

Lines taken from:

"24 to Harwood and Cropsey -- No Road Back Home"

by Tom Turner

*Standing above me in Smith's
Awkwardly looking down through a clipped hesitancy
Our lives came together.*

*From within mutually canceling
Vignettes of naturalness and gender-cliche'
She kissed through closed lips of
Pristine openness.
Innocently I loved.*

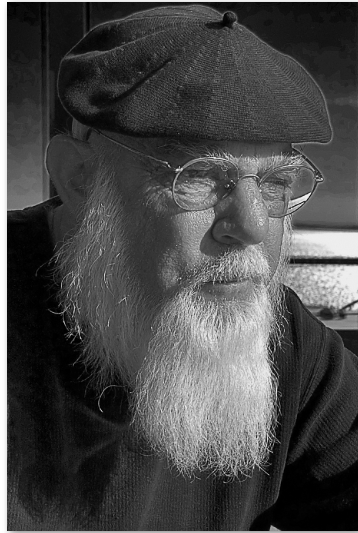
*After my return from the war
I stepped into a world of Kafkaesque embraces;
yearning . . .
Paled with particular sensations
I was momentarily blinded.*

*I could taste the t.s. eliot peach that I dared to eat.
Looking at you the way you love the first person
Whoever touched you
And never quite that way again
I savored my idea of you but missed the obvious.*

*Paradoxes betray the limits of logic
Not of the reality we shared.
Your "passion" was stillborn through so dame necessary.*

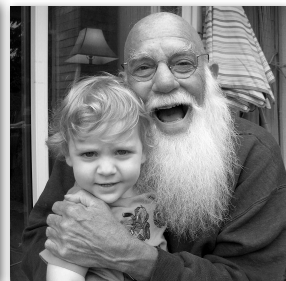
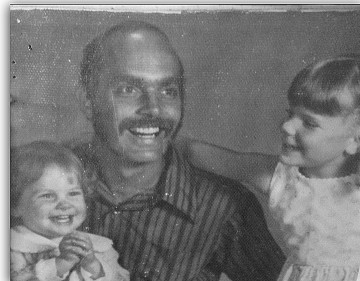
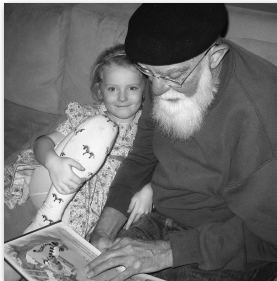
*The aesthetics of my artifice went against the grain:
Recreation, utilitarian achievements and another
sexuality were hidden karmas of your soul.
My recondite preoccupations rung-up as
No sale.*

*But let's
Skip the arguments.
I already know how the story ends:
A not so cryptic message --
Don't be naive
You could only gaze into the distance at my life.*



*There's no such thing as an easy run
Oh, treetop flyer . . .*

-- from "Treetop Flyer"
by Stephen Stills



*In Loving Celebration of
Thomas R. Turner*



*To use a few of Eliot's words;
"As we grow older the world becomes stranger, the
pattern more complicated . . ."
Complications, ambiguities, non sequiturs.
I keep searching for clarity . . . lucidity;
and I know each time I seek
that I'll become more entangled.
No, I'm not bored -- just scared.*





The Greek word for "Aesthetics" [Aisthetikos] is "Perception". We NEED a new Aesthetics-of-Historical-Perspective similar to a Howard Zinn . . .

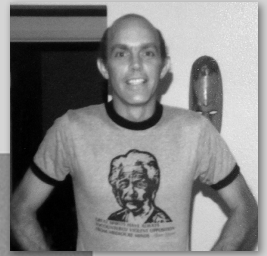
Dylan/Hendrix/Writer/Echoes . . . "There's Too Much Confusion . . . I Can't Get No Relief"

I am, INDEED, blessed to be blood with a seer, a wonderful caring human being (and a giver of Miles Davis to your little brother!!)

I have always savored this poem (City Psalm) by Levertov. She died on this date in 1997 in Seattle. She was 74.

I continue to Mutate, and Hope. I am enjoying my wee, strange life.

Read the "Four Quartets" aloud to yourself. It creates new connections.



Sometimes Too Much perspective "Short-circuits" everything. The computer is trashing my mind!! Just a little more "spice" in the cultural ecology of my life . . . assimilation comes slow as we age . . .

As of late, I have disintegrated (more than ever) into a swamp of Ellipses; Parentheses; Bracketing; underlining; [I haven't learned how to underline on the computer] italicizing; Exclamation Marks; and attempts to INCULCATE . . . i.e., impress-on by frequent repetitions, admonitions AD NAUSEAM . . . Sigh . . . I need to think like Samuel Beckett!

My life is good. Walking three plus miles a day . . . Enjoying pain free good health (always a gift), doing a lot of reading -- Bio's of Bertrand Russell, Paul Robson, Jerome Robbins. Intensive reading of Nietzsche's Reputation of Wagner and Schopenhauer. Harold Bloom on Shakespeare and my usual readings of Herbert Read's "Anarchy and Order" . . . Life is good . . . I love where I live.

Summer Solstice ushers in weeks that are Lush . . . Sexy . . . Drizzly . . . vital . . . Everything grows as you look at it . . . Ants 'N Cabbages coming out of cracks in sidewalks . . . People . . . Sweating . . . Shivering . . . Dodging rain drops . . . Running for sunscreens Or umbrellas . . . A festival of EARTH, SUN, SKY 'N DRIZZLE.

The article on the 1960 Olympics REALLY "threw-me" back to my memory of DAVE SIME (The sprinter from Duke.....) I used to read everything I could about him.... ("cuz I thought I was a sprinter!).....

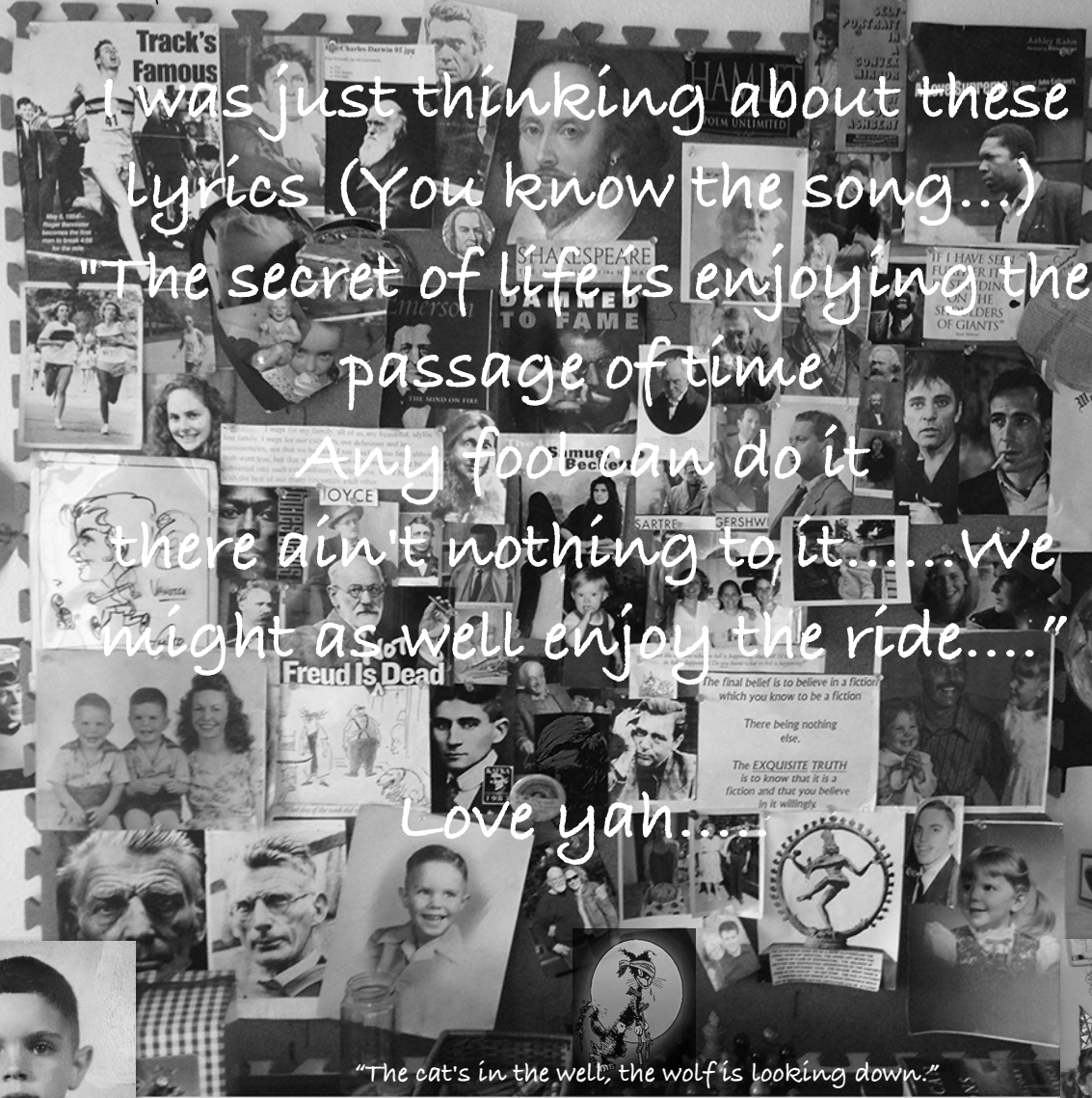


I was just thinking about these lyrics (You know the song...)

"The secret of life is enjoying the passage of time

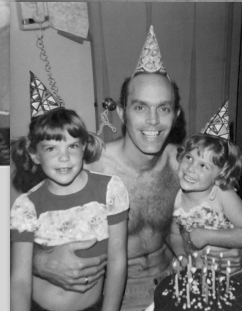
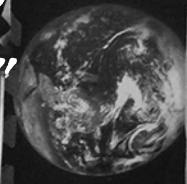
Any fool can do it there ain't nothing to it.... We might as well enjoy the ride...."

Love yah....



"The cat's in the well, the wolf is looking down.."

Eric Blair (a.k.a. G. Orwell) loved the English language and identified with common human beings...in fact lived life and wrote of us.....He was a TITAN!! His essay, " Politics and the English language" must become a requirement in secondary education. He matters so much!



Since "shift happens," let's try not to make it shit!!!