

LECTURE V: INDIVIDUAL AND
CORPORATE AUTHENTICITY

New Course PSU
2/6/72
Lecture 5, Maurven Jenkins

INTRODUCTION

This summer I was working with this group of people who were ~~managing~~ coordinating a research assembly and we spent a great deal of time to ~~find~~ devise ways to deal with the triangles that we have used this weekend as a way of coming at proposals to deal with the social malaise. And we got to a certain point toward the end of the summer when the work became ~~be~~ very complex and we invited in some engineers who were on our staff and had them ~~ist~~ in with us working on these models, and we got to the point where the triangles were related to the balls which would orbit around each other in four different colors and they tended to orbit in and out, and along about the time we got the four colored balls orbiting in and out, I decided that I could no longer cope or ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ understand what was going on, so I figured the best thing I could do was take notes on it, and spend that Sunday afternoon figuring out what was going on. And I was convinced that I could hold that until Sunday afternoon because I was so manifestly and obviously unclear about what we were doing and came Friday morning there was the need for someone to go in front of the research assembly and explain to them in the form of a lecture how the four-colored little balls orbiting around each other related to the ~~existing~~ triangles and how they should proceed out of those models. And I was told I should go and do that, in ten minutes. I tried all of the feminine wiles I had ~~in~~ hand, such as refusing, stomping away, I even went so far as to burst into tears, all of which was of no avail, and very shortly found myself in front of the research assembly, explaining to them in the most obscure terms with four colors of chalk how these li-tle balls relate to each other and relate to the triangles. It was a remarkably horrible lecture. It was the kind of thing that had at least an hour of questions asked afterwards. It seemed as though it went on for a couple of days, to me, and when I got through I sat down and thought "It just goes to show, you should never try to operate in a situation in which you really can't be helpful, because the minute this ~~guy~~ group gets up they're not going to be able to do anything. You've just completely destroyed them. And I was sitting there with those sort of thoughts going through my mind as the group got up and went off with a, just a will, into their research and began to work madly at the next step with great excitement and enthusiasm. And I went down to the bookstore that day and bought myself a little white ring which I put on my right hand when I got out in the hall and said something like "Just as you feed yourself with this hadn, by this white ring you remember that any kind of impossible situation you can feast on." And I decided that when I went overseas for the first time I'd replace that white ring with another one. And it's this one which I happened to get a few months ~~as~~ later. And I find that ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ any time I'm sitting in a situation, convinced that there are four-colored balls rotating around and there is no way to get ~~anyway~~ way of ordering it, there is no way of cutting through the malaise, that that ring sets there and says "Just as this right hand feeds you, you can feast on this situation and create humanness in it." I point to that kind of experience as the kind of struggle that we all find ourselves in the midst of ~~at this point~~ ^{at this point} and it's somehow pointing to I guess the broader struggle or the struggle to come to terms with how you get said what you're about in a time of radical transformation, a radical shift, how do you get said to yourself why you're here, what you intend with being here, what every moment is about. And that's never a self-conscious problem like it is these days, but the ~~entire~~ situation has radically shifted. I was struck with that Japanese fellow that they found on Guam where he had told himself, he said in one interview, 37 years that he was loyal to the Emperor. Now you know all the rest of his friends on that island or his colleagues died off. Somehow he was telling himself that he was loyal to the emperor kept him alive somehow ~~of~~ other, but that certainly, as he goes back into Japan today is just ferociously irrelevant, just sort of ferociously ridiculous. It's like all of the weapons, all of the tools he had for dealing with the world in the 30's don't get hooks on the kind of situation you find yourself in the midst of. And I want to read a bit of poetry that for me sort of talks about the kind of struggle you find yourself struggling with trying to get said just what you're up to when you brawl with your life at this time.

POETRY

Having received as a symbol of his distinction the title of prince Five-Weapons, the prince accepted them as his teacher gave them to him bowed, and armed with his new weapons struck out on the road that leads to the city of his father the king. On the way he came to a certain forest. The people at the mouth of the forest warned him, "Sir Prince, do not enter this forest", they said, ~~xxxx~~ An imbalanced ogre lives here named ~~xxxx~~ Sticky Hair. He kills every man he sees. He had gotten himself into society at that ~~xxxx~~ point. But the prince was confident and fearless as a ~~xxxx~~ maned lion. He entered the forest just the same. When he reached the heart of it, the ogre showed himself. The ogre had increased his stature to the height of a palm tree. He created for himself a head as big as a summer house and bellshaped, eyes as big as bowls, two tusks as big as giant bulbs. He had the beak of a hawk, his belly was covered with blotches, his hands and feet were dark green. "Where are you going?" he demanded. "Halt. You are my prey" Prince Five-Weapons answered without fear but with great confidence in the arts and crafts he learned. "Ogre" said he, "I knew what I was about when I entered this forest. You would do well to be careful about attacking me, for with an arrow steeped in poison, I will pierce your flesh and fell you on the spot." Having thus threatened the ogre, the young prince fitted to his bow and arrow, steeped in deadly poison and let fly. It stuck right in the ogre's hair. Then he let fly one after another fifty arrows, all stuck to the ogre's hair. The ogre shook off all of those arrows, letting them fall right at his feet, and approached the young prince. Prince Five-Weapons threatened the ogre a second time and drawing his sword delivered a mastery blow. The sword, 33 inches long, stuck right to the ogre's hair. Then the prince smote him with a spear. That also stuck right to his hair. Perceiving that the spear had stuck, he smote him with a club which also stuck right to his hair. When he saw that the club had stuck he said, "Master ogre, you have never heard of me before. I am Prince Five-Weapons. When I entered this forest infested by you, I took no account of bows and sucklike weapons. When I entered this forest I took account only of myself. Now I am going to beat you and pound you into powder and dust." Having thus made known his determination, he struck the ogre with his right hand. His hand stuck to the ogre's hair. He struck him with his left hand. That also stuck. He struck him with his right foot. That also stuck. He struck him with his left foot, which also stuck. Thought he, "I'll beat you with my head" and pound you into powder and dust" He struck him with his head which also stuck right to the ogre's hair. Prince Five-Weapons found himself snared five times, stuck fast in five places, dangling from the ogre's body. But for all that he was undaunted. As for the ogre, he thought, "This is some lion of a man. Some man of noble birth, no mere man, for though he has been caught by an ogre like me he appears in no way to tremble or shake. In all the time I've harried this road I've never seen a single man like this. Why is he not afraid?" "Not daring to eat him, he asked "Young man, why are you not afraid? Why are you not terrified by the fear of death?" "Ogre, why should I be afraid? For in one life one death is absolutely certain. What's more I have in my belly a thunderbolt for a weapon. If you eat me, you'll not be able to digest that weapon. You will tear your insides into fragments and will kill you. In That case we will both perish. That is why I am not afraid." What this youth says is true," thought the ogre, terrified by the fear of death. "From the body of this lion of a man, my stomach would not be able to digest a fragment of flesh, even so small as a kidney bean. I'll let him go. And he let Prince Five-Weapons go. And Prince Five-Weapons trained him as a servant.

THE
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Well, I suppose it is with that kind of peculiar cleverness or with that kind of wildness that you have to come at tyrants, that you have to come at ogres in our day because you find yourself in a situation in which all of the social process comes as imbalanced. It's almost like the task is, how across the globe do you find the center of gravity such that you can begin to rebalance the social process about them. How do you find the way to get a plumb line that will hold that entire process in being. And it's clear that in a way that's a kind of war, a corporate task. No one individual can come at the task of rebalancing the social malaise by himself, and yet there's a kind of individuality there that you don't find in other ventures. This is the individuality of the man on the beach, that individuality of the one decision that is necessary in order to participate in that one task in time and space. It's almost like you're almost participating in directing the nosecone of the future which is taking off. The fact is that the nosecone of the future will take off and some people are just going to miss it, and some people are going to be directing it. The struggle is how is that nose cone going to go. It's going to take off and it will go in whatever direction it is pointed by those who participate in directing it. And it's in this task that my social...well wait a second... that my social experience in the economic, the political and the cultural, my social experience of the economic somehow tyrannizes my life taking all meaning but that which is productive out of it. The political somehow points to the irrationality in my life and the cultural having collapsed, it's here that that experience becomes not that dreaded ogre that I'm up against but my very meat. Or it's out of my participation in that collapse that I find the experimental tools ~~take~~ ^{for} how to create ways to come to terms with the future. It's almost like I look out in my office and there's my secretary out there, who's sitting in the room staring at me, daring me to step out there and say anything to her about the next job ~~she~~ at hand, daring me to try to assume any role of relationship to her of authority, daring me to get her to engage herself in any way, shape, ~~for~~ form in that work. How do I participate in that situation, not as one who is stuck with a gosh-awful secretary, which is the situation but as one who has the opportunity to create in the relationship with the woman the vocational struggle that every one of us is engaged in. It's how do I create in the midst of my family, in the midst of wild chaos that's going on there, the experiments to come to terms with wild chaotic families. It's almost like how do we use that ghastly family life as guinea pigs as experimentation in how the future needs to be. It's clearly only our ghastly family life that those experiments will get done. As long as I think my family is tremendously healthy, it's not helpful in terms of the kind of models that are needed to create for the future. It's when I see with clarity the kind of struggles that are going on there that I can use them. It's almost like my vocation has to do with my being experimentation, my being experimentation in new humanness, my being in myself experimentation with how one can life in this new world, in this new nosecone. And that even goes on in terms of my sexuality. Every intuition is a kind of a clue, every intuition begins to point to what may be at the depths there, what may be the arena that needs to be pushed to the future. You study Mexico and they have a fascinating corps of women at any point getting together and gossiping. When the corn mills by which the women work inside the home were invented, the men were violently opposed to corn grinding mills, and they started out by saying it tastes different, because you put the corn in a machine and it comes out tasting altogether different. ~~than~~ than when she sits and grinds it. And finally when they were pushed behind that, they said, it's not that. There's something about women where it's terribly dangerous to have them spending two hours in line outside the corn grinding machine just talking. You don't know what's going to happen when you let that kind of thing go on every single day in the community. You know you could even take a sort of very strange intuition like that and even push what were they pointing to in humanness, what are you pointing to in ~~that~~ humanness when your husband shows up as a tyrant.

THE
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SEXUALITY

2/6/72

New Course PSU

Lecture 5 page 4

when you find yourself showing up the way I found myself showing up, as a ghastly bitch. What is the ongoingness in humanness underneath that that can be recaptured and made whole and that goes on even in terms of the fights. How do you make the struggle that all of a sudden you find yourself in the midst of, how do you make those battles, testing grounds or experimentation points for what it is for humanness to be an authentic conflict. Then you've got things of ~~pick~~ deciding which fight you're going to pick and which ones you're going to avoid. There are ones in which you can get into a good clean ontological fight rather than some sloppy thing about he's griping that I'm griping about he's griping about sort of thing. That whole kind of sexual struggle needs to be recovered for the future.

THE
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And the same with the phases. I find myself, whether I like it or not, in sort of a four-step journey, and the struggle there is how can I use every four of those lifetimes as focused lifetimes. It's almost like ~~stunningly~~ how is the youth I am determined with choosing vocation or even your children choosing vocation. You know, you talk to a student today and he says, "Oh, my God, I can't choose anything because anything I choose will be gone in 20 years. Well, that's fantastic, because it's like we could choose a particular triangle or a particular dynamic he was going to give his life to, and ~~thank~~ goodness in 20 years when he became into another phase it would be like he could shift the particular way he would be engaged with that triangle, with that process and for the emerging adult that vocation has to do with how you create the kind of structures out of which your corporation or your family is going to operate for the future. How do you create practices that are going to work for not just how are we going to get this done and then how are we going to get this done, but hold the meaning of the whole situation and yet get it done in life rather than abstracting it to out there someplace. As the established adult in the vocation how do you dare to be the ones who recreates consensus for that body of people with whom you're engaged? How do you be the one who maintains certain gifts and throws out other kinds of characteristics? It's like, well there are the things in this corporation that are priceless to the future. They stay. I don't care what you young guys say about it. They stay. These are the things you can do without. No matter how much you love them, we do without them. That kind of decision making. That kind of symbolic presence, is just a whole new way of coming at your vocation task. And then the elder. Last weekend I was teaching in a course and I started into the workshop and things were just getting going and this fellow came in who was extremely old - it turned out he was 78 - and he walked in and he couldn't find a chair so he started at the far side of the table and he walked around looking for a chair, and he'd go around, and by the time he'd get to Jim, Jim being very polite would stand up and offer him his chair, he'd wait until Jim would get out of his chair and then say "No, thank you". Then he'd walk down to about where Mary Warren is, and Mary Warren would offer him her chair, and he'd wait until she got all the way out of it and then say, "Oh, no thank you." She'd get back into her chair, and he went all the way around the table looking for a chair like this, and finally someone said, "Why don't we get you a chair?". So somebody went out and got a chair and he thanked them and he got himself set down, and he commented about the snow and when we started to sing everyone else was singing and he warbled. I discovered in the course that weekend that that man, for what every kind of perversions, lackings he operated out of, had incredible power. I thought I was leading that seminar until he hobbled in and started around that table. I thought he was leading singing until he started warbling. I thought he was giving a lecture until he asked a few questions. It was sort of like the power he had was the power of the discontinuous, the power of the completely other in a situation. Well, what would it be to recapture that power by way of recreating the future? ~~What~~ What I never got over was, I was giving a lecture on children and he wanted to know how in the future children should be morally educated. He said

"Now we used to do this moral education. Now what do you have in mind for that?" And just came in like that, 78 years old, and pushing back, how are you going to get that done? It's got to get done? pointed out for me the just kind of incredible ability that's there in that phase.

THE
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AWAKENING
THE
NEW
CONSCIOUSNESS

Well, you can see where that sort of global task points to a kind of struggle that is almost like bringing the social process back to life. I like to think about the social process somewhat like a great oak tree that we've all been living in for all of our lives and for all of our ancestors' lives, and from time to time under that oak the soil changes a little bit and the oak has to adjust to the way the soil is getting. In our time the soil has radically shifted, and the old oak, what you notice as you walk around it, the leaves are dying off, and sometimes you come upon a branch and it will give out under you, and just that kind of sense ~~sham~~ of goo about the whole thing, it's getting shaky. And your tendency is always with that kind of situation in the tree to somehow be wiring on the leaves and ~~propaganda~~ propping up the branches somehow from the outside. Somehow if I could cure the way things look on the outside the tree wouldn't be so ill. But that's not the problem. The problem is that the tree has no way to take in the new kind of input it's getting and so everything comes out bad, on the outside. I'd talk about our task today as somehow pulling that tree inside out and restructuring the way the food flows through it, and then pull the tree back the way it was and then let it regrow. You don't want to just change the leaves on it, put elm leaves on the oak or something. That's not going to help it out, but how do you restructure the veins in it, the capillaries, so that it can deal with the life that's coming in.

And I suppose that that struggle as it shows up is a very dry sort of struggle. All you've got is this dry sort of old desert, this same old tree that you've had seems like for years, everywhere you walk it's kind of crumbling, everywhere you look it's kind of empty. It seems like everything's stale. And yet until you get a sort of roadmap through that staleness you don't have any way to recreate it. It's almost like as I go out to recreate society, it's like Columbus sailing across the ocean, and people would get so bored they would just go out of their minds. And yet he was the one who discovered America. It's chewing leather across the ocean for 50 days, 100 days, 200 days. How do you hold the task of getting across the ocean, of curing that tree in the midst of that staleness, that ~~shaky~~ dryness.

Well the wonder of it is that in the midst of just chewing leather, you're sustained. Or just, the tree manages to live somehow. You manage to continue your task even in the midst of the dryness. You just manage to get along in that situation. And it's almost like the past, the old dry dead past begins to have power. I was assigned once when I worked as a secretary to bring coffee to engineers, each of whom has a separate cubicle up and down the hall, and I had a little sheet that said "Mr. Caldwell, half a cup, black, Mr. Norcard, full cup, sugar double and one cream" you know, that kind of thing. And I'd go along with my list and every day I was supposed to go into the guy's office and pour his coffee and say something nice and put it on his desk. And it came to me when I first took the job as possibly the closest thing to being a bunny that I'd ever been in in my life. It was just a ridiculous sort of role to be playing in that office. The stalest, most archaic thing I could do. The least you could do was to stand behind the table and have them come to get the coffee, but no, they'd work in their offices and you had to go in each one. I gradually found out that that was the men's symbolic ritual of the whole day. If you forgot coffee hour, the engineers are 4:00, the mail wouldn't go out, we'd send things to Australia with no airmail on them. It was just kind of living death without that. They would sit in their offices waiting for the coffee to come. So I decided that something had to be made of that situation. And I'doodle out the little things that had to be said to each engineer along the way

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as I served the coffee and that became just a lively sort of time. In a way relaxed the whole office, and in a way just a kind of just recapturing of the most key, most mundane sort of event, but you had new life going on in terms of just recreating the symbolic things that held the office together. It was something like putting new blood into the place where dryness had been. And yet it was the same stupid coffee, and it was the same stupid 2 sugars and 1 cream, and yet there was a happening there by which that office, for me, began to dance. It's how do you put 2 guys into the mundane. How do you get a way to make a feast out of that desert. It's very subtle. It's almost like how do I face this next ridiculous event, in my family or my office. Or how do I face it? You face it because it's your meat, it's that out of which you live. It's that which you are given your intuitions, your insights that's going on, and your vision into what needs to happen. And there's always in the midst of that occasional bursts where just the whole feast comes through. One day my boss walked in and said "Maureen, today we're going to win Australia." I thought that's nice, so what. Then he said some fellow from the department of sanitation in Australia is coming, and we need to convince him that we so love Australia that we should be allowed to do the sewers for Sydney, because if we can do Sydney, then we can do Melbourne, and if we can do Melbourne, God only knows what could happen in the western desert. So what we did was get the old camel hide - kangaroo hide - which the boss had stashed away in his bag of tricks somewhere, and we put it out in the front office. We got the secretary with the thickest Australian accent and put her on the switchboard (trained her on the switchboard real quick) we got Australian flags out and sort of sat and wait for these Australian ~~xxxx~~ ambassadors to come in. In the midst of that we realized we didn't have an atlas, so we sent two secretaries who RAN down to the bookstore to get the appropriate atlas with the best maps of Australia. It was out of events like that that we began to create a way to participate authentically in the adventure of carrying on the everyday in the social structures. For me that day was a social feast as a way of just carrying on the economic process which has to be done. And yet you have to see where even that kind of feast, somehow you have to push that. How do you get that kind of feast going on in every situation, with depth, and I'd say that the boss who did that for me created in his staff a whole new possibility of pointing to the awe in their situation. It was like, my Lord, if you can get secretaries to run after anything, but especially down to the bookstore for a map, you know, you can ~~xxxx~~ begin to get into then the passion about what you're corporately engaged in, that they can begin to see wonder in just carrying on the structures. And somehow, the demand under that even is to create the new world. And that's not some other kind of place. That's just the same old oak tree only it's turned inside out. It's like its old head is still on top but it's got new arms, it's got new ways of seeing what's going on. How do you begin to spin just wild newness in the midst of every day. If every day comes as syrup, how do you get it turned into cotton candy so it's got substance in life and bounce to it. It's like just complete utter difference. How do you get the new V8 engine into the old social vehicle that it can begin to roll, it can begin to move, and to come to terms with the kind of situation it's in the midst of. And it has to do with my relationship to that desert that I find myself in the midst of everyday. I can say, well, I don't see any desert here. I can say well, there's a desert but we won't talk about it. We'd rather not deal with it. Or how can you expect anybody who shows up in a situation like this to live. Or you can be just the rebel who says, "I'll be damned if I'll put up with this kind of desert in my life. I'll go somewhere else and live ~~xxxx~~ things could be better off. And just keep searching" It's in that sort of just interior relationship that I find myself, that I begin to milk it for what it is. There are people who live in the Kalahari desert in Africa who spend their entire lives living in this space which looks like nothing, looks to me like nothing but sand and rocks. And what they do is, they've learned to recognize the little bitty

hairlike strips in the sand that are the extensions of roots underground, and the roots have wetness in them. So what they do, they'll be walking around and to you it looks like more sand like all the rest of the ~~sand~~ sand, and they'll say "Look there" and there's a little hairlike thing and they'll start to dig, and sure enough there's a little root there, and that's what they live on. It's that kind of sensitivity to the hairlike impressions in the desert that have depths in them that are possible to plumb, that ~~we~~ are possible to plumb, to give life to. It's, and yet it's still the same desert, and yet it's the desert that's my home, it's my country. You take one of the bushmen from the Kalihari Desert and put him in Schrafft's where he can eat great stuff and he'll tell you she's not interested. What he's interested in is those fantastic roots because it's in the struggle in finding the root that life itself is created. I suppose I'd talk ~~about~~ ~~liek~~ that about the kind of search, the kind of excitement that is in the world. It has to do with being the disestablished, who has said, we've got to fix this thing up, we've got to put new leaves on this thing, it's not being the pro-established who say the tree's perfectly fine the way it is. You just need to walk closer to the trunk so things won't always be falling off for you, but it's being the transestablished, or the one who pushed into the situation to create life in the whole situation ~~to~~ to recreate the whole tree so the tree can live in the kind of environment that it's got. It's how do you regrid your own interior in order to come to terms with the sort of times you find yourself in, and how do you project the future out of the, the society out of that that's needed. And I suppose it's clear that the projecting of the new society in the midst of ~~the~~ our times is no easy job, it's no easy job to try to be the king when all the subjects are eager to rebel. It's not easy job to try to be the sign of stability, to be the sign of the future possibility, when you don't really see any, when you don't see any stability, when you feel like you're walking on jello. I talk about some of those king movies, Lion in Winter, Cromwell, Man for All Seasons, - it's clear that what was going on there was that the guy who stayed king, or the guy who took up that symbolic role out of the stability that he just created, day to day. How do you be the one who just creates that stability.

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Well, I'd say then that the biggest struggle in creating stability, or the question that always stumps people about that task is something like, What are we doing here? What are we about? How did I ever end up in this situation? That's the question relative to particularly your creation of stability, but you've got to have it answered, and when it's answered you've got a way to talk about stability because you've got a way to talk about that like issue. It's like the Arabs for thousands of years going across the sand, just wandering around with tents and rags, and eating dates and sort of very meagre existence. And they'd sit out there in that sort of ghastly situation and sing these fantastic poems about the sort of fantastic exuberant life they were living. They'd explain how the whole desert came into being as a gift to them. They'd explain how their participation in the desert was going to create everything that was going to happen in the whole rest of the future. Somehow in the creation of those sorts of song, every society has a way of coming to terms with stability, or coming to terms with why bother, why are we here. You really at this point have to redo the whole rational pole of the social process in order to come to terms with this issue. In terms of art, how do you retool just what you look for in an experience in such a way as to create the new language for talking about it and the new symbols for holding it. In language, how do you create the new ways to say what's happening, such that you can point to them again in life, symbolize them and point to them. In the area of symbols, how do you just create markers of new events in the midst of life, and out of that come the new language and the new experience. This sort of an activity has always taken

THE
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SYMBOL
ANALYSIS

very heavy emphasis in a culture. I never got over the Egyptians who, when you explore in archeology the way their culture went, they were sort of scraping to get a long in terms of corn, and of all those slaves they had to support and everything and they thought it was just absolutely critical in the midst of scraping for corn and stuff to build the pyramids and that it was critical for them to get along to build pyramids. You've got guys who were living in caves in the ice ages and it's critical that they spend a couple days, instead of painting mammoths so they can live, go in there and paint pictures of a mammoth. That's been so important a process for people that they've been willing at points to almost sacrifice the aspects of the social process to make sure that gets done, because somehow that's just a crucial thing. I think that probably has to do with the role that that symbolic process has in the whole social process which is that of being the rational or the explaining. When you take particularly here, the cultural and break that down, you have on the one hand the language, or the particular ~~ways of communicating~~ images, the particular ways of articulating life on which society is based. And you don't have any kind of sociality unless first of all you have a way to communicate what you're up to. And that sort of number of words you have for show determines how much snow you're able to experience. I don't experience more than 4 or 5 kinds that, it's like if I were a Laplander, out there in the winter would be just a phenomenal experience. You know, ~~Monday~~ Monday would be one kind of thing and ~~Tuesday~~ Tuesday it would be coming down frozen and it would be another whole kind of thing and Wednesday and would be coming down frozen and it would be some other kind of thing. All I can say out of it is that it is cold, wet frozen, and I sort of generally determine it's snow. Well, how do you get ahold of the experience of that. There was an experiment a while back in which they had Navajo Indians who had different verb tenses than English make movies and the Navajo Indians made movies of each other, and they did things like the horse, the man on the horse would ride up to the tree, and they they'd cut and then the man on the horse would come out the other side of the tree. They process of going behind the tree had no significance at all to them in terms of the way their language talked about time. That was just a ridiculous sort of film to have the horse go behind the tree because there wasn't any way to talk about it. How do we get ways of talking about the new world that you can know what's happening to. It's almost like there are just certain relationships that I can say. If I've got a relationship to a colleague I can say he's a friend, or I love him or I respect him or five other things. None of those hold, the way I'd talk about collegiality when I talk about the new world. How do we get language just to say that there are things that are happening. And in art, has to do with in any situation with the way that you create and express the depth experience of the culture. How do I get said what is final experience for me in the midst of the times we find ourselves in, and how do I hold that. And then on the top just the religion or how do you, how is your particular interior gridded out of the context of a particular society? I remember sitting a few months ago in a man's cab, and he wanted to know what we lived on, at the particular peculiar address we lived at on the west side and we said that we worked for a research and training group, and he pushed us a little bit more and it came time, he was just pulling off onto Roman. And he said, "Do you mean to tell me that I have two people in my cab who actually believe in what they're doing" And I said "Well, yes, in fact, definitely yes" And it struck me that what he was talking about was the fact that as far as his grid of the final things in life, that was impossible. How do you get a way of holding the new sort of possibility that you have decided is present in life in the midst of every aspect of being that you find yourself in. And I guess we find ourselves in a time in which this process has become particularly imbalanced. Language tends to tyrannize, you know, you find about 10,000 technical words showing up in 1960, 10,000 new words, 90% of which were scientific. You get just only certain ways people talk about reality. What shows up as infinite?

THE
PRESENT
IMBALANCE

one of

It's like the great art ~~of~~ that came into my mind when I think of our time have to do with something that goes like this, and says real thing on it, that that kind of advertising for coke, or that kind of advertising using music, you remember commercials more easily than you do the music of the time, points to the kind of tyranny of art images by the economic. It's been used as a way of cashing in on my experience as economic experience. And in in religion there's just totally a kind of void. It's like when I think of powerful symbols today, the ecology sort of push. We've got a whole myth about how if I continue in the direction I'm going the garbage will come along and take over the world, and I'll be mowed under with the grass. That sort of just reduction of the final meaning in life to some sort of biological tale about what might happen if people don't shape up. How do we get the kind of depth back into that that gives it hooks on every man's everyday contemporary experience. Or how do you get it out of the sort of airy fairy into just your everyday ordinary practices of life. And I guess finally behind all of those sort of images in the cultural is the issue of the primal archetype, or how do I get the sort of inclusive myth that will hold what I mean by living today, how do I get said what we're going here, by that, where, out of what, we emerged, toward what are we headed? What are we about in the midst of every moment?

THE
PRIMAL
MYTHOS

I heard tell about the first time in Mawanjumb that someone put up a timeline for them that traced their heritage for 30,000 years. It's like the glow you saw come out of those people was the glow of a people who were given back not only their whole lives but the whole lives of every aboriginal they'd ever heard of and the whole lives of the whole world they related to, and then how do you push a 30,000 year oldness like that 30,000 years in the future. You create a myth like that with the aboriginals and they have a reason for staying alive. You don't have a people become extinct when they have 30,000 years in both directions in the way of mythology, and when you create those kinds of myths what you have to deal with is the kind of authentic ethic for how, therefore, do you go about making decisions, how therefore, do you go about operating from day to day? The demand then is just to assume responsibility for creating the kind of style and processes that are necessary to operate out of relative to the myth that you've created. It's then that people's lives are given back to them. That's in its practical sense redemption, that's in its practical sense what it means to give live in the fullest in this time, because it's to give people just a way to live. It's to allow people to participate again in their lives as something they can create, and something that's an adventure rather than a curse.

Well, I suppose that that struggle with the symbol process is the particular focus at which the demand to create newness in the society of our times comes, and it's in creating that sort of symbol focus that one is given the possibility to be altogether new. As the woman to be the one who's not out to make up for the ~~power~~ lack of power I've always had, and the lack of ~~status~~ status or something, but the one who can make sure that things happen in history. To be there, the one who brings wonder into being a priestess, who celebrates the new things that man are doing when the are given the possibility of a story out of which to operate. The mother, even the earth mother, who just gives birth, permission, freedom for life to come into being, and you know the thing about giving birth is you never know what's going to show up. You never really have any control over that, just the decision to be the mother who produces all the sort of events or sort of new things into the midst of history. Or just to be the enthusiast. I don't mean some sort of gabbling turkey who just sort of gobble about things, but how do you be the sort of authentic enthusiast, who celebrates when life gets touched and celebrates the possibility of life being touched. It's these sort of

THE
DEMAND
DEMAND

THE
NEW
WOMAN

THE
NEW
MAN

new images that give away the commission to man to adventure that is absolutely critical for our time to come off. And as the man, the king image, you have the authority to be the one who rules. No woman, finally, is even going to try to rule when there is a king there who's ruling. As a woman you only step in where and wear the pants and bitch where no one's doing it and the job's got to get done. You have authority who just steps forward and plays that role in the midst of all that ambiguity, the wildness that's going on around you. Have the authority to create wonders in the midst of everyday, to be the discontinuous one, to be the one who owns the sky in terms of the wild things he creates, to be the adventurer. And I don't mean so much the adventurer as the one who makes headlong attacks, the wise adventurer. You take Odysseus when he was sailing back home to Penelope he ran into the Cyclops and I suppose an adventurer who was more naive than he would have tried to make a blind rush at the cyclops and beat him up. But Odysseus figured out that the only way to deal with him was to get the character drunk and then poke his eye out. That kind of aleverness of adventure, of creating the situation that's needed is the kind of wild masculine adventure that I would point to. And yet, it will never be what is expected of you in the old world which is always there. It will never be what you should be. It will always be somehow the risk. You'll always be somehow the other. The cost of recreating manhood is the cost of being the one who can never say that he's just like everybody else. He's the one who stand out as something other. And that's the kind of price that he will pay or someone else will pay for the globe to be created. And there's also the authority in that role to come to terms with the struggle with youth. You have the authority to be the sign that youth scream for for some place to look to explore, so expend as you have the authority to be the yes and no that they have to be offer against to be any kind of grounded vision. You have the authority just to stand there as the one who says like is precisely fine in this age and you can live to get this old and embrace it. And to come to terms with those youth, who will dream about things that are simply beyond what your task, your station is. Any youth who's been brought up, say, on space travel is simply going to show up with images of what life is about that are beyond you. They're going to assume space travel. Space travel certainly doesn't come to me as an assumption. To me it's some strange kind of thing that showed up late, but for, say, Brian Townley, space travel is like, you can take a bus, or you can take a train, or you can take a space ship or something else. That's just ordinary. A character like that is going to show up with images of what life is about that are always something different. If you, you got to push at him with the yesses and nos at how his dreaming is going to be authentic, but nonetheless, his task is not your task in the midst of the times. It's together with different sorts of directions that you'll corporately create the future.

THE
NEW
YOUTH

THE
CLAPTON
CALL

Well, I suppose finally the issue is, how do you manage to get guts into life? Patton would talk about the participating in the sort of leisure that goes beyond time and space or those who have decided that their destiny requires that they perform the task beyond the present age of the times. Your life is spelled out for what which you will never see, and yet there's fantastic sort of peace in that but a very strange sort of peace. It's not the sort of peace ~~that~~ of expecting to see the wonders yourself. It's the peace of knowing that the social process, the tree will go on in the future. And there are peculiar ones who are marked in that sort of way, the ones who are outcasts, the ones who have paid the price of being the other so far as the whole social process is concerned. And I suppose they're the ones whose life is just about being one thing, that people won't necessarily say that you did anything, they won't necessarily give you gold watches, though they might. I suppose the only thing they might say about you is that somehow in your presence they stood in the midst of the situation and saw it was possible.