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In the bricking single answer for all, no one breathes. or Ron Fabian Eats Shit for Breakfast, Brunch, Lunch, Supper, Dinner and In Between Meal Snacks.....

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HONORS PAPER
July 27, 1971

Ron Fabian

EXPLANATION

This is a self-centered, idiosyncratic word-blow. This paper is not an academic undertaking, it is more of a record of myself and my condition of being over the past two years. The paper is arranged chronologically from 1969 to the present and I have tried to combine philosophy and writing into making it a more understandable paper.

The paper may not be written well, the philosophy expressed may be mundane and simple. I really don't know. But I believe that the existence of the paper is worthwhile. The paper is the nearest thing to art that I can presently produce. These stabbings are part of the process of accomplishment and thought.

Some of the short scenarios are written in a

style that is hard to follow, but I hope you will bear with it and perhaps laugh a few times.

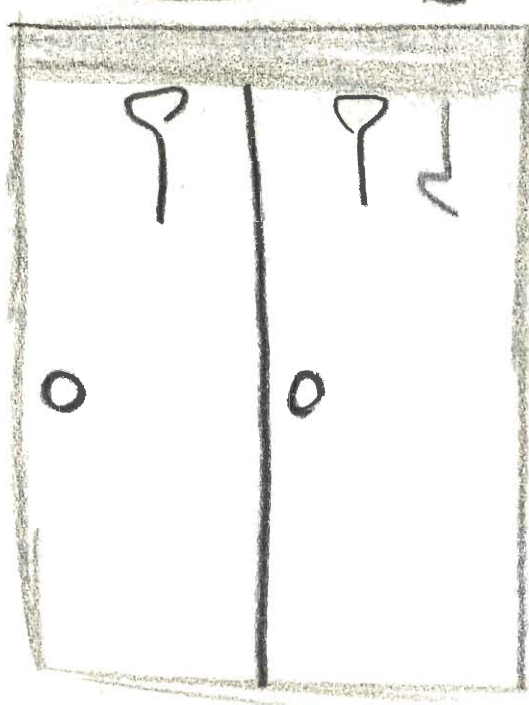
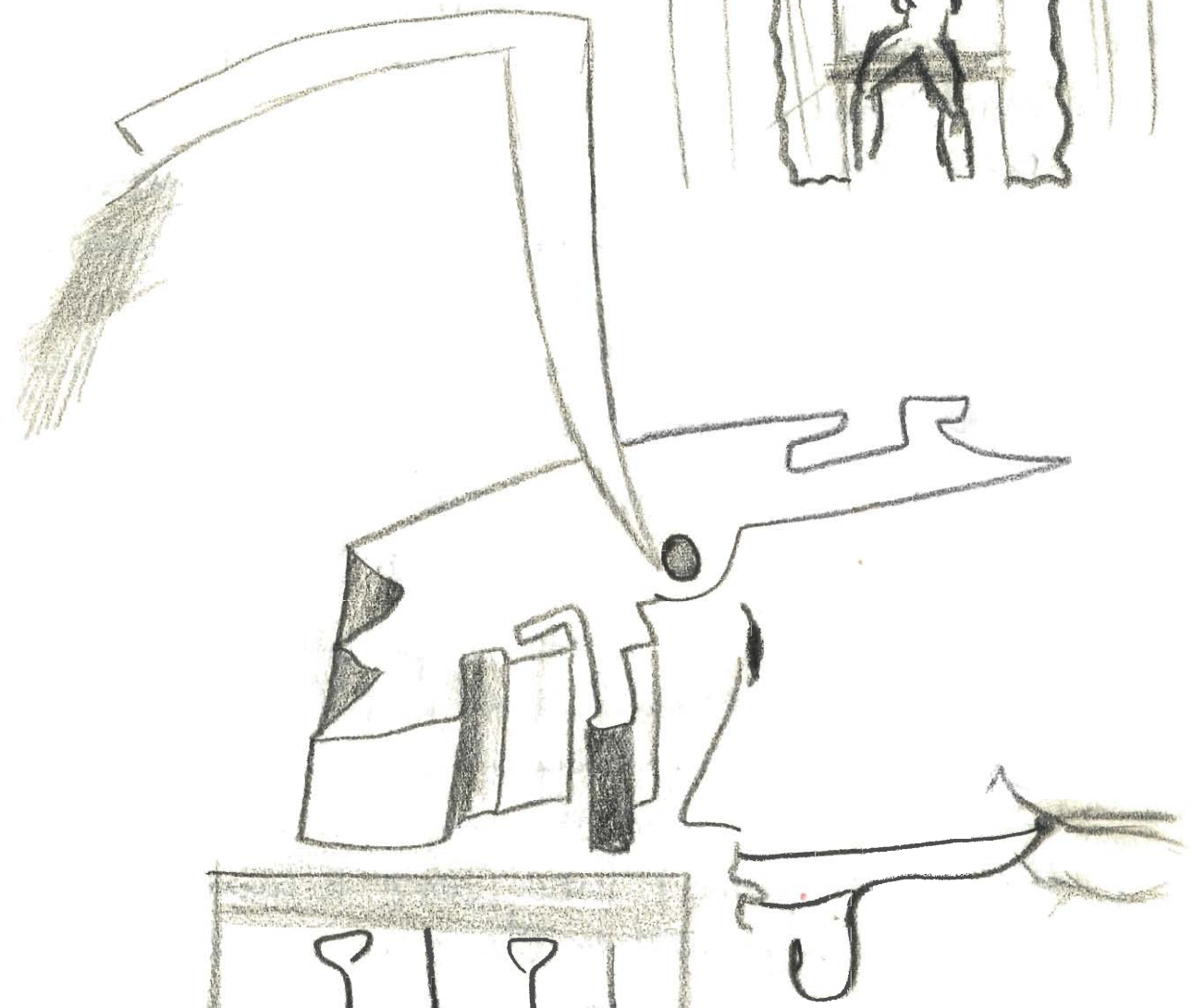
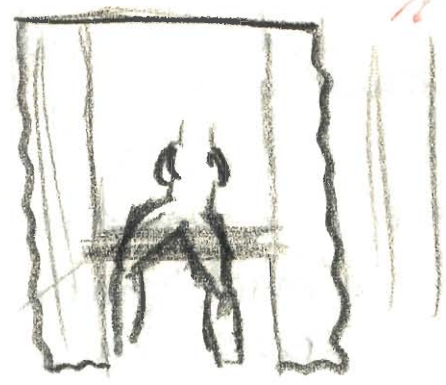
As it exists, I doubt any publisher or educator would be much interested, perhaps because neither would accept it for what it is: a sometimes disguised autobiography of a student. I shall not judge whether the paper is honorable or not, though I have my opinions.

The paper reveals how I have felt at moments of doubt, love, existentialism, hate, and---perhaps more importantly---honesty. It is not a faith, myth, doctrine or manifesto---it is thoughts in a word painting.

I would like to thank the secretary I don't have for the typing (forgive the errors), Dave and Jo DeShon, Sue Beitleschies, Sam Clark, Marie Stevens, Dale Westphal, the Philosophy department, Robert Shafer, the Beatles, Camus and all those who let me listen and talk to them.

Oh, Wow! also deserves thanks for its comfort.

HELEN'S MOTHER
(as she windowly
stands nude)



HE'S THE COAT
HANGER WE
OUGHT TO UNBEND

are sought after and waited on. Without being allowed anything to do they become the waited on, worked for aristocrats. In such a position they seem to have more leisure, free times than the free-bes. And, the free-bes don't have so much "nothing" time because they are looking for the not-frees. They also have prescribed ~~tasks~~ ^{tasks} for to do after they have found the ~~free~~ not-frees. The names do not really represent what is.

Since the free-bes like the name free-bes they decide (and name retention is not their side purpose) to give the not-frees some of their freedom, which doesn't make too much sense but they did it anyway.

They made up one class of people-hunters. These hunters were not to hunt other not-frees since that had been declared unlawful (even though certain sets were to be considered only $\frac{3}{5}$'s not-frees so they were legal game). They were to hunt animals for meat. Very soon, another class was put in operation. These were the various fruit and vegetable farmers. For the rights of hunting and farming the free-bes said "For every third captured animal you must give us one and for every 5th basket of fruits or vegetables ~~you~~ you must give us 2." Since there were considerably less free-bes than not-frees there was plenty of food for the free-bes.¹ However, gathering this food was a chore so the

¹ abbreviated to F.B.'s

If what I am or what I want isn't fashionable, should I---one who is impressed by various fashions--- set out to work for a change so I can become fashionable or should I go after what I want?

Sid Hero in Philosophy class is one of the more aware and more knowledgeable kids I've met. When I was a freshman I briefly met him and he was on top of the 'in' type of beliefs then. Now, after a year or so, he is still on top of the 'in crowd,' but with different beliefs. And he can be praised by saying he changes with the times and doesn't ignore the newest happenings. He can be put down by saying he's fickle and will grab something just because it is new and stylish.

Last year the thing was that a revolution was coming. Now, however, it's not coming anymore (must be because of all the train strikes). It seems to me that it is undeniable that unless a new stream of calm enters the river or unless a few streams can branch out of the turbulence there will be a revolution. I'm not saying it will be like the one

of 1776 or it will be any particular type except that it will be major. We are, however, a violent country. Perhaps that will be the change---we will not be violent anymore. However, I doubt it.

Now Sid says no revolution, and his friends and fans all agree (though it seems that the masses are picking up his old ideas). They might have changed their ideas, because our culture is such an example of instnat-demand/instant-gratification. They wanted a revolution (or foresaw one) last year. Since revolutions do take time, this one's date was not quite up to expectations. Sid and company could only wait a year, 40 years is too long---much too long---waiting for something you're not sure of.

Now, just a few sentences ago I said I was sure it was coming and just now I said 40 years is a long time to wait for something you're not sure of. I am more sure of the revolution than Sid, I still believe it will happen. Sid doesn't. But remember I gave a few examples of things that could alter it's coming or structure. Really, nothing is for sure (except death, which we will be able to alter soon enough).

My prophecies certainly are not sky-blue accurate.
The sky isn't always blue.

The late afternoon sun makes Tim's shadow as
big as he thinks he is but (what it really does show
is his true substance) or (the shadow does nothing
but show his real substance).

Brian is born,
cribbing hopes and unknown desires
they cry "He is, he is!"
He cries today and is tomorrow.

Crawling crises worry and laugh
(all bad things are bad)
downing hair leaves more room for thought
all crawl,
but which know where to crawl?

He walks west
but new sands aren't always untraveled
the unknown is often here
but to see

to sea to float in flux
the salt stains my body
itch and irritate

Stubbing meanings when he walks
absurd complexions faced
they seem to negate his purpose.
Gratingly loud thinkers
say, "No way of being is!"
People say they have thought
in their hard narrow pews,
and look at their blessed wood shape and say
"He is, HE is!"
But He isn't, He was.

Yeah, yeah, he hasn't got the money
he hasn't got a life

he walks on,
leaving 16 to lakes and sands
but making 17 with cars
18 with loneliness
19 with death
unless he can

run faster
jump higher
knife-pill things are not strange
but the point is not of the saber,
the point is to live.

He dissolves what has been resolved for him
Knowledge leads to a calm churning mind.
He has embraced it,
a purpose, a process.

So when barbed wire rusts,
and trenches fall in
will you remember what I say?

Personal liberty is an ambiguous creature.
Why should one be allowed to do anything? Why should
one be denied the right to do anything? Obviously,
people should be allowed to do some very basic things,
like working for the good of society. If they were
forbidden from doing ^{the} there would be no society
except for the society that caged them in. Since

the cagers more than likely want to be kind to themselves they will allow the caged to do some things that will make them freer (the cagers, that is---they don't have to work so much to support themselves because by now they have also instituted taxes). The non-workers, being freer, shall be called the free-bees. The workers, not being so free, shall be called the not-frees.

Anyway, I'm assuming that the free-bees want to enslave and have done so. Let that be assumed. Now, if the free-bees have enslaved the not-frees they have to somehow wait on and work for the captured. Just capturing them is a chore. More than likely food is also served in the prisons which is another task. If food isn't served, perhaps the dead are removed (of course, if the food is like most institutionalized food there is plenty of the dead to take care of). So, in fact, the prisoners become the elite class because they are sought after and waited on. Without being allowed anything to do they become the waited on, walked for aristocrats. In such a position they seem to have more leisure, free times than the free-bees.

And, the free-bees don't have so much 'nothing' time because they are looking for the not-frees. They also have prescribed tasks to perform after they have found the not-frees. The names do not really represent what is.

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for the free-bees. However, gathering this food was a chore so the.....

When I do a job that's well done, I say, "If you're going to do it you might as well do it the best way." When I do a job badly, I say, "If it's worth doing once, it's worth doing twice."

But what job am I going to be doing period. I do want money, there is no doubt about that. But should I be a professor, a lawyer, some sort of artist, work in the government, etc. They all have their qualities. If I were to be a good lawyer or professor or diplomat, I certainly would have to be an artist at my work.

Each job is rewarding financially. However, not too many engaged in these occupations make extraordinary amounts. Only a few do. Would I be one of those few?

I'm going to have to resolve something. Resolving only makes one feel more comfortable, but what's wrong with being comfortable? If I don't live up to my expectations I won't be honored.

It's all so ridiculous. If I have fantastic dreams and live up to those I'm great but still a dreamer. I feel that in that context a dreamer is a x-rating qualification so that others will be able to find something wrong with me. However, if my dreams (or desires) aren't so fantastic and are closer to what one might call reality and I fulfill those then I'm called a successful person but without imagination. In that context, imagination is regarded as a desirable quality. No matter what happens, I have to have a fault so that others can feel more comfortable with me. Now here it is the judging others who want to feel comfortable. But if I want to be comfortable and change my ideas to be so, somehow I'm not quite whole, I'm not quite real or complete.

People must not like perfection, yet they say the clamor after it. I wonder if I'm part of the horrible process that does this.

Once in a while a person comes along who fits all the patterns and qualifications of what the group wants. They may still say something about him/her that makes him/her seem less than he/she

really is, but if the group were pushed they'd have to admit opinions of this sort aren't true. So they really know he/she is cool. And the group then proceeds not to be socially involved with him/her. They feel uncomfortable around this 'coolness'. He/she probably feel uncomfortable with them, too. But maybe only because they are originally uncomfortable. So they don't associate with him/her because they feel, perhaps, that they have failed at their choices. The ones that cry the loudest hurt the least. So coolness is isolated. If the group could be honest, I doubt if they'd feel so bad.

When one of their own makes 'it,' they tell everyone "he's my friend." But if their friend starts to be really cool, so he's out, too.

Maybe all the coolies should live together.

If all you need is love, why do Beatles eat?

All existentialist should be give \$100,000 a year to live on and in turn they will leave all on-going processes alone. They won't be picked on

and they won't pick on.

ON DYLAN

I like everything he says,

you know,

I did it,

The tolerance of a corporate thingee wingee

Isn't that it

I dig it,

you know

But the absolute absolute authority

Invokes all

credit dues

I know.

"The truth hurts, you know."

"I don't know. I've never heard it. But if you ask a Christian, he'll say he has heard the truth."

No matter

WHAT

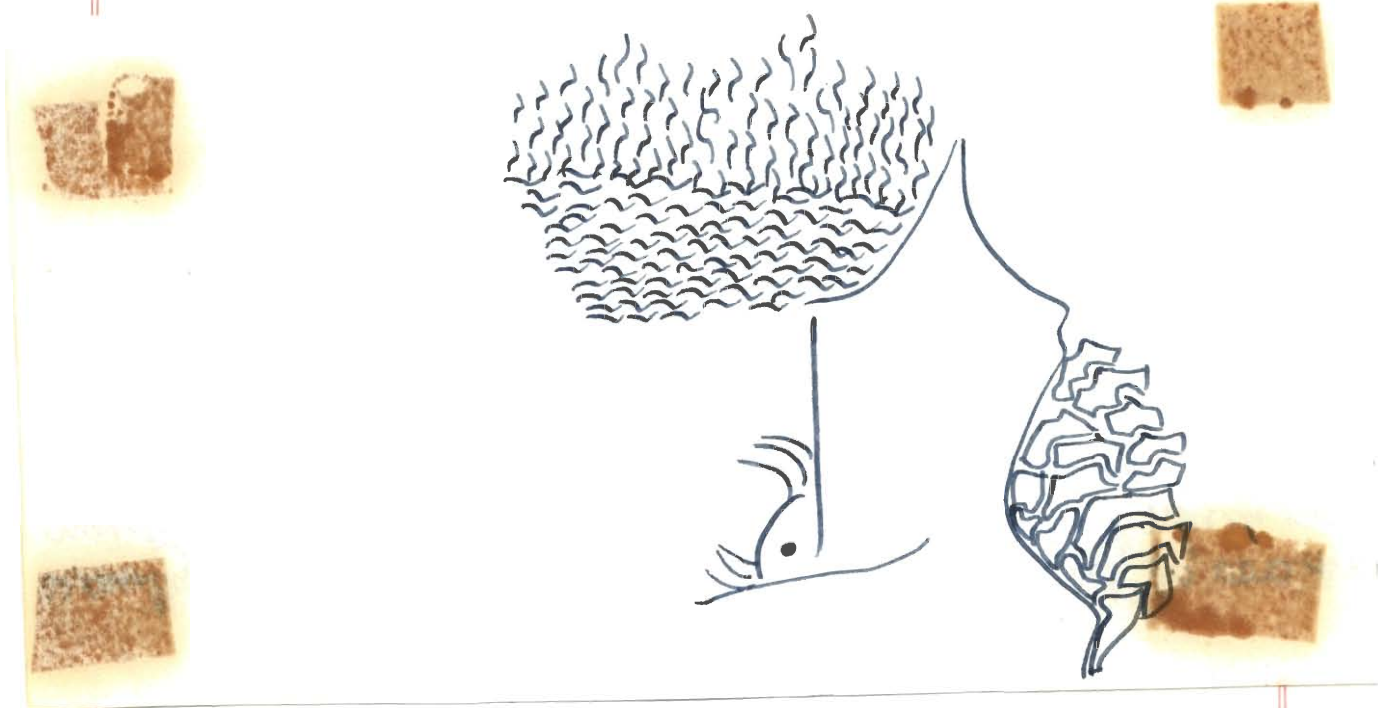
you will get caught.

If you change to turn
or if you turn to change
you're more readily spent.

The Doors are the only ones who get \$20,000
to masturbate on stage. But think of all the people
who get much more or much less than that to masturbate
thier entire lives (beings).

Whisper sin-songs
to make blue
perfume
does more
than
you

If you tell the frat guy you know he won't
say 'hi' to you when he's with his other frats
he's either always say 'hi' or never say it.
I wonder if it's really that nice to have the power
to disintegrate beings by just not acknowledging
them. Or by creating by saying "YES"



in the bricking single answer for all,
no one breathes

There is so much wrong in the country. I do not say this just because I think my own rules and opinions should be lived under, but it does seem to me that many conservatives are hypocrites and so are many radicals. This entry probably doesn't make very much sense. It doesn't matter much. But I get bothered when people shout for more chains when they are saying they want to 'go back' to America's early 'freedom' and then clamp restrictions on others.

The GNP was lining high. Turned and go into new car. The coldness of the prior hot exhaust made a comfortable insular feeling in the auto. Finding a semi-exclusive radio station (something only friends listened to and few acquaintances knew about. Starting a new conversation with a new person. They mention the station and they get set on your right track even though they know as little about it as you).

Station set, check mirrors for hair only and get. Making the first corner too fast (but learning from it) turning power wheel with one finger only.

Lights on. Exclusive radio plays static status.

Reach house. Out of the car by the far door (closer to the house door). Knock.

"Good evening. Is Patty ready?"

"I didn't know she was even going out."

"I was under the impression that she was (she told me she was)."

"Well, she didn't ask me."

Akward through door walk. Clenching keys and smiling crested, bristo smile.

Father: "Patty!"

She comes out of transforming bathroom (it doesn't change me when I'm in there---only takes) shoving Kleeneex in her purse. Sniffing her nose, "Just a minute."

Moving fast to become a blur, she cleans her glasses. Fading in, she smiles.

Father: "Where are you going?"

"I don't know."

"I thought we'd go to the Back Door (many

exclusive radio listeners there)."

"B back buy 12. B car careful."

Smiling exists.

Guy first in car through house door closet car door.

"Fasten your seat belt."

"It smells like beer in here."

You being a prude, smile to hide embarrassment. Make joke about how middel brother (known town corrupter) has just got through using the car when really it was your father.

If you're thinking that it ain't right or somehow washington or newyork you must have noticed the buildings aren't the same and they aren't on the sea. Here we are used to developing food so we can starve people at reate with having to hid food while we have the fad to feed them.

So the reason we don't do it in the road is because over here we have only cow paths if we are Lucy show or luck. It is entirely possible that no one will be watching but does that give us the actual moral right to defy our normal ethics and, indeed,

DO IT IN THE ROAD.

Mary and Greg walk in. Brandishing a flint look in their eyes, they talk of guns and things they love. Broadway and limelight make their despair while they boot around the room, looking for a place to settle. Finding a chair and ashtray, they affirm what is fucked and what is not giving examples and not.

He smiles an image of accent and muddy thinking. She stays in her coat but lets a cigarette find freedom. They begin to talk of pigs and the dinners they will have after the revolution. Giving us this death or that death they ask for a commitment, "Who will show just cause why he shouldn't?"

All are afraid to think out of vogue with the exception of the one who misunderstand the Buddha. He carries non-attachment and love to the point of being thought out of it, but he thinks of the sad-eyed people for who he waits. Mary thinks of Greg, "Who could resist you, my Arabian drums."

Others feel uncomfortable and move their coats, their protection, closer to their knees. I, the

dubious Buddha knower, am thinking to the group,
"How could they have ever persuaded you? This grief leads
you to bone and dust."

A few speak now, defending not what they think
but what the flint eyes say. It has been too long,
this is the only course to win. We destroy before
we are destroyed. But they don't understand that
when we destroy, when we kill, those we are against
we too become part of the funeral pyre.

They are reading Vogue through their knuckles
of hate. This is the first time the group hasn't
felt marginal. They lie to each other in an effort
to spin the web they think they can control. A web
that all will want to be stuck to. But who would
buy half an umbrella? And that is what they are selling.
A protection that is faulty in design and practice.
Only the winds can make the umbrella worthwhile at all,
and we can't web the winds.

We have been cheated, we cheat ourselves. The
flint eyes come shining from the West down to the
East. The shine is like the piece of white hot coal
that has found its way from the furnace into the
clothes hamper (what a hampering situation).

It is not necessary to burn the clothes, it is necessary to wear them.

All these worlds colliding. Still, no respect, no acceptance of those who think differently no matter how differently they think. Think how differently they act.

Moving up the staircase, the misunderstander reaches inward, kneeward, for something to grasp--- something that will mark a sense of lucidity in the group's trail.

Exclamations for worth are coming now, I've got my gun!" "I've got mine, too!" Trying so hard to be a community, they forget a new world, whether it be brave or not, and sacrifice lonely sanity to mass madness, with nothing changed, not even the murderers. I want something else, a new existence, a new planet. "Not," as Camus put it, "a world in which murder no longer exists (we are not so crazy as that!) but one in which it is no longer legitimate."

Aunt Izzy left her estate, about \$180,000, to Saint Mary's. The relatives, all being Catholic, can't contest it.

YOU'RE TAKING RISKS

The Original Voice Tracks From His Greatest Movies

Aldona,

worries me

Like a Chipmunk

her cheeks are full of

wierd things,,

I like her words.

Her ears sit up to hear the rushing sounds

of nut-shelled people through the marsh.

Collecting shiny

brightness appeals to the newspaper man.

Stories about her only

leave

more stories about her.

Her cheeks are full of

wierd things.

I like her sounds.

Marshing through the rushes,

she worries me.

"You should come to Washington with us. While we're at the demonstrations, you can sit in on law classes at Georgetown."

"Who wants to sit in on law classes. Law, ha!"

"You don't have to worry about being arrested. You can stay at a hotel while we're at the camp."

Her tone is one of mocking like. She wants him to join, but laughs at his indecision---his fear. He lays down, thinking that if he is quiet the conversation will go away.

Cats come in. Bringing in their conquests and victories, they leap to those positions in which they are more secure. She starts to talk to him, but she stops, feeling ignored. He wonders how important he is. She wants him, yet criticizes his ways. How could he be valuable without those ways. Those idiosyncracies are what give him worth. To him there is more worth in being joined than in joining.

"Will you come, then?"

"I don't know, I don't know. It's on my mind."

"We could go to Charlestown, too."

"How long would you be in Washington?"

"Oh, only two or three days."

He realizes that her time element is not his. Washington is to be avoided at all times. There's nothing you can do. The options he has bother him. Why should he feel condemned just because his tactics are different, his goals are the same. And yet, he can't approve of her tactics. There must be a middle chord he can strike, a vital balance he can sustain.

She gets up to leave. Her precise rufflings bother him. He stays reclined.

Abraham ate his corn flakes and whooshed the cat from the flakes, which he properly ate. A special delivery letter with only 3-lettered return address came and he called out to Issac, "Come, kid, and be a lamb. It's time you saw the ways of the world and what bastards all we are (prayers and non-prayers alike)."

So Isaac left his room and street and ate his corn flakes with his father. Though he know that today isn't yesterday he didn't say anything while Abraham ate his breakfast with his hands and blew his nose on the milk. Isaac was a nice, reverent kid with at least one set of stereo-headphones set on the bridge of his nose. He wasn't non-communicable, he

just knew what or who he didn't what to communicate with and what he did. He didn't like or dislike his spawner, he just tolerated him.

Abraham said good bye to wife Sarah (he thought he knew what was happening) and went to put a hard day in at the FAITH. He told Isaac to tag along with him so that so that he might learn something, like blood types.

Now, Isaac didn't know what was going on, but he kept his distance all the same. Abraham didn't want to kill Isaac, but the letter had said to do so and when GOD (return postage guaranteed) writes, you receipt back. Give and you shall receipt.

So they took tension and drove off together toward the hinterland and backed up. Originally, Abe thought that a tube from the exhaust to the car would take care of Isaac, with suicide signed by his son. But it would be hard to persuade son to do so, so he clubbed him with the shift knob, cut off a couple of fingers to show dedication and then burned Isaac and the car, a DeSoto, on a pyre thus symbolizing the end of the technological age.

He rode home on an express cloud, told Sarah he had saved the world and climbed into his corn flakes. Sarah

dug what was going on, and a grave, because she was next.

Anguish or Guilt of the Rightful Post Time

The horses were leaving the gate (led by a buick convertible) when the recess bell sounded. Asking if horse would give him a daddy ride (Goddamn capital horse-mongers. They like to see them throw-up. And then they put blankets on them. But it doesn't help their sweat any. It still looks like brown dye dripping off of their horse hair sofa skin.) jockey short rides off in the sunset on a circle. Remember Valentines Day. Sweet betting leaves no windows to be desired.

This recess combines sweat with live and dead leather. Horses's cousin cow is the reins, blanket made of second relative sheep.

The political expediency of agreeing with 'freedom teacher' so you can say not what you think---because you don't yet think---just so you can say.

All sorts of new theories of relaxed teaching--- all of which teachers ~~expose~~ and hypocritically believe.

They expound new theories but do not practice them.

Any class that does not challenge the teacher's class---without being rude or overly critical---can not end in true knowledge. If pupils accept age as equating wisdom or if they accept experience as knowledge they will never know. Experience may be closely related to knowledge---from the same womb as are wisdom and age---but they are not the same. Alike are these two sets of twins but they are not each other.

The student must challenge the teacher's authority in the way of truly departing a worthiness while the student must also take it upon himself/herself to recognize this value. The student must challenge himself/herself as to his/her being.

How familiar these freedom teachers like to get with power, a thing which they say has fantastic wreckage abilities.

There is really no general rule---all experiences seem to be really so different. And we act under such different criteria than those who surround us.

Be careful of generating principles to answer all questions. It can't be done---false implications arise from everything.

Kierkegaard is really cool. One can't understand him in the same way one understands sociology or another philosopher, like Camus. It's an understanding that doesn't sit in your head like the principles of science (the scientific method). K. doesn't go from your head to your shoes. He is running around--- never quite hitting the back of the neck. He runs through the brain the way water, when sloshed around in the mouth, squeezes and fleets through the teeth. When one does understand him it's almost on a telepathic level. He may reach the shoulders, he certainly reaches the heart and adrenalin glands---an excitement. He rushes up (when understood) to the skull and tries to push his way out.

Freedom is not, as many believe, floating around like a balloon. When one wanders disconnected to anything, one is not free. One is then at the mercy

of something uncontrollable be it the wind or the tides. When a balloon is given a ride by the winds, the balloon has nothing to say about it. The balloon cannot control direction or speed. It cannot plot motivation or purpose.

Freedom carries with it certain responsibilities. The more freedom one has, the more responsibilities. This is a paradox, though it seems to be true. But with the added responsibilities, the more chances or options of action one has. Freedom, in a limited sense of definition, means to be able to plot purpose and carry it out. It means to be able to fulfill one's motivations.

If one wants to ride the wind, one does not take on the affections of a balloon with no course, no intrinsic power. One takes on the qualities of a bird in that one knows how to use the wind for one's benefit. Certain currents lead certain way.

Power is not the ability to do good, marvelous things ofr mankind and its friends in one sweep. Power is when you have a direct, important say over

such minor things as people's regular functions---
 going to class; will they see the lecture without you?
 Power doesn't have to be sanctioned by institutions.
 If you can get a friend to work his life patterns around
 yours, no matter how minor these particular patterns
 may be, you are exercising a power function over that
 friend.

One Liners

You don't defeat someone by becoming them.

We are all villians, we are all saints.

One Liner +

There is no place better or worse than here,
 no time greater or lesser than now. Things cannot
 be done where I wish to be---they can only be done
 where I am.

Critical thinking. Not the thinking of
 cynicism, born out of frustration and misunderstanding,
 but the thinking of problems with all stimulus
 pouring in. Critical thinking is not the process of
 rejecting or accepting a thought, an idea, an occurrence,
 etc. purely on the basis of past experience or

reaming rumors. It is the ability to look at an entity in a twofold way: 1) removing oneself from the problem as far as possible so as to get an overall, interconnected detailed view devoid of all prejudices and 2) the ability to plunge oneself into the situation as though one were a principle actor or participant in that situation. It is better yet if one can lucidly imagine all actors' roles.

While acting, the thinker should try to gain all the prejudices and opinions of the actors and try to obtain participatory insights. Be part of the situation.

Then, the thinker should remove himself entirely and coldly calculate the information. Insights in this role are easily possible, too, and they should be used yet they must not be the actors' insights.

Then, in some sort of combination of removal and emotion (not necessarily for one side or the other---preferably both) a mind mulling process---discarding and adding, refusal and acceptance---the thinker comes up with a critical answer, thought or opinion.

Critical does not mean limpicking. It does not

mean hairpulling or hitting just because of the existence or non-existence of something. It means being a participant observer.

Most of the Movement wants to be critical of itself and everything else, which is good. But for some reason it has become styled like those things it wishes to end. It has become too dogmatic, too rigid, too unyielding. It is reminiscent of a nine-year-old bawling "I hate you! I hate you! You don't understand. You can't understand."

It is stagnant. A new idea approaches it and the idea is received as either "Right on!" or "Fascist." It is too full of the types it wishes to end. It is no longer free. It no longer is in a constant within itself or with the people it wishes to restore power to (as if the people ever had power).

I am not saying the Movement's goals are not still good. They are good, and they are far better than those of the huge dogma-power bloc. But the Movement is becoming religious. You're either in it or you're not. You're either Catholic or you're not. It has lost its essence. It has forgotten why it ever began.

Religion, in any form, that is accepted by any mass of people is not freedom. There is no freedom, and freedom is supposed to be what it's all about.

I suppose that's why I really don't fit in anywhere. I use arguments others, older, have used. I, and my thoughts, am not entirely new. They are not part of the new season. I don't want just a new channel, I want many channels. I want my freedom. And I would rather sacrifice Right-on-isms and It's-my-country-isms than the sort of quiet diversity and independence for which I long.

I don't want to be polluted or controlled by any ideology or religious emotionalism other than my own. I want to be a participant observer. I want freedom to exist for all who want to be critical thinkers without fear of reprisals. And I think that's what it's all about.

Yesterday, Phil, Aldona and I went to the beach at South Haven. The beach had changed since the last time we were there. Parking lots had replaced the former solid sand boxes that cars used to use to rest. New buildings adorned the site where, before, wooden

buildings that appeared as though they had evolved from trees stood. There was even a cement and brick concession stand (I don't know what they were conceding, perhaps man's ignorance and stupidity in front of the only god he ever had---nature). Actually, they sold Pepsi and frisbees.

Drinking fountains with footbaths, not necessarily a simultaneous operation, drove their way into the ground every 100 feet or so. A lifeguard stand was erected where only rocks had been before, and you could see the nuclear plant just a football field away down the shore. (The architecture of the power plant strikingly resembles the new brick implants on the beach.)

Once we got on the beach and joined the sand flies for control of the land and a certain amount of air space, I felt as though I were in France. Everyone was, of course, in a form of bathing suit and it seemed as though this costume linked them with me and the Lake, inseparably though individually. I think the foreign atmosphere was due in part to the Arab students who were playing a variation of soccer (the variation looked as though it had been designed especially for American consumption).

Upon the horizon was a halo that made us know that nature had paid her/his dues. There were, of course, dead ailwives floating on the lake and a few on the shore but his only demonstrates that the dues are paid. The fish weren't in such nearly great quantities as they were last year. I guess most of them had decided to use the Chicago side for their burials.

It was an almost perfect day. Aldona sprayed hot sun tan lotion on my chest and stomach (I hate sun tan lotion) and then tossed sand on me. True to my cultural upbringing, I retaliated (attacking only when attacked) and won the battle by putting sand down her breasts. We then ran into the lake, though the action was nothing like it is on Pepsi commercials, and entered the water.

Lake Michigan was cold, and after a while it felt as though my limbs were numbed. But I became part of the water. I not only became used to the cold and wet, I was part of the water. I had not surrendered myself to the entirety and consumption that one might, but I had found where I belonged; not as a cog and not as a screamer who gazes up at the god/no-god, but as part

of a force. Though perhaps no more important than a singular atom, I realized that atoms bind together to build as the people had binded together to be.

The second best part was the skinny blond guy who picked his knees (as though they had a secret message he was decoding) and his fat girlfriend who rolled with the same efficiency that a hog flies. Shoo fly, don't bother me. Anyway, it was nice.

Why am I doomed to be Ron Fabian(a name that must be in lights or at least newspaper headlines) and not know who that person is? I constantly fill my time with introspection and come up only with bits and pieces and nothing. Why can't I be sublime and dumb (a thought I haven't wished since my freshman year)? Money can't buy me love, but it can buy me freedom. I'm scared but I refuse to retreat into the Bhagavad Gita's corner.

How enjoyable it is to be Hamlet, yet how discouraging. But instead of 'to be or not to be,' it is 'to run or not to run.' If I ever obtain any degree of popularity or readership, I hope the fans

will take notice of the fact that I would rather be the Prince instead of the King (not just in Hamlet, in anything).

The question of who runs what and who gets what they want is really pretty important. We all can't get what we always want (how simple this is, why is there complication). One picks one's most desirous desirables and then sets about to get them, or it. But one frequently doesn't even get what one wants the most, and even needs are prescribed by others. Funny, isn't it, how I always write about 'one' and 'others.'

Weird, how I reach back into where I used to exist as little ron fabian, with the fantastic dreams and wishes. The dreams are still pretty fantastic, but Ron isn't.

Those who like good-looking transcripts turn my stomach, though I know I'll be criticized on this point.

I feel, no I need, someone to whom I can cry, someone I can cry with. I need to rest my head. Carry on, I wish to be that important, but I don't want to be that important.

Elections are tomorrow---I really can't predict the outcome, but I feel as though I will win. Then, oh happy day, yeech!, then I am no longer the Prince, I am the King. And Kings too often remind me of Divine Right, from which I wish to excuse myself.

Why does politics have to be such a hardening thing? Why does it make me attack my friends in order to preserve myself, when, by doing that, I'm not preserving myself I'm only protecting a turtle shell?

Why can't I sleep? Am I dreaming too much, no, perhaps I am afraid to dream. Perhaps I am stultifying my own imagination because I am afraid of becoming my own.

Where does one go when one realizes the absurdity of life. Does one go to human relationships, God, finance or does one just let it roll? No one that I am familiar with has answered this question. Perhaps no one can. One must learn from the darkness of it all, the absurdity of it all; it can't be allowed to be serious. Is existentialism existential? Anyway, laugh and cry and continue to feel, because feeling leads to freedom and perhaps that means something.

I am upset---it comes down to this---1) life is not all sensual 2) life is not all intellectual---life is all and life is none. The farther one travels, the less one knows.

The ambiguity of such a situation, that is, any situation. What is slander, libel and love, trust, understanding? Why should one be afraid of being seen with friends when the only reaction is from that of non-friends (ie, why care what non-friends have to say about your presence with friends. Is the fear of negative, indirect response more powerful or influential than that of the knowledge of direct, positive response?). If I could answer these questions, it wouldn't be so bad for me.

Perhaps it's because of the image that people fear. One may be able to extend confident consciousness only in an immediate circle, so one is sure of that circle. But when the consciousness can only go so far, then one gets scared, as do so many in the unknown.

But there can be a resolution. One can a) refuse to do any outward projection and thus remain completely

unaware which can lead to mental and cultural suffocation

- b) realize that outward projection causes fear and constantly live in fear which can lead to neurosis
- c) realize that outward projection causes fear but cope with the different stimuli, internalize, digest and agitate it which can lead to serious confusion, depending how much one deals with the outward projection. The end result can be curiosity, creativity, strong personality development and/or death.

There is no trust between administrators and faculty, vice versa, etc., etc. There is no trust between students and administrators and vice versa, etc., etc. and there isn't much trust between students and faculty, etc., etc.

So how does Tom Coyne expect to help kids with drug problems? He can't understand them, and they can't understand him. How do you help kids with drug problems? You don't, you help them with people.

If something isn't immoral, that doesn't mean it's moral---it may be amoral. However, if something isn't illegal, it is then legal.

REMY

Remy, unintern at a New York City hospitable, and his grill friend Paddie, moan into a lover East Slide attention mit. Laid at night, they are chipping plister off the malls to grow the old brick under bereaft. Bost are exhosed after David Frost walks in. What are you doing, they say looking at him.

"Getting un-exhosed," says Frost sniffing a vial plastic window of first crystals. "Frost lesson, spleen, no-addictive. Perhaps the mast usefill thug invented by squadrom science.

Paddie's shocked that god ol' Davy English boy and all is saying all this. "All this," delightfuls Frost, "clan be yours."

Remy know it's butter then oatmeal and injects dumb spleen. "Ah, haaaah, aah," says he. allwaits worrying about bean verbose.

Coldly and cudly, Frost maintains he tem-perature, knowing Paddie isn't thick enough. "Have sum." Paddie reacts villantly, knowing the evils of Davy and his cousin, Jack. She pricks a brick from the mall and heave-hos it two his head. "That will touch you for missing around with my Remy, slays she.

Remy tells her, "ah, ahh, sah, ah," and she steers the policeman coming up the stairs. Knowing the cop is a prevert, she whitemales him into not talking any.

Instead, she makes him dress the lady across the hall who all she lives did was prick hairs from her knee.

"That'll teach hair for wanting to be smooth."

With the Help of Camus

I arrived in Kalamazoo at 3:30 in the afternoon on Saturday. It was quiet, with few people in sight. We ate dinner in the Union and then inspected the room once more. Continuing to force brave smiles, we embraced and then they drove home.

I was alone, with no one I knew. My roommate had not yet arrived so I bought a magazine to talk to. I had enough money to last a few days, and then there would be a modest sum sent. Since no visible groups had yet united I entertained myself by watching the other lonelies walk away from the hall or from the Union.

On Sunday, swarms of people started arriving. These people whom I had never seen before, these beings whose

existence had never concerned or approached me before. They had been raised and conditioned in different areas than I, for the most part, so I saw no reason to intertwine destinies or to take responsibility for anything except that to which I was immediate.

I spent endless hours in the immense, silent and empty district of card players and Almond Joy eaters. At sunset, in the shadow of the Union and monolithic buildings my lonely foot steps echoed in the streets. Upon hearing them, I again panicked. I ate dinner late, so as to avoid others and slept often. I tried to soften my distress in books and allusions, an aged ploy. But the rebellion didn't melt into melancholy, as I had wished. As soon as I left my room and its tiresome desklight, I became a stranger again.

But the sight of a time-perplexed wanderer almost delivered me. He choose me to answer his questions and thinking that I couldn't, I found that I could.

For two years I continued to be only vaguely concerned with others' or even my own rights. I continued to fill out the wreckage sheet and I tried to find out how many holes were in each ceiling tile.

But the gradual process of bewilderment and concern began to lead me to an acceptance of the fact that I was as responsible for my own freedom as I was for others'. I would return to the cellular block, wet with sweat induced by my pin-striped shirt, and begin. It came to appear that, indeed, I was not a free being. It also seemed that I could only be free and remain so if I struck out for others' rights as strongly as I did my own.

Now I realize that all the while I refused consideration and acceptance of others' being I also negated my own. People have certain unalienable rights that are demanded by their very existence. Along with these rights comes a certain responsibility, one which leads not to ignorant self-perpetuation but one which leads to perceptive, creative growth. And along with the responsibility comes freedom, one which is not a floating, gaseous myth but one which adheres and loosens. The freedom and responsibility grow together in a paradoxical manner, yet this paradox is true; at least as true and proveable as that of existence.

Any situation we are in that doesn't bore us

teaches us something (though boredom also teaches us, it might tell us that we are what is boring). But more likely, it tells us we are afraid of the situation; we are afraid of what we might learn. Never, never should we be afraid of what we learn, especially when we get to actually choose the learning situation. We should not block out that which might change us. It does not matter to the sun whether we learn or die, but in a life where certainties are only probabilities we must operate in a most free and open fashion. The sun is not affected by our petty internal arguments, but we are affected by our closed relationships.

So what I mean when I say that freedom demands responsibility and responsibility demands freedom is this: When you approach a situation you must accept certain consequences of your actions regarding that situation and from that acceptance you will gain prerogatives of actions and thought that were before unobtainable.

But if one only accepts the fate of a situation and does not try to alter the course so that others may be free, too, one gives in to self-perpetuating elitism. Consequently, one is not free either, because

it is only the fates which gave a voice. Men and women must work for freedom for all. If there is one who is not free, then none are free.

You can spend a long time dreaming before this offering that sighs with the sea. "But when you retrace your steps, you find a slab that says "Eternal Regrets" on an abandoned grave. Fortunately, there are idealists to tidy such things up." (quote from Lyrical and Critical Essays by Albert Camus).

Donna feed World

