

REGENERATION

BY R. LOUIS RICHARDS

I'm writing these words in response to feelings I found surfacing while reading parts of the Jan/February 1995 *North Coast Times Eagle*. They were my own feelings more than any particular fact or idea. Central to this issuance of unsolicited opinion is the image that we are somehow being jammed against a great milestone, the year 2000.

Hopefully we can understand that this image derives from no more than this; *three zeros*. A simple quirk in our common conceptual convention is distracting us. Aren't we just reacting to an illusion with no real substance? These three goose eggs will pop up at the two hundredth resonant node of our (arbitrary) base ten numerical system as it tallies the solar orbits since a time of some invested importance, somebody's "Year One." A point in time that has been deemed centrally meaningful by only one of the world's several powerful religious groups. This number's current measure of importance is due to this particular religion's political domination at the time when gunpowder was mixed with maritime exploration, commencing a bloody age of planetary conquest.

Though history certainly can be interesting enough, I find little reason to trust the veracity of any specific brand. Most, if potentially relevant, are purposely tainted by ongoing public relations missions. Will we find objectivity in the homogenizing of varied groups' favorite versions? What can we *really* know about our collective story as it unfolded before our own eyes opened upon this scene? Admittedly, studying these many portrayals can give us more choices with which we may effect an opinion. As oxymoronic as it sounds, we gain a *knowledge of beliefs*.

Nearly every story, be it religious, nationalist or ethnic, seems to meander from denial to projection in dealing with its negatives. Can one trust this kind of a knowledge enough, so as to choose best when the chips are down? If we take our precious real knowledge, gained by our living experiences, interpret and render them into our linguistic symbols, we can then add this in with all of our vicariously learned notions. Notions of history, market capitalism, Marxism, Taoism, every other fact, idea, and system that we might have absorbed. Now with all this, well blended, we can do a little dead reckoning, make decisions, and act. Could this be called wisdom?

The natural scientific approach of Geothie discounted the value of observations once removed from our direct sensory experience. The kind of knowledge gained in the laboratory, or that pulled from the other end of a microscope, would be seen to lose something essential in such a process. So it is, I believe, important to remember the difference between Nature and an image it may project through a lens. In science, as in history, do we hope to draw an understanding of reality by the sheer weight of the data that we can amputate from the body of the living whole?

Accurate analysis of any natural relationship is impossible when the physical context is broken. This is exemplified in the laboratory. Here we learn all about disconnected possibilities. We protract some numbers and ratios and think this is knowledge. Nature thus suffers the injury of being seen only as the sum of its parts.

In these "millennial" days we may try, to the point of exhaustion, to understand our position, culturally, politically, historically. In the pages of the *NCTE* the analyses were about as good as they can get, valuable perspectives within the current paradigm. Still, I can't help but feel in these days as if I'm waking up on my feet in strange surroundings. A darkened hall of mirrors lit only by spastic strobe lights and numerous video screens placed here and there to engage and steer my thoughts and moods.

After having lived three times her years, what hope can I see for Kelly Hoffman (*Lost Generation*)? Much, in that she might find a level of understanding and fulfillment in pursuing the goals she deems worthy of her life. She may realize some hope in the truth that we cannot know the road ahead. Though I can't be completely sure, I think the crisis we will mutually face will be one of context. It seems blatantly obvious that things are ripe for quantum change.

con•text (kon' tekst), *n.* [L. *contextus*; pp. of *contextere*, to weave together <con-, together + *texere*, to weave]2. the whole situation, background, or environment relevant to some happening...

I am a long time "slacker." Think what you will about this. For me, my choice is a matter of conscience. I've been free to give much thought to our mutual condition. My views may be void of any validity but they have not been cumbered to much extent by a competitive drive for personal gain. Should this present context *not* revolve, I risk having wasted only my own time. Hopefully, in living as I have eschewing competition, some coal pit will be slightly smaller, the air a little less radio-active, and the etheric sea of our collective emotions a bit more peaceful. I offer my thoughts and best intent for anyone desiring survival into a better world.

Contextual revolution will likely not be the result of our jerking the string at this point in time, though one cannot know this for certain either. In Chaos Theory this is precisely how it works. But what I'm saying is that the string jerk that is driving the change probably already happened. Whatever is the case, I accept it. I'm irreversibly on this ride. With 48 years under my belt and some percentage of these in observation and reflection, here's my read.

Something in our cultural world view seems to have been so flawed, as to make the prospect of carrying much more than loving, breathing, eating and sleeping into a potential new age, imminently dangerous. Yet we will, those of us who do survive, bring some historical premise along with our physical presence.

The human historical model that worked successfully on Earth for the longest time is the one that the present paradigm has most demeaned. It was anathematized and seen as "removed from God and salvation." Pagan simply means "country dweller," and heathen "dweller in the heath or uncultivated land." Would it be romanticizing the past to reclaim the essence of what was taken by clerical terrorism's all out war of conquest and domination? The primary and natural relationships of family, Earth, and mates are logically and most hopefully our very genetic heritage and are likely to contain the *true* "human nature."



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Our personal historical premises should be of the utmost clarity and of the genuine experiences we *know* at our inmost hearts. This, as opposed to the bits and bytes disseminated through the lens of the power politics. We have long been straining at the cost of vital energies to make our necessary historical connections in ways that are welded to a context that is "owned" by the winners of the current world game (*aka* history).

This type of situation becomes increasingly possible as the line between knowledge and belief becomes blurred. It is to the benefit of the more dominant gamesmen that this happen. What if we conceded the game to the best competitors, turned and went our way? This would of course anger them to increasing the numbers and forms of the murder that they have long denied they practice. In the game, *owning the context* means you have the right to make and change the rules and story any time it's handy, either covertly or overtly.

The game through these recent millennia has matured into one mainly of property and tokens. Rather than endure a cessation of play because of an impending lack of material game-pieces, it appears as if the big players have elected to strip out this planet fast in an attempt to take their contest into an intergalactic arena. The few on top feel they have as good a shot as any for the limited supply of tickets. They tell us in all seriousness that because we are "free" we must join in the fray, competing for our own voice (both individually and organizationally) which will increase with our wealth and numbers. If we fail, well...that's what makes it a game, right? The supposedly victorious members of the owning classes note how they have endured just such risks and struggles, even if it was vicariously, through a great-grandfather. Inheritance of property and tokens has long been codified into their rules of fair play.

Ultimately, there is no other currently functional form than that of the plutocracy. We may talk about who votes or who doesn't, but as I've heard said in recent years, "If elections could change the system they'd be illegal." Through the corporate media, our ways of thinking have been successfully corralled. If we were somehow (though virtually impossible at this stage in the managed culture) to stampede to the polls, and if credible choices were on the ballot (equally impossible), ask yourself, "Would the ruling elite roll over control of the context to a brilliant new paradigm of equality and fair play?"

Come the revolution, hypothetically speaking, are we ready to be free, to shed our fears of free wild people, and thus, truly free ourselves? Can we take an action of focused volition, returning the context of power to the units of the primal and natural relationships? Or will we be able only to resolve the surface of the same old worn context by replacing individual police types with a new crop of bullies? Will the context of control go on just as we have so long known it, having achieved its immortality?

We've much to abandon if our millennial quantum leap is to succeed. Many will fear releasing their grip on the slow death prognosis with which they are so familiar and comfortable. Sometimes life in the camps can look better than the risks of freedom with all its vicious responsibility. Rebellion against the compelled public validation of a failed context will not likely be joined by many but the young. Suddenly it may be we old farts with years of cultural programming that run the greatest chance of being the "Lost Generation." We can be politicking our asses off as the campaign bus backs over the cliff. In all aspects of our *conceptual* learning and understanding, one rule will apply as this age's tape runs on and out at 'fast forward': "The nature of information is, it's incomplete." Read this rule as often as needed for full and permanent comprehension.

Facts can pile up against our door like the newspapers of a family on vacation. More record temperatures, many more tornados, bigger hurricanes, how many more earthquakes? Blind sheep and rabbits in Chile, more skin cancer in Australia, an increasing wobble of the Earth's axis. On and on and, of course, on some more.

There are not enough megabytes. No whole picture can exist and be transmitted via our symbols. No absolute meaning can be ascribed through any system. Why do we invest so much trust in conceptual systems? Though we live in the historical context, we cannot learn it. We have no precedent for 1995. If there

is, show me. Granted, there are current similarities between our USA and the Germany of 1933. Governmental activities can certainly be compared but not the contexts. I have seen the general quality of life plunge in my few decades as so many various systems have ground away at each other in the playing of what now shows itself to be the "end game." We have fancier toys and a much deadier planet.

So, intuit what you can. In dealing with institutions and the ex-humans who have relinquished their identities to be their agents, watch your back. Pay utmost attention to know *what* you live. Attend closely to how that feels and try your best not to filter it through 'isms. Trust and know that we will by our innate nature go on as far as we can, driven by that mysterious force that stays with us, behind our breath and heartbreak. Pay ever more attention to just that level of being to know how much more profound life itself is than to the games to which we have given so much energy in the past.

Be flexible. Do not join in gangs. That's how we get the religions, Mafias and political parties. Keep your communities of interest at the simplest possible levels. Base them on experience oriented mutual knowledge such as, good food doesn't come from poison chemicals. Reserve your respect for individuals. Discount their affiliations and/or material hoards. Beyond anything else, respect and care for yourself. Call that health. Avoid or quit games when the goal goes beyond the shared joy of the moment and into projection. This is an investment of your life force in unreality, bad business! Be ever conscious that hypotheticals are not real. Don't even use 'em if you can't handle 'em safely.

Stay real. Stay in balance. Understand that balance does not come from equal parts of knowledge and belief. One is always based on experience while the other is most often bullshit. Even if your belief is right-on, how can you ever be completely sure without some level of denial or self-deceit? Expect to make mistakes. Our perceptions of our experiences can sometimes be in error but probably not as often as our opinions. Don't buy into the old lines about faith. Just *who* has welded that lever for the past 2000 years?

Try this as a test. Remember and reflect on the unbelievable experiences you've had in your lifetime. Try to keep your faith in their reality (they are your experiences, after all). Do this without drawing inferences or creating new belief systems about them. *That* would be the test of faith in my book. Reserve your faith for what you really know. That would be quite an accomplishment with all the stories that are demanding you give your faith to them. If you actually saw Santa Claus fly his sleigh, you *know* it. If this is true you might want to keep it to yourself but *don't ever let belief take away what you know*. Standard faith often requires denying your real life experiences if these might challenge a culturally conditioned belief. Such a deal!

If we are ever again conned into serving what we *do not know*, what we have been persuaded to believe, how long do you think it will be before we bite on another authoritative line and are once again marching off to the wars, thus ruining yet another perfectly good millennium? I swear to God, if we infect this planet with another epidemic of systematized hierarchy, I for one will have little interest in coming back here.

I fully expect the coming changes, though presently unknowable, to be so profound as to again rest the calendar. Having our own "Year One" would be fine with me. I'm quite ready for a new paradigm. One rooted in an understanding of reality honestly known by way of our experiences, their qualities judged in clarity through our willingness to feel. A time when freedom is made practical by the respect we give one to another because our relationships, experiences and worth are so totally embraced that untruth could serve no practical purpose. And a time when no symbol or concept could command the honor due the meagerest of realities because we are awake and aware of the difference.

Keep breathing.

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