mean to suggest that medical birth control methods shouldn’t be used. But if males as well as females were more educated in all the premises, we might see a reduction in overpopulation. Instead we hear we’ll need more prisons, more hospitals, more law enforcement, more, more, more; when we can’t support what’s extant now! *(As a friend once relayed, “Life is sexually transmitted!”)* All I’m seeing in the press are questions whether federal education law should include any mention of sex at all; meanwhile, a new pill to increase female libido. *(Who saw a need for* that?)

It fascinated me from a young age, as to the chromosomes which determine gender of a conception, that females possessed only “X’’-- female-gender-determining chromosomes--while men possessed both Xs, and “Y’s”--male-gender-determining chromosomes. In other words, in chromosomal conception, the male determines the child’s gender.

*(Interesting of late is that, although scientifically established that “200 to 300 million years ago, Y shared roughly 600 genes with X, today they share only 19.” Reportedly, back in 2002 “some geneticists indicated …[that]…given another 10 million ears…Y would be extinct [!].” A controversy appears to exist, however, as to Y’s future fate. Per a July 2014 report* (Scientific American), *according to a study by Massachusetts Institute of Technology biologist David Page* (Nature), *“Y has stopped shedding genes…and has been stable for the past 25 million years.” On the other hand, Australian National University geneticist Jennifer Graves notes “that at least two rodent groups have managed to dispose with it [Y] altogether--”)*

You’re not suggesting we get into “monogenesis” again?

*(Why not? Let’s see what* Webster Collegiate dictionary *says…. “*monogenic: *relating to, or controlled by a single gene….” “*monogenesis. *Biol-- direct development of an embryo from a parent similar to itself; descent of an individual from one parent form; development of all the beings in the universe from a single cell [*monogeny*].”)*

Fine. But what strikes me is, where does *Psyche* fit in? That is, *if* genetics also determines brain/mental construct, *are* we seeing the beginnings of a “balancing” of “female” and “male” psychical functioning in the growing recognition of existence of gender ‘cross-overs’? It’s all fine and well to conjecture what went ‘before’ us—present Humankind--and what goes ‘after’. But I’ve been more interested in my own *female* *living* experience….

Given the media and literary attention focused on sex, one would think it a constant occurrence. While *Journey’s*  exploration gives the impression that I spent a lot of time involved with it, it was quite the opposite when calculated in *veritable time.* Let’s see….

Take one-half hour per event(generous in most instances!)against a total estimated 5,700 events (of all but some divorced years, 42 years of combined marriage and remarriage years with same spouse) for a total of (5,700 x ½ hour =) 2,850 hours. There are 8,760 hours in a year. First nd second marriages = 53 life years (x 8,760) = 464,280 hours, divided into 2,850 hours yields (rounded off) a mere .006 percent of 53 life hours!

*(And notice how in some cultures conceptual responsibility is leveled on the female!--)*

San Francisco *Chronicle,* November 12, 2014: *“Sterilization campaign leaves 8 women dead:” “*New Delhi, India—eight Indian woman have died and 20 others were in critical condition…after undergoing sterilization surgeries in a free government-run program to help slow the country’s population growth,…[which] has reached 1.3 billion,” India having “one of the world’s highest rates of sterilization among women. … A total of 83 women, all poor villagers under the age of 32, had the operations…. All 83 surgeries were conducted within six hours.., each woman had received a payment of 600 rupees, or about $20, to participate in the program….” In India, “about 37 percent undergo such operations compared to 29 percent in China.” … “Activists blame sterilization quotas for leading health authorities to pressure patients into surgery rather than advising them of other forms of contraception.” The deaths apparently occurred “due to negligence by doctors,” according to Chief Minister, the death deaths “apparently from blood poisoning or hemorrhagic shock….”

 Although some progress seen in the West?:

San Francisco *Chronicle,* same date: *“Thousands step up on Vasectomy Day:* Founders of World Vasectomy Day based in Florida performed procedures on more than two dozen man live on the Internet on Friday, and they said several thousand more vasectomies took place around the world as part of the awareness campaign.” According to Dr. Mehdi Kamarei, a urologist at Kaiser Permanente Santa Clara, “’The power to impregnate is very important. It defines some men. And I think that’s in our biological drive. … We’re looking at a paradigm shift. We’re creating this idea that men are taking care of their family by taking family planning responsibility’, …[whereas] women…are used to carrying the burden of birth control.”

And we can bring Jung in here: “Nowadays we have no real sexual morality, only a legalistic attitude to sexuality; just as the Middle Ages had no real morality of money-making but only prejudices and a legalistic point of view. We are not yet far enough advanced to distinguish between moral and immoral behavior in the realm of free sexual activity. This clearly is expressed in the customary treatment, or rather ill-treatment, of unmarried mothers. All the repulsive hypocrisy, the high tide of prostitution and of venereal diseases, we owe to the barbarous, wholesale legal condemnation of certain kinds of sexual behavior, and to our inability to develop a finer moral sense for the enormous psychological differences that exist in the domain of free sexual activity.” [Jung, C. G., *Psychological Reflections,* Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1970, page 103].

**1980, September 3**

 [This during the extreme yogic meditative experimentations; *Journey With JC.*]

 *The force is approaching…. I am lifted and become ‘free’; I move very swiftly through the air.*

*This is not like “flying” dreams in which one is floating like a bird; this movement is so swift thought does not register. I fly down the hall and in the mirror there see my nightgowned self as a dim ethereal form. Moving rapidly toward and away from the mirror, I see that my feet are not touching the ground and—as if to prove they are not—my feet brush lightly above the legs of a nearby chest.*

 *Then!—my eyes seal; and the ‘spirit’ that began me on this breathtaking ‘flight’ seizes my hands and draws me into the kitchen. I force open my left eye to just a slit, enough to see a light back through the doorway. I am conscious of two kinds of being, objectively registering that one ‘I’,* yes, is *on the bed, scared to hell out of her wits, while this ‘other-I’ also is ‘awake’….*

 *The ‘spirit’ comes around in front of me now, a whitish form in the dimness appearing to be a human form but more slender, seemingly bald, but (although without discernible features, I can tell!) grinning, and with a definite identity. I know it means no harm, yet, still frightened beyond measure, as it looks to approach closer—to come into fuller contact with me—I feel if I could I would scream.*

I awakened, reassembled, to that all-engulfing buzzing energy *(nadam?)* I have experienced at other times to a lesser degree in the conscious state*.* The room seems compressed fully with it.

**September 7, late afternoon**

[During an unexpected nap. Again, I become a free floating spirit, this time a very pleasant experience.]

 *All is darkness. I am ‘dancing’ to a familiar melody, one I love; and I am absorbed in the music and beauty of performing perfectly to it, totally giving myself over to my love of dancing. I am doing some incredibly perfectly timed twirls, like some heavenly-gifted ballet dancer, when I become aware of the direction from which the music is coming. As I turned my ‘ear’ I first caught the tune crystal clearly* (although I cannot say I actually felt I *had* an ear, only that the ‘sensory receptor’ which would be receiving sound was turned toward its source]; *then, registering the change in volume lesser then greater as I whirled—almost like radar receptors are depicted in movies when they’re turning and shown receiving a signal from some object….*

I felt afterwards that it had been a lesson—*Child’s Book of Light?* Nonetheless, I arose from this dream very refreshed and literally quite happy. I had enjoyed the experience immensely.

**Same date**

I went to bed precisely at the stroke of midnight, although not by any conscious decision to do so. I felt a desire to meditate but refrained since the memory of September 3rd was still too vivid and I did not want to undergo a force dream of the type that leaves me quite exhausted. (It ought to be mentioned: I had been ignoring Mishra’s admonition that one should not go into a meditative state in a supine position—eventually wondering whether some disconnection occurs in the recticular formation.

I did find, however, that every time I closed my eyes I was arrested by a glimpse of the “aperture light” which seems to occur in the upper part of the normally considered area of vision. I recalled Heard’s admonition that one was not to try to “look” directly at it; so, instead, I found myself performing the “nasal gaze” but with eyes closed. Each time I consciously kept from “looking at” the aperture and withdrew focus to the nasal gaze, it was followed by a spontaneous deep inspiration/inhalation accompanied by the body “jerk” action experienced at other times of meditation.

Before actually going to sleep I played a bit with how finely I could open my eyes, since there are peculiar visual experiences possible with which I have become familiar—again unwittingly and unbiddingly—curing some meditations, when focus reaches a particular aspect and the eye opens just the tiniest bit while the eye is focused in this ‘unnatural’ manner. It must have been about 12:30 when I fell asleep; not long afterward…..

*A force dream began; this time it almost is as if I ‘hear’ a thought—someone else’s—which transmits the intention to lift me so that I will accept once and for all that this peculiar thing—this separation of body and spirit—does, can really happen. For a brief moment I am able to control my fear over the incredible “sound”/”strength” of this force—or?—the absence of gravity as humanly is experienced?? Although I do not “speak” it, then it is as if I have said, “All right, all right,” almost with a laugh. At that point I manage to ‘open an eye’ (it seems a single eye is all I have here) and look down; sure enough, there is a bed and there is a quilt, but I become frightened. Instead I find myself ‘flying’ again down the hall….*

My notes here end; believe I used this dream *in Journey With JC?* However, the *gravity* notation relates to *Child’s Book of Light.*

**1981**

 *I was irritated at being misled; I hadn’t wanted to stay at the weekend lodge so long and expected to be on the road by now, almost home. Everyone else, it seemed, fully intended to have dinner there; some of the children had gone down by the road to play, and grandmother and grandfather were taking a late swim in the lake. I don’t like behaving badly, but I was having trouble being gracious. My sister ignored me. Part of the group had settled into television viewing in the next room.*

 *There was an odd veteran guest, and just as I reached an interesting point in conversation with him, I heard what sounded in the television room like a chorus of confirmation of unbelief followed by notes of refused acceptance. I waited a moment for someone to run in to announce what bad news it was from the outside world, but no one did, filling me with worse dread for then there was nothing but seeming paralyzed silence.*

 *Indeed, such was the paused frame of time that presented itself, as I entered: slack mouths, tears running down faces, all halted in mid-movements—some crouching as if to sit down; cans of beer or soft drinks in hand stopped mid-air. “What is it?” I looked at the set. No flickering on the screen, only an ominously steady station-break picture without sound.*

 *I knew. “There’s been a nuclear explosion.” No one could speak. “Where?” A young male guest was able to respond. “We’re waiting to find out….”*

 *I looked at the screen again. It did not change, but mental images of mine seemed projected upon it. I saw an elderly woman in a kitchen preparing supper; her husband entered, but just before he reached the counter a bright light enveloped him. His hair stood on end, his arms froze in a lifted position, and then his countenance began to vaporize, losing color and form until his mouth remained a small “o” in the center. I saw shaved pigs’ heads lined up on a rack. I thought about the ant kingdom: what appear to be raids but are, in fact, major exilic expeditions in spring and fall, right before predictable deluges, searching for water. And I thought, when one reads history the battles begin as if war always is preceded by calculation, instead of aggregated deprivation. I saw mass confusion in the streets. And then I saw no more….*

I kept no note as to the ‘dream day’, but obviously something ticked off my thoughts related to nuclear war. Interesting even at this late date that I see included in the dream the description of shaved pigs’ heads, and use of the work “vaporization,” both dating back to the time of nuclear threats in early ‘60’s, when I saw a film made showing the effects of a nuclear blast, in which carcasses of (already dead) animals were used, and the word spoken in the film--“vaporized”-- made a deep impact in me--the thought of one’s being instantaneously so. (And here we are—2015—again hearing nuclear drum beats; how insane.)

From the time of primitive weapons first created for hunting, ‘military’ weapons have advanced phase by phase—bows and arrows to spears to swords, halberds, lances, maces; pike and catapult; stones and rocks to explosive powder to guns and grenades; cargo ships to battleships; large artillery; and on and on and on.

*Thus far one thing can be said for every developed form of weaponry: they all got used.* And this very day we actually are hearing words from *ostensible* ‘leaders’ *suggesting* re-employment of nuclear weapons! What’s the use? Of our—yours and my humble—seeing the *patterns* of our joined world history?--the seemingly inevitable sequential patterns: population numbers exceeding space and resources; disintegration of mechanical industries; disarray of monetary distribution—all this ending-epoch era occurring within aggravated international upheavalsaccompanying the Ethernet revolution. What’s the use?—thinking that, *this* time, History will take a *reasonable* course??

**1995, May 28**

 *A young woman, although rather shy and retiring, consistently fights for my attention. I keep trying to say her name with its correct pronunciation, even see it spelled out on her desk—an unusual spelling (I think, “middle eastern/Arabic-flavored with the difficulty of Slovakian”)—consonants at the weirdest places…*

I awakened, not yet remembering the dream, with the instant thoughts, “Jerioth,” “children of Caleb,” and “no references to any human participants’ skin color in the *Old* or *New Testaments.”* Definitely coincidental, this dream, while working on *History of the Daughters,* descendancies during the “Hezronic” period of the Exodus, and confused data relative to Caleb, *i.e. specifically, 1 Chronicles* 2:18--strictly Hebrew/English interlineally states: “And Caleb the son of Hezron fathered Azubah wife and by Jerioth. And these her [?] sons: Jesher and Shobab and Ardon” (which leads to the debated *Book of Jasher*). Meanwhile, one main reference translates the sentence as, “Caleb…became father to sons by Azubah his wife and by Jerioth;” and concludes (spuriously?): “It is *likely* Jerioth was a concubine or handmaid of Caleb who bore some of his sons credited to Azubah his wife.” (italics supplied).

 **June 17**

 *I am absorbed in a carpet’s color—a soft, light, mulatto brown.*

Again, the matter of skin color had occurred to me while working on the tie-ins between Jeremiah, Hananiah, Meshullam, and Tobit. (*History of the Daughters).*

In our most ancient histories, how many instances *were* there?--of a remaining seed of a ‘nation’ being approached by a ‘messenger’ of a resisting underground, not just to ensure ‘legitimate’ succession of congregation rule but for other purposes as well? *(Badly as that was said, mentionable are Isaiah’s ‘commission’--*with witnesses present for the proof!--*and Rafael—wasn’t he Tobit’s “messenger,” knowing even how to cure Tobit’s fathers crusted corneas. But then we already have covered the transitional translation of the original word, ‘*Messenger,’ *into* ‘Angel’!)

 **July 15 and 18**

*A large, bright but pale-chartreuse-colored praying mantis, with legs more like long spider legs jumps on my forehead. I whisk it away but am struck by the very lightness of its lift, and its legs—curved and of some tight cellular construction….*

*I receive some mulberries and am absorbed by their stems—*very *thin but* quite *‘solid’ or ‘strong’. They are not curved but very fine and appear constructed of small cells in a “very tight arrangement.”*

Working on *Genesis III,* I had been deliberating the ‘breaking of gravity’ necessary to “the Younger’s” space ship; thought about how bird’s legs are so fine and wondered how that figured in their lift-offs. Must admit that the name of the ship and some of its description came through this dream!

**1998, September 26**

*Beloved Disciple* has taken an inordinate amount of time and determination to get it ready for print publication; the cover, at this point, giving me great trouble. I’ve been so accustomed in life to do things with my own hands; however, *I didn’t expect to be a book designer!* Money, of course, is the problem. Yet it feels at times that the people of the story—not only the women but the men—are molecularly part of me and, no matter how select an audience the book may attract, *they* want the words out there. It occurs to me how much ‘being a writer’ merely is due to the person’s need to empty the mind, cutting off the waste, like the trash left by preparation of a gourmet meal—celery tops and asparagus stems and the hard, white fat off a prime cut of beef….

As to dreaming this past year, it is as if my unconscious has wearied of giving stuff in a neat fashion, every dream some helter-skelter collage of Domestic’s past and Writer’s current struggles. For example, I *did* sew identical such dresses as appears in the dream, for myself and my first daughter, 33 years ago--only a small percent of all the sewing I did do for husband, children, and home….

*A well-known neighborhood woman, her daughter, and ‘myself’ all are wearing navy blue and white polka-dotted dresses at a party at which I somehow synchronistically appeared, not knowing the woman’s prominent position in the area. I recognized that she had taken a special liking to me; and I thought how such always seemed to happen to me—that I repeatedly was led to the ‘top’ of particular social substratums….*

As I reviewed this dream, Mind admonished me: All that sewing!—besides clothing, curtains for every home, pillows, slipcovers, and, and, and. *(But!--didn’t you finish them all to* their *ends? Without any doubt that you would succeed?)*

It has been different with *Beloved Disciple.* Why was I even dreaming this impossible dream? At the other end of that spectrum, the beacon of belief to which I had in my life paid such lip service: that if one stayed on the path with hope and good will, even be its purpose unknown, it deserved respect and attention; next to the life of my family, the quest to which I most was called. Consequently, this very last day of a long, long time, some 16 years or so, I had the thought that it really would be done. That one *could* set one’s mind to something grand along with one’s will and *see* it done, and to acknowledge one received all that one needed to do it, even if hated—despised!—at the time….

*Who am I?* I would think. *How crazy is this I that think that its mind could think like that of the man known as Jesus Christ?* But in my mind was this concept: that Consciousness was genderless and that *IT* began always as that *Logos* of reasoning that reaches toward ‘God’. So there I had found myself at Pt. Reyes Station at Ann Dick’s, in the room where Philip K. had created story upon story as if it were as simple as squeezing water from cooked spinach, no one seeing him until his mind was purged and he probably left less healthy. And I was aiming to dare my brain to move my hands capable of transcribing that little story that had taken me years before.

And I recall beginning to feel scared, when I opened a book to clear up one more little uncertainty. Confirming it, I apprehended myself—I definitely felt—in that way ‘sages’ of ‘the Orient’ described the ‘blinding’ mind’s-eye-opening flash when one’s self-image rebounds perfectly from ‘God’s-‘—a brief sureness that whatever one is doing in one moment is precisely that one must be and the only think that one can. That peak experience which lasts but an instant, unable to be summoned by will alone, but unforgettable….

**2007, August 29**

 *Little turtles in my way…one in my coffee cup…a big nuisance…. Although they seem harmless enough, I don’t want to touch them. My husband is observing. He picks up and gets rid of one. Some other woman fishes the one from my coffee, puts it where the other has gone; and I think, well at least he’ll have a companion. When one turns up in my green beans I feel I have had it and toss the bowl’s contents along with the turtle into a pond now there, into which the other two turtles were placed….*

Awake, I recalled that a t.v. ad last night had a turtle in it, and also recalled a movie years ago, some domestic/love plot? Called “Year of the Turtle?” I checked it out in a movie book and found it--“*Voice* of the Turtle” (Ronald Reagan!) But what did turtles have to do with me?

Next I checked my anthology of sayings and, *bingo!—The Song of Solomon*: *And the voice of the turtle shall be heard in the land.* I confess: it gave me a little upper, sparking the thought, *ah—perhaps my voice one day will be heard in the land.* Still not satiated, I was led by the dictionary’s “turtle as a symbol” to an anthology of Epics, Bullfinch, and finally New Larrouse’s Encyclopedia of Mythology.

There I found it in the Hindu pantheon: *Vishnu, the 9th form of Surya, who stands for the sun, “constantly manifests to destroy the enemies of the gods,” according to a passage in the Brahma Purana, which alludes to Surya’s 12 names. “Avatar of the Turtle” is connected with the episode of “the churning of the sea,” one of Indian mythologies most popular legends, in which Vishnu assumes the form of a gigantic turtle and both supports mount Mandara and exerts omnipotent force through the battle of Indra to regain power after having been cursed by the great rishri Duvasas.* (Pages 362, 363, 367).

No question that Ego has been plagued with brave dismissal of so little recognition (forget *return*) of 28 years of works. Couldn’t deny myself drawing some little mystically-mythological salving here….

**December 24**

*I dreamt my husband had come back from death, and I was taking cotton rolls out of my ears….*

 This morning, the S. F. Chron’s Scorpio horoscope said: “Don’t assume that you’’re having the same fight. Your Significant Other is trying to move past that familiar breakdown point. Listen with fresh ears.” I know it’s only a coincidence, even if I’ve been given to think about how JC felt I tended to go overboard when executing the holiday game plan.

Still, it’s hard not letting imagination loose when we encounter “synchronicity.” Like a couple of months ago when I wrote a last note to an erstwhile consultant who, it developed, didn’t turn out to be the “champion” he said I needed. I acknowledged in the note that, “I know I write weird stuff.” It was the first and only time I used the word, *weird,* relating to my writings, or even before had thought it.

Next day, Rob Brezny’s Scorpio horoscope read: “The modern English word ‘weird’ is derived from the Old English term *wyrd,* meaning ‘destiny.’ By late Middle Age, *wyrd* had evolved into a concept similar to the Eastern notion of kharma. It implied that the momentum of past events plays a strong role in shaping the future, but that the human willpower can nevertheless also have a hand in creating upcoming events. In some cases, *wyrd* could even mean the ‘power to control destiny,’ as exemplified by the three Weird Sisters of Shakespeare’s MacBeth. I bring this up, Scorp, because your *wyrd* factor is pretty high these days. While the consequences of your past are certainly impinging on your present to some degree, you’ve rarely had a greater ability to override them through the force of your intentions.” [*The Bohemian,* Sonoma County, 7/18-7/24/07, p. 57.]

The nearest I’ve been able to get toward believing in astrological synchronimity is existence of a marriage between quantum mechanics and cosmology—not a half-imaginary alchemical mystery; a potentially completely scientifically-grounded model of a union governing every action/reaction, each and every reaction also a cause, with nothing lost in unassigned ‘space’—requiring, as it were, a revolutionary quantum leap of intellect to accept that ‘Eternal Mind’ is non-directing in the personal sense and all-directing in the impersonal….

**2008, March 6**

I record this one just because of its strange combination of words; how weird Psyche can be!]

 *I am preparing for a commemorative gathering for two persons, of whom I have mental images: one, small and white (this image somewhat unclear); the other, big and dark (this image being very clear). I knew the second one was the more vulnerable of the two.*

*I pasted a ‘welcoming’ sign on the front window--the words,* Mr. Hardly *and* Mr. Mostly, *thinking it humorous.*

*JC was there, somewhat ‘behind me;’ more like a presence I felt. Suddenly I thought that the ‘little’ person would be hurt by the ‘welcoming’ sign. (It was as if JC had somehow contributed to my having the thought, or surely concurred with it). I removed the sign, went outside, and looked back, to be sure that it was gone; I was reassured because I could see the remnants of the glue on the window pane.*

**2008, July 15**

 I asked myself this on awakening, *why must mind retravel old paths, both sleeping* and *awake?* In the latter state I have been working to control it, to some degree able consciously to dismiss useless reveries. How might it be?—if I could abandon them altogether and have mind work again as it did when ‘I’ was new! However, as to the “dream day:”

* Yesterday a visiting woman said to me, “You’re an historian,” and I replied, “Well, not credentialed,” to which she responded, “That doesn’t matter.”
* Not having a response to the letter to Curtis Brown, I’ve been putting down contemplation about that, rerunning thoughts about my lack of authority, etc.
* I’ve been working with a bound copy of *History* to extract female data for the (still questionable) *Delilah* project, trying to glean what I want by skimming.
* In that process I’ve discovered some typographical errors; nothing major; but two bug me: one has to do with the identification of a Cleopatra on a couple of descendancy charts; and yesterday I discovered a transposition of *Luke* and *Matthew* descendancy data that really bugged me. Last night I thought, I did need to read all of *History* in a new proof-reading fashion.
* Most recently I’ve been attempting to adjust Consciousness to accepting completely the abandonment of thoughts about opportunities to discuss certain elements in the *History;* and accept that, if ever it becomes useful, I won’t know about it.
* Yesterday evening, at the end of a stream of consciousness, after telephone conversations with my daughters about arrangements for JC’s ashes distribution next month, and having been given to ponder the many ‘arrangements’ and cogitation that our family life had required, I said aloud to myself, “But I did keep it glued together….”
* Yesterday I also retraveled the ‘domestic’ versus ‘scholar’ dichotomy of persona, in that the former, again, had undertaken a drape-making project. By evening I was thinking, *why don’t I just do a new Errata sheet for the website, file that last copyright application for* Renacimiento, *forego the writing persona and become fully again that other??*
* Finally, the figures in the dream scene reminded me of our family trip to Mexico and being on the main pyramid at Monte Alban—all four of us—and the Modigliano-shaped shadows of us cast on the ground far beneath as the setting sun behind us cut across the pyramid’s top….

Dream #1:  *I encounter a young professor and see that he is holding a bound copy of* History, *and I understand he has been asked to review it. The feeling of the place is of an educational institution. He acknowledges that he was acquainted with my husband, and indicates politely that, yes, my husband was an unusual person. I am pleased to know that* History *finally is to be looked at by an ‘authoritative’ person; but I am apprehensive, of course, about what the opinion will be.*

 *A couple of other persons are there, a casual group; but I cannot restrain myself and am compelled to say something about the book. Even as I do at a deeper level I recognize it would be best to keep my mouth shut. But I just must explain what had happened in the Jericho/Hebron area with the descendants of Caleb, etc. The man is polite about it and I finally stop talking. I can see that he has been working on the book—underlining, etc. with red ink on a couple of the charts. I say something to the effect, “One can just leaf through and find interesting things,” to which he replies, “No; one must read it in its entirety.”*

 *After he is gone, I am badgering myself about my insistence to talk about the book; I can get off on such tangents about material in it. I wonder whether I have damaged his giving a fully unbiased review. At the very last, I all of a sudden wonder how he managed to have a copy, since the three copies not needed for copyrighting, etc. of those produced, two are in my possession.*

Dream #2:  *A man is putting together information and exhibits for a court trial, when I happen into his office. He is alone; no one to help, and he is on a tight schedule. On the desk is an ‘exhibit,’ a gilded scene (almost all shiny gold), with different cut-out figures arranged on it, which he has positioned but need to be glued. (The cutouts appear to be three adults, backs to the viewer, looking out the golden scene; and a little girl, like a doll at the side, facing them. There are several other cutouts distributed around the scene.) I say, “I can help if you want.” He responds, “I hope you mean that,” and assigns me the task of gluing the picture. We are in a basement building.*

 *I very carefully take the ‘picture’ and put it on a desk in another, barer room and leave in search of glue. It isn’t until I get to a lower basement’s art department that I find some glue in a room of a children’s art class. A clearly seen ‘domestic’ type woman is seated at a nearby table. I see an open jar of paste across the room and go to it, saying that the people in the administrative office upstairs had not been any help at all—one merely saying, that “maybe in the sub-basement.” But she is not interested in my plight, pointing out instead with some enthusiasm an object hanging above the paste jar—a little sewn character of that craft I once devoted much time to (“Aubergine the Gene Queen?”). But I barely gave it notice. The paste jar was rose-colored; but there was some green stuff around the edge I avoided, carefully taking a spoonful.*

 *When I got back to the upstairs desk with the exhibit someone had tossed my jacket across the chair in front of it and disturbed the arrangement. There was another younger woman there who wanted to insist herself on the matter, and I a bit unusually determinedly put her off. I would need the man’s assistance to reorder them….*

On recollection’s analysis, much seemed so patently obvious as to be boring; I debated bothering recording the dreaming at all; then thought It might be useful perhaps for nailing the associated items once and for all….

**2009, April 1**

Before the night’s dreams I had concentrated on the common understanding that dreaming gives the private unconscious the opportunity to ‘clear’ itself, like deleting data from a p.c.’s hard disk. I had not seized, yet, the importance to Psyche of *emotional* experiencing during dreaming. One may say after a fearsome dream, *Oh, I was so frightened!—*an after-the-fact statement by Mind when, however, the entire Mind/Body Complex *is not then feeling* the fear.

Last night’s dream (not needing transcription here) involved the specific life-changing divorce episode of my life. In the dream was a replay of primary elements evoking the full feelings of the experienced reality: *abandonment, loss of previously-believed permanence, sudden knowledge that all toward maintaining it then seemed for naught, isolation in the face of continuing life, etc*. In the dream I *dramatically* experienced—*felt--* all the connected *fear.* Awake, I realized that, despite in all the intervening years, Mind now could think of and even speak to others of mental dealing with the circumstances—truthfully, the *emotions* had been imprisoned—*hurt feelings* not consciously released. Reviewing each step and event of that full dream replay and of thoughts—including *anger--*suppressed at the actual time, the strikes of emotion were total and clear as a bell: *Yes!—I felt that!...and that! And that!*

Now, it all simply is something that happened….

**November 19**

Last night I had been reading Ervin Lazlo’s *Science and the Akashic Field* and had been somewhat bothered by the book’s advancing reality to near-death experiences, out-of-body experiences, past-life experiences, and after-death communications….

*A movie is being made of a couple who fell in love and are starting life together, and they discover that she is pregnant. I go to the receptionist at a small window. My dress is down at my waist so that my breasts are uncovered; and when I realize it I cover them with my arms, realizing also that a brooch or pendant I had been wearing is gone. But I am totally absorbed with requesting whether I can go in where the filming is being done and have a part in the film, even it if were only to be a person standing on the street. I tell her, “I have been ‘both’—the young, pregnant girl and the adult woman she later becomes.” The receptionist expresses some little amusement, that there have been so many like me who have made the same request….*

 *I am in some type of facility and encounter one of its attendants, who tells me that “Ansano’s” (my father’s) family had been to visit him. I know that it was not family members but instead the family of my (also dead) godfather and godmother, who were best friends of him. I think how much he must have liked that visit. But then I have this mental image of him in a nightshirt, all alone….*

Once again, awakening in the morning, I knew that yearning to believe such ‘spirit’ experiences were true; but once more shunt it aside. It is natural to Consciousness to want itself to be immortal; but I cannot avoid treating it as wishful thinking, and continue maintaining that our efforts are best toward explaining and correcting *living* connectednesses in this unmoored waking ‘reality’ that is all we have, all that with waking certainty we can say exists. As to the first dream, my personal history known, it needs no explaining!

**November 20**

The “dream day,” I traveled with two sisters to visit a dying cousin. On the way I brought into conversation *The Master and Margarita* and *Akashic Science,* which led to discussing that possibility I refuse to accept: that the essence of a human being continues identifiably in the Universe and that there can be communication with those who have died. (Perhaps Freud would ascribe the resulting dream as [unacknowledged?] “wish fulfillment?”)

*I am sorting scraps gift paper for sizes that could be useful if saved, when JC comes behind me and puts his arms around me so that his hands come clearly into view. One was offering me the remaining half of a ‘Mary Jane,’ the picture just as it looked in our old days when I was obsessing something and he would present me that which would ‘free’ me for a few moments with him. I had the thought, I would say to him, “Oh, I was just thinking of this yesterday….”*

 *I took one inhale and, after a moment, he pressed it very gently against my fingers again; he always had been so careful about it, making sure it didn’t get dropped; and I leaned back against him and he held me with his arms, I feeling the substance of him, and it was so wonderful, so good, to be held by him….*

**2010, March 29**

[I didn’t record the drama of this night’s dreaming, but given the following written as a result of it they wouldn’t be any mystery.]

 *This housekeeping thing! What a bane it has been! I may have prided myself on not being anywhere as obsessed with it as my mother was. I may have prided myself, being conscious of the force to respond to the conditioning but not imposing it on my spouse or children; which meant—like a sybarite’s servant-- doing all those in-depth cleanings when they were asleep or out of view. No! I would not inflict mother’s strictures on them: forbade to sit on my bed once made; one did not make a ‘warm’ bed—it had to be aired: covers pulled back, windows open, pillows on the sill and, when making it, “don’t forget the hospital corners!” I could not give over to my love of dancing because my shoes might scrape the linoleum. And there was the day when I came home elated having won a journalism scholarship, but before I could speak the words of my ecstasy was asked strongly, “Did you wipe your feet?” else I might have tracked something onto the carpet….*

 *Oh, I understood, how the post-war new home and all the new furniture and carpeting in it valued; it would need to last forever. But I could go on forever here….*

 *One mustn’t wash dish towels with clothing. One must first soak them in bleach water in the kitchen sink; that way, “the sink gets sanitized at the same time.” The top hem and dozen inches of sheets along with pillow cases had to be ironed (my first after-school task at a young age). And the linoleum and wood flooring that had to be paste-waxed very Saturday; my sisters and I on our hands and knees by hand rubbing them to a shine. There was a sanitary order, too, to meal cleanups in the soapy waters : first, those things that touched the mouth (flatware); then, glasses before plates, with pots and pans last, of course—*

 *Oh, Lord, let’s put an end to this; call it, “sweeping out the Private Unconscious”….*

When Mother was 97 she was living still in her tidy little mobile home and earned the right to be. But by then my sisters and I were doing all necessary to keep her ‘independent’--all transportation (which we’d been doing always since she never drove a car); doctors’ appointments; gradually, cooking, yard maintenance, etc. When 24 hour care became needed we took shifts, finally hiring caregivers to alternate shifts when our own family members became more needful of our time and strengths. I worked in the little garden, being a garden lover myself, as had Mother always been, no matter where we lived, so long as there was a patch of available ground. At one home—a San Francisco flat in my elementary school days, she grew green beans in old wash tubs on a rickety upstairs porch.

 During her last couple of years in the mobile home, moving her body became increasingly difficult; she spent most of the day sitting. In the summer, after the nut harvest at my older sister’s property, when I arrived for my night shift I’d find Mom at the small kitchen table cracking and shelling the recently harvested batch. “’My therapy,” she called it. How intelligent!—conscious union of still-functioning Mind with that still possible by Body.

 A woman not only of her era but especially of her culture and experiences, Mother embodied all the virtues. Yet there is so little that I can tell about her, apart from her sustenance of our family home and the life around it. She rarely allowed herself to talk about her life before marrying Father. We in the end were left only with snippets, ignorant as to how much her nature must have been developed, by the ‘civil’ (*read* “Temple”) years in a Bakersfield convent, where her laborer father paid for her keep after her mother died.

Mom’s ‘home’ was there from the age of perhaps nine until she reached marriageable age (much as was housed, “the virgin,” Mary). One story Mom did tell me was that, because her father paid for her keep, she didn’t need to do the scrub work that the poor girl residents had to do. She was assigned to maintain and serve in the nun’s dining room, where (she confessed) she and the other girls so assigned were treated to the leftovers of the nuns’ meals, instead of the cafeteria fare. Her activity there indubitably was the reason why our home and guest dining was impeccable.

 She was artful as well as impeccable. Crocheting, for example, full-sized tablecloths in various lovely patterns-- (such fine thread! The countless stitches!)-- created for all her daughters and grandchildren. The basis for the admonition, *don’t send them to the laundry! It’s too hard on them!—*was the time Mom worked in a laundry herself, before marriage. For, when she was discharged from the convent, her Dad first bordered her with a friend family for a year or so, until she and one of the family’s daughters moved together to San Francisco and found work—Mom’s, in a laundry—until Dad found her.

Of the rare things Mom did confide to me one touched on her naturally strong abilities. “The laundry supervisor said to me once,” she almost whispered it, “that I could do anything”--the only time she gave any indication of self-esteem. Instead, she always kept herself quietly humble, even when she told me that Dad, first seeing and pointing to her at a Sons of Italy dance, said to his nearby friend, “That’s the girl I’m going to marry.”

Regardless, her innate force was unmistakable. A remarkably strong body, in her early ‘90’s she was in better shape than I now not quite 80 (unfortunately, half of my genes being from Dad, who died of heart failure abetted by diabetes in 1963). She likely would have been able assistedly to remain indefinitely in her home had it not been for a fall (only a matter of feet from her easy chair, where she ventured without her cane), resulting in a surgery to fasten her thigh bone with metal. Then needing to be confined to a wheelchair, her residence became a nursing home.

 Even worse was loss of mental capacity, her heart having stopped on the operating table. Although we had signed a ‘no resuscitation’ document, some miscommunication between doctor and anesthesist did result in resuscitation. Afterward, Mom’ mind almost entirely was confined to her past, as if she still were a girl living in the then family home. But she never forgot one of us. When I went to spend time with her (one of us was at the home daily), she would ask whether she could make me a cup of coffee. She had no memory of Dad’s death, expressing wonder why he didn’t come to see her…

 She was adored by all the workers at the nursing home. We didn’t learn until after death, two weeks before her 100th birthday, that her baptized name had been *Maria*  Angelina, according to the old Italian culture. I don’t know what she had observed her time at the nunnery—certainly, the aging of some of its members. Whatever her knowledge, she was so considerately patient and understanding of the employees of the nursing home that served her that they titled her “Angel.” Despite her own incapacities, there remained an astuteness of responsibility which, if one of her two roommates was in need and the red light not answered soon enough, Mom would wheel herself to the doorway and call out strongly, “Help is needed here!”

 *[Well, I-Writer here must interrupt I-Domestic’s dissertation, which has been in transcription from shorthand notes. I-Writer wish to express gratitude for that skill which all along has allowed rapid recording of my thoughts. I cannot help but think how driven must have been those writers of the past who needed do all in longhand! (Think of Christopher Marlowe’s ink-stained fingers, from Ros Barber’s marvelous* Marlowe Papers*.…)]*

**June 3**

In this night’s dream all facets of persona seemed to appear? And who sat where was significant?

 *‘I’, the operating ego, was naked, entering a ‘psychiatrist’s’ office. The nakedness itself didn’t bother me; but I did feel a bit silly in the circumstance, went out, and got two shirts for my upper half. They were different in style and color; I put one item on over the other and went and sat on a sofa.*

*A ‘flashy, pale-skinned’ woman sitting at my immediate left reminded me of myself when I was very young and psychically ‘unformed.’ Diagonally across at the left was another sofa upon which sat an attractive young woman. Somewhere between was a third female presence of so little force in the scene she may as well not have been there.*

*I then told a story; it was about my self-exile to Mexico. But after telling it I had the wishful feeling I hadn’t been moved to speak; that it would be best if I kept silent. The psychiatrist, a male, was extremely casual in nature. He made to hand me a long slip of paper on which he had written some thoughts for me. He hesitated, then said, “Perhaps it is something you should not do;” but gave the paper to me anyway. Its ‘thoughts’ were hard for me to make out. Although I could read them they seemed ‘dysjuncted’; but I was left at the end of reading them with, “Tell them!”*

The command stayed with me on awakening. I only could relate it to the internal dispute that has been going on for some days, about my possible appearance on a local radio show to speak about *History of the Daughters,* and having spent much time thinking about what I *would* say, privately rehashing my true purpose and aims in the whole process. (Coincidentally, my horoscope this morning after the dream read, “Your insistence that pieces fit one way is blinding you to the greater design at work. Take a break. Return when your mind is clear….”)

**June 29**

*I spoke at length to a man about the fear that resides in Psyche…*

*I encountered a ‘foreign’ woman who kept trying to tell me something about a “Nazarean Council”….*

Dwelling on last night’s dreaming the question arose, is the connection between breathing and fear inviolable? As an aside, it is interesting how many words I before have not had cause to write in shorthand but will, correctly nonetheless, the first time--“inviolable” being one; whereas, Mind lately has to stop now and then to question how to write in shorthand a word written before many times—such as just then, with the word, “before!”

 To resume, I have experienced severe fear very consciously. At the time of the divorce, for example, it felt as if my Mind/Body complex would crack; and, at Catavinia on Baja early in the Mexico ‘exile’, when I felt blood running cold down my legs. They and other times were when I determinedly used yogic self-hypnotism to control myself and focus mind on what needed or was soon to be done. But there had not been then a conscious connection between Consciousness and Unconsciousness as is today.

 Today I understand that fear is not irradicable; how much it constantly is repressed by Psyche’s unconscious need to defend itself throughout living; and the manners in which human beings cope with that (*cf.* Becker, *Denial of Death*), by subjective activities that give mind the semblance of control over life.

As I smoked my routinely first cigarette of the day, so conscious of the smoke rising through the early sunlight over my shoulder, I realized how lately I have been blowing out the smoke and then take a deep breath; and I felt the connection between fear and one’s ego-state. More than that, for I have been aware that I have been smoking less, thought yielding awareness of the ‘habit’s’ tie to *emotions* altogether: how, sometimes, the process of smoking attends *to* the ego-state. As example, arresting thoughts from *feelings* part and parcel to existing circumstances--such as, for me, work-impeding thoughts like, *how much do you* truly *know about the history? Like that t.v. show that said Asenath was Potiphera’s* wife, *when your research showed,* daughter!  *And your‘new’ perception theory? What if called to defend* any *of it??* Naturally I’ve been all through that many times; I don’t need any more even to go into another persona to express it. It’s incredible; that’s all. No one can explain that drive, to pursue something beyond one’s own comprehension.

*Ah,* who should care, this serene summer morn, here at my current mobile home residence. The east sun’s hard on the wide tree leaves out back seen through the small window over the computer’s monitor. And I know the creek is running still, not as hard as when I moved in; so it’s a brook for now, but enough to cover the center rocks. I think I’ll have my morning coffee out there—(*after you finish this week’s query?)….* Yes, I think I can wait that long. But it may take a cigarette to get there….

**August 15**

*Stupid! ‘I’m feeling…*stupid!—*struggles with laundry…large collection of it…big stain here…water not hooked up? –*

 *Deep hole! Almost fell into the pit….*

 *Young mother with two daughters, nicely dressed; mother too busy to pay attention to serving her own psyche…. Setting a table; broad white cloth; but not ‘stable’! I shut the door on her….*

*At last, approached by a woman who appears at least to have made acceptances as to how to be real against realities. She is going to give “me” some guidance and we walk away together….*

How long it takes, to clue-in altogether where dreams are concerned! Whereas, already I have acceded that personas can share similar conscious states of mind, it took last night’s to see the interaction between them—*each* apparently having its *own room* in the “Private Unconscious?”

**2010, July 25**

*JC and I were at a resort of sorts, he sitting in a chair at my right. On my other side was a young man who looked sad and pensive; and I initiated conversation with him. He began an obvious heartfelt monologue, looking directly into my eyes, but only an occasional word here and there could I grasp. One sentence I thought I heard sounded to the effect, “Do you know what it is like—to be a philosopher? With a wife?” And I said, “My husband taught philosophy for more than 30 years.” The young man immediately arose and went over to talk with JC. I felt a little concern, because I didn’t want JC, a dedicated recluse, to be bothered.*

 *When I looked, however, the young man had disappeared; and JC instead was lying on a chaise far back from where he had been sitting. His face was turned to the side, his hand against the side of it, eyes closed, and seeming to be deeply privately lamenting. Immediately I went over. There was room for me next to him and I slid myself alongside of him. I put an arm across him and said, “I miss you,” and then began to cry, something I never did in his waking presence. He turned toward me and put his arm over me and a hand on my head, comfortingly, and said, “I’ve been* something;” *and I knew he meant, difficult a personality….*

I awakened then, crying, and continued to cry a while with grief. Later I pondered what may have triggered the dream and eventually zeroed-in on two occurrences.

 I had spent several hours at the vacated home of my deceased in-laws, which I have been clearing and cleaning on behalf of my sister-in-law (JC’s only sibling; recently confined to a nursing home). In the process I found photos of the four family members, which I assembled on an antique table in the living room, immediately opposite where I sat when I took my lunch. One was of JC in his handsome youth, wearing a happy smile of as-yet-unburdened-life.

 On recall, I remembered how, when my eyes rose and captured the photo, it put my mind on the verge of thoughts about him and I instantly averted my gaze and denied them. I also recalled how that evening I had said certain things to my son-in-law who, together with immediate needs of his family, has embarked on college studies more complicated than his education thus far easily can assume. “It’s like it was with my husband,” I said, “when he began graduate school from a state college where he had not the preparatory courses equal to his ‘Ivy League’ co-students, and had to do two things at once: teach himself the fundamentals while answering classwork demands, *and* with a wife and child.”

 I had known how difficult a time it had been for JC, but I do not think he knew how well I knew it and how much I tried to make it easier for him. It would be—the dream evidencing how much I would like it to be—so totally an ultimate grace, were lovers able to meet again each knowing all that the other knew and thought. I cried at his bedside the night before he died but I did not, afterward. Last night I believe I cried out that grief.

 My notes also said: I don’t want to write this dream, because I think it was of the type that makes me wish to believe that self continues to live beyond earthly death—somewhere where one *can be* not just with those one has loved but there to put to rest whatever sadnesses together they may have been forced to endure.

**2011, June 14**

 This dream is impossible for ‘me’ to describe; all that existed in attempt at recall was *a nebulous memory of tallness, whiteness, utilitarianism taken to the extreme,* and ‘I’ (the transcriber here) have no idea what is meant by *that.* The following notes, however, were made in consequence.

 “I suppose it’s possible—I’m given to think after this dreaming—that there are*,* or at least is one other civilization that has been existing elsewhere, more advanced than this one in which I have lived this incarnation. And, in the closed cosmological system I envision, elements of it incorporated in this present psyche capable of contributing deep residual memories from a prior existence of the material of which I was made; to explain, how it is that dreams in one’s immediate existence can present images which, had one seen it even only as a child, it would be remembered; and, was it seen while an infant, one could not make the associations with it in the dream, in that associations accrue through conscious life after the fact of ‘connection with the image.

 I am given to say that last night’s dream presented an image the construction and purpose of which certainly are not any which this ‘I’ has witnessed nor been given to imagine. However, on the other hand, it is *not* that the image in question could not have been *imagined;* thus, in the end, I am left to think that, in sleep, brain can draw *upon* imagination to create new items and images from various components acquired in this existence alone; I recognize it could be said that brain helter-skelter concocts parts of other actual perceptions for the queer compositions….”

**June 17**

 *I am with someone (JC comes to mind although the person is not clear in the dream), and I am talking about the differences in characteristics that an individual can possess. I say, “We need new words,” while Mind thought that, although we have two words to describe the sexually-related differences that the two bodily genders can exhibit (i.e. “lesbian” and “homosexual”), we do not have words to describe the ‘personality’/persona qualities that would describe one or the other.* Have any words been spoken or written yet, expanding concepts of “archetype?” Isn’t there enough proof that individuals are both with particular potentials *vis-à-vis* societal labor and art? Is there not an archetype of the “Scribe,” the “Gardener,” the Doctor,” “the Fireman,” “the Philosopher,” the “Caregiver,” etc. etc.? Would not the following be a societal syllogism?—(e*very talent is necessary, gardening is a talent, therefore, gardening is necessary!)* Labor is a vocation; art, avocation; rare are Selves fortunate to have them united.

*….*

 *I am in my abode and I am rearranging its accoutrements, involving bright colored fabrics, pillows, rugs and throws, some of especially bright designs. At some point I recognize that I am carrying to the extreme this business of insistently making my surroundings as artful and symmetrical as possible—a quality, however, that can attach to a male as well as a female….*

*….*

*I am with my father and he acknowledges that he had a son; I tell him I somehow had got the idea that he had. When I ask he tells me that the son is well, and I gather that he has maintained contact with or received knowledge of the son but I do not ask where he is. My father says that his legs have been giving him chronic pain (something he did have in his later years, required to be on his feet all day). He is wearing a strange type of footwear that draws my attention—gold metal, very weird looking ‘constricting’ square-heeled with some kind of also-gold little metal rods in their construction. I have in mind something I have seen in the past—something that I connect with ancient items that mind wants to say were part of the Assyrian culture. My father is going to take them off; but before he does he takes from the shelf a model car and shows it to me with some pleasure; it is of sleek modern design and red in color…*

Mind awakens to a strange word, “retrevert,” the spelling very clear. Checking, the word seems not to exist: both my *Websters* and the Internet do provide *retrovert: to go back to a previous state; or, with referernce to a uterus that is tipped backwards toward the spine, in contrast to the slightly anteverted uterus most women have, tipped forward to the bladder--”*

 *Hmmph….*

Meanwhile, doing some self-analysis on the dreams, I need to say that, yes, I many times *have* felt like my father’s son and have liked thinking that he would be pleased with my work no different than had I *been* a son. And, as I believe evident in other writings, I do believe that Consciousness *per se* is genderless*. (Now what meaning can we give to “retrevert?)”*

What has been evolving while we not able to look (witness the atrocity Oscar Wilde suffered) is a forced view from a higher milepost to which Collective Consciousness is being lifted to a new comprehension (*how strange—always against our will, it seems, which leads to the need to believe it is ‘God’s’?)—*that consciousness *per se* born into a human being on Earth is *genderless;* and, through all the sensing that passes through it the Mind constructs identity and Body, state(s), which may or may not be exhibited—(*adaptation? Makes me want to recall the contrast, “Darwin/Competition” and “Montagu/Cooperation! Nor must we ignore how Love is basic to the mix;* i.e. *that ultimately Mind determines whether a person of one gender obtains sexual activity with one of the same. And, should that be so, then the love-mind would feel, indeed know* agape! *Obvious?—that it’s all so damn simple?)*

San Francisco *Chronicle*, November 1, 2014: “Cairo, Egypt: Eight men get three years for alleged party at a gay wedding,” they convicted by an Egyptian court “for inciting debauchery following appearance at an alleged same-sex wedding party, sentencing each to three years in prison” based on a video clip showing “two men exchanging rings and embracing among cheering friends.” Egypt’s chief prosecutor “said the video clip was ‘shameful to God’ and ‘offensive to public morality.’”

“Inside the defendants’ cage…the eight buried their heads in their hands or hid their faces under…caps [or] covered their faces with pieces of cloth or paper when led out after the verdict.., the latest in a crackdown…against gays and atheists. …New York-based Human Rights Watch said in September that Egyptian authorities repeatedly have arrested and tortured men suspected of consensual gay conduct. … In April, four men were convicted and sentenced to eight years in prison for ‘debauchery’ after allegedly holding parties that involved homosexual acts and where women’s clothing and makeup were found.”

San Francisco *Chronicle,* November 12, 2014: *“Pop idols move derrieres up front:* Gym classes that promise a plump posterior are in high demand … from women seeking the more curvaceious figures of favorite stars. … [e.g.] Kim Kardashian posts photos of hers on Instagram. … [F]oam padded panties on Booty Pop welbsite are up 47 percent in the last six months. … Feel Foxy, another maker of padded panties, says 2014 has been its best year…. “

Question: *What* (given the apparent aversion to contemplation of ‘sodomy’, esp. as relates to male gay community) do we attribute to this emphasis on butts??

In the end *(so to speak?)*, perhaps Psychology’s many theories and words, too, can be boiled down to simplicity; how perceiving psyche marries reflected receptions with its naturally heartfelt desires, and projects them. Where love is concerned, sometimes the projection is unfounded--a related person fails totally in the qualities unconsciously projected. The ideal, of course, is when he or she measures up to them, as did my father. Recall associations were particular to that which Psyche recently had been mulling, having retrieved Jung’s books from storage and reviewed them that night. True or not? It doesn’t matter; but I clearly saw that what has been forcing itself upon me is recognition of the relation between present confused acceptance of self against *states of mind.* And I was put in mind again of Ericson’s denoting of the different states of mind pertinent to life’s respective circumstantial decades*….*

Five a.m. and I can’t sleep anymore, would love to, but need to cleanse Mind as much as I can without paying any attention to mores of civilized behavior and set down once and for all that I refuse to believe in a god because there is no help from that quarter in this thing we call “Life,” with practically ninety percent of its temporary inhabitants up to now born only to suffer….

Are you interested in the etymology of the word, “god?” *(Even if not, I need to include it!)*

*Wikipedia* tells that the exact history of the word is unknown; that it is a relatively new European invention never used in ancient Judaeo-Christian scripture manuscripts that were written in Hebrew, Aramaic, Greek, or Latin. *(Remember!—the tetragrammeton!) Wiki* goes on to report that the earliest written form of the Germanic word, *god,* comes from sixth century Christian *Codex Argenteus,* the English word being derived from Proto-Germanic *gudan.* “Most linguists agree” that the reconstructed Pro-Indo-European form *ghu-to-m* was based on the root *ghau,* meaning either “to call” or “to invoke,” with the Germanic versions originally applying to both genders; but, during the process of Christianization of the Germanic peoples from indigenous paganism, the word became a masculine syntactic form.

*However* (still per *Wiki),* “according to the best efforts of linguists and researchers, the root of the present word *God* is the Sanskrit word *hu,* which means [again] *to call upon, invoke, implore.* Nevertheless, it also in interesting to note the similarity to the ancient Persian word for God—*Khoda.”* Per the *Catholic Encyclopedia* etymology: root-meaning, from Gothic root *gheu;* Sanskrit *hub* or *emu* (to invoke or to sacrifice to), the word denotes either “the one involved” or “the one sacrificed to;” German *Gott;* akin to Persian *Khodo* and Hindu *Khooda*.

 *(Of specific interest—to me, that is—is how a term originally denoting an anonymous source upon which one called upon or invoked for assistance turned into a personified entity. Must have had something to do with a developing desire to ensure being marked for more than one’s pitiful human life….)*

 Oh, I understand that if one imagines a ‘god’ in control then one has the chance, if one obeys ‘god’s’ rules, of self keeping control of eternal existence. I confess it would be wonderful if *I* could believe in a heavenly spiritual ‘father’, whose desires for betterment were the cause of all that I have tried to bring into view of the realities of this place and us in it. Oh how great *that* would be! BUT NO! All that I have been given to think, and as a writer do, has been spawned just in and from this little mind and the genetic impositions it has borne against the works of *our* history, funneled through literature’s caring intelligences, for we need no more words to capture truths already explored and expressed--

*(Would that some congregation bring before the Papal Court for consideration one thing Church might do to alleviate the widespread sufferings of earth’s humankind: that all the treasures of The Vatican be assessed as to present market value and a commission formed by which all dioceses (acceptingly recognizing the historical fount laid by the man called by various names [“Jesus”]), determine through their authorized representatives which possessions should be auctioned to highest bidders, the proceeds of which allocated to human needs global congregations; thus according, as primary Christian credited scriptures report, the mannered rule manifested by the chief prophet of their faith.)*

 Secondly, ‘the I’ *made a mistake which needs correction,* having too long allowed itself to fasten on thought that *Journey’s* sexual elements would attract author attention to draw readers to my personally-believed most important works; that thereby *History, Beloved Disciple,* and *Delilah* would gain use. I am able now to accept that, should they have a future to realize, it will be through themselves, alone. That’s *it.* This I *is* done. I—*this Mind—*now knows **it** (all of its own; no ‘god’ to direct it!) has answered as best it could all that arbitrarily was imposed on it by the impersonal Cosmos via its ancestral history and beliefs via *Reason* through human inheritance. All this I needs is to feel itself ready to die: that it has done *all* that was dictated by events and living beyond its own control and desires.

 **August 26**

 *I was searching through* History of the Daughters, *looking for specific sons… “Long before Eli,” I thought, wondering, “Where is the Timeline for his period?” Then Father’s voice came to me, urging: “Back, farther back!” I found my small flashlight and traveled its bright light over pages, as if shedding more light would help Mind recall whom it sought….*

I awakened—awakened with the thought, Ephraim and Manasseh…*Ephraim* and *Manasseh!--* tribal Patriarch Joseph’s two sons with Asenath, daughter (*wife??)* of Egyptian high priest Potiphera;Joseph, who (instead of permanently disposed by inheritance-concerned, competitive half-brothers‘ surreptitious sale of him to a slave caravan) attained high position in Egypt’s government, and later arranged for Canaan-drought-escaping relatives to settle in “Goshen,” northwest Egypt territory….

 And I thought of those generations *after* Asenath: four hundred years of unnamed mothers, during which the descendants of Jacob and his children by Leah, Zilpah, Bilhah, and Rachel prospered and propagated, until Egypt’s decline in fortune and military proscriptions ultimately drove the mass emigration under Moses.

Things are going to get a lot worse before, should they get any better. We have more than enough of history as human beings on this planet to fund a good bet of that. Unfortunately, the collective consciousness apparently determining the fates of earth’s inhabitants has not in its individual components sufficient comprehension of the difference between *mothers* and *mothers;* and the capacity to accept that at very bottom (‘JC’ would laugh at that choice of words) of Humankind’s continuing dilemmas is the insustainable increase in its numbers.

Who cares now (were biblical history totally revealed) what descendants might have rights to anciently bestowed Ephraim and Manasseh lands? How simple all becomes?—Ephraim and Manasseh: their (and all descendants’) ultimate territorial awards in the central north and east. And the loyal Chelubai/Caleb, for whose faithful Exodus services (as decreed by ‘God’ through Moses and corroborated by Joshua) his descendants would possess Hebron and its precincts forever. *Did* that *explain Arafat’s obstinacy?*)

But *preposterous?—that I**might be a descendant of Leah’s daughter, Dinah?*

Poor Dinah. When (per the biblical record) Joshua at Schechem oversaw conquered land apportionments among the then-12 tribes, should not there have been an allotment for descendants of her *matriarchal* tribe descended through Sarah and Abraham, Rebekah and Isaac, Leah and Jacob? What happened to *them?*

After Canaan conquests, Ephraim and Manasseh, after all, were ‘fathered’-in for dead Joseph in the territorial distributions. And note in Dinah’s early demise, emphasis obliquely on *sexuality*: that it was Dinah’s “falling in love” with Prince Shechem that caused the problem, *instead of* opposition by half-brothers, Levi and Simeon, to the prince’s father, King Hamor of Shem’s proposal, of the union as an alliance with the then-nomadic Jacob tribes. Jacob himself said that their ensuing slaughter of Hamorites caused his name “to stink unto perpetuity.” [*Ah, the masked private desires which drive warrings..*]

JC was mystified at my obsession with Scripture, but apparently he had not been as impressionably susceptible to Catholicism as I had been. I suppose my parents sent me to religious training because it was the expected norm in their ethnic milieu. Beyond question, the strictly-taught Catholic “examination of Conscience” profoundly affected my inborn nature, the nuns of DePaul in their flowing white hats having assured little me that “God knew all my thoughts.” Mind constantly had to guard against letting itself off the hook and, in my casethat strict “examination of conscience” evermore was to be forced to the extreme.

Mercifully, I was saved from total Joyceian torment, by a reasoned contrast between Parental and Church ‘laws’. *En fin,* my parents were my life’s prime authority and there was nothing greater than pure reason. I was free to respect the workings of my own mind. Father stood firm on individual principles that live in the souls of fair-minded, hard-working laborers everywhere.

Father and Mother, you see, *never* went to church. In seventh grade I came home one Sunday and stood by Mother, who was industrious at the chopping board, and I said, worryingly, “You know, Mom, the nuns have said if we don’t go to Church on Sunday it’s a *mortal* sin; *and,* if one dies with a mortal sin on the soul , one goes straight to *Hell.* And *you* never go to church!”

Mother stopped working to look directly at me. “It’s like this, girl: your father works six days a week from dawn to dusk to take care of you, your sisters, and me. He has only one day a week to enjoy a family rest and a happy meal with us, relatives, and friends. Now, it takes a lot of time for me to get the house and meal ready; and I believe God understands.” *This,* from a female who had spent her maturing years in a convent.

*That* became the ‘religion’ for me….

On another occasion Mother confided in me how Father when, as a boy in Italy sitting at Church’s very back with his grandfather, the latter whisperingly would point out *that one* and *that one* in front rows, looking *so* pious but who in fact cheated persons on a regular basis.

Fast-forward to 1958--age 23, working wife, mother of a four-year-old; work-day and home chores done, settled finally against the bed pillow. Relaxing with the day’s copy of the Seattle Times, my eyes caught a little three-inch news column on an inside page that sent Mind into a small state of shock: Pope Pius XII had issued an ‘ecumenical’: *it no longer was a mortal sin to eat meat on a Friday!*

So much for man’s manipulation of ‘Faith,’ which Father—educated in history, thus the papacy—well knew….

Understand: I comprehend and don’t denigrate the good charitable things done by religious believers in a conscious god. I comprehend the need for god-belief from the beginnings of Humankind consciousness. At the mercy of Nature, Cosmos, and the moorless Self, it allowed and does, still, salving explanation for the enormous fearful uncertainties and tragedies of life. I simply cannot accept the contradictions posed by the concept. Yehohshua (“Jesus” to us) was *man—a human being—*questioning *his* then establishment’s political homage to private interests: a revolutionary intelligence which, as all similar natures before and after, was a threat to the power status quo and sacrificed to it. Much comforting solace has been drawn from that human being’s nature and the words spoken by it; yet, would those words be any less meaningful, had he not been posthumously made ‘divine’?—the last vestige of collective antiquity’s myth, that a ‘god’ or ‘gods’ could impregnate human females?

It was predictable that the concept of Yehohshua would be elemental in Constantine’s 325 a.d. empire-consolidating conference at Nicea, of Christian leaders from all imperial territorial parts. *(Nor did all attendees by any means wear robes; animal-skin garb also was in view there, where Arius out of Alexandria, Egypt, was to meet his end-- all of his writings burned; how dare he suggest ‘The Son’ secondary to ‘The Father”?; while now, after centuries of supposed civilization, Humankind still requires martyrdom….)*

 I was 13 when I announced to Mother that I no longer could consider myself “Catholic.” In keeping with her nature, the only response was, “Oh?....” But that night at dinner Father looked over to me. “What’s this I heard?--you’re not being Catholic anymore?” My Italian wasn’t good enough to talk philosophy but I managed to convey, “I just can’t believe anymore in what I’m supposed to.” Dad casually lifted his fork and replied, “I understand.” And that was the end of *that.*

This insignificant became unable to condemn anyone.*Thou art that,* is the yogic saying and ‘god’-consciousness is *that* and *that* and *that!* Eventually deep into yoga practices (as described elsewhere), I discovered that ‘liberation’ was not so grand the term one initially might be given to think. “I” could be the surgeon who moved the knife in good faith before maturity of its science; the priest, who began when he believed, then struggling in the business of Religion; the seamstress, the mechanic, the life-deprived murderer! Obviously, my daughter/wife/mother psychical persona formed around its ‘father-imago’—it could be said, a personally idealized concept of Man as a ‘god of sorts.’

 *(But as to the fueling of* Beloved Disciple’s tale *what about projection of* that *other facet--sister of the misunderstood martyred brother?)*

Well, for those who want to be like *Jesus* I say, be then as he was *as a person:* *feel* the actual perpetual suffering of fellow beings everywhere: *famine, thirst, displacements, lack of sanitation and medical help; the arrow and hatchet piercings and unspeakable atrocities inflicted by consecutively-military-developed weaponry—every individual pain; every grief of parents, brothers, sisters, mates….*

 “Courage is more exhilarating than fear,” remarked Eleanor Roosevelt. I think she would agree with a notion I’ve floated with a couple of persons: that well-off citizens professing *“patriotism”* could help their ‘nation’ by returning to their deficit-burdened government some $25 of their Social Security benefit. I could live without it. But, well, you can imagine response received from others moreso financially endowed: *Why,* *I earned that!* Yes, thanks to Franklin Roosevelt; but that was a time when the laborer’s lifetime was scarcely two-thirds of the present. (*So much, for the reality of ‘patriotism’ that looks and sounds so impressive, at war memorial services…).*

 Human Society (now, global!) reflects its controlling Collective Consciousness. One can go back to the “Assyrians,” “Babylonians,” “Egyptians,” “Macedonians,” “Grecians,” and “Romans,” where only names, titles, and regions change in History’s glooming repetitions. *(Why leave out the Hittites/Hethites?—500 years, they lasted, before the Assyrians; remember your ‘Good Book’: Noah-Ham-Canaan-Heth?)*

I cry about it all sometimes when I wake up; other times, like last night after having read more of Kipling. I hugged the book to my chest and marveled at how many fine words he had birthed and thought. *Oh, were he in some netherland still to exist, how depressing for him would it be?—*to know how Time lost that he wrote *Wee Willie Winkie;* named“Punch” and “Judy;” and said, in *Baa, Baa, Black Sheep--*“[F]or when young lips have drunk deep of the bitter waters of Hate, Suspicion, and Despair, all the Love in the world will not wholly take away that knowledge…”

How many fighting today would recall his *Ford O’Kabul River--* “Turn your ‘orse from Kabul town; blow your bugle, draw the sword; ‘Im an’ arf’ my troop is down, down and drounded by the ford. Ford, ford, ford o’ Kabul river, ford o’ Kabul river in the dark!” (*Which brings to mind Doris Lessing’s* The Wind Blows Away Our Words, *a firsthand account of Afghan resistance, published in 1987!* [New York, NY:Vintage Books/Random House.)]

And so much more by Kipling….*Barrack Room Ballads--*“You, Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din! Though I’ve belted you and flayed you, by the living Gawd that made you, you’re a better man than I am, Gunga Din!” *Thrown Away--*“Then said Mrs. Hauksbee to me—she looked a trifle faded and jaded in the lamplight—‘Take my word for it. The silliest woman can manage a clever man; but it needs a very clever woman to manage a fool.” *A Germ Destroyer--*“’No wise man had a Policy,’ said the Viceroy. ‘A Policy is the blackmail levied on the Fool by the Unforseen.” *Vihart’s Moralities* --“There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken any way you please, is bad. And strands them in forsaken guts and creeks no decent soul would think of visiting. You cannot stop the tide; but, now and then, you may arrest some rash adventurer who—h’m—will hardly thank you for your pains.*”*

I cried not just for Kipling’s unrealized hopes nor for the child-would-be-author once me; for all driven to want to capture living truths whose words ultimately drop into the abyss of forgetfulness; and for all the children who must observe and absorb the inanities and pains of elders when they, themselves, are new and know nothing but the feeling of being *alive….*

 Facing present against history, dynasties are CEOs; banks and corporations, an oligarchy; legislature, a plutocracy; millionaires/billionaires, aristocracy; high-upper class, akin to ancient Rome’s *patroni;* the majority, wage slaves or peons; the remainder, paupers. Like Rome *circa* third century c.e., we are divided into *honestiores* (those “more honorable” people: senators, upper classes, municipal and military officials); and *humiliores:* “more insignificant persons” and all other groups, now including the ‘middle class’….

 I *apologize!* Studying History, combined with a worker’s life, has devastated optimism—unavoidable, when one truly recognizes *just-recorded* Time’s human body and soul investments in ‘civilization’. There are no new words that can be written about it. *(Haven’t* we *parroted that enough?)* As example, here beside the keyboard is Sir Thomas More’s *Utopia.* Despite his strong Christian beliefs, its thrust is ethics, not religion: guidance by *reason* as a law of Nature. Sir More--long-time friend and favorite of King Henry VIII, and serving as Parliament member, foreign emissary, court official and, ultimately, Lord Chancellor--had hope that, if he couldn’t pursue good policies, he at least could mitigate bad ones.

 I’m reminded of private conflict during employment with “the Cardinal,”who voiced the same sentiment when accepting his superior’s prejudiced behest to dismiss the most moral and ethical of my co-employees, who had refused to bend to political prejudice. “The Cardinal,” however, didn’t wind up executed like Sir More in 1535, for refusing to accept Parliamentary edict that all subjects swear to the King’s supremacy over all foreign kings, including the Pope….

All depends on what we pass through in the years given us to live, redounding as elsewhere stated to the formula *C*  *= mx,* through genetically-inherited brain’s mental ability to rally it for a sum total of “Fate” ultimately determined by all externally-endured circumstances. I know that all the words I’ve written are just more useless fodder insofar as goes believing in making Life better.

So it’s sad, what happens to long-lifers. Here I’m forced to recall “the Reverend” saying, “Don’t you know all old people are sad?” On the heels of it inevitably comes *(for the umpteenth time!)* the memory of him standing beside me at the foot of the Bungalow stairs at the end of a visit. A lovely starlit spring night, I silently was basking in unadulterated pleasure as light through the front window fell on the newly-painted porch *(Mr. Maunder, our neighbor, said, “A man couldn’t have done a better job!”)--*

*My home!—*finally, again, after the Mexico boondoggle, *my home;* hand-worked structure and land in and upon which I unconsciously (then in my forties) thought to dwell again happily vital. And then “the Reverend” had to say, “Can’t you just *see* yourself, up there on the porch in your rocker, when you’re old?” The thought was so startling to me I remained speechless; I had so many plans ahead!

I wonder the outcome, if the (post-“Seniors”) *Aged*s --succumbing to cynicism in world’s current inanities—banded together and *consciously* refrained from voting in any but local level elections, on the premise it offered the only possibility of keeping History from repeating ‘imperial’ devolutions into revolution. What might demographics of such tell about *classes* of remaining national election voters, *vis-à-vis* winning platforms?

To aspire is not a sin, words I might have put into “Delilah’s” thoughts. Bohr could join, too, in the *Spirit in Conversation* group: “*First Humankind has collected sons, then* suns;” to which the woman might reply, “*and,* now, *daughters!”* And deBroglie, also there, could respond: “’We*’—*if meant is ‘Humankind’—haviing gone consciously from macro to invisible, eventually must accept evidence that the formula,

RF = f,

is applicable to all traveling electromagnetic *impulses:* the stronger the frequency, the shorter the length, thereby *force*. Imagine a wiggling ‘electron’ (using the current terminology) in one location, causing a ‘rippling’ effect similar to that by a pebble dropped into a pond. That effect travels out, to cause related effects in surrounding location: ‘communication’ absent wiring….” *[That formula and those words may resonate with* our *view of the Cosmos, but don’t ask whether they correctly have been constituted!]*

All I could ask for now in *this* home, beyond JC’s presence and unceasing health and safety of those I love, is to live long enough to see a time when a personified god-based religion no longer is needed *(but that probably is going to take a couple hundred years, at the least….)* So this is how it is: only when there are enough “too-long-lived” persons who struggled to get there will there be a majority to claim, *there is no sense to Life as it has been perceived thus far!* As if It is a gift?—to live and then die? And what good is it to say a person “lived a full life,” unless added to that is, “since he or she had to live, at all.” These are horrible words, I know; but I don’ think that I am alone, in my agedness, thinking them (*and it helps settling my stomach to get them out of our head)….*

Oh for some of that courage of prior years--to yield to ideas, hang the money. It’s only now that I recognize what *home* meant to me, understand the consistent work to create it in each place inhabited. It seems explicable psychologically?—the child taken from her first security; the moving from one place to another; witness to Mother’s unstinting labors to constitute *home?* Or, merely reflection of human innateness exhibited in personalizations of even humblest of abodes?

I don’t want to write anymore—no!” I think (albeit hopelessly) above the flower plots under the customary coastal early morning gray sky, calling an end to the speculations. *I don’t want to write any more!--- words...always waiting to be recorded!!* No end to them, while any of them already had been lived, written, conveyed—different phrasing, different terms, but saying the same things, over and over and over.

All those years, transcribing research, rapidly typing, editing, as I went, following content for grammar and accuracy but not into memory. It did not make for ease of recreational reading; I still frequently need to reread paragraphs. A second handicap to recreational reading was the instilled editorial bent, which continues to this day. *(We’ll be reading along an entertaining piece, hit a sentence which* she *cannot accept, and* halt!—*whole Self unable to proceed until it’s revised to her liking. One example: only yesterday, while reading a Hawthorne short story, “Dr. Heidegger’s Experiment.” Imagine! What nerve!—editing* Hawthorne!--)

Hey, look! The sentence as written ran, “On the summer afternoon of our tale, a small round table, as black as ebony, stood in the centre of the room sustaining a cut-glass vase of beautiful form and elaborate work.” So *I* changed it to *(to* my *chagrin, actually on the very page of the library book!),* “On the summer afternoon of our tale, there stood in the centre of the room a small round table as black as ebony, sustaining a cut-glass vase of beautiful form and elaborate work.” Was it not so? It was not the centre of the room that sustained the vase!...

Obviously *‘we”* strayed somewhat, although I had intended to end by moodily editing lines from T. S. Eliot’s “Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock”…. *I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker. And I have seen the Eternal Footman hold many coats. And in short I am afraid….*

**2012, December 9**

 *There were three of us women, one only vaguely present while ‘I’ dealt with the third. ‘I’ knew what there was to be done. She seemed unable quite to grasp it but ‘I’ was determined not to be bothered by her unwitting intrusiveness…*

The waking result was the line, “the end, I fervently hope, of the ‘Season of Acceptances’…. *(The ‘I’ is not going to become recognized as the Author it had believed possible; the ‘I’ has entered its last stage of Life, never again to self-perceive and feel itself as once it did; the ‘I’ is going to die….)* But this person now feels, is able to believe, that the ‘Age of Human Impediments’ too shall end: the phoenix of intelligence awakening to rise again to spread itself this time not as anciently from mountain valley to mountain valley or from mounts to shores and across wide waters—*(from mind to mind!).*

Indeed, I have much hostile thought on one subject of collective ignorance: the Papacy’s recent entrenching of restrictive views on female strengths in its domain—the ordered watering-down of any powers thus far achieved (mostly dispensed in charities!) by Carmelite nuns-- *(We like thinking of a “First World Proposition:” a straw vote taken of all* female *earthly citizens no matter residence, whether or not regionally legally accepted, whether bombs of every kind are to be outlawed around the globe, premised upon a union of secular and sectarian principles: a ‘Divine Law’ correctly interpreting the scriptural command against* murder *(distinguished from* killing *in strict self-defense—the last battle of theocracy versus civilocracy, universal separation of Humankind governance from ‘God’s’. Let ‘God’ direct ‘God’s’ cosmic causes and ‘God’s’ subjects, theirs…congregation from state; and, after the final torture, new life in Nature’s material realm….)*

Well, so much for big ideas this a.m., when ‘we’ are better off looking up a certain noted page in our 1887 book of Poe [*The Complete Works of Edgar Allan Poe,* New York, NY:Worthington Co., page 108 and 264]: “A long poem is simply a flat contradiction in terms.” *(Oh, oh; we’re more than once guilty on* that *score!).*

But what does it serve, being born with the force of writing, driving words from mind down through fingertips to release thoughts? I must conclude that, yes, I have had it all—that unconsciously-imagined life which turned out to be so long struggling toward ‘the Dream’. Yes, I have had it all; but where are the people? The persons who were to make it all beautifully worthwhile?

 Life is nothing without people. Here I sit at my never-met-grandfather-of-my-husband’s hand-wrought desk, the scene surrounding me perfect: the book shelves within arm’s reach and, above them, the family pictures—persons dead and living; each of them having been and or not with me at present in this thing called “Life.”

**2013, January 5**

 Three things I over time have wanted to do: 1) tour the Mid-East (this I was fortunate to accomplish in 2000); 2) visit Persia, primarily in the region of Persepolis, and view Cyrus the Great’s tomb; and 3) spend a day and night in Dashell Hammett’s room at San Francisco’s Hotel Union Square. It so happened that physicist Leonard Susskind was scheduled to speak at the S. F. Commonwealth Club—*an ideal time for a stay in the ‘Hammett” room!* I thought. So I reserved the room, hired a taxi to take me to S. F. and back, and blew $500, only to discover on arrival in the city that I had the wrong date!

Yet it mattered not one whit *(did we need, really, to hear about ‘string theory’?).* The mistake provided the perfect excuse to satisfy desire number three, and it seemed it was ‘posterity’ again that I was there to confront. At the desk in the fifth-floor room’s corner, pen in hand, I was reflected in an oval mirror between two narrow cathedral windows, feeling the stories being not written but lived in the jostling throng on the streets below and up behind windows of the 40-floor apartment building on the facing block….

*Posterity’s worthless*, I thought; no way can it make up for a regretted personal life. Although I had struggled to keep primary focus and first energy on family, here I was made to admit that thoughts of future writer posterity *had* sneaked in now and then. *(We gave a little last sigh of the Ego; it was good to have come, and to have had it happen here….)*

**November 9**

I have been reading *Castaneda;* eyes drooping, I fall asleep just after the part about *hands….*

 *Hands! Hands all around me; but hard as I try I cannot get hold of and they will not take mine. “I hate you all for what you’ve done to me!” I exclaim to entities I cannot see. Then, in the very dreaming, I thought, “I don’t recall ever having seen my hands in a dream before,” but also in the very dream recalled that I had received an arresting waking sight of them the previous day and, despite having spoken of their accomplishments priorily, never had I looked at them so thoughtlessly absorbedly.*

Awakening, I experienced total disbelief that it *had been* a dream!—so real…so real….

 It reminded me how--well-schooled and experienced in multi-tasking---I often have thought what I could do if I had a third hand and brain was programmed for it, times when the two I have are in use and a third possible thing occurs to me also then and there doable….

**2014, February 14**

Seven years since JC left altogether…. Except, truly, it was before that—12 days of unconsciousness before *(from Valentine’s Day 12 days back--February 1 when he went under anesthetic the second time…but, ”What’s in a date?”)* It was not long after that with the children and grandchildren, on a boat on San Francisco Bay, I consecrated JC’s ashes onto the waters he had loved sailing in the carefree days of his youth.

*(Cremation is an unpleasant thought; but the following interesting calculations tend to stand it in good stead!:)*

**Circumference of the earth** at the equator is 24,901.55 miles = 131,480,184 feet. The width taken by a body standing sideways (averaging generously, since of course there are fatter and thinner bodies) is taken at one foot each. The best-estimated 108,000,000,000 persons who ‘til now have lived and died, divided by 131,480,184 feet, would circle Earth 821+.times.

 Now let’s consider *interments.*

It was reported just yesterday that Mexico City’s 119 cemeteries now have only 71,000 available gravesites, and no land exists for new cemeteries. Since some 30,000 of the city’s 9,000,000 people die each year, current cemeteries will be full in less than three years. Meanwhile, a recently proposed law will lower existing maximum gravesite tenure from 21 years to 15 so long as cemetery rights are paid. Once burial rights expire, families must exhume remains of loved ones. (Cases have been reported that some borough administrators empty and reuse a grave in as little as one year.) City government will be required to increase the number of crematoriums above a present two, and provide education about and encourage cremation in the population.

Presently, when a gravesite’s tenure ends, families can put the remains in above-ground niches offered by the cemetery, or cremate them unless a new gravesite can be obtained. If no one claims remains, they are re-buried at the same grave but underneath a new internment. The proposed law has become a tug-of-war between government officials and residents of outer, more rural boroughs that preserve the age-old, traditional Day of the Dead, honoring their dead in gravesite celebrations November 1 and 2.

The Mexico report was preceded by a report that Israel is at the forefront of a global movement toward vertical concrete cemeteries, made kosher and accepted “as the most effective Jewish practice in an era when most of the cemeteries in major population centers are packed full.” According to the same report, “from Brazil to Japan, elevated cemeteries--sometimes stretching high into the sky--will be the final resting place for thousands of people, now the default option for the recently departed in the Holy Land.”

All of which leads to a final calculation: *land* surface of Earth is about 57,308,738 square miles; one square mile equals 27,878,400 square feet, for a total land area of (57,308,738 X 27,878,400 =) 1,597,675,900,000,000 square feet. Divided by the 108,000,000,000 persons who already have lived and died yields (rounded off) 6.76 square feet for each grave. If each had had a lasting in-ground burial site, there’d be no land for cities, homes, etc. (forget current world population of approximately 7,200,000,000).

Obsession with mortality is an affliction at old age inescapable by one of my particularly developed and impressionistic nature. I remember the little girl unquestioning acceptance of ‘life’: *this* was the earth, *this* was a street, a sidewalk, a house, a store, and so on; and I, a person with famiiy, a school, and things I did and planned to do.

Today, in the midst of my beautiful little 60-foot by 110-foot piece of land and family small home, I think, who would need *more?*  Is it a childish thought?--*that were* *all* in world equal, there would be enough for everyone to have this?

There was another major cause to a deep sensitivity in life: children of humble immigrants grow up fast, understanding the shouldering of responsibility in sustaining decent life, and not questioning the implicit duties. Child of immigrants, raised in pecunious scarcity, Life is *serious;* it is up to *you* to answer it correctly. Nor did that truth court elaboration: *A word to the wise is sufficient,* Mother would say. So, as I record some of the life of that girl, it isn’t because I think it of interest to any reader—*definitely* not; only to clear Mind for hopefully better things while stressing how much a child absorbs through *perception* alone….

I was born into the hands of a midwife, Sunday, November 17, 1935 in an upstairs flat near the corner of Steiner and Chestnut Streets, San Francisco. I recall nothing of the few years there, in the then-family of mother, father, and five-year-older sister. One photograph exists--a rather cute little girl at the Palace of Fine Arts. Two exist only in Mind’s Eye’s cabinet: feeding bread to ducks in the Palace pond and gazes up at the murals of the Palace’s vaulting arch.

 From there the family moved to another flat, Pixley Alley, a short street off Fillmore between Union and Greenwich. Preschool memories there are rare: Father home from his butcher shop for lunch; my playing with the old-fashioned kitchen’s flour bin ; and one especially vivid recollection of older children throwing rocks at a rat sneaking along the alley.

There were no stuffed animals or birthday parties, but I did get a doll for Christmas from a better-endowed aunt; and there were smooth starched and ironed sheets and stability. That simple security ended dramatically, however, with Father falling to serious illness. Unable to work, the four of us were given shelter at one of his sisters’ homes, a few blocks down Greenwich Street from Yerba Buena Elementary School. Our main quarters, beneath my relative’s home, consisted of a summer kitchen a windowless cellar. The cellar, beyond a heavily planked door, was our bedroom.

I began school when we moved there, and I recall how the domestic in me loved the faux kitchen in Mrs. Gallii’s kindergarten. The only vague memories recallable of that home include Father wasted, gaunt-faced, silent; Mother’s treadle sewing machine (at which she would let me sit and work the treadle with the needle disengaged); a box of color crayons, and Mother letting me color the embossed flowers on paper napkins. One memory, however, is vivid: the disappearance of my doll!

There was a small pond in the front yard. Some days after the disappearance, as I looked down from my aunt’s upstairs’ porch, the doll’s image slowly surfaced through the pond water to my eyes (like Shelley Winters’, in *Night of the Hunter),* from where a rambunctious cousin had tossed her. I would be in my thirties, before the deepest memory surfaced from the private unconscious….

*I awoke from some dreaming with the need to urinate, but I was afraid to put my feet on the floor in the dark! It seemed so strange, the paralyzing* fear *I felt there, beside my husband in our then secure home. The bathroom was around on his side of the bed, and somewhat abashedly I awoke him and asked him please to turn on the bedside light. As I made my way to the bathroom the end of the dream reappeared before Mind’s eye: a planked cellar door…*

As I returned to bed it came to me why, all my life, I had found it impossible to be awake in complete darkness, always making sure there was some chink of light visible. But not once during all those intervening years had I a thought about that cellar, and what it must have been like in my bunk in utter darkness--a child needing to ‘go potty’ putting feet on an invisible, cold cement floor. *What did Mother do? Did we use an actual pot?* Must have. I cannot imagine Mother in her humble gratitude would have imposed on her relatives to use their upstairs bathroom in the middle of the night.

As I returned to the warmth of bed, I wondered, did Humankind--did we—originally grope around in the dark? Not figuratively, as swamp creatures grasping to climb into the light; but while sentiently conscious; and did light emerge for us slowly, so slow, from a pinpoint star that grew and grew and grew as its energy reached us?

Well, Father got better, on his feet again; and the family moved to yet another flat at the corner of Lombard and Webster streets, a half-block down from the grammar school. Lombard, then a two-lane thoroughfare, underwent expansion following our move there. After completion of the center island and four new blacktopped lanes, before open to traffic, neighborhood kids (my older sister with me in tow) freely rode its stretch on “coasters”--boards with roller skate wheels attached.

Another sister joined us in 1942, again with a midwife. The night of her birth my older sister and I each slept on one side of Father in our double bed in the smaller bedroom, the birth taking place in Father’s and Mother’s room at the end of the hallway. It was so hot in our bed, as I heard rushing steps of my mother’s neighbor friend back and forth between the birth room and kitchen.

It was not yet morning, and I don’t recall hearing a baby’s cry. But I slipped from bed and padded out to the kitchen, where Bessie, the friend, was wiping down my new sister with olive oil. “How do you like your new little sister?” she asked, smiling. I, six-and-a-half and awestruck, was speechless. The telephone temporarily installed in the hallway niche was removed, afforded only for the last of Mother’s pregnancy. Before two years were out a fourth, last sister came along.

Those were World War II days. We students had a Victory Garden adjacent to the school, and in Mrs. McInerny’s fourth grade class we knit squares that she sewed into a quilt for “our boys at the front.” We walked everywhere (the family having no car). Long before Union Street became a lane of tourist shops, that “Cow Hollow” area between Chestnut toward the Bay and Green on the height embraced our *village:* grocery store and Dad’s butcher shop, dry cleaner, Five and Dime, bakery, Herbert Sherbert’s Ice Cream Parlor, and the bike shop where, for 25 cents an hour, I could rent a bike and ride free along the Marina Green. It was during that time that I was sent for Catholic indoctrination under the flaring-white-hatted nuns of Saint Vincent de Paul’s, up on Green Street.

In 1950, time of teen hood, my father had managed to take the family up a rung with a move to a home across the bay. He and Mother still wore their immigrant and cultural characters while I—chameleon-like—managed (albeit somewhat awkwardly) to adapt to the local high school’s student body—endowed teens of professional households of upper bourgeois. *How silly the girls’ behaviors seemed, to me!* With cars to drive and perfect wardrobes, they had no concept of Time, and *History,* and of Life beyond their leafy cocoons.

 They had had their own bedrooms; parties and toys and now cars to drive; beneath them Daddy’s secure funding. When my Father died there was a mortgage still on the house. But I don’t need to go on and on; it’s unimportant—only one tiny story among all of History’s and today’s so many so much worse too horrific even to think about, in Humankind’s prolifically unthinking recreations of itself. How insignificant all seems in the personal sense. I’ve done enough of this, knowing there is not to be an effective collective consciousness to be expected in the future left to me to result in improvements to the “human condition, ‘though I have wanted to the extreme to offer it what Writer might, toward better future for any child born…..

 **April 19**

*I was looking through a book of JC’s because earlier I had come across in it a picture of Elizabeth Taylor, a very dramatic black and white photo, and very much wanted to redraw it. Instead, several small snapshots fell out of the book—happy pictures taken when our children were small; and I knew his heart kept them the years that he and I had been apart, which was significant because sentimentality was an emotion he always had kept stifled. Then I thought to look at what book it was, an old volume handsomely bound. The title on the spine was difficult to read:* Shakespeare….

 **April 20, Easter**

*I went to encounter a man who was the “boss” of the place where I was and who occupied a room from which he rarely emerged. I was told that sometimes if one knocked on his wall he would come out; but when I knocked, he didn’t. I decided to enter “between partitions” that seemed to allow entry into his room, which it did, and I knocked on that door directly. He emerged and we walked together; I had something to tell him about the Unconscious….*

 The dream days of these two dreams saw the finishing of the *Spirit in Conversation*.

Immediate recall morning after the 19th’s led thought to spring, specifically how galactic lines of force that drive rebirth also might penetrate psyches. The first thing I did was to toss into the recycle bin the latest *Scientific American,* the cover of which announced “A Crisis in Physics.” (*Well, we untitled and uncredentialled humble folk of the commonweal know why,* I thought vehemently. *“It appears that those looking for the ‘neutrino-dark matter-‘God’-particle quark [that which holds everything together] just can’t accept, yet, that that forever-invisible-to-anyone thing that makes all work they ever of it only will be able to measure some of its effects: as Einstein said,* you’re in it *(and it’s in you!)--so* *you’ll never be able to see it, baby.”)*

Curiously, it wasn’t until later the 21st recall that I remembered!--that delicate slim volume of Shakespeare that I’d bought for JC decades before--sonnets 15 and 16, *Exhortation to Marriage,* which to this day I still can recite. And, yes, I *had* had to fight off, after the first dream, that wish that he and I would meet again, some day, simply as spirits in conversation….

 **August 3**

 *I am observing a young woman striving to hide her real self, hiding when others came to investigate her ‘domain’; walking around a dark city….*

On arising, I dug *Mortality* out of the recycle bin where I’d tossed yesterday. No, not mortality *itself* --Hitchen’s book that I’d bought only that day and read some before sleep. I retrieved it not because I cared reading more about another person dealing with absolute mortality. But also in the dream a handful of men lined up before me, whom apparently I wanted to formidably ‘instruct,’ and I recalled Hitchens quoting Thomas Mann: “Until you have done something for humanity you should be ashamed to die—“

*Wait a minute! How many persons born are given opportunity to do anything more but care for family, with whatever --and for so many, so little--that they are given?*

I’ve written a lot about the struggle of personas, private and public, “Writer” and “Domestic.” Each *did* believe she was serving humanity: one producing words that might comfort the world; the other, well-reasoned, decent family life. Now longevity is obliterating both potential states of consciousness—a new, nebulous Ego identity forced to review all the fears held in check during love’s and labor’s dedicated strivings to reckon circumstances and self. *How* did *we* do *it?*

Psychologist Ericson had it right, the different conscious awarenesses we know in each decade of life--the last one labeled *“integrity* vs. *despair.”* No matter individual life callings, I believe that at bottom, for the majority of us, is the profound wish to be right and good! *Were we? Might we have done better?*  It can feel embarrassing, witnessing one’s self growing old. But it’s *stupid* to think one might or could have been any different than one was, for there is no such thing as “free will”--a truth that embraces all forgiveness. Whereas it may look as if we have a choice between ways of feeling and acting, *how* we ‘will’ and ‘do’ is a foregone conclusion in keeping with the nature born and developed in us, circumstances over which we have no control.

So long as “free” will is believed, we are able to condemn bad behavers as if they could have acted otherwise. Interestingly, contrary to the *correct* biblical proscription, *thou shall not murder--*not kill, as in self-defense--we still in effect *murder* perpetrators of human evils, when in truth his or her ‘will’ to do so was not “free”—genetics and living circumstances determining fated existences.

Linguistically, we can be ‘blamed’ for certain results in our lives, that is, we caused them. But, *guilty* of? *Guilt* implies free choice. Like Physic’s reducibility of all to the brief formula *E = mc2,,* so can individuality be reduced to *C*  *= mx. (C* =Consciousness, subject to genetically-inherited matter, which includes brain/mind/functioning; and *m=* materiality, body, subject to exponential *x:* every touch, sound, word, and experience to which *C* falls subject.) As with all formulae, what matters isn’t the symbols but understandings of what they stand for—*actions*, not numbers being the ‘integers’. *(Does it need to be said of human psyches’ warrings that their histories made them necessary to their times? Recall Becker--)*

“How can we say that evolution has made a mistake with humans, that the development of the forebrain---the power to symbolize, to delay experience, to bind time--was not driven by Nature and so represents self-defeat? On the contrary, it represents the immense broadening of experience and potential control, a step into a true kind of sub-divinity in nature. Life in the body is not all we have if we have an ego. [Ego-Consciousness] represents…a natural urge by the life force itself toward an expansion of experience, toward more life. If the urge toward more life is an evolutionary blunder, then we are calling into question all of creation.” [pages 262-263].

It’s logical, why Humankind in its helplessness needed to imagine conscious ‘gods’ responsible for Its existence, and blissful ‘heavens’ assuring reward for life’s miseries. Only when we give up all that-- seize comprehension that *we* are sole dictators of, and apply our own *reason to* worldly existence--might human circumstances be improved and avoid History’s stagnant repetitions. “We do not know very much of the future, except that from generation to generation the same things happen again and again. Men learn little from [it].” So spoke T. S. Eliot, through Archbishop Thomas Becket in *Murder in the Cathedral.*

Will a time come that Humankind adopts “Natural Law”-- that achievable is higher dictum of human governance; not imagined gods; fundamental matured Reason alone. The theory originating with the Stoics was split into compatibility with religious doctrines most notably by Thomas Aquinas ((1225-1274 a.d.), whose ideas were incorporated into official Catholic philosophy in 1879. In Aquinas’ system, reason and ‘revelation’ formed separate but harmonious realms of truths that were to complement rather than oppose each other.

‘Revelation’--also meaning admitting something to view--can embrace well-reasoned *human* ethics and actions. Thus far, cherishing eternal individual identity has obviated, for example, collective endorsement of birth control. Are we not capable of reasoning an unborn’s choice? Is earthly life so wonderful that denying unopportuned life beforehand is against *reason? And, cannot acceptance of such be a revelation?*

 Longevity forces ‘the I’ to explore Self to the *nth* degree, Consciousness at the mercy of anonymous Psyche. Coming to grips with autonomous-losing body, double the average age possible a scant century ago, one experiences subtraction, one by one, of the elements which previously sustained self-concept. *How much love and labor is needed, to be able to care for a helpless old body as, a baby’s?*

It’s *hideous!--*not the *last* word applicable to Time’s trek toward being nothingness. I’m convinced, if one’s not careful the ego-battle alone can bring death on prematurely. Despite all wishful imaginings, each of us isalone in a brief existence. If one remains sentient, mind with all clarity must review all its naïve beliefs, hopes, struggles and work. Further—in redoubled sensitivity—*feel* all that was suffered by the countless numbers before and present enabling what one has and has had.

As living vitality commences to abandon me, I cannot help but wonder whether it would have mattered one whit hadI not had life at all and needed to give so much to it. I never would have known the difference! Meanwhile, Mind only is beginning with what it now faces. While group programs have begun that cope with material physicalities, the psychology of aging waits to be addressed (as I discovered, searching for such in my area).

 **September 4**

I’m 78 years old, 10:05 p.m. in bed with the radio on, and hear a report:

*A stone piece of a decorative gargoyle fell from the top of the Second Presbyterian Church, 1900 block of South Michigan, and killed Sarah Bean, age 34, mother of two young children….*

 *Impossible!* Such an event *actually* occurred? It sent me 68 years back, uphill to Saturday confession at St. Vincent’s….

Once child mind has had something emblazoned on it, it can’t go back. It might forget the precise moment it was habituated, but not the insistence of reflection that delves into perplexion. *God* had *laws!*  And *eating meat on a Friday,* the nuns had emphasized, *was a mortal sin!* Should one die with an unconfessed and unabsolved mortal sin on one’s soul, *one went straight to Hell—unless,* just as one knew death was coming, one could call up the get-out-of-Hell card by saying a devout “Act of Contrition.” Alas, I inadvertently had tasted meat after Thursday midnight, when Mother asked me to check to see if the ravioli filling had enough salt! My soul would be carrying that mortal sin until Saturday afternoon confession.

Now that 10-year-old me had practiced saying a *very fast* Act of Contrition. However, Saturday afternoon walking Union toward church when she looked up and saw the gargoyle edifices on the old building she was passing beneath, she thought, “*My God! If one of those should break loose and I don’t know it’s coming, and it falls on me and kills me, I’ll go straight to Hell!”*

I walked the rest of the way in the gutter.

 **October 3**

The “dream day:” Intermittent plaguing thoughts again whether to do something definite about *Journey* (the one sure money-maker I may have). At some point I had remarked to the ‘air’ that, if there *was* another ‘life’ beyond this and my father were there, certainly my misery would bring some sign some way to me from him; and there was that tv program in the evening about Tesla, coincidental in itself in that I just had bought and was reading a full biography of his work. The program quoted him that, “the next best thing to literally being called by a higher power was to believe it.”

I was exhausted after one of the fullest days had for a long time, almost like before I got old—moving all my ‘office’ furniture, books and equipment (dealing with all that wiring!)—creating the space where, on my trusty rocker, I might expect to spend much of time left to me. In bed, I fell to sleep quickly, midway meditation….

*I was in my ‘home’, unlike any of those created (9th N.E. Seattle; Mines Park, Golden, Colorado; address forgotten, Columbia, Missouri; 2409 Bates Drive, Davis, CA; the ‘Casteillo’, Oaxaca, Mexico; the apartment Cowell Blvd., Davis, CA [where I managed the quadruplex for a credit on rent]; 101 - 13th Street, West Sacramento; the Conaway Ranch, between Davis and Woodland, CA; finally, “Calle,” Sonoma, CA, interspersed with the Meadowbrook Mobile Home court, during Mother’s last years).*

 *In the dream, an unrecognized modernly well-appointed abode, with a woman companion not identified. The phone rang; I recognized the number—Jelina Tadic of MS Magazine (*for whom I had left a message a couple of years ago, planning to discuss *Journey*; but when she called back and left a message I didn’t follow through).

*I desperately wanted to answer the call but--unsuccessfully struggling with wires twisted all ‘round the receiver--the call ended unanswered. “I can call her back!”*  *I thought; but at that point people appeared suddenly outside of the glass front door: a young woman, dark haired and attractive, with two or three vague but powerful-looking males. “I’m from the ‘Brookings Institution,” the young woman said, catching my attention; and, before I knew it had pushed her way in. I wasn’t threatened, exactly; but peremptorily she, the males following, began to go through and around my entire house, upstairs as well as down, in a somewhat menacingly searching way. Finally I said, “If you don’t leave I’ll call the police,” at which point they returned to and out the door.*

*I followed. The young woman* (I keep thinking of her instead as a ‘girl’) *turned to look back at me and stopped, as I began speaking: “Where do you live?” I asked. “With a girlfriend,” she responded. “Where are your parents?”*

 *“My mother died long ago; my father’s remarried with five children,” she scoffed somewhat, throwing up an arm.*

 *“You’re not what you’re pretending to be,” I said, at which her expression began to change. “You can come and visit me any time,” I continued; and then her face changed dramatically, eyes squinting a bit as if to hold back tears; “and you can bring a friend, but not the first time,” I finished. She wasn’t able to keep from letting a grateful smile come through….*

Two things arose on recall: right before bed, in my reordering of ‘Writer’s’ notes in ‘her’ new space of existence, coming across the note written by, with phone number of the young woman/’girl’ I would see again next morning at my volunteer job--the girl who’d been given community service as a sentence for driving with an expired license; the bright, swiftly-working girl hoping to find office employment, whose dark circles under eyes betrayed an already too-hard time-- I had thought, had I the money I would hire her to work at advancing certain writings (a task I can’t seem to get behind equal to what I think they deserve). Secondly I recalled (although even at the time I wondered why the t.v. actress that night had so caught my attention with) the words, “If you don’t leave I’ll call the police.”

Seems lots of jumbled-up stuff in this dreaming, primarily my neurosis about moving *Journey* into the world (perhaps the unconsciously-beleaguered girl of *me?*)

 **November 20**

Mind in the preceding ‘dream day’ had processed some thoughts about Labor’s fundamental contribution to civilization and society. In a conversation with a daughter I again had reiterated my disillusion over recent political parroting about everyone going to college. *What has happened to trade schools? Is it expected everyone would earn their living sitting with fingers on a keyboard? What in the world would maintain all we take for granted in our serviced environs*—robots? *And now, seeing prior immigrants who performed the labor needed, to take us to our present civilized state, have reached the ‘emancipated’ class, who will do (are doing?) the dirty jobs if not more ‘sub-class’ immigrants??*

Before bed I saw the last 10 minutes of “On the Waterfront,” where the Marlon Brando character’s nature won Labor’s cause. As some will recall, a priest played by Karl Malden figured in the plot. Irrespective the earlier day’s thoughts, I can attest that as I watched no conscious thoughts crossed into ‘the I’ from my labor ‘constellation’, at its core being long-ago presidency of “the Diocese’s” labor association. Obviously, however, Psyche got ticked:

Dream one: *I am part of a gathering of citizens waiting to hear an edict of their village’s administration. Before them a collection of authority figures are consulting among themselves; I sense they are planning strategy for what is about to be said. I call out to them but they don’t even turn their heads. I feel a totality of* anger!

*A man seemingly in priest garb comes to my side, but I notice that his ‘collar’ is unlike any familiar religious ones. He is cajoling me with political banalities reminiscent of those delivered by ‘Management’. My frustration and anger boils over. I all but* shout: “But what ‘the Church’ denies its members can drive one to insanity!”

 *Back at the crowd I again agitate for attention. Finally I am brought a microphone and I test it to be sure it is working. There is no doubt in me that I shall speak what I* feel*…*

There that dream ended. First, was total release of *anger.* Never, in months of negotiation during those days representing maintenance and clerical workers, had ‘the I’ allowed it, keeping focus on the best steps next to take as the process proceeded. Second was recollecting I had addressed the congregated membership, the day after the Council’s meeting at which the Association had made considerable gains but not all deemed just. I do not recall the words I spoke; I only know they came full force absent any mental censorship.

I recall one of my superiors in management, who accused me of being a “bleeding heart.” Naturally I had to look up the term: “an extremely softhearted person who feels compassion or pity towards all people, including those who [*in others’ estimation* I *must add!)* may not deserve sympathy.” The term first appeared in the Old English Dictionary in 1958 and seems to have been popularized in America *in* the 1900’s, possibly in the ‘30’ with reference to liberals: some persons believed government and private charities ought to do more to help relieve the suffering of sick, homeless, and unemployed, whom persons that disagreed began calling “bleeding hearts.”

I would be inclined to agree with the alternate possibility, because of a sharp childhood visual memory of Jesus with his heart bleeding: that the term *did* originate in a figuratively religious sense (*c.f.* “Knights of Bleeding Heart,” the Middle Ages order instituted in honor of the Virgin Mary). But ultimately interesting was the Internet-posted comment, “actually the phrase comes from Shakespear’s *Richard III,* 4.4: “a pair of bleeding hearts.”

I accede that our public servants (not just those at the top but all the way down) have borne blunts of slander, misunderstandings, hostile forces, and painful acceptances part and parcel to their vocations. At the top level especially, however, I believe it would be most interesting to hear the absolute fundamental cause of their desire to tread political waters, if not merely due to economic impetii. *(Can’t help but recall those pictures of the young faces of Hillary and Bill, who seemed, then, so naively desirous of truly being good….)*

Again, I’ve digressed. Back to the dream, this was the second this week in which, although asleep, ‘I’ *heard* my voice and words so strongly clear that it was as if I was‘awake’ when I spoke. The earlier portion, *What do you want from me?,* portrayed my frustration over recent delays in furthering my historical work *vis-à-vis* the personal struggles it had demanded, which demand seemed from a source outside of myself, ‘tho I cannot believe that.

 The most I allow myself to conclude in the matter of “dream analyses” is that, among single or combinations of either or mixed conscious and unconscious thoughts and sensations from the dream day, with fixed elements of Private Unconscious constellation or constellations, synaptic releases effect connection with miscellaneous buried scenes, to produce the dream “drama.” To refer to Perl again, how we use the ‘production’ is no different than our use of life’s living productions….

Whether or not provable, my chosen dream analyses never fail to encourage me--here, a belated emotional exasperation and release of from the politically-related *s---* absorbed by the persona of the time. I do believe my dreams serve; that the pondering of them and their associations help gain hold of truths about myself and my feelings—as I expressed to a sister, “I believe they help close doors on conflicting feelings.”

 Dream two: *I had been charged with and had done ‘makeup’ on a man’s face, but two other figures there were not satisfied with the results; and the man was being churlish. O.K., I thought, I’ll remove some of the cover of powdered foundation. I began to apply a piece of paper towel to the cheeks, rubbing a bit* [I recall that the face did look as if it had a ‘mask’ of makeup]. *When the man objected, indicating his displeasure, I ‘gave it up.’ I tossed the paper towel aside and began to vent, continuing the venting as I turned and stomped away: “Who do you think* you *are?* [I can’t recall *everything* I said, except:] *I worked at all levels of government!—city, county, state, and federal, and besides that, in private law!”*

 Couldn’t help but recall the ‘mask’ at least one prior legal employer wore; who knew?--the responsibilities he left on my shoulders to meet life-or-death court filings, when he went off for a weekend? Remarkable, how entrenched in Psyche experience can be, and the Private Unconscious so oblivious to it. This dream called to mind the frequency of my being instrumental in maintaining the professional persona of male superiors. Perhaps it was provoked by the dream day’s little newspaper clipping: last year, a corporate chief executive’s salary reached some 257 times an average worker’s—up 181 times just since 2009. I now shall crumple up the clipping and toss into the trash*. (We don’t reminding of how History shows plutocracy and oligarchy preceding anarchy….)*

Dream three: *I was stressed; I needed to get things in order before a visit from family, my own and my husband’s. I was straining to do two things at the same time—a large load of laundry and the reconstituting of research on physics into a conveniently useable folder—both tasks giving me grief. I had one load of laundry going, only to discover I had left some garments in a bag placed in the machine, which meant it needed to be emptied and rerun. I had trouble with the soap, mistook the water temperature, etc., thus making little headway with the laundry as I went back and forth between it and the folder, with which I also was having trouble, thinking at one point that it was well-assembled only to have it fall apart. Meanwhile laundry waited to be folded, managing to get only one household surface cleared, and only an hour left to get the rest of the house ordered. My exasperation was unbearable….*

The “Domestic” vs. “Writer” emotional conflict couldn’t be made more evident….

These dreams drove home something I had keyed into before but not fully grasped, despite recognizing dramatic loosing in dreams of what would have been but were suppressed natural responses to certain circumstances. But I hadn’t seized fully the *importance* to Psyche of dreaming’s *release of stifled emotions.* When awake we recall or speak of our living events, our Mind remembers, but Body does not at the same time *feelingly experience the effects* it *felt* in the actual moments.

After review and recall, I decided to look up “emotion”….

“emotion…*n* [MF, fr. *emouvoir* to stir up. Fr/L *exmovere* to move away, disturb, fr. *ex + movere* to move]. 1 a *obs:* disturbance b: excitement; 2 a: the effective aspect of consciousness; feeling; b: state of feeling; c: a psychic and physical reaction subjectively experienced as strong feeling and physiologically involving changes that prepare the body for immediate vigorous action.” (My *Webster* collegiate, p. 271.)

So, yes, there definitely were times when then-circumstances evoked emotion which caused physiological urgings that were denied. That which the dreams emphasized for me as to stifling of emotional reactions is the difference between conscious thinking unconsciousloy affected by inhibited emotions and conscious thinking experienced both mentally and physically. I am given to think of Reich’s armoring, possibly leading to ulcers?-for Consciousness cannot know what part of our body may be most susceptible to the effects of stressful retention of reactions (tautness of stomach, restricted breathing, inhibition of freely natural biofunctioning that can cause dangerous backup of energy’s natural flow….

 Dream analysis, however, may be something soon behind me; for now *now* it is *Longevity* insisting itelf into Mind’s explorations! As I ended this morning’s garden walk, the following rhyme imposed upon pen and pad kept on the back porch….

*An acorn fell and what the hell*

*I’m sick of pining in my shell*

*for strengths gone by*

*with days to come,*

*when now I hear that closer drum—*beat, beat, beat…

*Au tempore,* however, the ‘I’ shall put thaton hold, in that it is not done with the fact that it appears to *It* that *gravity* equals *magnetism,* and *vice-versa--*in strengths varyingly dependent upon aggregations of energy into matter within. *(Writer-I* remains adamant, however, that ‘the I’ *forget* about “expansion and contraction with ‘exponents’--repetitions equal to the times against themselves, the quantity represented by the symbol c2, *i.e.* (x)(x)=X)” *[about which, although written, she does not comprehend].*  The I’ll shelve that, along with the thought to have Dee ask, in an imagined sequel to *Delilah:* What would be the formula do you think, Max, for ‘Democracy’? Might we need new words?—like “economology” or “Economalacy?”[*Ridiculous?*….*]*

 **December 10**

 All that matters to *me, aged* anonymous mortal that has what feels a long-enough life, is that Life eventually will sanctify *Itself.*  In that respect I would wish the following the ultimate dream to be reported:

*Self, in Itself, spoke to a facsimile identity a summary: “There is this ineradicable human condition of me--fully keenly aware of all risks in existence that can erase in the proverbial blink of an eye any one of my loved ones--the foundations of my own very being. And, because my experience has been that individual tragedies befall us when least expected, I must be conscious—moment to moment—of that potential for loss which Self might have thrust upon it. Meanwhile, there still being so many unthinkingly butchered! It feels like a sentence; yet it is but the truth of possibility; the truth of that which can invade the highest of living effort. There is nothing upon which we can rely for insurance; but we cannot allow that to diminish our reasoned investments toward those moments of loving togetherness….*

 Sitting afterward on the back porch, smoking my morning’s half-cigarette, the garden in winter possessing its own beauty, I realize I could be my Father smoking a cigar. And I recall, in the later part of the dream, going to the store to buy cigars—*“Muriano”* being the word there--as Father with that small smile awaited guests for the holiday feast Mother had taken days to prepare. And I *knew* that which Humankind has striven to capture in all its mythologies and wishful thinkings: the *Spirit in Thought,*  the all-encompassing concept embracing *all* that matters in the seemingly insignificant lives each is destined to endure, devoid of race and individual histories--alive; wanting nothing butlove….

 Oh, I wish had I sufficient words to instill it!—beyond “religion!”—a ‘religion’ of Life, as I remarked to that facsimile self; beyond the inanity of the shrouds of human beings butchered in our collective history and being still, this very ‘Christmas’ season. *(When, oh, when, shall we grip with world-changing certainty, that we—our collective intelligence--are creators, governors, and determiners of our own fates? Reminds us of Terence McKenna’s use of the word “neotany”—retaining juvenile attributes into adulthood. “Culture itself is a type of neotanizing force, while figuring things out—independent awareness—alienates one.”]*

 **I** –not this person of temporary body, face and voice*—*I/Spirithave work now to do, this day: the last of shopping for the feast day (oblivious of cost--“give it what it takes,” was Dad’s standard admonition); arranging the house for guest convenience: throwing faith of living into the face of that concept of “Devil,” to be ready!--opting for hope; throwing all of Self into producing the lights that for me, for my family, hold the promise of a risk-free future for everyone, for anyone needing to be born….

 **December 20**

*I was interrupted from a complicated, totally demanding task; but I had it altogether planned and no doubts that I would accomplish it. Then, just as I uncovered an object quite different than it first appeared, my dedicated concentration suddenly was summoned away by a male figure. He appeared to be a partner of sorts, and I was needed to accompany and assist him in a laborious moving project. Believing in the importance of it, I left my own task; but I felt an indefinable look on my face totally foreign to, never expressed by it….*

On recall, the word, *scowl,* immediately arose in mind: most interesting, in that I realized I’ve never used it. Then the word *magnanimous* sprang into mind--the word that the 17-year-old ‘I’ unquestioninglyused in the first assigned paper for the “Humanities” course at S. F. State (my third college semester, to be my last before wife- and motherhood). It confused me when the professor (a bulk of a man whose shirt didn’t meet at its last button; that bit of fleshy belly showing!) teased me about having used the word.

 I let it go, then; but now I asked, *had* I misused it?Strange, given to think of it awakening from dreaming these 60 years later. But for the past week before sleep I’ve been reading O. Henry stories in a wonderful anthology found in my thrift store wanderings; and I’ve been noting so many words used by him totally new to me. (These from just the first handful of 300 short stories:  *oleograph, copes, thanatopsis, lethean, epicedian, Momus, Paphian, heimgangers, civet, Santos-Dumont, eleemosynary, welkin, philter, menstruum, pat trope, hymeneal, foulard….*)

Yes, I thought, words always have been my métier, which recalled word I had to look up to check its definition. Once more I was made to ponder Psyche’s innate knowledge of words; whether Chomsky’s theory of grammar isn’t twinned by one of vocabulary. So often have I found myself using words the actual definition of which I could not have expressed, to find upon checking correctly employed. I recalled not the subject of the college paper; but as I recall I had used the word apologetically, *i.e.* not wanting to suggest some superiority in the premises.

Arising, I looked up the definition, still not to know why the Professor had taken note. It would seem that, per *Webster,* I did admit I was not intending to “show or suggest a lofty and courageous spirit, nor suggesting nobility….” *(Perhaps it simply was that you deigned to use such an exorbitant word, that he thought was “magnanimous?”)*

Further reflection led me to acknowledge the “scowl” as probably the deepest unconscious but suppressed emotion I felt, when I gave up my studies to embark with JC on his graduate degree. It was at State that my life’s dream (Psyche’s *object)* was substituted with that of my husband’s-to-be, which I accepted without any tacit hesitation or dismay. It had taken a lot to get me into state college, the inception of *my* life’s dream to be a writer; aborted without conscious deliberation same as avoiding confronting the professor’s comment. However, entire Psyche apparently wasn’t as generously committed as ‘the I’ portrayed; and it’s now only that the I openly can accept it. Jung comments come to mind:

 “Wholly unprepared, we embark upon the second half of life. Or are there perhaps colleges for forty-year-olds [seventy+-year-olds!] which prepare them for their coming [present] life and its demands as the ordinary colleges introduce our young people to a knowledge of the world? No, thoroughly unprepared we take the step into the afternoon of life; worse still, we take this step with the false assumption that our truths and ideals will serve us as hitherto. But we cannot live the afternoon of life according to the programme of life’s morning; for what was great in the morning will be little in the evening, and what in the morning was true will at evening have become a lie.” [Jung, C. G., *Psychological Reflections,* Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1970, pp. 137-138.]

As to books and words, be there one greatest sadness I can speak to in this miserable aging process, it is *forgetfulness.* Doesn’t matter that I attribute not-remembering simply to inability to reach down into all the psychical file cabinets to extract a desired recall. It’s when I think of all the great literature my eyes perused, the fullness they gave to my living, and how much I would love to remember all--like Chekov (“Uncle Vanya” was a grabber); Saroyan! (I must see if I can get a copy of “*My Name is Aram”*); Remarque…*and on and on and on….)*

While I’m at it, I’m moved to look at the O. Henry volume from beside my bed where on the fly leaf are noted some particular items. Those wonderful O. Henry stories, always with a charming end twist! Who recalls?—that, born in 1862, his true name was William Sydney Porter; that he left school at 15, learned pharmacy in his uncle’s drugstore; worked as a bank teller; founded a humorous weekly paper, *The Rolling Stone* (!); was indicted in 1896 for alleged embezzlement; served almost five years in an Ohio prison--when he chose his pseudonym--and began short story writings in earnest, dying in New York in 1910. *(Ah, what it takes, for an inborn writer to obtain the space to pursue it! And how he understood the dreams and deprivations of the lesser-born, females to boot!)*

**2015, January 19**

*Not re-incarnated! Re-inspirited….* A thought that took shade out of bed….

*I was entertaining a social function (although I saw no guests) in my present home. Sensing someone else had arrived, I went to the living room. There was a female there, but “dark”-- that is, seemingly enveloped by shadow. I recognized her as one of some “lower” caste, uncertain and subconscious of her presence; and I was moved to kindness, to reassure her of her welcome….*

Was she *me?*--that shadowed Writer-I that I all along had been, never seized in totality despite works completed? Writers like the one in me don’t write for others; they write for themselves, to try to lay to rest that incessant thought process which it feels they are doomed to live--a consciousness that knows it has no permanent identity while feeling all identities presented to it….

“I was an average mixer, but more than average in a tendency to identify myself, my ideas, my destiny, with those of all classes that I came in contact with.” [Miller, Perry, General Ed., *Major Writers of America,* New York, NY etc.:Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., 1966, Fitzgerald, F. Scott, “The Crack-Up,” p. 989.]

In the same volume (pages 974-75), there’s a letter Sherwood Anderson wrote to one Roy Jansen, friend and bookstore owner, late April 1935. I was but a couple of months in the womb and there Anderson was, writing words that 80 years later would say about all for the germinating writer of me, with one exception: although part of me knows I have done it, I yet have to know that happy drunkenness Anderson expressed in the knowledge he had.

A new self-question arose: *why have I not been able to love myself as much as I have loved others regardless* their *idiosyncracies?*

 **January 24**

*I was with a family group, Mind temporarily removed from the place of worry. Someone had brought along a Mary Jane cigarette, and the picture was so clear as I passed it around. First, however, I had to trim wet seed hanging off its end, so that only the dry part could be smoked. As I did so I told the group my thoughts about its medicinal efficacy before taking a long inhalation….*

I do believe it would be best if I forewent medical consultation and synthetic drugs, but the benefits of cannabinoids without mind-altering effects are a long way off, where I in Time am concerned; and I am leery about availing myself of unregulated medications. All I have this morning as consolation is hearing Remarque’s voice. I run a hand gently over his written words as if to press them permanently into mind—to impress love for that ineffable talent, that indescribable capacity eloquently to capture simple human truths. *Dead…dead and gone is he,* was sad thought; but no more, mercifully, to bear recall of the Nazi’s beheading of his daughter. Then *this* simple writer-mind interrupted: *at least he had living confirmation of his contribution as a writer!* (And, you know, it *is* possible to laugh and cry at the same time.)

No wonder aged folks shake, for there is fear always there, as body moves eyes through what begins to seem an alien world; fear subconsciously creeping its way through body--a riddling wordless narrative of all psyche met and surmounted in its own long human past, simmered by anxiety of what remains for it to conquer. Nature presents the substance of our ‘World” while we sculpt it. It is up to ‘Self’ to determine *its* ends; Mind produces the direction. Made to live human, one needs to do *something,* doesn’t one?--to give exchange for earthly experience? Torture is in the exponential details in subjection to it; there are truths which simply always out, but rarely before horrors, revolutions, and wars. I have not begun yet to shake; but *nadam* (called “the sound of God” by the ancient East)*,* ever with me, is more insistent: it is not *hearing per se;* it is internal registration of the enveloping force in which all exists. (But here, perhaps again I am an anomaly?)

As said elsewhere, it is not my death with which Mind frightens me; it is the knowledge accrued through final illnesses and associated lasts of lives of loved ones—oh, yes, stoically thus-far managed and, for public purposes, against those remaining to be determined. Yesterday I saw one older relative through a long hospital day as modern medicine employed what it has to stabilize heartbeats. Two days from now another beloved will have a breast cancer operation. *Cancer!—*that dreaded insidious spectre atop of all potential others lying in wait, while overall is the waiting for the war drums to come nearer.

 *Oh,* sitting here in the rocker, I even cannot read more Remarque this morning, who now speaks my thoughts as I cannot…. *“[W]hat was happening today was not new. Everything had happened before dozens of times. The lies, the breaches of faith, the murders, the St. Bartholomew massacres, the corruption through the lust for power, the unbroken chain of wars—the history of mankind was written in blood and tears, and among the thousands of bloodstained statues of the past only a few wore the silver halo of kindness. The demagogues, the cheats, the parricides, the murderers, the egoists inebriated with power, the fanatic prophets who preached love with the sword, it was the same time and again—and time and again patient peoples allowed themselves to be driven against one another in a senseless slaughter for Kaisers, kings, religions and madmen—there was no end to it.* [pages 258-259.]

But I think again of that other *historical* man. Jesus: a genuinely veritable, literal embodiment of the full-sentient nature possible in man (*and* woman) that did and can imagine the torturous lives of others. I do not mean to equate myself with *that* totality! That which I do feel is quite enough….

 But as H. Rider Haggard noted, *thinking only can help to measure out the hopelessness of thought;* and, Thornton Wilder, “Without your wound, where would your power be?” And Rob Brezny, “The very angels themselves cannot persuade the wretched and blundering children on earth as can one human being broken on the wheels of living. Only those who attempt the absurd can achieve the impossible.”

*(Instead consider this: what’s needed is a new ‘number’ for “pi,” being the distance to be taken as traveled in degrees by an ‘erg’, which, being on the diagonal, is a tad less than taken on a curve. Go ye beneath quanta and enter into the only-invisible, the immaterial impenetrable. Haven’t we said, if Life had gone differently for us, what was written wouldn’t have been? Isn’t it what gives self-credence?)*

Easier said, than accepted.

 **January 30**

 *The first of two women, she in a wheelchair, leaving a place where she had spent all of her ‘public’ self, was being wheeled out by a second woman. The woman being wheeled out felt sadness but accepted it and even managed a small smile. The second woman, who was searching for yet* another *woman who was ‘lost in the grips of forces beyond her control’, asked, ‘Has she gone mad?’ ‘No,’ was the response; ‘but she is screaming.’ Then the dreamer-I found itself in what had been a ‘family room’, now empty of all its prior accoutrement; all that remained were bare tables, no evidence of personal items….*

I don’t know…. It’s easy to say that the dream is reflective of the increasing conflict of changing personas.

 **February 10**

 *I was working on a painting of bright green trees beneath a white-clouded sky. At first all of Mind was absorbed with it. Then, a part split off and filled with emotion--how hard it had tried to meet the responsibilities of, and to stay on top of human existence! How much it had wanted the good lives for those its body had created! How good* it *had wanted to be; but, then only to learn how much more was to be required with time? This tired being! What high hopes once held, now suffocated by collective existence. Meanwhile, stupidity was reigning in the present world…*

My first awakening thought was, I must discontinue watching television! *(We cannot bear the ‘talking heads’, egos in a senseless, artificial reality…)* Mind searched soothing consolations… *(We are not in Oaxaca; we are not in Guatemala; we do not need to hurry anymore--taking an infant to a sitter, rushing to catch a bus, setting mind to the work for superiors who determine our unequal pay barely enough to keep one’s little household afloat. Have we not lived to realize some satisfaction doing art, particularly with the written word?)*

As if to prove some point, Muse presented Mind with a stream of consciousness of a prehistoric woman at a time after humans had learned to make fire and fire-resistant vessels. The woman was awakening with eagerness…

*“It was so interesting what happened to that large blossom yesterday, after I kept it a long time in water over the fire”* [she thought; she could not know her descendants later would name the ‘blossom’, “artichoke!”] *“The top part of Its petals actually tasted quite good! And we seem to have suffered no ill from heating the sweet heart. Today I want to see what might be done with the green water it left. Perhaps, like berry water,I might use it to dye the softer of our skins!”*

Ah Art. *It* lived originally, too, as music bows to words. I arose, poured a cup of yesterday’s coffee, sat in my rocker, and picked up and opened *Tears of the Giraffe* to the book marker….

*Dear, dear Alexander McCall Smith!* How much pleasure his writings have brought to so many. I thought wistfully of my once-collection of his series about The First Lady’s Detective Agencyof Botswana, Africa. Last year, via a consignment shop, I sent it on in a beautiful case covered with exotic purple- and green-flowered paper, having tucked in also a history of the Republic of Botswana.

I again thought how much I would have liked also to have written stories that warmed the soul—warm and engaging, replete with human notions and feelings that resonate with mind and heart; stories in which one, as has this self, becomes detached from Life’s intractable sadnesses.

I always will think lovingly of that collection, but one cannot keep all that passes through one’s life, a lesson learned through disbursing lifetime effects of four loved ones so far. *(Stuff!—remember George Carlin’s comedic routine about it?)* Our ‘stuff’ gives us substance, insulates us from the actuality of unmoored, uncertain existence. Two things certain, however, with long aging: it can’t be ameliorated by stuff; and another never can care for your’s as much as you did, to say nothing of, for yourself.

 **March 5**

No word to encapsulize Mind’s past year’s fears; surely some of the words here show it. “Synchronistically,” last night (despite my usual avoidance of ‘self-help’ media) I left on the television for part of a PBS presentation of Lisa Rankin, the “Fear Cure.” Some of what I heard apparently bull-seyed Psyche….

 *I dreamed that I was anticipating something, had things which first needed doing, and, as always, worried about* time. *In emptying a little cupboard that belonged to an old lady I found a small tub of cookies that had been stashed for a long while. They resembled the Russian tea cakes once a standard product of mine, and I was surprised that they still looked edible. Again I felt myself fearful of how much of time I had, asked the time, and discovered that it was not as late as 11 a.m. as I feared, but only 9:30; and I exclaimed happiness.*

As I lay awake I had a clear concept of how fear sets off emotions; and mind asked, *what are emotions?* The same answer came, *feelings—physiological effects.* How to let fearful thoughts happen but react unemotionally?—here was a new challenge! *Nadam’s* insistency at the moment I felt completely as simply one registration in body of the energetic medium that contains and manifests all; and I was given again also to recall Reich’s ‘armoring,’ equating it with physiological effects *of* fear.

 Also synchronistic was hearing words about pitting courage, regardless of possible negative outcomes, against fear. This morning I have an appointment at 10:30 a.m. to move forward the final design of the new web site under construction, about which mind has been besieged with much fear—whether I am doing it right; whether I will be able to meet reactions that may come from the work. Another element from the presentation that struck me was about courage—summoning it to strike against fear despite all unknowns and possibilities of failure.

 I recognized, also, how I have been dogged by self-criticism. The thought of ‘loving oneself’ (another Rankin topic) was foreign totally to me. Now, what caused that?

*[Most likely, the religious indoctrination of your childhood: that constant “examination of conscience”….]*

But how does one love oneself if one is not loved? While‘Domestic’, yes, is satisfied in having served *her* existence well enough *to* *be* loved; ‘Writer’ in her private living struggle, has known none.

 *[Obviously ‘the I’ still is battling the fear of whether it fully can become Writer; whether it could summon courage to be one ego-Self regardless consequences—a different person in the same life; a permanently new public persona--]*

Except!--along with conscious simultaneous old-aging!

 Yet this morning for the first time I was able to *not* make the bed; *not* get dressed*; turn on the laptop,* and *let writing happen.* I see clearly now why it was easiest to *be* ‘Writer’ when I was far from home. Well, this *is* Writer’s home *now [and, should you come to visit, you just will have to bear the odor of tobacco; because Writer, an occasional smoker, is tired of Domestic wasting time doing housecleaning to hide the fact! It’s about time that she know without doubt that all the writing’s been for* ME*—all the research, all the word processing—all to let Me live!*

 **March 6**

*I’m walking down the street all alone, a dark night, when suddenly this young guy comes up beside me-- good looking but not a very amiable look on his face; looking straight ahead he says something to me I don’t make out; I ask him to repeat it; all I hear at the end is “sex.” And I laugh and I say, “Oh that’s pretty good—sex with an 80-year-old lady? Now wouldn’t your friends find* that *funny!” As I turn and look at his face the immobile darkness of it shows he didn’t think so, and suddenly I see that he’s pulled out a knife of turkey-carving size--a wide blade so long and shiny, turning ‘round toward my back.*

*Suddenly there’s another guy there, right behind us, a body, an attitude, and fixed jovial expression on his face that put me in mind of a fat Don Gennaro. I exclaim to him, ‘Hey, this guy’s got a knife!” But the fat guy just kind of shrugs his shoulders and looks about as concerned as a slug. As to the young man, I feel not fear but fury; push him back to the ground; and with considerable effort lift myself to lean over him and begin to lecture him mightily: “*Don’t talk to *me* about *sex* and *especially* don’t talk to *me* about your hard life and your miserable problems!-- etc. etc.; ‘cause *I’ve* been there and *back!” I finish with a lot more words I don’t remember, feeling as if one big catharsis is getting off my own chest.*

 *When finally I stop,* whoops!*--he’s not there anymore! Instead, it’s as if I’m on a bed looking down on the mattress, and it’s empty! I turn to the chubby guy and say, “He’s gone! Where did he go?* I’m talking to myself, aren’t I?” *And he gives a small shrug and one of those indescribably subtle little hints of a smile, with a toss of some little thing in his hands, as if to say, “Don’t ask me; I’m only a spectator here….”*

I wake up and find myself on my bed, turned toward its head, trunk half lifted , leaning just as I was at the last of the dream; but here the full moon is shining directly down through the high window overhead and I’m looking down at the empty blue sheet,. Oh!—how *real* the dream seemed! Absolutely astonished, I laughed; I hadn’t had such an all-consuming dream in ages. And what a day—a week!-- it had been.…

***Postscript:***

 Now there is much interesting “synchronistic” stuff about the foregoing dream week, psyche coming off a truly miserable year of mental conflicts--all the delay and expense of creating the new website to finally attempt selling some writings; the terrible loneliness in existence I’ve been experiencing combined with all that aging ‘crap.’ Truly, I had been feeling that I could be a candidate for a ‘nervous breakdown’ if something good didn’t happen to save me. I’m not a believer, as those who know me know, in mystical forces; *everything’s up to the self,* has been my personal motto: no salvings expected not initiated by my own force; and it’s been impossible for me to get myself out and be social in any way, even the house feeling alien to me. But a number of things combined that yielded me a contented ‘dream day’ yesterday (Thursday),like none known for as long as the proverbial “too long to remember….”

 First, Monday my horoscope said, “Thursday’s full moon sheds light on your friendship house. It’s a practical reminder of that old ‘not what you know but who’ thing. A dream can come true, with a leg up from a friend or colleague.” I saved it (you know, with that hopeful feeling that maybe this one *would* apply to this Scorpio).

 Second, Tuesday the local newspaper announced an open house to be held Thursday evening at the Shambhala Meditation Center. I cut it out; I felt some confidence that I would attend this event, especially in that the speaker was to be a local columnist whose writings I always enjoy.

 Third, Wednesday, a definite rise in blood pressure was been hitting home as the I dealt with ‘Writer’ getting down to the wire, and the prospect of being able to function socially and business-wise. A meeting was scheduled for the next day to finalize design of the new website. Important synopses needed to be written for it, and positive events of the past two days were encouraging.

Thursday (dream day) morning I awakened to a new fledgling feeling. “I’m a *writer,”* I found myself saying; *I am a* writer! This is my home; this is where I’ll stay as long as I can manage to….” And things looked different to me; it was as if the home had grown some again around me; I no longer felt alienated. I didn’t feel fear as to the degree I had been; it felt as if I was capable of summoning courage again. And I was able to prepare the material for that morning’s meeting with a new amount of ease; plus , the morning paper held a delightful piece--coincidentally, about Old Age’s frustrations!--written by that night’s Shambhala speaker, cinching my attendance.

The website helper meeting this morning was productive, my mood much like my ‘old’ self than it has been. When I arrived home, a sister called out of the blue and asked whether if I might join her in late afternoon for coffee, a lovely time during which we shared thoughts about our present respective circumstances. Lastly, in the evening I found myself in a group in which for the first time in that proverbial long time I felt ‘at home,’ minds with which mine could relate. One woman, an especially compatible poetess and author, bonded in friendship instantly. She mentioned needing some support to finish a book on the Ukraine situation and its history; and she’ll be calling me.

 Friday 3 a.m.,finishing this recording after awakening from the dream at 1:30, it’s been a long while since Writer has been freely strong to answer the writing urge in the middle of the night. I don’t want to jinx myself; but even when driving home the world appeared ‘solid’ again. I don’t know whether the energy of the horoscope’s full moon *did* affect psyche. But what of the dream? Can I say that a more solidified ‘I’ fearlessly talked down the weaker? Or at least ridded itself of crippling emotion? (I need to mention, I encountered the “Don Gennaro” character once before –in ’79, as recounted in *Journey—*when he indicated to me, “You’re going to make it, girl!”

I’m going back to bed for more sleep now with the wonder: *who, exactly, is ‘the trickster?)*

 **March 16**

 *One woman said, “It’s time that we brought the reality of it all—of human inevitably of death—into the open.” A second woman voiced agreement, at who I looked and knew a silent understanding between us. Then I was with a young woman, trying to explain to her how difficult a subject it was--that one did not want to discourage the young; that the explanation should be simple but the words come hard. How to address it, to make truth objectively clear in a way that will help, not discourage them?*

Lately I’ve been trying to describe succinctly the difference between this mental life on the approach to the ‘Portal of Death’ compared to that of my prior consciousness. It was 5 a.m. when I awoke, with the words “open-endedness” in my head. *Yes!—that is what it was!—*unconscious expectation of *Future,* the underpinning of all conscious actions. And unconsciously I had imagined a quickened future, in which human consciousness would make a collective leap over all of its sad godly histories and take life into its own hands. Moreover, initially I thought my work would hasten it! *(Surely, she thought in that open-endedness of self-belief, words would win the day. But that very work—the ingesting of eons of history of Earthlings’ suffering childhood—has reduced individual time to scarcely a blink of an eye….)*

I’m convinced, *thought can kill one.* And, oh, the fear, the fear, the growing fear in longevity! Already I am sick of it. The last two long paragraphs of James Joyce’s short story, *The Dead,* are enough to express the thoughts that are aged-mine; and I do not believe that I am an anomaly. Please can someone tell me?—absent belief in an “after-life,” what is human life all for? Five thousand years at least of recorded history, and Humankind altogether has made so impossibly little coexisting progress!

*Well, enough of stoicism*! I reacted to the thought. Enough of the I constantly questioning its ‘purpose’ in Life—whether it lived it well; ‘rights’ against ‘wrongs’. Truthfully, were there any ‘wrongs’? Is a ‘God’ (I should say, a *concept of* ‘God’) needed for forgiving acceptance? And, yes!—it would be a salve to believe in one. *But if so, the Muse would be satisfied if ‘you guys’ just would change sayings from “There is no god but Jehovah” and “There is no god but Allah” to simply “There is no god but god!)*

Those of us at higher-so-far-attainable ‘civilized’ levels of living twice the time of persons a scant century ago will not be able, however, to avoid what longevity presents. Only yesterday, another book addressing mortality dominated San Francisco *Chronicle’s* Book Review Section, first of many to come, the inevitable issue of euthanasia already well in the news in a trend to broaden legal acceptance. (For example, “French doctor cleared in patient-assisted suicides,” headlined a June 26, 2014 article about a doctor who helped poison seven terminally ill patients.)

Currently, euthanasia is legal in the Netherlands, Belgium and Luxembourg for patients whose suffering “is unbearable;” and Britain’s top court has said its country’s ban on assisted suicide (rarely prosecuted) may be incompatible with human rights. However, only yesterday—9/11/2015--the California Senate passed a “Right to Die” bill; now waiting Presidential confirmation, obviating the 1874 law, that anyone who “deliberately aids or advises, or encourages another to commit suicide” is guilty of a felony. As with birth control, emotions ran high. Per the Santa Rosa, CA *Press Democrat,* November 1, 2014:

“Medicare weighs end-of-life counseling:” “Medicare will consider a change for 2016…paying doctors to counsel patients about their options for end-of-life care.” The administration is “dipping its toes in the water again” after former Alaska Governor Sarah Palin spurred a 2009 “death panel” debate, on the premise that end-of-life counseling “would result in bureaucrats deciding whether sick people got to live,” resulting in obliteration of a longstanding bipartisan consensus and resulted in then removing relative language from the health care overhaul.

And, hours after a French court sided with a wife to end her husband’s treatment, the European Court of Human Rights then blocked the move at the request of the man’s parents. Christianity’s ‘king’ also has weighed in:

San Francisco *Chronicle,* November 16, 2014, “Euthanasia:” “Pope Francis denounced the right to die movement…saying it’s a ‘false sense of compassion’ to consider euthanasia as an act of dignity when in fact it’s a sin against God and creation. Earlier this month, the Vatican’s top bioethics official condemned as ‘reprehensible’ the assisted suicide of an East Bay woman, Brittany Maynard, who was suffering terminal brain cancer and said she wanted to die with dignity. Francis didn’t refer to the Maynard case specifically. While denouncing euthanasia in general, he also condemned abortion, in vitro fertilization, and stem cell research.”

Unpleasant contemplations, no? But take heart! A device invented in Australia, once hooked up by a doctor, would allow oneself to choose when to have delivery of a lethally sleep-inducing drug. Words of Ernest Becker from his *Denial of Death* say it all…

*Full humanness means full fear and trembling at least some of every waking day… … It cannot be stressed enough: to see the world as it really is, is devastating and terrifying…*

Am I an anomaly? Given a relatively decent life similar to mine, is the following *not*  the experience of every sentiently-aging mind/body complex?: Mental quality of days goes up and down-- not occasionally briefly down, as in prior years; increasingly. Days *begin* down, body’s condition on waking mind immediately unrolling its current tape. Not like when Life’s then-needful daily demands were awaiting, and some care-free weekend fun beckoned after the work week done*. (Is there any point* to *living—really!--except to have some fun?)*

Attempting to deal reasonably with this decade’s downs, for starters I volunteered with a hands-on local charity. But a few hours of weekly time is nothing, compared to the much more idle of It than thinkable in our dreams of retirement. (A wad of money might help fill part of it with world travels, if Body allows! (--*like my dreams of visiting Cyrus the Great’s tomb? Except there, even had I more money, gone is the buddy to join incentive energy).*

Vimutka, a Vedanta monk, once said to me, “When one finds ‘God’, one never again is lonely.” Well, I beg to differ most heartedly! Imagining a god talking to me means it actually is my mind doing all the ‘talking’. Further, even was I given to believe that ‘responses’ could come from such, I’m with the original JC (the guy of *the* Book)*: When you’re human, you’re human—*period. ((And, with Kafka, who said, “The ‘Messiah’ will come as soon as the most unbridled individualism of Faith becomes possible.”)

It’s *macabre.* There are but two things available to Mind at this point: either let it fall or be able to summon fortitude to withstand ravaging Time’s thoughts. It’s *ridiculous.* Like that spurious report of Christ’s laughing on the cross, I also need to laugh this morning at the absurdity; all we ever can know is what we did and do in the *here.* Meanwhile, Mind-- presently hoisted on its own petard--no longer cares to serve ‘Domestic-I’. (Indeed, the latter even now made cranky by all her little household-managing compulsions! Einstein never did a garden; I wonder, ever washed a dish?)

 Overall, there’s that awake-ever-with-one (I cannot find words strong enough to serve here)…*that*…*that self-defeating awareness* of diminished state of body, unwillingly subject to that third developing identity—*Old Age;* and the confrontation: *how does naked Self reconcile the prospect of being nobody?*

*Oh, wash out my mouth with soap:*

*Domestic’s rancor carried to the extreme—*

*but what’s ‘free verse’?—simply dispensing with a ‘reem’?*

 *Let’s sum all words already written-- no more, please!--about ‘Death’.*

 *A life’s born and lives and ends with breath…*

*The beginnings that went and ends that come,*

*Life reduces to such a pitiful sum.*

*There are no castles in the sky; it’s but one journey for every “I.”*

 *We hate accepting it; all seems so unfair! But--*

*just give me a good book, and let me sit in my chair….*

 **June 6**

Following Diane Sawyer interview with Bruce Jenner.

 *I and an unidentified ‘person’ are traveling together. We already have been to a few other countries; now it seems we are in Germany, approaching a major building I have some interest to see. Along the building’s upper front are repeating, very modern-looking sculpted decorations of sleek metal, the form of which I make out as a female body from the waist up.*

 *Inside a vast sleek entry hall is a receptionist warren at back, outside of it a bench. On the bench is a purse. The receptionist is unconcerned when I develop responsibility to seek its return. Inside the purse I find ‘cards’ [?], all wrapped ‘round with thin, messily-raveled colored threads or yarns. There is, however, no identification.*

 *That scene is interrupted when I find myself talking by telephone to a relative, who in the family is a much beloved, ‘outed’ homosexual. I feel some chagrin because I’m not able to tell him of all the places I have visited, before the call ends. Then a couple of men appear, walking towards me. Talking to them, I want desperately to explain my beliefs as to the labeling Humankind holds relative to its perceptions of individual natures--particularly the variously possible, potential combinations/ configurations of physical/material and psychological/mental individuals. I want so much for understandings of the evolutionarily naturalness involved. They, however, are not programmed to comprehend; and I am aware of that. However, I say many words, including trying to describe how heart and soul manifested in and by genderless consciousness are the determinants of love….*

On recall, I wondered at how “I” was so strongly represented while the ‘person’ with me I neither saw nor did she (or he?) contribute any commentary. Also, when recording the part about the men “walking toward me,” I felt first the urge to type *us.* But I safely can allege that the part of me who feels as it does about genderlessness of consciousness and all that entails, is a strong character. And it seems properly synchronistic at this time in human our history that that subject--embraced by Jenner’s determination-- to the fore: all the issues related to sexuality vs. self, body to conscious being, at the same time emerging when for us finally to see and separate love purely from sex. It does seem that Jenner’s pathagainst the subjectivity of our materiality did spark the dream, married with my own self-reflections of which I’ve written, that mentally I have thought and worked like ‘a man,’ while all ‘woman’ in the material sense.

With euthanasia beginning to make inroads, if any true sense eventually is to be made of life, *death must be considered fully* before *its creation;* and we are such a long way from that, for Nature is the absolute force. Imagine a world where no being is created unless there first existed reasonable assurance that each new-created ‘soul’ will receive and know a safe, sufficiently intelligently endowed and resourced development and opportunities. Oh, it does sound like pie-in-the-sky; one thinks of Lennon’s song, *Imagine* which, while despite loving the melody’s words, one *accepts* them as fantasy, much like Moore’s *Utopia.* But, *good ‘god’!—*what we have now is a crushing media concentrating on murder, horrors of all other kinds; our ‘entertainment’ the same; meanwhile, all countless of us are killing each other off—*not because of ‘religion’!* Because of lack of all that every created child should be guaranteed but is denied. How cheaply in actuality is Life viewed. What little respect we have, truly, for the flesh; lest, how are we able to accept the constant carnage into which we perceive it rendered.

I defy anyone to give cogent argument against the premise that, were conception truly totally perceived by humans as equal to ‘God’-creation, and all individuals caringly knowledgeable in ensuring as much as possible that two creators were fully educated and aware in consciousness prepared to accept responsibility for a life created, collective humankind finally could make some progress in *its* responsibility for *itself.*

 Where *is* the voice of Reason? Don’t look for it all-in-one (that would need to be a ‘god’, remember?) Dyed-in-the-wood religionists need to trace “prophet” messages back to their bare dirt origins. Where are minds such as the ancients who pushed Consciousness beyond their tiny environs to industrious arts and visionary philosophies? Is anyone left who has read Aurelius and the poets who loved the times of Antoninus?

Yet, hope does spring eternal in me still, believing that, since pre-history, evolutionary Nature (should we avoid blowing up our earthly home) has been and shall continue to work toward forcing Collective Consciousness to wreaking from any ‘god’ and instead assuming fully intelligent control of itself and all it affects. Meanwhile, like all aged ones, I want to die in my home, on my little piece of land to which I’ve given all I can of body to acquire and maintain. So I say, yes, I must imagine as many potential ends as I can and do what I can to contemplate plans which might allow as much autonomy as possible, refusing to be inhibited by the fact that all prior “best laid” plans failed to yield perfect fruition, which does not rule out the possibility that one will.

 In the interim I shall keep on hoping for sound, platonic human governance. *And* social morality, of which we are in the midst of diminishment in both media and government. (Alas, it seems none in charge have read Cicero’s *Catiline Conspiracy.* It wasn’t just that in his time individual morality had some high value [albeit along the age’s lines]. But it is interesting, civilly, that Cicero’s first exhortation was enough to drive the conspirators away. So much for outspokenness, however; Cicero ultimately was assassinated….)

Above the dripping coffee maker the I’s thought, “Whoever you are,” *Journey’s* ‘I’ addressed anonymous consciousness within, “You need to figure this out…. Either you will live another decade or so in this body, or not. If you are struck down unexpectedly in the immediate future, by the failure of one or more organs, then that will be that. On the other hand, if not, Body eventually will need to be taken care of. What plan can be arranged in that case, given resources available? “

*Then,* the Muse, tiring of same-o, same-o, cut in: *What about that sequel to* Delilah?....

*“Bring me something she left, along with yourself,” Maxwell said. “That’s all I ask.” There was no way that John could refuse. Dee would want him to.* The hydrangea…the blue hydrangea*, he thought. “Besides,” Maxwell had added, “there’s something you should know. It’s classified but she would want me to tell you.” Yeah, yeah, John kept his response silent.* Nice trick*….”*

**July 15, 2015**

While I have written a surplus about self-perceived bifurcated identities, more recently I have felt the perceiving dreaming self as if seen in a tri-furcated mirror—actors in simple scenes sharing data from specific thoughts and experiences stored in the various cerebral ‘regions’; even possibly a tendril from the hind brain of a time before humankind development of its collective self-consciousness, that is, the Jungian archival deep. In consequence, I’ve begun to watch more for “characters” rather than identities, in that one identity can be a composite of “cross-“characteristics-- the sharply defined and the vaporusly shadowed, attempting to match them to conscious manifestations.

Recent dreams in the anonymous ‘space’ of Psyche appear aimed to end circumscription of persona states against Ego-‘lives’ lived. While I have analyzed a surplus of birfurcatedidentities’, some seem later nailing a *‘tri-furcated*’ Self….

Dream one: *The ‘place’ was replete with feces—clumps of all types and sizes and colors, of all animals-- humans included--that inhabit earth; all littered space barely with space for steps between. ‘Actress #1’’ thought,* what a job this will be!--to clean it all up….

Dream two*: ‘Actress #1’ stood in a flooded floor, water covering all; and wondered again,* how will all this be restored?

 Dream three*: A different place, where the ‘Actress #1’ was aware that a male there needed considerable ‘organization’. She set herself to doing just that, but* secretly: *hands rendering the space neatly perfected, lastly arranging window curtains into graceful symmetry. The male needed to leave free, the actress gratified by his expression of pleasure at the condition he was able to leave.*

Dream four*:*  *In a bank, applying for ‘wherewithal’, the actress was given a long form to fill out, little of which--she noted, scanning it, applied to her. She decided it mattered not to her anymore what mattered to the bank, and thought, “when the chips are down,” money matters not.”*

 Whether or not factual, my chosen analyses were encouraging. The first dream I took to represent all the *s---* that’s been plaguing Mind, irrespective persona; the second, longevity’s depressive mental deluges—again, irrespective persona, intensity being equal; third, ‘Domestic’s’ service to her mate laid to rest; lastly, defense against the insistent media onslaught of joint financial worrying.

 *Why not see things I’d like still done to this last little home, and let the Devil take the hindpost!* Even if/when forced to leave it, the next owner comes in and wipes out everything-- like at Bates Drive when I left it for Mexico….

Gone, I saw later, driving by, were all the beautiful colored rocks Aunt Pierre and Uncle Norman had gathered traveling around the country, given to us in 1965 for our first house; gone, from around the floral garden drawn from the valley clay soil--my own private Versailles, when all the sprinklers were on; gone, the ‘60’s drought-resistant front plantings that had rated a front page on the local paper: *all* gone*,* to edge-to-edge lawns….

Body half-toothless and of hobbling gait, now marks the parting point of prior self-concept in the World of Appearances. Now the work is to rid Mind of useless life recalls and associated ruminations. Now the goal is manifesting anonymous psyche—simply an aged I in a female body, born into first-generation immigrant relative poverty but beneficiary of a wisely loving heritage, a decent education, and fair societal opportunities, living the last of the Italo-American Dream.

 **August 1**

Jung tried to nail it; I wish he were here, so I could talk with him about last night’s dreams. I would ask him, am I correct this morning?—for now I am equating the “superego” with a ‘watcher’ who is composed not just of the influences of parents, authority figures, and former archetypes from my living existence but a new-to-me ‘character’—*the old crone:*

*An indistinct but again a strong ‘observer’ lurked about me, saw me lose my balance, slip and fall. I lay there, unharmed, but there passed between me and* [this time, a] *‘her’ the realization of my inescapable agedness. Then, ‘she’ watched me as I did a yogic posture which my body in fact no longer in truth is able to do followed by watching me sweep up crumbs; but obvious to ‘her’ in both instances that my body both was past the yogic prime and no longer able to keep the order for which I-Domestic always has striven….*

No, none of it is funny. It’s a pain having to cope with loss of bodily self-control; and I’m just beginning the later stages. I can be pleasantly sitting, finally watching a movie worth the time, and forget that if my bladder isn’t emptied every two hours gravity will have the best of its weakened constrictors should I stand up—as happened just a few minutes ago when, having been engrossed with Ingmar Bergman’s “Wild Strawberries” I made it to the ‘john’ alright, but not without a few dribbles down the legs of my red silk slacks (another thrift store find). I simply have not got into the habit yet, you see, of putting one of those sweet little pads into the crotch of my undies….

 Now, I know that “Medicine” has some drug that is supposed to correct the circumstances; but I’m given to wonder: what precisely does it do? *(Must research that.)* It does seem to me that a drug made to work on one muscular place just must have some effects otherwise? And apparently those bladder ‘slings’ pushed a few years back have run into problems? *Cut down on liquids?* Well, there you go: those few half-cups of coffee I love? And, what about the fact that one’s expected at the same time to drink a lot of water for general health? Finally, don’t forget, all that one eats *has* liquids of water in it, especially the most nutritional….

 **September 3**

*A male is threatening to do ‘me’ harm--that ‘entity’ not liking the fact that I could rise above strictures of consciousness and thus ‘my’ continuing existence. I left ‘him’ and went to clean my mother’s abode. I cleaned every corner of it thoroughly, as she had taught me to clean and organize. I looked beyond and saw her, now needing to do nothing but sit and wait.*

*Then I was on my way to a restaurant in the company of a ‘friend’ there but ‘not seen’ by me. The before-threatening male entity came up behind us and made a last attempt to capture my mind, making some oblique reference to which I replied, “You mean, when you threatened me earlier? Well, I’m going to eat;* ***I*** *haven’t been fed yet.” And I turned and knew ‘he’ had disappeared for good….*

On awakening and recall I had the clear comprehension that, from now on, I would experience fear of living fully consciously and not avoidingly suppress it: I mean, understandingly accept it as natural and not feel I need fight it, keeping occupied as Mishra advised. Accept that all the words--not just those that made it into final print; the many thrown away--all were for what ‘the I’ needed do, in the end, so simple: cause an objective view of scriptures as real human history; stimulate consideration of a simplifiedly explainable cosmos; and to place sexuality firmly objectively in its natural human condition….

Obviously I was a believer that my dreams could penetrate Psyche’s unconscious arenas to help purge hampering constellations and enlighten ‘the I/Ego’; but I’m waiting still. I’m waiting not for an awakening from a sleeping dream; for dawning of full transcendence, when for I/Ego with all Psyche behind it a new ‘dream’ begins very awakening…..

“There is no consciousness without discrimination of opposites,” it being a psychical mixture that “seldom precipitates a crisis in the first half of life. But for older people who reach an impasse characterized by a [theretofore] one-sided conscious attitude [against] the blockage of energy [from the deep], it is necessary to bring to light psychic contents that have been repressed. … After violent oscillations…the opposites equalize one another and gradually a new attitude [*if one is lucky?]* develops.” [Campbell, Joseph, Ed., *The Portable Jung,* New York,NY,et al:Penguin Books, 1977 reprint, p. 295.]

 “Once the unconscious content has been given form and the meaning of the formulation is understood, the question arises as to how Ego will relate to this position, and how it and the Unconscious are to come to terms. This is the second…stage of…the bringing together of opposites for the production of a third: the transcendent function. *At this stage it is no longer is the unconscious that takes the lead, but the Ego.”*

“…[T]he dream is a specific expression of the unconscious. … Just as conscious contents can vanish into the unconscious, new contents, which never yet have been conscious, can arise from it. … [I]t is a fact that, in addition to memories from a long distant conscious past, completely new thoughts and creative ideas also can present themselves from the unconscious…to form a most important part of the subliminal psyche…to express new thoughts that have never reached yet the threshold of consciousness. [Campbell, Joseph, Ed., *The Portable Jung,* England: Middlesex, Harmondsworth, et al., 1977, p. 295 et seq.; italics supplied.]

So here now *We* sit at the laptop apparent as the ‘person’ world has known, still looking like a combo housewife/secretary-typist: neatly dressed, a bit of makeup. Muse’s thoughts still come but compulse to record them is all but absent. There remain elements however, which the I feels should be addressed with respect to developing reasonable methods of dealing with the ageing Mind/Body Complex. For example, I am not amused by ‘jokes’ circulated relative to ‘longeviity’, such as received by email this week:

Two gentlemen from a retirement center are sitting on a bench under a tree, and one turns to the other and says, “Slim, I'm 83 years old now and just full of aches and pains. I know you're about my age. How do you feel?”

Slim replies, 'I feel just like a newborn baby.”
“'Really!?--like a newborn baby?”
“Yep--no hair, no teeth and I think I just wet my pants.”

 No. It isn’t funny. I want to retain dignity and integrity of *Self* as it faces Aged’s necessities--diet, elimination, bathing, clothing, moving of body, etc. etc.*ow=GHowHH*

 The industry only has begun. Currently the emphasis is on material body; I have seen only two references to the *psychology* of aging; and a telephone inquiry left with my county’s Council on Aging (*Did they have any such programs?)* received no reply. On the material side, much invention waits development—wardrobes that allow ease of assumption (*e.g.* we opened the shoulders of Mother’s dresses and replaced the seams with Velcro tape to make the garments easier to put on; means of dealing easiest with cleaning after bowel incontinence (I still have that “bottom bather” idea to patent?....)

As my children will attest, I’ve been a firm believer of Mind-over-Matter. While I have great respect for Medicine’s advances over Time, I understand that it, too, is a ‘business’ in the sense that persons trained in specialties are compelled to pursue them. One must keep vigil over the vast number of medications being impressed on society. When told that someone is suffering from a diagnosed dismal condition (with thoughts of death fearfully siuggested), and ultimately is submitted to new age medications and procedures, I always wonder how dangerous *were the symptoms* prompting treatments? Tests are done; medication begun; yet often the person starts disintegrating and soon death *does* come. Who knows? But there have been too many instances of drugs developed, administered, and then found to be deleterious (one recalled is the estrogen ingestions of women some four decades ago). Perhaps I shall be forced to ‘eat crow’ relative to my attitude; nonetheless, it is part of *both* of me.

Meanwhile, this ‘I’ has come to live in one of the most halcyonic environmental regions presently available on Earth, amidst a fairly well-developed collected civil consciousness and in an aurora of harmony and peace--the safest that the globe yet can offer. But the *aloneness* in longevity is staggering*. As Francis Bacon wrote, “Little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth. For a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love.* Meanwhile, long hours in nursing home has driven home how little feelings of love are received by residents, despite the true caring of attendants. Touches of love that go beyond merely showering a body are nourishment not received; it is difficult to give physical love to an old body, no?

With so many of us living singly into longevity, another reasonable effort would be for mutual cohabitations. I mentioned my widowed experience of aloneness to my GP last visit; he responded, “Why not go on ‘match.com!’” Well, *this I* is not the type given to public exposition; however, Writer amusingly proceeded to compose a ‘suitable’ advertisement:

House Share for Independent Life with an aged female [the gender decided by the advertiser; in my case, I would prefer a male, since my nature likes that duality, although companionable—not sexual—presence is the desire):

Occupancy available to an aged male of the following character:

Of advanced age and general physical condition comparable to cohabitant (who is 79 and in good health for her age); of scholarly bent and interests; desirous of a pleasant continuing independent life in established circumstances; possessing stable private financing to meet both equitable sharing of expenses of household and grounds and future potential health-related matters, with strong personal family ties of his own upon which to rely should “catastrophic” need become necessary; enjoying fastidious artistic enjoyment in a small sanctuary garden in one of Nature’s best environs, with use of a detached studio, garage work bench, a deck overlooking garden, and sun-hit sitting area in outer yard.

Further understandings: smoking allowed anywhere outdoors (occasional indoor smoking allowed if co-residents agree); cat roommate acceptable for indoor enjoyment of both (no cat living on premises at present); opportunity to pursue crafts if inclined plus continued expansions of an already lovely abode (labor and materials possibly contributed to be credited against monthly ‘rental’, which is to be negotiated).

*(Enough! We’re done, Mom and Dad!—done with trying to make sense of why you were moved to create us; sickly aware how five thousand years of recorded human time has not brought us any nearer to creating that possible heaven-on-Earth embraced by your, therefore our in-born principles could found. Truthfully, Self finds it ridiculous that this last writing be placed at the website, subjected to the old symdrome that “it’s useless; throw it away,” which has given great pause these last few days. But the clerical impetus on I-Domestic is forcing its inclusion; although* the I *refuses to proofread it for accuracy and typos. We leave that to Time, to determine whether* these *words be deleted altogether from Future’s existence….)*