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Class Portrait with Daimon (A Remix)

The Mares that are able to take me as far as I want to travel *had* so taken me once they'd set me down on the Daimon's Way – for it is *She* that takes the Knower through each town.

I started tending bar for the money but also because I was so bashful in school that it would force me to talk to people. I worked at the Alta Club for six years and really got to know a lot of people. While I worked out there, I met this guy and was going to marry him. M and his brother were musicians and had a gig one night and on the way home his brother was driving and they hit a cement post on the bridge and he got killed. After a while I got laid off from the Alta Club and went on unemployment for about Three months.

The problem of knowledge assailed me with insoluble difficulties. What they say about it in books brought me no light. On one particular night I experienced a dreamlike ecstasy. Suddenly I was wrapped in gentleness; there was a blinding flash, then a diaphanous light in the likeness of a human being: Helper of souls, Imam of wisdom, *Primus Magister*, whose form filled me with wonder and whose shining beauty dazzled me. He greeted me so kindly that my bewilderment faded and my alarm gave way to a feeling of familiarity. And then I began to complain to him of the trouble I had with this problem of knowledge.

Then I went to work at the VA Hospital as an LPN. I worked in the Nursing home but got to be too hard on my back and a job came open in the Supply Department so I put in for it as it was in the sterilization department and with my LPN license, I figured I had a good chance for it. I ended up getting the Lead Medical Supply tech. I worked in the nursing home for six years and the next twenty-four years in the Sterile Supply department. I retired in January 2009.

The female form of Zanni –Zanne – is a lady's maid, not a lower servant, and unlike them her comedy never springs from some deformity of body or character. Her names might be Colombina, Spinetta, Licetta, Smeraldin, Oliva, Nespola. The older, plainer *servetta* would have had slow earthy movements, enlivened by swift movements of arms or feet in defense or attack, and perhaps unexpected acrobatic skills.

Right after I retired, my left leg started shaking and the doctors thought I had Parkinson's disease but then both legs started shaking and my mouth moves all the time like I'm chewing gum. After a few tests, the neurologist decided it was Tardive Dyskinesia from one of the medication I was on and there is no cure for it. The only time I don't shake is when I'm sleeping. And while they were trying to figure that out, I found out I had breast cancer last April. Had surgery and they got it all. Went through chemo and now I am on Tamoxifen for the next five years.

But come, and I will instruct you. And you must take back home with you what I say – whether in fact there are only these two ways for thought to travel; Either: “It is” (and also) “That it *is* not,” *is* not (and this is the path of which one ought to be persuaded for it leads to truth).

At the end of one year, I married a fellow music major and we decided to head east to try to go to the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, New York, a school known enough to eager and naïve kids like us to make it an attractive idea. We worked to get money to buy a used car, packed it with groceries, and headed east in freezing January. Long before reaching our goal, we ran out of food and money—finding ourselves in Cleveland, Ohio. Rather than live in the car any longer, we decided instead to check out the music school there and try to get in. Unbeknownst to us, it turned out that the Cleveland Institute of Music was a top conservatory—and there we were—already in town! Our marriage didn't last, but I got a scholarship and eventually worked my way through the Institute. Upon graduating in 1968, I found myself saying that I was moving to New York City. What on earth I had in mind, I don't know, but I had the idea that the greatest music comes from New York—and so I pointed myself in that direction.

In whatever form it happens to take, and whatever its cause, exile – at its start – is an academy of intoxication. And it is not given to everyone to be intoxicated. It is a limit-situation and resembles the extremity of the poetic state. Is it a *favor* to be transported to that state straight off, without the detours of that discipline, by no more than the benevolence of fatality? Think of Rilke, that expatriate *de luxe*, and of the number of solitudes he had to accumulate in order to liquidate his connections, in order to establish a foothold in the invisible. It is not easy to be *nowhere*.

When my mom was diagnosed with lung cancer, she and my dad came to live with us. I “retired” to take care of her. She was on hospice, and I gained a tremendous respect for the program. After she passed away, I looked for a way to become involved with the hospice program here. There were no openings, but I took a position at Holy Rosary so that I would have one foot in the door. A few years later, the position of Nurse Manager of the Hospice Department came open. I got the job. The time

with hospice will always be a treasured memory for me. I had a very special staff and we took care of some very special people.

There is no excuse for playing The Captain like a slightly irritable bank-clerk! The head, shoulders, chest, hips, legs and feet, should never be allowed to rest in their normal alignment. There should always be counterbalance and contrary direction. The Captain's gestures are broad and powerful. He is a coward, but he is not physically weak; in fact he is a world-class athlete – when he's running away.

After ten years I quit and pursued my hobby, archery. With two partners we opened an indoor archery shooting lanes and pro shop. Fortunately I was gifted in this sport and became quite good, went to the National Archery shoot held in Las Vegas, finished anywhere from third to what's your name again. Found out that if you don't have another business to go with archery it is hard to make a living, shifted to managing a sporting goods store, became a fishing specialist, fishing and rod making, assisted in teaching rod making and fly fishing. You would think that picking one seasonal business would have taught me, slow learner, that seasonal business also needs another sideline to make it viable.

Or: "It is *not*" (and also) "That it *is*" cannot be (and I say that this is an unconvincing road: it doesn't turn). You cannot know what in fact has no being – this is impossible and you cannot speak of it.

My main memories of that day are of photos on the walls showing horrific automobile wrecks with graphic dead bodies, and then a tour of the jail that included seeing a square (about 3' x 3') on the second story floor that enclosed an area serving as a trap door for hangings. As the years went by I came to view both as contrived to scare us (haven't we all put up pictures for one-day occasions? - and capital punishment in M. C.? - come on). However, a little research revealed that yes, there were two judicially mandated hangings in the jail, both in 1935. And who knows, maybe the Justice of the Peace actually liked looking at those auto wreck pics day after day (but I doubt it).

Arlecchino, the simpleton from Bergamo, the servant of a skinflint of a doctor, is obliged, through the meanness of his master, to wear a costume made of different colored patches. He is a foolish buffoon, a roguish servant who seems always to wear a cheerful grin. But see what is dissembled by the mask: Arlecchino, the all-powerful wizard, the enchanter, the magician; Arlecchino, the emissary of the infernal powers. The mask enables the spectator to see not only the actual Arlecchino before him, but all the Arlecchinos who live in his memory.

I became a donut fryer with a friend that had two donut shops, was fun, but like the commercial of the time "I had to get up and make the donuts," decided that three in the morning is not a good time to go to work. Worse seven pm is a lousy time to have to go to bed when you have small kids. Moved into restaurant management, worked at an establishment that wasn't fast food, but not sit down fancy either. We called it " half fast." Did that until I got a call from a place that sold, serviced, and rented construction equipment. I became a parts manager and purchasing agent. My job was to figure out how to cut inventory to manageable size. Not a small task, as roughly a third of the inventory was obsolete.

The *Eighth Climate* is the *mundus archetypus*, the world of Images and archetypal Forms. Actually, the only universe that possesses dimensions and extent is the one that is divided into *eight* climates. Seven of them are the seven geographical climates with dimensions and extent which are perceptible to the senses. The eighth climate is the one whose dimensions and extent can only be grasped by the imaginative perception. This is the world of autonomous Images and forms.

Fifteen years ago I had an episode of irregular heartbeats, went in and found out I had a major blockage, fixed it with a stint. Ten years later again irregular heart beat, went in another blockage. When they went in to place the stint, they ran the catheter through the artery wall, so had to get out. Six weeks later I had to go back in and have it done again. Being seventy plus pounds overweight is probably why I have high blood pressure, Diabetes, high cholesterol and other associated probs. Seems my arm and mouth are in a conspiracy, every time my elbow bends, my mouth thinks it should have something put in it.

When your active Imagination will have attained all its perfection and all its plenitude, your capacity will expand till it makes possible the impossible, till it contemplates suprasensory realities of the Imagination under a sensory mode, till it understands allusive signs and deciphers the secret of the diacritical points of letters. Then you will have woven a garment from these suprasensory realities; when you have put it on, open for yourself a door giving access to the sesame.

I was on national television in 1967 for a minute on "The Joey Bishop Show." Taped in California, Joey sometimes let audience members ask questions of his guests. Knowing this, I purposely sat in an aisle seat as that is where previous shows indicated a greater chance of being picked. Mickey Rooney was a guest that day. Knowing that he had been married many times and was a short man I asked him how tall his wife was. Before Mickey could answer Joey answered for him, "He doesn't care how tall they are. He's marrying his whole high school class, one woman at a time!"

The Pierrot movements are completely individual. Start by gently raising the right arm to the side and above the head, then lowering it till the hand takes a position shielding the eyes, in the mime of "looking." It is held briefly in this position as the left hand is lifted to the side, and above the head. The right hand is then lowered, its place being taken by the left hand in the same "looking" gesture. This is repeated: right, left, right, left in a continuous movement of inward flowing circles.

After high school, I got into dance; working at a couple studios in San Diego. Set out to conquer the world, armed with a dogged naivety and a fierce ignorance, I expected rainbows day after day. I bumbled along with an idealistic view of wonderment, which swiftly cracked into pieces as I married the wrong man. I'll gloss over this part of my life, except to say the greatest happenings to come out of the drudge were my two amazing children.

One ends up in exile for a variety of reasons and under a number of circumstances. Some of them are better sounding, some worse, but the difference ceases to matter already by the time one reads an obituary. On the bookshelf your place will be occupied not by you but by your book. And as long as they insist on making a distinction between art and life, it is better if they find your book good and your life foul than the other way around. Chances are, of course, that they won't care for either.

Alaska was still beckoning, so I traveled up there a few more times. On one of my treks, I met a tall, handsome stranger who said things like, "Never cower. Stand tall and walk into the storm like you own it!" and "Never take on a job, a horse, a town or people detrimental to your personal freedom." This whetted my interest. I liked his frankness, boldness, humor and free will. Turned out he was an ex-Nevada cowboy and ex-U.S. Federal Marshal. Didn't hurt that he looked like Gregory Peck either. Married him.

When you have thoroughly understood what this is about, you will observe that the imaginative power (the *Imaginatrix*) which belongs to the soul of the universe, and itself including everything included by the other imaginative powers (those of the *Animae coelestes*), is the substratum and epiphanic place of this interworld. It is called the *mundus archetypus* because it contains the Forms of everything existing in this world, and because it is the archetype of all the Forms of the individuals and essences existing on the plane of divine knowledge.

I'm involved in a local hospice to help women and children victims of domestic violence, in honor of the memory of Barb Jones Bender. I feel the reason we're here on the earth is to help others. I've come up with several inventions and am in the process of procuring copyrights and patents. I would feel ashamed if I died without making some significant contribution to humanity. This quote from Teddy Roosevelt has been a touchstone through my life. "Far better to dare mighty things, to win

glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to take rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in a gray twilight that knows not victory nor defeat."

And on it there are many indications that Being is unengendered, that it cannot be broken apart (for it is whole, without parts), that Being does not fluctuate, that it has no end. It never *was*. It never *will* be. It is all NOW – one continuum.

I developed a love for the medical world during Viet Nam as a Red Cross Volunteer in Florida. I ultimately went back to college for another five years to get a BS degree in Nursing at CSU Fresno.. By then I was certain that a double BSer was the right fit for me! - no more college! I loved my surgical time in Nursing, but my passion was Home Health, Hospice and Public Health Nursing. I did my career in a remote desert town in Ridgecrest, CA. near China Lake Weapons Center. My final twenty years were spent as a hospital administrator specializing in Quality and Risk Management.

And now I must dissuade you not only from taking *that* one of these two courses but also from another upon which mortals wander double-minded not knowing anything for only ineptitude straightens the errant thought in their minds. They are carried along blind and obtuse – these utterly astonished ones, this indiscriminate horde – by whom the “to be” as well as the “not to be” are thought of as the same and at the same time not the same and that the track down which everything passes is backward turning.

One of the most interesting experiences in my life was serving on a capital murder trial in Bakersfield, CA in 2008. I was one of twelve jurors selected from a pool of over six hundred. I had to drive four hours each day for four months to serve on that jury. I was the foreman/woman, and we found Vincent Edward Brothers guilty of murdering his wife, four year old son, two year old daughter, six week old son and his mother-in-law. He is now in San Quentin prison awaiting his death. I was so proud to be part of that process and learned so much about myself and my personal and spiritual convictions.

Everything man pictures to himself, all that he really perceives, whether through intelligible or sensory perception, whether in this world or in the beyond, all these things are inseparable from man himself and cannot be dissociated from his essential “I.” More precisely, what is essentially the object of perception is something that exists in himself, not in something else.

In the fall of 1966 I decided I had out grown M. C. and went to Houston, TX to visit my brother and check out the action. Worked briefly for Union Carbide, Linde Division, as a dispatcher and enjoyed

weather. Feeling homesick I returned to M. C. to visit and ran into J. With much planning and forethought we decided Los Angeles needed our presence. In LA I trained and worked as a lathe operator for Lockheed Aircraft. I found this work to be tedious and boring and so moved on. On to Green River, Wyoming working construction for Peter Kiewitt and Sons, summers and attending U of Montana, Missoula, for couple of years. Good times, but went to Houston for Christmas and played golf in December and I was hooked. No more cold weather.

For the truth of the matter is that exile is a metaphysical condition. At least, it has a very strong, very clear metaphysical dimension, and to ignore or to dodge it is to cheat yourself out of the meaning of what has happened to you, to doom yourself to remaining forever at the receiving end of things, to ossify into an uncomprehending victim.

Being too young to sit around I worked in the Renovation and Restoration industry for six years. Most of the work was for insurance companies where the insured experienced a loss from water, wind, hail or fire. In 2003 I drove for Werner Industries (the Blue Trucks) hauling to Wal-Mart stores from the warehouse in Tomah, WI. S and I divorced 2003 and I hooked up to a travel trailer and hit the road for several years then ending up back in M. C. I worked for Coffee Cattle Co managing their Liscom Creek Ranch fifty miles south of M. C, off Tongue River, for a couple years.

For the narrow rings are filled with unmixed fire and the next ones are full of the night and a tongue of flame shoots out. In the middle of this is the Daimonness who steers all things and she commands the commingling and the hateful births of everything.

My greatest passion though is unquestionably animals. There's a real plethora of pets around our house, and we're pretty crazy about them all. Several years ago I quit packing into the Bob Marshall Wilderness, and have sold all my horses, but there's still a mule named Gertie here to remind me of those days. There are eight cats scattered between the house, barn and garage. They have lovely and improbable names like Phoebe, Elaine, Zoe and Eilleen (what else would you call a cat who was born with one front leg and one back one?). We have two West Highland Terriers: Alfie is perfect in every way, Sophie is psychotic. And within the last month we've adopted a beagle/basset cross from the pound. Some folks are too smart to take in (and fall in love with) a nine year old dog, but not me.

Exile brings you overnight where it normally would take a lifetime to go. If this sounds like a commercial, so be it, because it is about time to sell this idea. Because I wish it had more takers. Perhaps a metaphor will help: to be an exiled writer is like being a dog or a man hurtled into outer space in a capsule (more like a dog, of course, than man, because they will never bother to retrieve

you). And your capsule is your language. To finish the metaphor off, it must be added that before long the passenger discovers that the capsule gravitates not earthward but outward into space.

Sixth of June 1962 found me with a shaved head at MCRD (Marine Corps Recruit Depot) San Diego, CA. What a shock for a young man from Montana. After boot camp and ITR (Infantry Training Regiment) at Camp Pendleton I married classmate M. M. and was stationed at NAS (Naval Air Station), Memphis, TN for a short tour then on to NAS Jacksonville, FL. After attending "A" school we moved to MCAS (Marine Corps Air Station) Cherry Point, NC. I was stationed at Cherry Point until 1965 when I moved to Atsugi, Japan then on to Iwakuni, Japan before going into Viet Nam where I was stationed at Da Nang. During the time at Cherry Point, M and I decided that we didn't like each other so she returned to M. C. and a divorce.

We should at this point give a brief outline of the question of Hurqalya, of the description of that universe and its situation among the planes of being. Roughly, the word Hurqalya refers to the *mundus archetypus*, the world of Images, the world of autonomous Figures and Forms. It is also called the *eighth climate*, referring to the fact that the philosophers and learned men of former times divided the Earth into seven climates. The universe of Hurqalya is above all these climates, and is not included within their visible boundaries.

I have had a fabulous life. I have wonderful friends all over this country. I have fallen in love again at this young and tender age with a guy who came back to Montana like I did! Life is sweet. Memories are to be cherished. My mom always wrote to me in college and ended her letters with "Think Positively". It's good wisdom.

Take a big breath and then, with a sigh, exhale every bit of air from the lungs. When you think you've done that, raise the shoulders and shake the body, with "Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!" Still without taking a breath. Time now for a big breath and a repeat of the sequence, a little quicker, this time varying the pitch of the "Ha's," high and low. If everyone does this together, the infectious nature of laughter ensures that the room soon shakes with genuine laughter.

Sources

Autobiographical statements, personal emails, 2011.

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