

Deanotations



Issue 99

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Dear Reader,

I must apologize for a recent statement of mine implying that scientists are stupid. We owe a great deal to Scientific Reasoning. For example, as everyone knows, Science has established that, when you die, that's it. Scientists established this by dying and reporting back that they had ceased to exist...no, by questioning OTHERS who had died and reported back that they had ceased to exist...no, by observing that when people die, their bodies cease to respond, as, when someone at the other end hangs up the phone, the phone ceases to respond, which in this case proves that death is the end of us, because there ISN'T anyone at the other end of the line because, as everyone knows, Science has proven that we ARE our bodies, and this is proven by the fact that death is the end of us, and we know that death is the end of us because it is inconceivable that something as degraded as a body could be immortal and besides, if we WEREN'T our bodies, we'd be able, for example, to have out-of- body experiences (unless we weren't our bodies, but weren't able to have out-of-body experiences — if, for example, we were trapped in our bodies), and everyone knows that Science has proven that people can probably be induced to hallucinate out-of-body experiences, which proves that all out-of-body experiences are hallucinatory, just as the fact that people can be induced to hallucinate IN-body experiences proves that..., no, what I mean is, obviously out-of-body experiences are hallucinatory because, as everyone knows, Science has established that when you die, that's it...

Gosh, what it comes down (way down) to is that "Science" (at least those sciences that pretend to know something about the soul or "psyche") is what everyone knows, the superstition of our time. But we mustn't forget the fortuitous discoveries that have resulted from false assumptions. For example, by assuming that there's no one really THERE to make decisions, psychiatrists have discovered all sorts of "medications" that can make people sit still or anaesthetize their grieving. And great leaders have discovered that they can destroy millions of bodies to achieve their ambitions and feel no regrets (because there was never anybody there — and if a leader begins to doubt this, there are medications...). (Come to think about it — no joke — psychiatrist Karadzic earlier had Milosevich as a patient — used hypnosis to treat him for depression. He's more chipper now.)

*Yours Balkan at pseudo science,
Dean*

Should feeling good feel less good because I see no reason for it other than a bright mild day and my body's good health?

Gray sky: Miles up, yet confining. I must be bigger than I think.

Blue sky — and still I feel confined. Nothing confines me.

After rain, leaves spill droplets: Oops!
They say — Oops...Oops...

Look! Here comes a tree! PHLOOOP! It opens wide every which way.

Hurling, clinging to a seed, earth pulls the ripcord; out bursts a plume of oak tree, and the earth drifts gently down to where, alighting, it, too, will take root.

On the highway, my free hand swimming in soft, buoyant air.

A long day. "You failed to stop."
I want a second opinion.

I am "Sir" and he is "Officer". This fear — can it be his?

On the steering wheel, hands turn blue...red... blue.... The cop takes his sweet time.



My eye insists there's a lash caught in it despite my fingers' rude attempts to persuade it otherwise.

What Harass Meant

Kenneth Starr — guilty of sexual hardassment.

A flirt: One who can't see the harass for the tease.

I'm guilty of sexual caressment.

(Caress: A female car.) (Carpet: What we do in my car, Pet.)



Car Caresses

Tired of boring Air Bags in your cars? For a few thousand dollars, you can replace those blunt bags with pneumatic AIR LIPS (for the front-end wreck that greets you with a kiss) or for more exotic tastes, AIR BOOBS or the plump AIR BOTTOM, each releasing — as it cushions and embraces — the scent of your choice (see aroma options, page 8c). You love your car, so give your car the chance to love YOU when you need it most.

Zing Go the Springs of Our Beds

Humanity, the air-conditioned species, the only species for which any season will do. A species for all seasons. A salty, peppery, cinnaminty species.

Still, it's nice when wanton weather mimics us so naughtily, and all the world with too much of one thing on its mind gives way (and gives away) with a SPROING!
'S purrr...RING!
'S pairING!
SpurrING!
SpearING!
'S pourING!
SporING!...AHHH
Spring!

Yessiree

Being dead is never having to say you're sorry.
Labour is never having to say you're Tory.
Low interest is never having to say usury.
Skipping town before guests arrive is never having to see your soirée.
Being a naked Rani is never having to see your sari.
On his cell-phone while driving, in theaters —

how cell-phone-dulgent!



Possessed

The cell-phoned Aren't self-owned.

Persephone: A lady who vanishes into the underworld whenever Hades beeps her on her purse phone.

How Far Apart

Here is a simple sensitivity test: Take two needles. Tell someone to close his eyes. Then touch the needle points (gently, gently) to his thigh or back and ask, "How many needles do you feel?" Then see how close together you can bring the two points before he can no longer differentiate between them.

On the upper back, for example, the two points may seem a single point when an inch apart. Try touching them to a finger tip — far more sensitive. And on the tip of the tongue, even when only a 16th of an inch apart, they are distinct.

I am most sensitive where we touch each other: If you touch me or I touch you with other than a single intention — however delicately the difference is disguised — we know;

as when in your eyes' slight angle off meeting mine, I detect the dull ember of an old resentment recently stirred by some idle breath of mine, or, basking in caresses, I sense an infinitesimal shift, no more than one second's deepening of sunset or a single spark in your eyes' bonfire winking, and suddenly I know I am being

t
i k
c l e
d
!

Overhearing the lovers downstairs...can OUR cries be so gentle?

Witness

I was 3000 miles from you for two weeks. Now you're in the next room. I can't see you or hear you. At this exact moment, you make no difference in this room. No difference, all the difference there is: The consideration of being with. One is either with it or one is not with it, and being with each other is as intangible, as unrelated to distance in space or time, as the certainty that one is.

Bodies touching are poor consolation for absence of witness, but when we're with one another, our sharing a bed and the opposite endings of the same nerves (mirrored) is more than confirmation, but a rich resonance, the perfect metaphor for our recent 3000-mile, invisible touching:

Sex is a splurging in witness, wallowing in it like Scrooge MacDuck in the gleaming, jingling coins of a wealth as potently represented by an intangible wire transfer.

All that distance requires too much nakedness. Useful, I suppose, to expose falseness: Thou shalt not bare false witness. But what a joy to come home, to clothe our connectedness once more in warm moist flesh.



Cuckhold

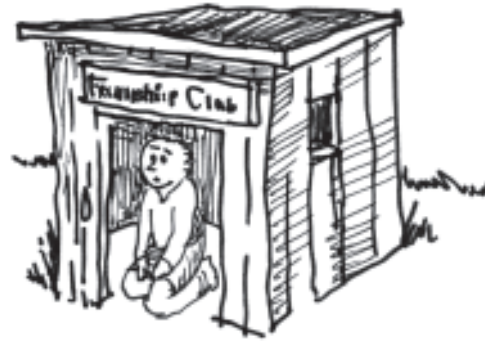
Unfaithful, she shies away from his touch:
"C-c-COLD!"

I wanted to be part of something, so I've become part of the problem.

The Republicans wanted impeachment. Democrats, good at writing checks, preferred merely sighing on the dotard lying.

Our government is based on checks and balances. The liberals write checks, while the conservatives maintain balances.

Today again I got nothing done. That is, I did many things, but none of the things I need to do. I'm still round and shiny. If worms are mushing up my innards, they work in silence.



The Friendship Club

People are hard on each other. When I was 8, I wanted to start a friendship club. Everyone who joined would get to be a friend of all the others who joined, especially me. What we'd DO...I never got that far, thinking if I could just get a bunch of other kids to join a friendship club, the rest would take care of itself (but when I thought of it, all I thought of was me talking, explaining my ideas to friendly ears).

I persuaded just one kid, Bill Turner, a tall, smiley, slow-talking, geeky kid who agreed with everything I said (something I hadn't yet learned to distrust), so we were going to have a friendship club, but before we could find a third, he got busy playing with this weasly kid who shared his interest in old cars and who liked to walk up to me and punch me in the face, until the day I walked into his punch and grabbed him and wrestled him to the ground (being bigger), after which he left me alone, but so did Bill. Would you like to be my friend?

Charade

At those exulted moments, when I fill the sky, seeing each gleam of each wavelet of a whole ocean, self evanesced to pure knowing — at such moments I weep or laugh or smile — ah, do I weep for joy? Or do I weep to find myself tugged back into an abandoned body by that body's pantomime of my joy? Do I laugh wildly, smile inscrutably? Or, am I lured by the body's charade from filling the sky with an unheard laughter, betrayed by the bit of my own attention that won't let go of putting the body through its paces to persuade me that it is still the most dramatic place to be? How artfully my body weeps to find me weeping with it, I having mistaken that sympathetic, bright-eyed trap for freedom.

Freedom of Excretion

How delightful to read, to write — to do almost anything! — while sitting on the toilet. It's not just the privacy, but the freedom! Elsewhere one must take care not to leak bodily fluids and solids onto precious fabrics, not to offend precious noses, not to destroy suits and sheets and social order, not to make messes, not to be a disgrace, not to be naked, not to be caught short, not to spit, shit, piss, fart — not even to SPEAK of such things! Yet here, splendid invention! is a chair with a hole in it over disposable water into which one can — is EXPECTED to — shit, piss, fart, spit, vomit, bleed, grunt to one's heart's content (while pleasantly reading or writing or talking to imaginary animals), and no one minds and there will be no mess and one can emerge clean and glowing and fully buttoned up and rejoin the company around the dinner table and say, "That was delicious" and "I just love this crust!"



Now that we're relieving psychotics of their stygmas,
How about compassion for bad breath and borborygmus?

What we want to happen happens; the world is a reliable, but often painful way to find out what we wanted.

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DEAN BLEHERT
11919 Moss Point Lane
Reston, VA 20194
<http://www.blehert.com>
dean@blehert.com
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ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

Prelude

Trees and tall grass awash in wind, bird whistles and squawks, insect chirr — all this rises, then a lull, then SURGE! It used to feel like something wonderful was about to happen, the sky crack open and spill butterflies, or the soft-eyed girl I felt destined to meet someday would use this wind to touch me, and I'd know it and, when we met, so would she.

Here comes the wind now, pocking the lake (see that dark choppy line?) with 10,000 tiny feet, then to shore (the reeds wave and cheer), then swarming past me, galloping into the trees — and across the lake more regiments of wind form up.

Is all this prelude (drum roll in the trees!) or as good as it gets? I have not yet learned the lesson of disillusionment life is supposed to teach me. After all, I DID meet the girl, and there's a twinkle of familiarity between us, ancient to our infant memories, best explained by a long-ago tickling of each other with winds and rainbows and passing butterflies and, what the hell, a playful whiff of dog poop.

So I've never learned to free wind and wave from my grubby-fingered destiny, no, only that what may come of the world-as-prelude is up to me.

