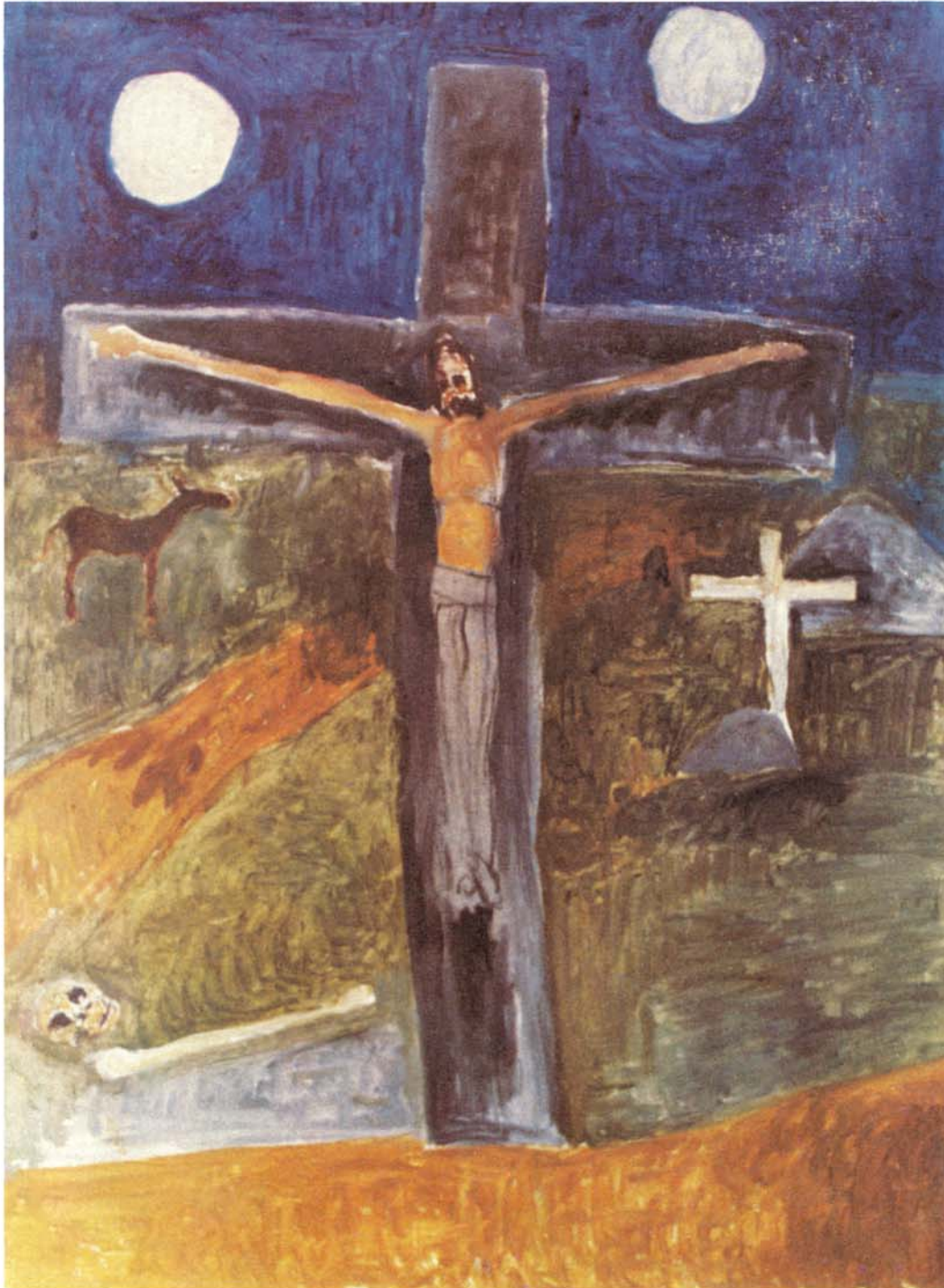


MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY

A MEMORIAL TO JOHNNY ADAMS



Written and Illustrated by William W. White, Jr.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY

LIMITED EDITION OF 1,000 COPIES

COPY NO. 167

© Copyright 1974 by William W. White, Jr.

Design and Production by Vergara Printing Company, Santa Fe

List of Illustrations

Diary Number		Page Number
-	Cover: Crucifixion	-
-	Frontispiece: Supper at Emmaus	10
11	Girl Playing Guitar	23
18	Children Playing on Beach	31
20	Christ Calming Sea	33
24	Spanish Street Scene	39
25	Nativity Scene	41
32	Madonna and Child	49
34	Street Scene	53
41	Girl with Spike, Panther, Boy, Octopus	63
52	Girl Putting Hand in Water	75
57	The Last Supper	81

Diary Number		Page Number
30	The Doctor	46
31	The Word	47
32	The Way Out	48
33	T.	50
34	India: (1) The Beginning	50
35	Non-Violence	54
36	India: (2) The Three Days	55
37	Three Trips	56
38	Russia	58
39	The Person and Teaching of Jesus	59
40	India: (3) The Hospitals	60
41	The Rat	62
42	The Hippy	65
43	Drugs	66
44	My Grandfather	67
45	My Grandmother	68
46	Berlin	69
47	Welsh Strawbridge	70
48	Music Lessons	71
49	Language Lessons.	72
50	The Idiot	73
51	My Mother	74
52	The Prince and the Witch.	74
53	Herbert Welsh	78
54	The Teaching of Jesus, ctd.	79
55	Word Order	79
56	Christ: The Trial	80
57	Up the Down Stare Keys	82
58	Word Formation	84
59	Christ: A Critical Appraisal	85

Table of Contents

Diary Number		Page Number
-	Acknowledgements	7
-	Obituary	9
-	Introduction and Dedication	11
1	Love	13
2	The American Man	13
3	Money	15
4	Shopping	15
5	Walking	17
6	What It's All About	17
7	Art and Black Magic.	18
8	Art and Black Magic, ctd.	19
9	Education	20
10	The Jew	21
11	Music	22
12	The Tragedy and Mystery of John Adams	24
13	Cleanliness	26
14	The Drifter	26
15	Etiquette	27
16	The Law	28
17	The Woman Movement.	29
18	Child Raising	30
19	Food Stamps	32
20	Christ	32
21	Dress	34
22	Children Are Slaves	35
23	Art and Photography	36
24	Santa Fe	37
25	Courtship and Marriage	40
26	Divorce	42
27	The Tragedy of Michael Ray	43
28	Friendship	44
29	Too Much Money.	45

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Shortly after the death of Johnny Adams I wrote two letters to the editor of "The New Mexican." These were not printed. I realized that the only way I could reach people through the newspaper was through the medium of advertisements. John Bermel agreed to handle my articles as advertisements. Without his encouragement these articles would not have been written.

After I had typed the first six articles myself I realized that I could not continue to both write and type the articles. Margaret Chavez typed the subsequent articles and re-typed the earlier ones.

Had I not received calls and encouragement from readers these articles could not have continued. After I had omitted my telephone number from the articles I received a call from Lou Burkhardt of Los Alamos, who said he had gone to a lot of trouble to find my number, that my article was the thing he looked for in "The New Mexican," and requested back numbers. After this I offered free back numbers.

I received a letter from Walter R. Myers, director of development at William Penn Charter School in Philadelphia, where I used to go, saying he thought that all young people would benefit from reading the articles and that he thought they should be collected in a single publication.

I received a letter of encouragement from Carlos Baker, Chairman of the Department of English at Princeton, which I attended, objecting, as had others, to the fine print.

I am indebted to my mother, Margaret Strawbridge, John Sailer, and Alice Litchfield for information relating to the family.

I am indebted to Steve McDowell for the photographs of my paintings.

I am indebted to Marji's Copy Service for Xerox copies of the newspaper articles and typed manuscript.

I wish to thank all the above mentioned and any others that through oversight undoubtedly I have failed to mention, for contributing to the publication of the following articles.

William W. White, Jr.



Supper at Emmaus

THE NEW MEXICAN Santa Fe, N.M., Thurs., April 11, 1974

Obituaries

YESTERDAY there was a tragedy in my house. One of my tenants, John Adams, died. He was seventeen, good looking, strong and capable. He had many friends. Why did such a person have to die? It was not his fault. He was on his motorcycle and a truck hit him from behind. But perhaps he was tired or did not care very much whether he lived or, perhaps, if you or I had taken more interest in him, he might have lived. He was born in Green Ridge, Massachusetts and raised by his grandparents until he was ten. Then he came to Santa Fe to live with his father. At 14, his father taught him karate and ju jitsu. He learned to be an auto mechanic and a carpenter. He got into some

sort of trouble and was on parole when he came here. He was capable of great exertion and for awhile worked on one job during the day and another at night. It is possible that because he experienced injustice within the laws of society that he sought another mode of life. Basically he had a strong sense of justice. I think the best way to respect John's memory is to respect people like him — those who for one reason or another have been forced out of the normal paths of life and who have developed a strong code of morality of their own. I ask you to join me in mourning John's passing and in readjusting your lives to honor his memory.

WILLIAM W. WHITE, JR.

INTRODUCTION AND DEDICATION

It was the death of Johnny Adams which inspired the following articles. Shortly after his death I moved into the cellar room where he stayed. The articles were written from April 16 to May 31 and except for the first two or three were written in this room.

They were written quickly and not rewritten except for the occasional change of a word. They appeared in "The New Mexican" as advertisements from April 19 to June 30. They are numbered and presented in the order written. There are no omissions except for one unfinished article.

In this collection numbers one and thirty-six were revised for the sake of clarity. In number fourteen there are a few changes. Number six has been edited and a couple of unessential quotations omitted from numbers four and five. Except for an occasional change of word other changes from the newspaper articles are of a corrective nature.

Although only number twelve deals directly with Johnny Adams, I think all the articles are related to him, deal with his problems, and would interest him. Many deal with the problem of ethics — in love, money, friendship, the law. In John there was a conflict between his own moral code and the written and accepted customs. I am sure that John had extremely high ethical standards. I think it is this that I most noticed about John.

John was a Catholic. I do not know whether or not he went regularly to church, but imagine he had difficulty in reconciling church dogma and the modern world. There are five articles on Christ trying to re-examine his person and teaching from a modern point of view.

There are a number of autobiographical episodes. These are the most extreme, humorous, and thought-provoking incidents from my life. I think they would have interested John.

There are biographical sketches of a number of relatives and a few others. They are all interesting people. None of their lives was completely successful.

The illustrations in this book are from paintings painted in 1973-1974. Although painted before these articles were written they illustrate points made in the text.

Of the three short stories, one, "The Rat," I had written previously in another version in 1968. I think it much improved in its present form. The other two short stories, "The Idiot," and "The Prince and the Witch," I had never before written down, but had told them to people in quite different forms.

The poem at the end of number twenty-four is taken from the fragment of a play I had begun to write about Santa Fe in December, 1973. The poem at the end of number twenty-eight was written at the time of the article.

There is a recurrent conflict and progression in these articles. In all there is a single theme, "Something is wrong: there must be a change." Each article holds the key to the article which follows. There is an upward progression.

This book is dedicated to John Adams and to all who, like him, possess questioning, honest, and fearless minds.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 1

"LOVE"

When I ask young people what they want to talk about, the answer is often "sex." This is a subject shied away from in the pulpit, which brings a response of embarrassment or silence or a quick change of subject when raised in the home. In books sexual acts are often freely described but rarely adequately explained.

I will try to present my ideas on this subject, from the young person's point of view, as briefly and clearly as possible.

1. Much love is "erotic" — that is, "lower" forms or less developed people are generally attracted to "higher" forms or more developed people. When you "love" a person, you give him or her energy and pleasure and life. You give your very being. In return you learn to see and think and act like the person you love. Thus love might be looked on as payment for instruction. You can only love a person from whom you can learn something.

A woman might love a man in return for protection, but then she will become like him.

If you do not wish to be like a man or woman who in one or more ways is "better" than you, you should not become physically involved. To overcome an attraction to a person you do not like, the best way is to overcome your own deficiencies, whether it be in a physical activity or an intellectual area. As progress is made the attraction will fade and the hold will slip.

2. All physical acts of love correspond to intellectual and spiritual acts and should not precede them. They represent varying degrees in intimacy and should be accompanied by the sharing of past experiences, present ideas, and future plans. The ultimate act of sexual intercourse cements the meaning of the relationship and should not be embarked on unless both parties intend a lasting relationship or union.

Physical intimacy should always be serious — that is, exploring the possibility of a lasting union.

A union between man and woman is a business contract from which both should benefit in knowledge, strength, happiness, and the pursuit of common goals.

Love should never be forced. If one does not wish to perform a certain sexual act it is either too soon or the wrong person. It is sufficient reason to refuse any sexual demand to say, "I don't want to," or, "I don't feel like it."

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 2

"THE AMERICAN MAN"

Americans who have not left this country might be amazed to learn that there is such a thing as an "American man." They would not be surprised to speak of Southerners or Yankees or Westerners or Negroes or Jews or

Indians, or any foreigner but unless he has been outside of this country he probably does not realize that there is something similar about all people who live within the confines of our national boundaries. What is it? Is it the Indian culture that was here before most of us came? Is it George Washington who was our first president? Is it our Constitution? Is it our political policies?

It is all of these and much more. To understand any culture one of the best ways is to study its art and thinkers and musicians. All of the Americans who first came to this country from Europe were rebels or desperate men or criminals. They knew that they had little better than a fifty percent chance of surviving the voyage.

Robert Frost says, "The land was ours before we were the land's." Italians and visitors to Italy say that in many old towns the original culture still survives. Thus in parts of Perugia one still sees fine old Etruscan faces. The land preserves the memory of the people who have lived on it. If people live the same lives the land preserves the same memory. If a "remarkable" person comes along — one strong enough to alter existing patterns — the land's memory will change: the people will change.

I have not sufficiently studied Indian ways of life to draw any certain parallels between the primitive Indian cultures and the modern American man, but modern apartment houses seem reminiscent of Indian pueblos. William Penn noticed an absence of any clear future or past tenses in one of the Indian dialects, which would correspond to many an American's ignorance about his past and inability to anticipate the future. There is something inherently good or just in the finest Americans which I think is traceable to the Indian.

The first leader or president of a nation sets a pattern which can be altered only partially or gradually and never basically without altering the country as a whole. Few people today know much about Washington except the story of the cherry tree, which is probably not Washington's story, but is certainly a reason why the truth is such an important element in the American character. Few people today realize the immensity of the man Washington, above all his endurance and perseverance in adversity, as well as some masterful attacks and retreats. He was a careful, just man who as far as possible weighed all opinions before arriving at a decision.

The Constitution is imprinted upon all of us. Most of us believe in democracy and tolerance and equal rights — even if we're not quite sure what these words mean and don't always practice them.

Probably without any realization the private person tends to emulate the methods of his government — thus the father might cut off a child's allowance as the government might boycott Cuba.

Today I have only hinted at some of the sources of the American character, some good, some bad. I am an American and America is my favorite country, but I have lived many years abroad and have encountered much criticism directed against America and realized that not all of it falls short of its mark, not all of it is harmless.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 3

"MONEY"

A good way to begin understanding any word is to trace its origin. Another way is to compare comparable words in different languages. I have traced the word "money" only as far as its Latin root, "moneta" — mint or coin. There is some relationship to the goddess Juno, the wife of Jupiter and goddess of light, who was called Juno Moneta and in whose temple the coins were minted. We should also remember that the Romans renamed the Greek gods and that Jupiter was originally Zeus and Juno Hera. Thus our word money is traceable to Greek antiquity and has connotations of divinity and light. I have no etymological dictionaries in foreign languages at hand but the German word for money "Geld" is probably related to "sich gelten lassen" — to prove oneself — so "Geld" or money is anything which has proved its worth. The French word for money "argent" is the same as the French word for silver and the American Indians made their money from the backbones of fish — a worthless commodity in most cultures.

What is money? In the South before the Civil War a man's wealth was determined by the number of slaves he owned: a wealthy man had two hundred slaves. Today we repudiate slavery but most of us are slaves of one sort or another: the cruel overseer in the field with the black whip has been replaced by the moving belt in the factory and the impatient line in the supermarket. People like animals in cages are confined to smaller and smaller spaces and their work becomes more and more tedious and dull. Thus if we replace the word "slave" with the word "employee" a man's wealth might still be judged by the number of people who work for him.

True wealth is the ability to get things done. A man might have a large bank account, but if he has no friends he can coax, or employees he can coerce into executing his will, he is in reality a poor man.

Skills and possessions are another form of wealth, and to truly possess is to truly master. Many of the greatest riches are today no longer courted: I speak of the crafts of old — of the Italians and Moors and Greeks, whose mastery brings untold wealth and pleasure. I speak of the word itself: let us remember the lines of Emily Dickinson, "He ate and drank the precious words"

True money is energy and skill — the ability to get things done.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 4

"SHOPPING"

Shopping like everything else is a great art and has its own code of ethic. There is a buyer's ethic and a seller's ethic. Unfortunately, neither buyer nor seller seems generally to be aware of, or heed, this ethic. The buyer's ethic seems to me relatively simple: (1) He should not enter a shop if he does not intend to buy; (2) He should pay for what he gets. The seller's ethic appears

equally simple: (1) He should not misrepresent his product; (2) He should know and have his product; (3) He should charge neither more nor less than his product is worth.

These apparently simple rules present, however, serious complications. A person may enter a shop with the intention of buying but not find what he is looking for. If he honestly intended to buy if he did find what he was looking for, I would say that he was acting ethically. Payment, too, is not simply a question of silently handing over a few pieces of paper: paper money is only the promise to pay and should be accompanied by words indicating the type of service or instruction on which the payment is based. Thus without some personal exchange no real payment is possible. There is, too, a natural scale of prices which seems to follow some natural law. A person who buys something he cannot really afford may find his energy sapped or that he loses some talent or skill that he highly prized. There is no such thing as "something for nothing": in one way or another a person must pay for everything he gets.

The seller is often in a difficult position. Today he is generally the "middle man" and sells his wares at higher prices than he paid for them. As the product does not increase in value through his intervention he can only justify the raise in price by offering other services: in good stores this is the case. Thus a good book salesman will be a good reader, be able to give some information about the books he sells, and probably specialize in a certain area. The product is permeated with the personality of the seller: I have found that I could read the same book bought from one book seller and not from another — because one understood it and the other didn't. In the same way a grocer may or may not have the food he sells, an art store art supplies, and so on.

The problem of price has become a major one in our society. Not only has the dollar undergone unbelievable inflation over the years but relatively equal services receive often incomparably unequal remuneration in different professions and different countries.

There is no longer an American watch: all the factories have moved to Switzerland because the labor is too expensive in this country. The same thing is happening with guitars, typewriters, and many other products. I, for one, am sick of going into music stores and hearing that all they have is Japanese guitars. And is there not something wrong when we can buy ten tomatoes in Spain for the price of one tomato in America? Are American tomatoes ten times as good as Spanish ones? Is a plumber's service ten times as valuable as a waitress's or a doctor's ten times better than a carpenter's? Has money really changed or are we only fooling ourselves? When I first came to Santa Fe over ten years ago I paid \$35 a month for a small house. The house was sold and the rent raised to \$45 a month. Although I had money enough in the bank I realized that I could no longer in reality pay the rent. Today most people cannot pay their rents. I think that I really earn about \$25 a week. I doubt that from profession to profession there is much variation from this figure. Let us act upon the reality of the situation.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 5
"WALKING"

It is perhaps possible that when you read my words you do not realize that I am mad: let me assure you that I am. I do not want to tell you too much about myself too quickly — any more than I would like to place a plate of bones before a starving man. But anyone who looks at me will realize that I am mad. I wear knickers and white stockings. I wear long hair fastened behind with a hair band. I wear a beard. Surely this is proof enough, but there is more. I walk, yes, I avoid cars and buses and planes and trains like the plague. I use my legs and walk and when I walk I see, and when I walk and see I am happy. There we have the ultimate proof: only a madman could be happy in a world such as this. I have known sane people to prevent their children from growing up because they did not want them to live in such a "terrible world."

The Indians used to sell land according to the distance that a person could walk in a prescribed amount of time. William Penn walked slowly, conversing as he went, and the Indians were pleased with the results. His son hired professional walkers and enmity and distrust soon developed. Thoreau wrote how a person would work all day to earn 50 cents to pay for a thirty mile train ride and how in the same day he might have walked the thirty miles and exercised his legs and seen the houses and birds and cliffs and trees along the roadside. Thoreau, like me, was mad. Or did he see something that you do not see? You will laugh and say that you earn ten or twenty or fifty or five hundred dollars a day and that the cost of a train ticket is chicken feed. But I think that Thoreau was closer to the truth. The cost of a thirty mile ride is a thirty mile walk or the equivalent amount of time spent at equally strenuous labor. We do not pay for our rides with walks. We pay a more costly price. We pay with our eyes and minds and energy. I can look at a person who might have 20 x 20 vision and see that he is blind. Mankind has never been so weak as it is today: Dylan Thomas writes, "When I was a half of the man I was . . ." T.S. Eliot saw what had happened and scurried behind the veil of obscure poetry. In "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" he says, "I have seen my head brought in upon a platter / And in short I was afraid." Are we too afraid? Are we afraid to walk and talk, to say what we feel and think? Do we dare to eat a peach? "I grow old, I grow old / I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled." Was Eliot too, like me, a madman? Are all non-conformists freaks and madmen? Is there not something terribly forbidding and cold and impersonal about this conformist machine world we live in?

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 6
"WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT"

My experience and thought has led me to the conclusion that if mankind is to survive there must be radical changes in our mode of life and system of

education. One of my basic ideas is that man becomes like that upon which he depends. We are today becoming more and more dependent upon the machine in every sphere of life. The machine is a cold impersonal monster that can neither think nor feel nor imagine. We too are losing the ability to think and see and imagine and feel. I have tried gradually in my own life to become more and more independent of the machine. I walk whenever possible. I wash my own laundry by hand. I have neither radio nor television nor phonograph. I feel happier and stronger.

But another of my basic ideas is the interdependence of all of life. This is Chinese philosophy ("Change yourself and you change the world"); it is Christian ("Love your neighbor as yourself," "Ask not for whom the bell tolls / It tolls for thee"). Thus I am forced into the position of a non-violent revolutionary: if the world does not change, eventually I will be compelled to change. There is no such thing as an individual.

Young people tell me they have no place to go and often spend the hours after dark driving around and around in cars. Why is there no place to go? In churches young people who are "improperly" dressed are not always welcome, and the language and ideas and rituals seem often stiff, irrelevant, and hypocritical. Rarely does the Church meet the challenges of modern thought — whether from Darwin, Marx, Freud, Nietzsche, or Einstein. All too often the church has become a business organization that places a price on a head.

I am a religious person but quite aside from these considerations I cannot go to church. I do not believe that any single church possesses the key to salvation or life. I would like to see an "American church" that, like our Constitution, recognizes the insights of all the great religions and incorporates into it some American thinkers such as Emerson.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 7 "ART AND BLACK MAGIC"

Today people tend to scoff at the arts and ridicule the idea of black magic. Art is thought of as something feminine that is pretty and decorative but not to be taken seriously — any more than women are to be taken seriously. Black magic is thought of as an old superstition — probably not to be taken any more seriously than the Greek gods or religion. But let me, mad as I am, try to warn you, try to tell you, just how important art is, how dangerous black magic.

If you want to learn about a country or a culture there is no better way than to study its art. If you want to learn about a city perhaps the one most important key is to study its museums. Am I trying to tell you that art is more important than life? No, I am not trying to tell you that art governs life. Art is life and the distinction is very fine.

What is art? I am a painter. I have been painting only fourteen years and it took me twelve years of painting to learn to see — that is, to visualize

inwardly. The thoughts that I write about art are a result of my own experience. To paraphrase Nietzsche, "No one can talk intelligently about anything except his own experience."

But how can I tell you of the importance of art? Why are some artifacts valued at millions of dollars? Why are some priceless? When I first began painting I went outside and painted objects as realistically as I could. I had the thought that I was making a part of me the things that I painted. About a year after I began to paint I had a nervous breakdown, but this was really a breakthrough and I was aware that the blood was beginning to circulate in unused portions of the brain. I have since had the idea that the brain is composed of all the creations of the mind and that to have perfect blood circulation one must control all these creations. This idea is, as I understand it, a form of existentialism. Existentialism states that everything that ever existed continues to exist. Probably some things do die only to reappear in other forms, but the importance of recognizing the great creations of the mind cannot be over-emphasized. To learn and master these creations not only brings energy and increased ability to see and understand but also in my opinion is the key to certain problems of health, such as brain tumors, tone deafness and cancer. Those areas of the mind which are neglected become hard and cancerous. Art is one tool with which to open up these portions of the brain.

But art is only the ordering of life and cannot be separated from it. The artist incorporates within a painting his own experience, insights and order. A painting acts as a medium between a dead or living artist and the person who hangs it. The painting you hang will teach you and you will begin to look and act like it.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 8 "ART AND BLACK MAGIC" (Cont'd)

The difference between black magic and art is a fine one — one of intention rather than kind, for both are instruments to order life, but whereas art in its finest form is constructive and positive in intent, the purpose of black magic is vicious and destructive.

The traditional form of black magic is the voodoo in which the magician makes an image of the person he wants to harm and sticks pins into it. But even without the use of such devices almost all evil-wishing thoughts will have some effect — especially if they are justified. It is my personal belief that many of the ills in this country — such as tone deafness, cancer, and paralysis are caused by various forms of black magic, from either within or without the country. Americans who have not travelled much are probably not aware of the extent of American hatred which exists in other parts of the world. Why does this hatred exist? There are primarily two reasons, (1) American coercion, and (2) American indifference and neglect. The

coercive element is often subtle as in the form of gifts with strings attached (such as money which must be used to buy American products, which must be delivered in American ships), protective tariffs, and economic coercion. But I think perhaps an even greater source of American hatred is their neglect and indifference to foreigners and all that is dear to them. Actually, Americans are probably not so much indifferent as ignorant and try to hide their ignorance with a veil of indifference that is so long enacted that it finally becomes real. But to be ignorant of those who wish you harm is dangerous. You can measure neither the tactics nor the strength of your enemy. And foreigners know a great deal about us. They know our language, our songs and our habits. They often know our history and customs better than we ourselves. Knowledge is possession. It is perhaps the most valuable, the most powerful tool.

I started to speak of black magic and perhaps seemed to stray from the subject, but words are as potent images as wooden figures and the pins of contradiction as cutting as needles. Let us not let the jocular jabs of foreigners at our ideals of democracy, tolerance, and justice be pointed and true.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 9 "EDUCATION"

I feel the need for basic changes in our system of education. Why? What are they?

When I finished college I realized that I still did not really know how to read. I had graduated from a good college with highest honors and had shared a prize for the best examination and thesis. Surely something was wrong. I determined to try to do something about it. Intuitively I thought that if I learned a foreign language I would then be able to learn to read English. I went to Europe, stayed there for most of the next five years, learned German, and began to learn to read. Why didn't I learn to read in this country? Basically I think there are two reasons, (1) poor basic instruction, (2) too little emphasis on American literature.

In this country we try to do everything too fast. We equate slowness with stupidity, but many things simply cannot be done quickly. In this country they do not get done. Basic reading is one of these. When I was twenty-two a friend asked me if I saw images when I read and I replied that I only read words but did not see images. He seemed shocked and said that he saw images. I realized more clearly what was wrong but did not yet have a cure. Four years later I found another key and through the influence of a German girl began to paint. It took me twelve years of painting to begin to visualize inwardly. I still have a great deal to learn about reading. Is my case unique? Am I exceptionally stupid? I fear not. I fear that it is almost a national problem.

I do not want to tell you some of the opinions of foreigners about Amer-

icans. Then you will not like me. But I feel that you should know. When I told a Swede I was American, he said, "You're not an American. All Americans are dumb boobies." A Swiss woman said, "In America people don't live they just exist." I have often heard the statement that all Americans can talk about is cars. Many think America the worst of all possible places. Are these opinions true? I think not. I have travelled through much of the world and still prefer America to any other country, but I fear that there is enough truth in them that they must be taken seriously. Why?

America is still dangling from ancient strings. We do not trust ourselves. We have broken politically from Europe but not intellectually. There is no American Church. The schools — at least in the east — emphasize European literature and thought. If we are to survive we must grow up and trust ourselves.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 10

"THE JEW"

What is a Jew? Why does anti-semitism exist?

I have been intimately connected with the Jewish problem in a variety of ways and yet oddly divorced from it. I have Jewish blood. I might be as much as half Jewish but no one in my family calls himself a Jew and I was not aware that I had any Jewish blood until long after I was an adult. I did not even know about the Jewish massacres in Nazi-Germany until I was twenty-one, when a Jewish girl told me. As I look rather Jewish I later realized that many had assumed that I was a Jew, when I had no inkling of this myself. During much of this time I was in Germany. I have had many Jewish friends and dated several Jewish girls, but I have never really thought of myself as a Jew. On a boat trip I once heard a boy say that he had decided he didn't want to be a Jew. A girl objected that this was not possible. Is it as impossible for a Jew to decide that he doesn't want to be a Jew as it is for a Negro to decide he doesn't want to be a Negro? I am not a person who denies the existence of racial characteristics. Certainly I am aware that I possess Jewish characteristics. I like to study and analyze. I like problems and puzzles. I like music, art, and literature. I like Jewish subtlety and irony. I like much of the Old Testament, much of Rilke, much of Kafka. I can sympathize with some of the ideals of Marx. Like Freud I delight in psychoanalysis. But I too can see why a great many people dislike Jews. They tend to be aloof and think of themselves as the "chosen people." They often think nothing of telling lies and giving false information. They seem often unscrupulous in money matters. Although basically I disapprove of these traits let me try to defend or at least explain them.

(1) The Jew has been persecuted for thousands of years and has found the necessity of assuming a mask. He is naturally on the defensive and when he finds he is dealing with a friend he will often drop the mask, but it is true that many Jews consider themselves members of an elite and become violent

when their children marry outside of their religion. (2) I cannot condone falsehood except in extreme circumstances but many people request information to which they have no right. The Jew is not naive and realizes the power of knowledge. When he feels it too dangerous to refuse information he may resort to falsehood. (3) Jews tend to be wealthy — in the real sense even if not the economic — and realize that most people cannot afford to deal with them. When trading in kind I have been satisfied with my dealings with Jews.

I will not say that Jews never misuse their advantages. I have seen cases when they purposely mislead ignorant people, but this is true of other creeds as well. If we take the trouble to understand the Jew he will generally respond with fairness.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 11

"MUSIC"

What is music? I am not particularly musical. Perhaps that is why I want to talk about music. Perhaps that is why it is so important to me. People appreciate the things they don't have. Someone said that a life without music is a mistake. I tend to agree. I think that perhaps the primary impetus in my life has been the fact that I cannot hear. I once took a year and a half of singing lessons. During this period my eyesight steadily deteriorated — so rapidly that every week I could discern a marked decline. I did not stop but rather inwardly agreed to a contract by which I would trade my sight for the ability to hear. Was this madness? Perhaps. I have learned to value and treasure the sight that remains to me. I have learned to see. I still cannot hear, but I have learned something about music.

What is music? Music is a way of life. Music grows out of life. A person cannot play music that he does not live. People sing naturally as they work in the fields, or wash clothes in stone basins in the sun, or row or tow boats or march. The activity will determine the notes and the beat. Music in cold countries is different from music in warm countries. Music in America is different than music in Europe.

What is music? Music is a way of life. Good music is the triumph of a way of life. I have become infuriated at making the rounds of the "good" music schools in Philadelphia and learning that they will not teach American music. They condemn and scorn it. They would like to make you think yourself a fool for even asking. I wrote a letter saying I thought it was a disgrace that the bi-centennial should be celebrated in a city in which all the good schools condemn American music.

American music expresses the American way of life. I like American music. At its best it is pure and simple and logical. How would a German feel if the music schools condemned Bach and Haydn and Mozart? I prefer Stephen Foster. I prefer "Shenandoah." I prefer "Go Down Moses."



Girl Playing Guitar

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 12
"THE TRAGEDY AND MYSTERY OF JOHN ADAMS"

I do not know very much about John Adams. I cannot tell you all that I know. But I am writing in the hopes of communicating a single idea — the loss of greatness.

John came to live at my house on March 21. On April 8 he died in a motorcycle accident. A week or more before this he must have found other quarters, for I saw him only rarely, and he stayed away as much as four nights at a time. It is possible that the day before he died he came back late at night and left early the next morning.

John came to my house in response to an ad. He did not call himself. A girl named Debbie who called said she was responsible for him. There was a problem of John's two Labrador dogs. My only worry was that they might not get along with the cats of two other tenants who were moving in at the same time. Debbie said that John had a chip on his shoulder and indeed when they came to look at the cellar room I wondered for a time if John was able to speak. Debbie did all the talking. When John did say something it was in a Spanish accent, but I never noticed this accent again.

From the very first I think I felt there was something extraordinarily fine about John. We had our differences. I asked him to confine his radio to his room and to shut his door when he played it. I asked him to cut his phone calls short (John received an average of four or five calls a day.) I guess he took these requests as a challenge and probably we began to take each other's measurements. John was of medium height, dark, and strongly built. He was seventeen. He knew karate and jiu-jitsu. While he was here he worked for awhile as a body mechanic. At night for awhile he had another job. He told me a strange story about himself which I have reason to believe is wholly or partially false. He said he was born in Green Ridge, Massachusetts where he lived with his grandparents until he was ten. Then he came to Santa Fe where he lived alone in a motel. At fourteen he saw his father who taught him karate and jiu-jitsu. He said that his mother had died of cancer when he was thirteen and that his father was in Denver taking a degree in karate and jiu-jitsu with the purpose of returning to Santa Fe in June and opening a school of karate and jiu-jitsu.

I have no corroboration of any of these facts. The opposite is true. John is on record as being born July 14, 1957 at St. Vincent's Hospital in Santa Fe. (I have since been told that this is not true.) His mother, Mrs. Smith, is alive and a resident of Tesuque. John had not told her where he was living so she did not call while John was here. According to her, John's father died thirteen years ago. She mentioned the fact that she was pregnant with his sister at the time. When I told her what John had said about his father being in Denver, she laughed and said, "I don't know who John called his father. I don't know that."

But why did John tell such a story? It had a ring of truth and even to his alleged place of birth John attached great importance and repeated the name several times to be sure that I would get it right.

John would respond to the slightest demonstration of kindness. His whole face would light up. He was perfectly open about the fact that he did some things that he shouldn't. "Nobody says anything," he said. I think he liked the type of house I run in which the tenants share the living room and the kitchen. "Come on in and eat!" he said.

John's room was not overly neat, but he worked during the day and I should have taken more trouble to straighten it. There was not enough light to study, not enough place to store clothes. Between the sheet and mattress was the cover of a used book of matches. Beneath the bed were cigarette butts and a plastic beer holder. To the left of the desk was a dissected metal cylindrical object that looked like the cover of something. From the door which hid the furnace John hung a metal rod on which to hang clothes. Dog dishes, bones, and dirty clothes strewed the floor.

THE ACCIDENT

I do not know much about the accident. I heard one eye witness report from his friend Mark. Mark was about 50 feet behind John on another motorcycle. He said he had just been clocked at 17 m.p.h., and John at 20; according to him the old man actually struck John's motorcycle while making a left turn. He says red paint on the motorcycle proves this. The police and newspaper reports say that John swerved to avoid the oncoming truck and lost control of the motorcycle. According to the newspaper, John skidded 82 feet which seems a long way for someone travelling only 20 m.p.h. The old man said that John was heading north on Rosario and he south, that he had begun to make a left turn into Catron Street when he saw a motorcycle approaching at a high rate of speed and could not stop soon enough to avoid a collision.

The old man was a licensed driver from Cerrillos who presumably had his license checked every two years. Still it is possible that his sight was failing or that he was simply careless or didn't look.

Perhaps John too was tired or careless or he might have kept control of his motorcycle. Perhaps neither one looked at the other. This tragic accident seems almost symbolic of the terrible gulf between youth and age; the old man who cannot see that times have changed and that he must adjust to these changes, and the youth who no longer heeds the old man. According to Mark the old man did not even want to stop to try to help John or report the accident. He had to be prevented from driving off.

Mark applied what first aid he could, but John was spitting blood, his teeth were knocked out, his nose broken, his leg broken, and one ear was missing. A priest appeared almost miraculously to administer the last rites. John gurgled something unintelligible. He died on the way to the hospital.

I have not said much about John. I do not know much. I would like to know more. John Adams is not an individual. He is one of the finest people I have known but there are others like him. Be careful that you don't follow the path of the old man. It might be your own son that you kill.

Note: For information from the police reports I am indebted to Steve McDowell.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 13
"CLEANLINESS"

Americans have a phobia about cleanliness, yet, ironically, we are probably the dirtiest nation that ever existed. The man with the spotless white shirt will step on the accelerator of his polished car spreading poison and filth that hampers breathing and grays the sky. The immaculate factory boss blackens the blue sky and pours such filth into the rivers that fish cannot survive and only a madman would think of swimming in them. Even the very instruments of cleanliness are often poisonous: a wave of detergent from the wing of a plane fell on a pond on my uncle's farm killing all the fish. In the Wissahickon, a famous park in Philadelphia, you will find white detergent which has escaped the septic tanks gracing the natural streams. In places a sensitive person will cover his nose.

Is it because we are so dirty that we make a fetish of cleanliness? Surely it is a warped mind that condemns a dirty home or dirty clothes but condones a filthy town.

It was in India that I first thought that cleaning is a spiritual act. In India, I stayed in an Indian hotel. Every day an Indian would come into my room with a dust pan and brush and move around in a squatting position sweeping the floor. It seemed to me that he was cleaning my soul. I have since noticed in other countries as well, practitioners of this "menial" profession often possess the appearance of holiness. I too have learned to enjoy cleaning, and let me caution you that when you take or send out your laundry you are putting your souls in the hands of the launderer.

There is a correspondence between dirt or cleanliness and morality. I have heard judges say, "We'll forget about the murder and get him on the felony." A doctor who wouldn't consider forging a check might think nothing of charging an outrageous fee. A man who would walk a mile to pay a debt of a quarter might think nothing of misrepresenting his product or upping the price one hundred per cent.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 14
"THE DRIFTER"

The person I write about might be real; he might be imaginary. Let us give him a name. Let us call him D.

D rarely stays more than four months in a place. He is skilled in a variety of fields but does not like regular work. He looks for cheap places to live. He works when he is hungry or lucky enough to find a job that he likes.

D is an individual. Somewhere along the line something rubbed him the wrong way and he became an outsider. He is very conscious of his appearance and dress. He notices the differences in reactions when he lets his beard or hair grow. He can assume a boyish grin in a tee shirt without betraying his age; a brooding, almost desperate, expression will cross his face if he chooses to let it. Sometimes he will let out a wild laugh and speak of his love of

the painter Rosseau and say he would like to see the roads split and crack, and grass grow in the crevices. He likes to take long walks and climb mountains. He reads the great books slowly and thoughtfully — weighing each idea against his own personal beliefs. He studies carefully the shops and buildings in every town he visits. He sketches the trees, buildings, and vistas which interest him with accurate precision. He paints from his imagination. He plays one or more musical instruments. He likes to sing. He does not watch television or listen to the radio or phonograph. It is possible that he once took drugs but if so, he soon learned their limitations and stopped ages ago.

In school D was a top student and a star athlete. He could hustle just about any girl he wanted. In college he was no longer a star but he roomed with the stars. He wanted to be a forest ranger and a hermit, but when he tried it, changed his mind. His family is unhappily split or unhappily together. Their family life was a failure. He cannot look to them for guidance. He still has a deep sense of loyalty to his school and college friends and will devote almost boundless energy to pleasing them, but he is aware that their paths have split. He looks at their success with ironic humor and when trying to please them often thinks that he is dealing with children. Sometimes they wonder who is really on the better road.

In the war he was probably a conscientious objector. He is a democrat and an admirer of Whitman. He is driven by some unaccountable desire for knowledge. He might have read Huxley's "Doors to Perception." When he isn't working he will stay up until two or four in the morning. He will be late arising.

Although he recognizes the need of some legal ties and longer commitments, he is skeptical about the provisions of most written contracts.

He either has a bicycle or walks. He does not accept rides in cars. When arriving in a new town he might sleep in a tent until he can find a cheap place to stay.

If his attention is ever drawn or his imagination inflamed, D is capable of prodigious effort and brilliant insights. He has his own moral code and acts justly according to it. He appears far more honest than most people who have never been in any kind of trouble.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 15

"ETIQUETTE"

Etiquette is another word for manners. Manners is a word to denote how people relate to each other. When I went to Germany I realized that words and actions often have far more meaning than they do in this country. Someone said that our words and gestures are becoming meaningless. I fear that this is too often true.

In Germany there are two forms of address: "Du" and "Sie," which correspond to our "thou" and "you." With us the "thou" form, which denotes close friendship or intimacy, is almost extinct. In Germany the distinction

is of greatest importance and to call a person "Du" is a major step with obligations of intimacy and friendship. One might know a person for years without calling him "Du." In Germany and probably most of Europe it is the same thought about first name calling. You will call only a close friend by his first name. In America we tend to jump automatically and thoughtlessly into a first name relationship. We find ourselves on a first name basis with people we know nothing about and wouldn't remotely think of as friends. The practice has become meaningless.

I do not want to imply that I unreservedly approve the German practice. Germans are often too stiff and formal. Often a title receives more respect than is deserved by the man who holds it. There is something very attractive about the spontaneous informality of many young people in America, but as we grow older the situation changes and particularly in business relationships it is rarely the seed of friendship which brings people together for the first time.

Certain actions, which we deem insignificant, are to the German of greatest importance. For example, if a girl asks a boy to her family's house and he accepts, this is tantamount to an engagement.

I fear that in the whole sphere of love and friendship our concepts are blurred and our acts hypocritical.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 16

"THE LAW"

I have thought much about the law. I have never studied it. Some say the law originated with the Jews: an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. Certainly there must have been laws of retribution and punishment before the Jews.

Although Christ defended the laws of Moses he never defended the law of "an eye for an eye." He rejected it. He said, "Do good to them that hurt you." Max Scheler points out that observance of "an eye for an eye" limits our freedom and determines our response. It might draw a person quite out of his natural mode of life. Certainly the motive and circumstances should be considered. If a boy accidentally killed a man in a mischievous prank, certainly he should not pay with his life. But it is possible that our laws are too lenient in such matters.

Darwin's law is simply survival of the fittest — the law of the jungle. Achilles was famous as a plunderer of cities. The only sin was weakness. But fitness is not merely physical strength, and perhaps Christ had insight into a higher law — that a person cannot hurt you unless he is motivated by a just cause.

Today we recognize the physical laws — the laws of motion, the laws of action and reaction, the laws of growth. The law that every action has an equal and opposite reaction is a modern rendition of an eye for an eye.

Whole cultures or nations often seem to rest on a single law. The Jews

made their covenant with God. The Germans have the saying, "Wer immer strebend sich bemueht, den koennen wir erloesen." America is based, in part, on the principle of equality.

The word "law" has many connotations. There is the written law; there is the unwritten law. There are customs and rules in every sphere of life. There is the law of contradiction which is a part of empirical or natural law. There are laws of correspondence and succession, such as, what a person wants is what he needs.

Basically, laws are of two types (1) empirical, (2) manufactured. Man has not been content to let nature take its course, but laws which do not approximate natural law can rarely be enforced.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 17 "THE WOMAN MOVEMENT"

It would probably come as a surprise to a great many people to learn there is such a thing as a general conspiracy among women, but I have reason to think there is such a thing as an organized rebellion among women against the modern man. Why should such a rebellion exist? Women change more slowly than men. They have longer memories. The way of women is to play one man against the other. It seems almost a law of nature that a woman must "go with" the strongest man who courts her. There are different kinds of strength. A man might be able to coerce a woman physically, but still not win her heart or mind. In such situations the man has succeeded only 33 per cent. The woman will probably rebel.

The modern man has largely forgotten the great men of the past. The woman has not. She remembers the great hunter or great sculptor or great warrior. Where her thoughts go, goes too her energy. The woman is married to the past.

What is the woman movement? It is a conspiracy to deceive — to deceive man about the secrets of life. What are these secrets? I will list some that come to mind (1) the importance of hair: women are generally aware that they are emasculating their boys when they send them to the barber; (2) the importance of dress: women know that poorly made and ill-fitting clothes sap energy and alter the personality for the worse; (3) the importance of art and music: women will often encourage their daughters and discourage their sons in these fields. They know the power of the master's hand, the compulsion of the master's tone.

A terrible thing has happened. Man has created a mechanical monster with the mentality of an insect and has become its slave. Woman has rebelled. Let us join her rebellion. Perhaps then she will return to us.

"CHILD RAISING"

I approach most problems from the point of view of certain basic principles and child raising is no exception. However, as children are less able to think for themselves than adults they need considerably more care and guidance. But basically I think they should be guided along the same lines that I propose to adults: (1) As much as possible they should be permitted to do what they want; (2) They should be taught to pay for what they receive; (3) They should be neither forced nor permitted beyond their limitations; (4) They should be taught the necessary rules and requirements of life.

(1) Children naturally imitate and generally want attention almost from the time of birth. The son competes for his mother's attention and the daughter for her father's. Some say that the parent loses something when his child is born and spends the rest of his life trying to get it back. Others, that children are the light of their parents' life. Probably both cases can be true. The parent is always in danger of losing the child — especially to a teacher or nurse. The child pays with love and attention the person who feeds it, cares for it, teaches it. I see no reason to deny a child something that can be easily supplied. I have heard doctors I respect say that what a person wants is probably what he needs. I doubt that children are exceptions to this rule. Certainly it is possible to overindulge and spoil a child, but give it a chance and see if a little indulgence is really harmful. If a child doesn't want to go to bed let it stay up a little longer but be sure it gets up at the usual time the next morning. If a child wants rest or a glass of water or a little attention the chances are he needs it. If it wants music lessons or art lessons give it a chance and encourage it. Such things do not come quickly. Let your child try a variety of things and choose from among them what it wants. Don't force it down the path you wish you had taken but didn't. (2) Your child will pay kindness with love and attention, but as soon as possible teach it to think in terms of more concrete payments — such as setting the table, telling a story, or learning some new words for a story you tell it. Children like to learn and will learn more quickly if you make them repeat words and tell back stories, but don't force them. The time may not yet be ripe, and don't expect children to do things their parents can't. Unless you want to "give" them to an outside teacher they will be limited by the abilities of their parents. (3) Little more need be said about this point. (4) Children should not be overindulged. They should be early taught how to act in the world — to be polite, just, tolerant, to respect the privacies and privileges of others. They should be taught basic manual and intellectual skills to prepare them for life.

Finally a word of caution: most successful teaching must be individual, almost intimate; don't say, "It's the school's job to teach my child." Basically it is the parents' job. The school is a testing ground and most teachers are too overburdened to provide the attention a child needs, and if you do turn the brunt of the responsibility over to the school you will lose the child. Your child is your dearest, most valuable possession.



Children Playing on Beach

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 19

"FOOD STAMPS"

Food stamps have become a problem. Like welfare and unemployment they are misused. I have known a number of people on food stamps. They are usually interesting people and seem to be unaware that they are causing a problem. Food stamps were designed to provide food for people unable to work. They have often become a tool for people who do not choose to work or do not choose to work full time. As I have lived off one sort of charity or another most of my life I can sympathize with those who do not like to be tied to a dull job. But someone has to pay for the food. It is you, the taxpayer who pays. It is the farmer who sows and reaps, the truck driver who delivers, the storekeeper who sells, that pays. Food is life and should be paid for with life. There are unquestionably those who abuse the privilege of food stamps — persons who could perfectly well work but choose to loaf. This was not the purpose of food stamps and steps should be taken to either re-examine the purpose or to prevent the abuse.

I can see reason to think that people who do not wish to work should not starve, but perhaps a type of reservation could be supplied for such people — a reservation with small living space with chores sufficient to pay for room and food — such as working in the fields, preparing food, weaving, etc. In the modern society much work has become tedious and dull, but I can get pleasure from almost any task that is not too difficult or too much of the same thing. It is often the most talented members of society who become semi-bums and rely on food stamps. They have seen some of the horrors of modern civilization and seek any way out they can find, but we should provide a more suitable method which does not permit abuse by those who are merely lazy and want something for nothing.

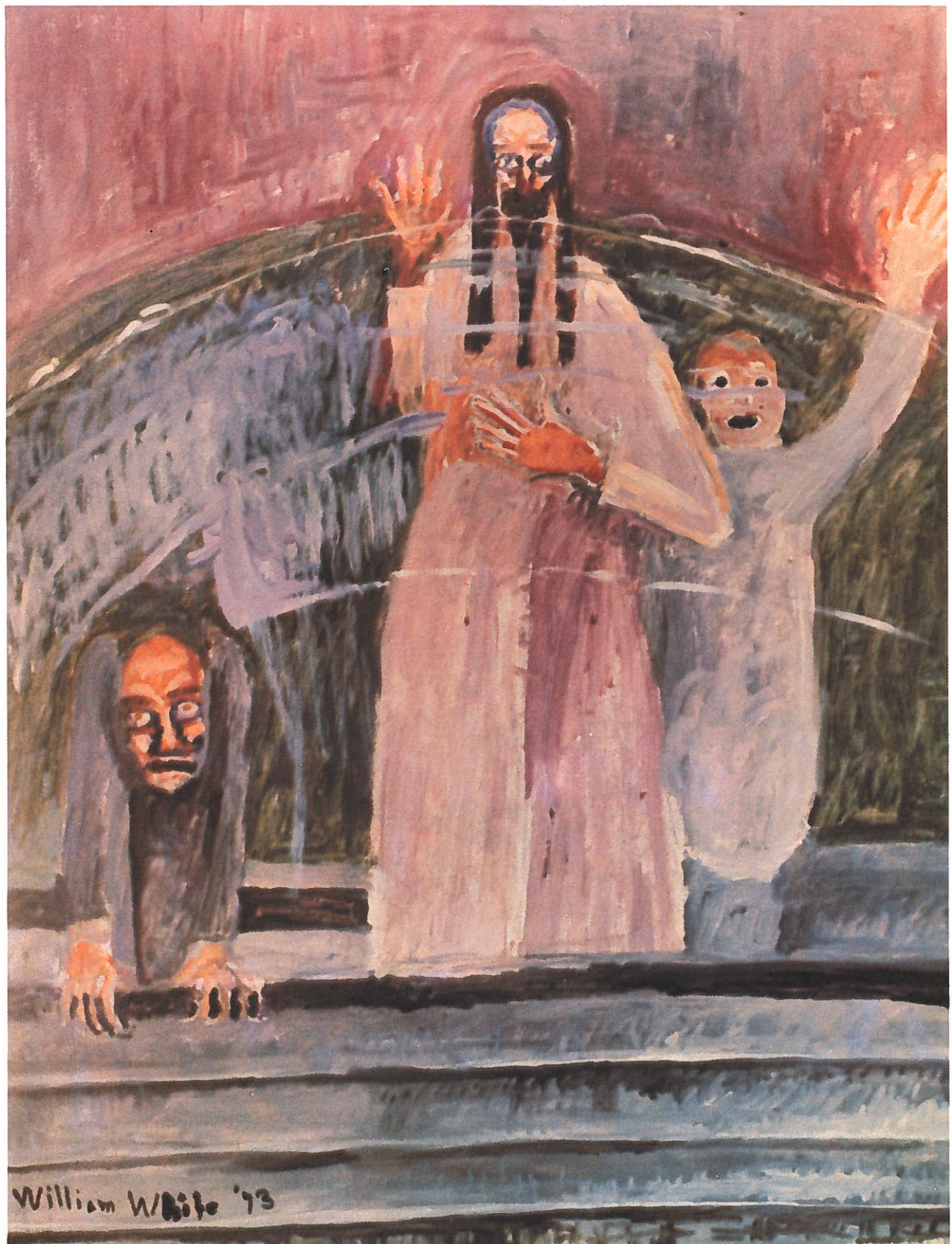
MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 20

"CHRIST"

It is unlikely that today many people know much about Christ. We live such different lives than he did, and consequently think such different thoughts that words spoken and actions described in the New Testament seem bizarre and unreal. But let us try to visualize the life he lived.

Christ was born into a poor Jewish family. He was the son of Joseph the carpenter and his wife, Mary. He does not seem to have been an extraordinary child, for after he begins preaching and healing he returns to his native town and the people look at him in disbelief saying, "Is this not Jesus, the son of Joseph the carpenter?"

We do not get much insight into Christ's private life except in the Gospel according to St. John, which appears to be written with intimate knowledge, but still much is left to the imagination. At times Christ appears as a strange imperious person such as when he commands Peter to leave his nets and



Christ Calming the Sea

follow him. Some today think of Christ as a sort of namby-pamby, but the opposite is the case. He was a homeless vagabond who wandered barefoot from city to city. He was a rough, often hungry man who was criticized for not washing his plates and plucking other people's corn. He was a fearless man who went where no other ventured — as when he cured the madman in the tombs who could break all chains.

Christ associated with people from all walks of life but seems to have been more intimate with the lowest elements of society. It was at the reproof and request of Mary Magdalene that he performed perhaps his greatest miracle — the raising of Lazarus, her brother. One wonders if the story of the prodigal son is not Christ's own. In most of Christ's parables he seems to be talking about his own experience.

Christ undoubtedly had some kind of telepathic connection with divine forces. He seemed to have insight into a place he called "heaven" which he said was closely related to the earth: "What is loosed on earth is loosed in heaven; what is bound on earth is bound in heaven." He said he came on a divine mission — to regain what was lost. At times he appears to have been unnecessarily harsh and vindictive — as on those who refused to listen to his disciples and on the fig tree.

At the end there are indications that Christ lost control of himself. Perhaps he cast out too many demons. There might be some truth in Nietzsche's analysis. It appears that several, perhaps all, his disciples turned against him at the end. Only did Christ finally call himself betrayed when Peter fell asleep for the second time.

Although it is true that Christianity appears to gain momentum with Christ's death, one cannot help noticing a terrible vacuum, a terrible void. The miracles continue but the poetry, the beauty, that permeates the Gospels, has vanished.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 21

"DRESS"

The importance of dress cannot be over-emphasized, and yet it is a topic which bores most men. Why? Because in matters of dress they have little choice. In other times dress has often been a mark of class. Today when the doctrine of equality has tried to eliminate class differences it has also attempted to eliminate differences in dress. But neither differences in class nor differences in dress have been truly eliminated. There are blue collar workers and white collar workers. There are soldier suits and sailor suits, bell-hop and police uniforms.

In the case of women there remains more variety of dress than with men. They wear brighter colors, dresses or slacks, long or short hair, earrings or bracelets, shoes or sneakers. It would be difficult for a man to spend a thousand dollars on a suit, but dresses at such prices are still not uncommon. But even women are feeling the leveling-saw and bright colors and fine weaving are becoming rare.

It was when I noticed how radically a certain person changed in appearance according to how she dressed that I first became interested in the subject of clothes. One day I determined to experiment. With great trepidation I donned a blouse and necklace which I partially hid with a sweater. I ventured into a restaurant but no one seemed to notice anything strange and my fear abated. The next day I blithely walked into the street in a green dress with flowery designs. I felt somehow joyful and freer — as if I had broken a chain. Some people were shocked but the usual response was laughter or curiosity. This was in Germany. During the next five months I experimented with various forms of dress — tights, shorts, smocks, knickers, shoes, and a variety of dresses. Once a Persian asked permission to take movies of passers by reactions. Once a pretty girl in a red dress who turned out to be a prostitute invited me to have a coke. I entered women's shops where I formerly had feared to go. I began to think about matters of dress in the same way as women. Men's dull, loose fitting uniforms appeared ridiculous and pathetic. I realized that different styles of dress represent different styles of life and that the variation between men's and women's style of dress portrays the gulf in mode of life between men and women. Man's mode of dress represents the dull mechanical uniformity of the modern age. Woman is beginning to follow man but generally with more flair and color. More often she retains a form of her traditional dress, which dates back to the days of fine handicrafts, groomed minds, and cherished friendships.

In many countries — such as Arabia — men and women have dressed almost exactly alike. In others the dress has varied but been similar. I cannot over-emphasize how important dress is: to put on a different suit or dress is to become a different person. Good quality cloth and expert tailoring are worth the extra cost. But dress variations between men and women are rather a symptom of the gulf between man and woman and not the cause.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 22 "CHILDREN ARE SLAVES"

There have been movements for workers' rights and women's rights. There has been no movement for children's rights. The child is his parents' slave. He must dress as his parents say, eat what his parents provide, go to the school of the parents' choosing. If the parent chooses to cruelly punish his child, the child has no one to turn to for redress. The child must attend school until he is sixteen, but often would prefer to work and probably benefit more from many jobs than many schools. In the old days children were often apprenticed at the age of eight and were already skilled craftsmen by the time they became adult. I am not sure whether it is lawful for parents to appropriate the wages of their children who work, but in many cases they do.

Even adults often have no redress against abuse unless they have connections among influential people. Many judges can be bought and lawyers are

more often paid to find methods of eluding the law than of enforcing it.

In such a society the child is in a sorry plight. He is far more intelligent than his parents generally think, and, more often than not, has a completely different way of judging things. When a short while ago I moved into a rather stuffy neighborhood in Philadelphia and wore knickers the adults did what they could to get me to leave. The children organized to get me to stay. The adults won, but the children put up a fight.

Children should have certain rights and privileges which increase with age. They should be permitted to pick their clothes and subjects. If they are harshly punished there should be someone they can turn to. If they work they should keep at least part of their earnings. These rights should be taught in the schools. The schools should take the necessary steps to see that these rights are enforced.

In some cases the child today appears too free, too wild, too little disciplined by the parent. All too often the parent turns to the child for guidance and has no assistance to offer the child. This too is wrong. I have heard foreigners say that Americans are nice boys but not nice men. There is too much truth in this judgment. Children are idealistic with ideas of fair play, tolerance, and friendship. With the adult almost all spheres of life have been tainted with the profit motive and power politics. Tom Sawyer is a nice boy but he cannot cope with the problems of the adult world.

Perhaps if children are endowed with certain rights at an earlier age the shift from youth to man will be slower and more natural and help the man maintain many of the traits which endear American youth to many throughout the world.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 23 "ART AND PHOTOGRAPHY"

I was a photographer before I was a painter. My mother is a painter; her sister was a professional photographer. My mother sketched me as a small child; my aunt used her graflex. I guess the photos were better than the sketches for it seemed to me I was in my aunt's house, not my mother's. Once when I was leading in a hurdle race I felt that I should slow down to conserve energy for the final heat; later I learned that my picture had been taken as I was leading the race. Was there a connection? Often when my picture is taken I find myself compelled to change my mode of dress, or trim my hair or beard. What is the power of the camera? Is it as deadly a weapon as the pistol? Actually it is probably not so dangerous as an eye that sees, but often the camera possesses more sight than the human eye. If you ask a person what he saw on a trip he might say, "I'll tell you after I get home and develop my pictures."

Basically there are two types of art: creative and parasitical. The creative artist adds something to or changes his subject. The parasitical artist merely copies what he sees. Poe's story, "The Oval Portrait," illustrates the parasitical

artist. As the lover works on the portrait of his beloved the painting becomes more and more vivacious and alive. At the same time color fades from the damsel's cheeks. With the last triumphant bursh stroke she gasps her last breath; she is dead.

In all of life there should be an equal amount of give and take. This is no less true in art. There are artists who pride themselves on photographic likenesses. Such artists are parasitic. Only the painter who can improve on his subject matter has the right to the name of artist.

There are many today who feel that the photograph has replaced the painting — at least in the sphere of realism. Apparently they do not realize the limitations of photography. The photographer can change his subject and the focus of attention, but has no power to suggest the subtle changes in accent and order which reveal the master's hand.

Today the artist has lost sight of his function and responsibility. He has evolved along a path of sacrifice not to my mind equal to the result. Accuracy has been sacrificed to spontaneous gesture and we have impressionism. Light is sacrificed to pure color and we have expressionism. Nature yields to mechanical function — the subject of much abstract painting. Color yields to simplicity and we are one short step from the final abyss — nothing.

It is the artist who trains and directs the eye. If all he paints is blurred abstractions, all we will see is blurred abstractions. What a person cannot see within his mind he cannot see. Painting is a method of training the eye to see.

When I was twenty-one I tried to discipline myself to look at things and write down what I saw. This seemingly simple act required tremendous effort.

Test yourself. Look at the painting of an old master. What do you see? Do you see the twist of the mouth, the line of the forehead, the color of the castle, the position of the hands?

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 24

"SANTA FE"

It is with wonder and amazement that most people arrive in Santa Fe. They have seen other ancient towns that continue to exist at the indulgence of, as the toys of, the modern man. Santa Fe is different. The people of the town have banded together to exterminate the pest of modern civilization — at least from their own township. They ruthlessly, almost gleefully, enforce their ancient laws. There are no buildings over two stories. Outsiders have tried to erect them. The town has torn them down. No billboards efface the roadsides. They are uprooted and burned. There are no filth-spitting cars coughing their way through the streets. The roads are barred to all but pedestrians and bicycles and horses.

As you walk through the sunlit and shade-cooled streets you see flower pots on the balconies, birds singing in cages, women washing in stone basins in the sun singing ancient, haunting melodies.

On one of the corners of the Plaza you will enter an Indian shop where

you find Indians selling their rugs and baskets and jewelry. In the back room you can watch Indians at work weaving their ancient unspoiled patterns. In another room you will find two to three taking lessons from a patient Indian in the Hopi or Navaho language. He slowly speaks the strange sounds and carefully explains the meanings of the long, difficult words.

As you walk out on Canyon Road you will come to Santiago's Market where people gather to hear the newest folk singer or to watch the latest play. Two or three times a week a group of Indians dances and chants its ancient magic.

If you return to town and wander down a winding street you will come to a strange building that is the town recreation center. Here young people gather to talk or drink coffee or to dance to the best of the old and new. Young and old flock there to get the best instruction at the cheapest prices. For fifty cents an hour you can learn just about anything — painting, music, jiu-jitsu, language, carpentry, sewing. The young people write and produce plays weekly and the seats are always sold out days in advance.

As you walk back along the Santa Fe River up into the Sangre de Cristo Mountains the chances are you will hear a shepherd singing an old haunting melody. The words he sings will be likely these:

*In Santa Fe
I'll find my way
Beneath its sky
I've come to die.*

*The sheep graze silent
By the streams:
The mountains echo
Their quiet dreams.*

*The farmhouse stands
On the road we knew,
Where shepherds walked
And the sweet birds flew.*

*The river winds slowly
Through the town
Where minstrels sing
And merchants clown.*

*The church bell rings
On the happy hour,
The watchman smiles
From his ancient tower.*

*Here all are happy,
All are gay,
So come dear children
To Santa Fe.*

*Beneath its sky
So blue and deep
Ye shall slumber
In blessed sleep.*



Spanish Street Scene

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 25
"COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE"

My uncle said, "The courtship is nothing like the marriage." If this is true it is wrong, in the same way that a school which does not prepare us for life, is wrong.

What is marriage? It is an agreement between a man and a woman to live together, to share a name, and generally to have children which are the fruit of their union. This is more or less what most people understand under the basic marriage contract; however, these simple ideas become altered and indeed the seeming simplicity is a delusion. To be married in a church is to become common members of a religious organization with commitments to ideals and ways of life. To be married by a state official tends to make the meaning of the marriage tantamount to that of the state. The fact that many people today can no longer accept either the purpose or contract of either state or church leads to many alliances unsanctioned by any official authority.

I do not pretend to be an expert on marriage. I am divorced and have no children, but if my marriage was not completely successful I regret neither the union nor the separation.

The union between man and woman has varying degrees of intimacy and meaning. There are some who say the only proper reason for marriage is to have children. Ideally this is probably true, but with the world as it is few are truly fit to raise the young. I have yet to see a truly happy union between man and woman.

Perhaps why marriages are generally unsuccessful is because they have lost their meaning. People cannot be fulfilled as individuals but I know of no organization which truly commands mass popular support. Because the parent has no ideology except material success he cannot guide his child and often looks to him for guidance.

In the old days alliances between man and woman often represented alliances between states, between powers. One notices today often bizarre alliances between men and women. My wife, who was a German girl, did not become involved with German men. "They're too much like me," she said.

A man usually looks for a woman who will help him in whatever he chooses as a life pursuit. A woman will probably look for a man who is interested in achieving the same end as she, along methods she approves of. A German proverb is, "Ein Mann ein Wort, eine Frau ein Woerterbuch."

Courtship should proceed slowly with the end in mind. There should be no physical intimacy if there is no thought of marriage, but probably both men and women should have some experience before finally marrying as exploring the possibility of marriage without some intimacy is probably not possible. Intimacy should accompany the sharing of past experiences and future plans. Final physical union cements the meaning of the relationship and should be embarked on only when both are sure they desire a permanent union.



Nativity Scene

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 26
"DIVORCE"

I am divorced. It is difficult to write about the things that you are. We often know more about the things we are not.

For 2000 years the Catholic Church banned divorce. I think perhaps I know why. When you are divorced you begin to relive your life in reverse. I had the thought that to become truly divorced a person must relive his life to prove that he can do the same actions without the aid of his wife. If he cannot, he cannot be truly divorced. America was dependent on France in the Revolutionary War. In the War of 1812 she was not.

When I married in 1962 I had suffered a nervous breakdown a year previously and was only partially in control of my senses. I was not fit to be married. Six years later my health was not much better. A doctor prescribed separate rooms. Divorce was the logical consequence.

In the settlement I did not fight the monetary arrangement but refused to assume full blame and insisted upon wearing a dress to court. The divorce proceedings were in Germany.

There were other difficulties besides health. My wife wanted to return to Germany; I preferred America. I was not her first lover and in reality she was married to another man. My sight was deteriorating and her interest was turning elsewhere. She was beginning to drain my energy.

I knew far too little about women when we first met and we consummated our relationship far too soon. The meaning of our relationship was an almost desperate groping among shadows—a search for knowledge and help. My marriage was probably the most educational and formative experience of my life.

I know more about my wife since I am divorced. I have become more like her. Some say that people who are together are apart, apart together. There is some truth in this.

The modern age fosters divorce. Not only the splitting of the atom, but almost all institutions are divorced from each other — the church from the state, the worker from the employer, the doctor from the priest, the musician from the historian. At college I noticed there was no unity of thought, little communication among the departments and often antagonism and distrust.

A psychologist I once went to had the idea of building a culture based on divorce. This is perhaps not such a bad idea. Relationships seem to have a life span of their own and everything in the modern world tends to shorten this life span. We make things to fall apart. Cars and washing machines have "built in breakdowns." If a relationship has died and interest changed it seems to me of no advantage to pretend affection that is not felt. I have known families that stayed together only "for the sake of the children." I doubt that you can fool or benefit children in such situations.

A German said to me, "Marriage is cheap; divorce is expensive." I do not want to give the impression that I endorse divorce. I feel that relationships should be maintained whenever possible; but divorce has become a fact of modern life and it is questionable whether a single web can hold the broken fragments in a single piece.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 27
"THE TRAGEDY OF MICHAEL RAY"

Each day I write what is uppermost in my mind. I do not rewrite what I have written, I might change a word or two. Some things are difficult to say. I might drop hints. Sometimes my thoughts are half formed or memory uncertain or I might shy from the implications of unpleasant thoughts. You will note gaps and chronological aberrations.

Michael Ray stayed at my house as a tenant from March 10 until about April 7. He died in a plane crash Tuesday night April 30. He was en route from Portales to Santa Fe in a private plane. Two other surveyors perished in the crash.

Michael was a tall, strong person. He said he became a seaman instead of a hippy. He worked as a waiter and cook on merchant ships and on the S.S. United States. On the "United States" he had a job cleaning the engine room — the lowest job on the boat. He was on a first name basis with all the crew up to the captain. Everyone liked him. He said that was the way he wanted to be. He was proud of his cooking ability and said he could tell whether or not a person could cook by watching them fry an egg. He played the guitar and sang, imitating Bob Dylan. He played better than he sang. He had an MG which he could repair himself. He studied acting and had recently played the lead in "Oedipus Rex" in New York. He said he played the part blind and swung wildly with his sword.

Michael had worked as a bouncer in Claude's Bar. For awhile he had been a "tough guy" and carried a gun. He liked to provoke people and get rises out of them. He seemed to have no sense of restraint in regard to women. He was divorced with a thirteen year old daughter but seemed to have lost contact. He had not seen his parents for about a year he said.

He had traveled widely. In Tangiers he had some sort of shock or collapse. For years he was on some sort of medicine that sounded something like manodrane. In India he had hypotitis and engaged a room, meals, and two private nurses for four dollars a day.

Michael and I had many long interesting conversations but one night he came back perhaps a little high and began a verbal attack. I parried for awhile but finally counter attacked. Michael was crushed, "You killed me," he said. "I tried to kill you and your only defense was to kill me."

The wound was patched but never healed. Michael left without giving notice but I had already intimated that I wanted him to leave. When he called once to enquire about mail I was perhaps unnecessarily rough.

Michael was a person of great talents but had lost faith in himself. He was from Oklahoma and had perhaps been teased about this. He often spoke of himself as an "Okie."

Michael worked as a surveyor for Cipriano Martinez and seemed to enjoy his work.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 28

"FRIENDSHIP"

A German girl married to an American said that her husband had many acquaintances but not one really good friend. What did she mean? Perhaps no one to turn to if the going gets rough, perhaps no one he could really open up his heart to, really be himself with. In fraternities there are often loyalty oaths, in churches commitments to ideals. Although a friend must be a person whose company you enjoy, I find that I cannot be truly a friend to a person who does not agree with me on basic issues. My work, my ideals, are more important to me than any individual.

Most marriage contracts include agreement on certain issues. A true friend should expect to fulfill certain obligations. I think of a marriage agreement as a business contract. Friendship often involves the trade of services. A lawyer might trade his services for those of a doctor, a cook for those of a teacher, a musician for those of a policeman.

Those persons I have thought of as friends have taught me something, acted creatively on me. I feel grateful to them and try to teach others the things that were taught me. Often I have found comparative strangers more helpful than family or old acquaintances.

Today in America people often resent being asked for favors or assistance. There is little thought of group action. True friendship exists only in the pursuit of a common end.

Friendships cannot be formed quickly. There must be a sharing of past experience, outings or adventures together, the test of discomfort, the trial of pain. The more shared experience, the more basic agreements, the more common projects — the deeper the friendship. Friendships are often transient. Our paths separate, we become different people, we no longer recognize one another when we meet again.

Some say we become what we have seen or what we have killed or what we have done. There is a time when people are less important than ways of life. Can we tell the dancer from the dance?

*I do not see my friend;
She stretches me her hand,
And through the distance
of the world,
I touch another land.
My friend does guide me
through the night:
She will not let me fall;
She walks ahead without a light;
Sometimes I hear her call:
Her call is tender, rough, and shrill.
She cannot breathe, she cannot kill,
I wander helpless to her side
And take her as my helpless bride.*

"TOO MUCH MONEY"

Someone said the problem was "too much money." This is a problem I have thought about and experienced. I can only list some of my own observations and thoughts. None of these pretends to be complete:

(1) People often have more money on paper than they have in fact. Intuitively I sense how much money I really have. Often the opposite is true: "poor people" are wealthy.

I think it is better to have too little money than too much. Donate the extra money to a charity or use it to benefit a relative or friend. If you use too much money for your personal benefit you will harm your health; you will find your energy sapped, your whole system tired.

(2) A usual consequence of comparative wealth is increased personal space, accumulation of possessions. I personally find a room about 10' x 11' sufficient for my needs. I live in a house with two bedrooms plus a cellar and dining area, also used as a bedroom. For a time I lived in this house alone but now rent three bedrooms and as a consequence have incomparably more energy.

(3) Most countries today suffer from the problem of "undigested money." What is this? "Undigested money" may take the form of art or thought or weapons. Excellence in all spheres of human endeavor is the true source of money. In America much European and Asiatic art and thought has entered without being mastered and transposed into American forms of life and thought. This is a serious problem in education. The alphabet is foreign, most of the words are foreign. In my school the only piece of American literature I recall reading is "Rip Van Winkle."

We simply do not have the background to understand persons like Shakespeare and Wordsworth in school. We know neither the places nor the concepts. What is an American school child to think about kings? Or a knight in shining armor? It is much easier to relate to things that are a part of your own experience. Today there may not be many pioneers left but at least they are a part of the American experience and far easier for an American to comprehend than something that isn't.

(4) Money changes people. A person who spends a lot of money will be different from a person who spends little. A person with a large bank account is different from a person with a small one. To change the price is to change the character. I generally feel that people who have a lot of money have done something wrong to get it, or if not directly, benefited from someone else's wrong. There are probably exceptions to this rule, but I often find something false and disagreeable about persons who possess a great deal of money.

(5) We are possessed by our possessions. The less we have and need the freer we are. There is some truth in such proverbs as, "The only things you have are the things you don't have." The type of possession determines the type of dependence — a car to travel, glasses to see, a stove to cook, etc.

The man who has many skills and few fears has little need or want of money. He is free.

"THE DOCTOR"

I am not a doctor. What is a doctor? A doctor is a person who is licensed to attempt to cure or alleviate illness by the prescription of medicine, operation, or counsel. What is illness? Illness is a malfunction of the body caused by the presence of an alien organism or breakage or bruising or by some unknown factor.

Christ was probably the greatest healer who ever lived. We do not know how he learned to heal, but we do have some insight into his methods. In some cases he seems to think diseases are caused by the presence of evil demons — the madman in the tombs and the epileptic. He taught his disciples to heal and when they asked him why they couldn't cure the epileptic, he said, "This kind comes out only with fasting and prayer." Perhaps we too should investigate these methods. Ghandi was aware of the power of fasting. It was the weapon he used to win India's independence.

In ancient times in Greece the sick were brought to the market. There were no doctors. The healthy would walk among the sick asking them about their sufferings and giving them advice. In this way the sick were often cured.

I read an African short story which describes how a man covered with warts sought a cure. He tried a number of modern doctors. They all wanted payment before examining his case. None of them could help him. Finally he seeks the aid of an old bent witch doctor. This doctor does not wish any payment unless he can effect a cure. He scrutinizes the dirt floor of the man's house and seems uncannily to know where to dig. He finds a variety of strange objects such as frogskins and decayed bones. They appear to resemble the warts which torment the man. He also prepares lotions of herbs. Gradually the warts begin to disappear, but the witch doctor becomes discouraged. The stricken man begs him to continue, says he is the only one who can help him, but the old man can do no more.

Modern medicine appears to effect miracles but sometimes one wonders at what cost. I have heard it said that the cure is worse than the disease. We are losing our eyes and ears and minds. Doctors can do nothing about tone deafness or lack of imagination or unretentive memories. One wonders too about the effect of early vaccinations and anesthetics. I suspect there is often brain damage along the lines mentioned above.

Quite aside from the prohibitive cost of medical assistance to many who need it there are blatant examples of medical malpractice by licensed doctors: a man was given a test by an injection which he said was "completely unnecessary." As a result his arm was partially paralyzed and he could barely bend the ends of his fingers. A girl who was pregnant told her doctor, supposedly one of the best, she was sure something was wrong. He assured her that everything was all right. She had a miscarriage and five blood transfusions were necessary to save her life. I twice had a wart removed by a doctor who burned it out. Each time it grew back. Another doctor who successfully cut it out said he heard that story all the time — that if you burn out a wart it is impossible to be sure that you have gotten it all.

We notice that Christ seems to find an equation between sin and sickness:

Is it easier to say, "Your sins are forgiven" or "Take up your bed and walk?" The East Indians too look upon sickness as the result of some wrong committed in this or a previous life. T. S. Eliot hints that the American nation as a whole should follow the path of atonement.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 31
"THE WORD"

In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God and the Word was God. A form of communication. A sound. Onomatopoeia. Imitation. Animals. Nature. Ich kann das Wort so hoch unmöglich schätzen. Logos, le mot, slova, Wort, word. Tone changes meaning. Sarcasm. Seduction. Obscurity. Code. Chinese first circle moon then square. Words represent perceptions of the senses. Five or six senses. Visual — spatial. Oral, olfactory — no space. Touch, taste — contact presupposes space. Time and timeless perception. Music almost timeless. Preposition relationship of objects — time before after, place on under, possession of, trade for, direction to, desire for. Temporal relationships — succession, chronological, cause — effect. Possibility, probability, necessity.

The "a priori": Wie sind a priori synthetische Urteile ueberhaupt moeglich? The infinite. Justice. Good. God.

The word within a word unable to speak a word.

A touch or tone more than a word.

Words are acts and when spoken cannot be unsaid, any more than the blow of an axe can be undone. But repentance, atonement is possible.

A person who regularly breaks his word will not be trusted. A boy who cries wolf. A person who tells lies about himself will no longer know who he really is.

Words communicate perceptions and thoughts. The American is often not conscious of prepositions or time sequences or color or shape. Words relating to such experiences often do not register. In school I was never taught what a preposition is. Only when studying a German grammar and finding prepositions classified into categories of time and space did I realize that the preposition is just what it says it is: it denotes the "position" — in, under, before, behind, etc. We are not generally preposition conscious. The Russians and Germans are; they know their neighborhood inside-out and can generally tell you which store is next to which or opposite which.

Different languages say things in different ways. English is a rather long-winded language. The Russian language is more concise: unnecessary words are omitted. We say, "Do you have matches?" The Russians say, "To you matches?" We say, "The table is big." The Russians say, "Table big."

Many words have ancient roots and are trimmed or altered to fit a language. English — cross, German — Kreuz, French — croix, Italian — croce, Spanish — cruz.

Each language conveys by its very nature a mode of life and thought. Language is one of the best doors to national perception.

Words borrowed from other languages retain something of the character of the language: the Greek word *lampa* — torch — is the root of our word lamp.

Some words seem to have magical properties. Read some of the Aramaic words that Christ spoke when healing the sick. Do you not sense their magic power?

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 32
"THE WAY OUT"

The way in is the way out. Slowly retrace steps. Work way back to Model T Ford. Then horse and wagon better.

Way out of what? It is the past which imprisons us. With the Renaissance began decadence. Luther noticed this. Paintings larger, man centered. Technique changes. Egg yolk tempera to oil. Printing press. Translation of Bible. Gun powder and muskets. Reformation. Counter-Reformation. Nationalism.

Settlement of America. King Philip's War. French and Indian War. Revolutionary War. The Train. Civil War. Robber Barons. War of 1812. Jackson-all Indians west of Mississippi. Break Federal Bank. Walt Whitman. Emily Dickinson. Edgar Allen Poe. Gerard Manley Hopkins. Vincent Van Gogh. Friedrich Nietzsche. 1890. Car. Plane. Walk slowly and carry a cane. Braille. The rise of the Blind. Helen Keller. From this valley they say you are coming. $2+2=10$.

Cost — not more than everything. Greek statues. Marble minds. Keats. Xanadu. Pyramids. Ramps. Sphinx. Osiris. Sun worship. A tree grew in brook lane. Evacuation in the fog. Group action. Car boycott. Bicycle roads. I wash my laundry by hand. Vegetarian diet. Fasting. Walking. A mad walk. Dress. Keep it clean. No drugs. Cigarettes owl write.

Learn to draw. Yoga exercises. Straight line. Dance. Americans act on principle. Up the down stare keys. Hi ho hi ho, it's on to loaf we go.

O wear and o wear is my lowland lassie gawn?

Heh. Heh. Heh.

Boy you're not kidding. They fixed him up real nice with a wax ear and a leer. I couldn't help seeing it. I don't like funerals. Sic him boy get him and my poor cat is dead. I still feel like going over next door and punching that guy out. A bull. Howdy there buddy, how're ya doin?

I'll show you the house. Do you want to see the corn too? David lives in the cellar. I was going to be a doctor but I got busted. J. was rapped on the living room table. That's a nice place to be rapped. Poison in the well. Gun shots. No dice. Let's see your cards. A crazy woman. Can't beat that. So come dear children . . .



Madonna and Child

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 33

"T"

T. was born in Philadelphia, that is, he was born on Mapleweed Street in Germantown, which at the time of his birth had been incorporated into Philadelphia. He attended a co-educational Quaker school, but though for generations his family had called themselves Quakers one would be hard put to discern a single Quaker characteristic in the man whose father had been a Quaker child.

At Harvard he moved in fast groups which liked gaming and drink. He transferred to Haverford and majored in math and minored in red sport cars. As expected he went on to law school and became a member of his father's law firm. He became an excellent trial lawyer. He specialized in accident and insurance cases and usually wins his cases for large corporations.

T. likes to take the law into his own hands. If he does not approve a statute he will seek a method of circumventing it, but he cannot be bought for money and will fight to the death for what he believes to be right. He charges people what they can pay and places his sense of justice above any personal or professional loyalties.

T. does not any longer feel at home in his father's office. He is the last member of the family in the office. Times have changed. This is no longer an advantage. All he sees is young faces bent to long tedious hours and bulging pedantic pockets.

T. likes to get the inside story. He has read widely in history and specialized in Egypt. For awhile he could speak Italian better than most Italians. He can see through things and situations to their causes and implications. He weighs a case from every point of view and is generally recognized for his fair judgments.

T. enjoys irony and subtlety. He likes to provoke people with slight eccentricities of dress. He has rarely been known to indulge himself in idle threats such as, "If there are any more of these letters, there is going to be trouble and the person who is going to be in trouble is you," or "I advise you to stop the sale of the house or there is going to be trouble."

T. recognizes the nature of power. He is friendly with the person who can call him or who carries the biggest gun. He bows to his dependencies. He has no connection with the world of the mentally disturbed.

Like most Americans T. was late maturing, but finally he won the general respect of the community and even the young lawyers are beginning to heed him and recognize him as the top lawyer of the city.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 34

"INDIA": (1) THE BEGINNING

India is a strange land. It has been one of the major influences on my life. Sometimes I wonder how I happened to go there. My father was there



Madonna and Child

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 33

"T"

T. was born in Philadelphia, that is, he was born on Mapleweed Street in Germantown, which at the time of his birth had been incorporated into Philadelphia. He attended a co-educational Quaker school, but though for generations his family had called themselves Quakers one would be hard put to discern a single Quaker characteristic in the man whose father had been a Quaker child.

At Harvard he moved in fast groups which liked gaming and drink. He transferred to Haverford and majored in math and minored in red sport cars. As expected he went on to law school and became a member of his father's law firm. He became an excellent trial lawyer. He specialized in accident and insurance cases and usually wins his cases for large corporations.

T. likes to take the law into his own hands. If he does not approve a statute he will seek a method of circumventing it, but he cannot be bought for money and will fight to the death for what he believes to be right. He charges people what they can pay and places his sense of justice above any personal or professional loyalties.

T. does not any longer feel at home in his father's office. He is the last member of the family in the office. Times have changed. This is no longer an advantage. All he sees is young faces bent to long tedious hours and bulging pedantic pockets.

T. likes to get the inside story. He has read widely in history and specialized in Egypt. For awhile he could speak Italian better than most Italians. He can see through things and situations to their causes and implications. He weighs a case from every point of view and is generally recognized for his fair judgments.

T. enjoys irony and subtlety. He likes to provoke people with slight eccentricities of dress. He has rarely been known to indulge himself in idle threats such as, "If there are any more of these letters, there is going to be trouble and the person who is going to be in trouble is you," or "I advise you to stop the sale of the house or there is going to be trouble."

T. recognizes the nature of power. He is friendly with the person who can call him or who carries the biggest gun. He bows to his dependencies. He has no connection with the world of the mentally disturbed.

Like most Americans T. was late maturing, but finally he won the general respect of the community and even the young lawyers are beginning to heed him and recognize him as the top lawyer of the city.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 34

"INDIA": (1) THE BEGINNING

India is a strange land. It has been one of the major influences on my life. Sometimes I wonder how I happened to go there. My father was there

for a short period during the second World War and brought back a miniature thatched roof house, some Indian figures and some ivory spheres of graduated sizes, one inside the other, carved from a single piece, worked from the outside in through perforations in the outer spheres, which he placed on the mantel. An English friend I met in Vienna said, "Why not India?" and introduced me to an Indian restaurant when I visited him in London. When he complained that the chicken we had ordered tasted like rabbit the Indian waiter asked for our passports. In Berlin I met an Indian who introduced me to some friends in the east sector. My uncle's (not blood) grandfather had been an ambassador to India.

It was less than a year after I began to paint that I decided to go to India. I had spent the summer painting in Spain. I had returned to Germany to learn that I had an eye disease which was probably progressive. I was tired and wanted time to rest and think. I thought of India. I knew virtually nothing about India but did not think of reading about it. I did want to learn a little of the language. I was not aware that there were forty different languages in India. I found an Indian who had a little book on Hindi but who seemed to have to teach himself too. We did not make much progress. The only Hindi words I now recall are *pani* – water, and *cha* – tea. I visited two Indian painters in Munich. One's name was Virmani. He had been in an accident and come to Germany for treatment. His early paintings were of rural Indian life such as oxen drawing carts. His later paintings showed a marked influence of Rouault. When I expressed a preference for his later work he said in a depressed tone, "No, the Indian paintings are not good." The other painter's name was Chatterjee. He made a more affluent, less honest impression. His work was colorful and semi-abstract.

A friend wrote, "Don't let the swans get you." A German said, "*Sie gehen zu den Affen.*"

I sailed on March 31, 1961 from Genoa on the Italian line to Bombay. A Pakistan girl asked me to make her a crown of flowers for a costume party on shipboard. For myself I made a snake and carrying a recorder went as a snake-charmer. The girl got a prize.

In Bombay for two pounds an Indian boy took me to a hotel – The Hotel Windsor. I paid ten rupees a day for a room with a balcony, bed, table, chair and washbasin, and three meals.

There seemed to be no place for people to go. Indians squatted along the sidewalks selling combs and cheap trinkets. Every doorstep was occupied with someone sitting or standing. The crowds were so thick that at times you had to force through a path. Whenever I tried to sketch so thick and fast did the crowds gather that I could scarcely move my arm. I wandered through the town and felt myself an unwelcome intruder. An Indian who obviously made his living from tourists took me to an eye doctor. For my eye ailment – retinitis pigmentosa – he said there was "no cure." After four days my head began to spin. I felt a pain in my chest. I thought I was going to die. I returned quickly as possible to my hotel and collapsed on the bed. I did not think that anything permanent had happened. I thought that in a week or two I would recover.

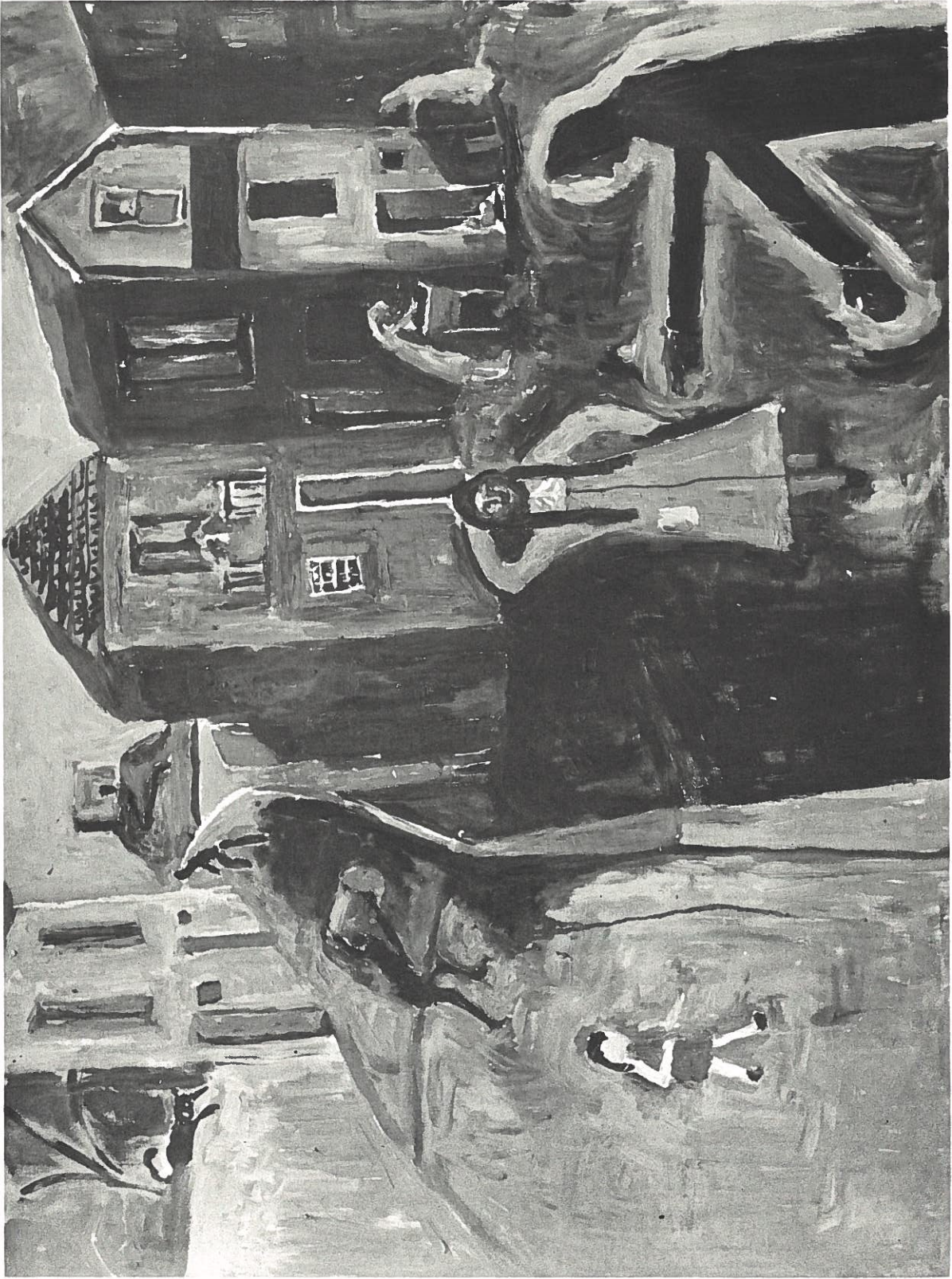
For the next six months I spent most of my time in bed. I went to meals, which almost daily seemed more sharply spiced. I played the recorder half an hour a day. Once a week I went to the American Express Office to pick up mail. Most remaining time I lay on the bed. Strange thoughts entered my mind — thoughts of previous lives both of myself and others, but these thoughts were never supported by specific recollections and may well have been a trick of the imagination. I thought about disease and had the idea that every disease reflects a particular moral flaw: cancer — unnatural growth, reflects unnatural action; syphilis — irresponsible copulation, etc. Sometimes I would place a white object on a blue cigarette box and stare at it. My head would gyrate for a few moments and then I seemed to be in another time in the same room — either earlier or later. I thought of what Nietzsche said, “Live your life as if you would live it again, because you will live it again.”

In India if you need new clothes you go to a tailor. When I ordered two pair of khaki pants, two checkered short sleeved blue and white shirts, and two checkered short sleeved brown and white shirts the tailor invited me to a cup of tea. He asked me why I had come to India and seemed disappointed when I said that it was a beautiful country. When I returned a few days later I brought along some of my sketches. He invited me to a coke and I said something about being able to beat the atom bomb.

The son of Mr. Tewarson, who worked at the American Express Office, was a doctor and colleague of my uncle in Philadelphia. He invited me to lunch. We discussed the need for various reforms. A short while after this I visited him in his office and showed him some ideas I had written down, some letters, and some sketches. He looked at them, said he had no time for such things, and returned them. Shortly after I left the office I saw a man in dark glasses carrying an umbrella and a girl in a blue skirt. Instinctively I followed them. I followed another person for awhile, and finally a small boy who darted into a bar. I realized that now I must find my own way. I walked a little farther and came to a house front flanked by a number of toothless old women with vacant eyes. I felt drawn to the house, entered, and climbed a narrow stair. On the third landing a man challenged me. That morning at breakfast in the hotel a man had shown me his card. I had noticed the word *neovac*. I repeated it to the man on the landing. This seemed to satisfy him. He moved aside. I knocked on the door. A woman in a red dress opened it. She screamed when she saw me and slammed the door.

I noticed a narrow, wooden stairway leading to the roof. I ascended. On the roof I found hanging from a string a blue tin box with a handle which looked as if it might have been a lunch box. I put the letters, sketches and notes in the box. It came loose from the string. I walked down the stairs — the box in my right hand. From somewhere the man appeared and followed me. He grasped the handle of the box. For awhile I resisted his hand and then released the box. As I left the building the phrase entered my mind, “When you are leaving hell, don’t look back, or you will turn to stone.”

* * * *



Street Scene

Sometime after this I realized that I must leave Bombay. I made a number of false starts. Once I wandered around the town without any real plan, sampled a couple of restaurants, and finally came back to the hotel. Another time I wandered into an apartment building and walked up and down stairs peering into doors. When a policeman in shorts asked what I was doing I said I was dancing. I spent a few hours in a rather desolate jail cell. Once I wandered up a narrow blue passage and knocked on an obscure door. I showed the man who opened it a card with the name of the hotel. He seemed pleased that I had found him and pointed out a direction. Again I wandered into a factory where the Indians tried dejectedly to make a living ritual of the mechanical process. As I wandered past train tracks towards the harbor I noticed Indians lying on the tracks in various prone and supine positions. I boarded a ship to enquire about passage. Below on the dock almost naked sweating dark figures were rolling heavy barrels. In an empty desolate part of the hold a glaring light reminded me of the unpleasant light in a dentist's office.

The last time I left the hotel I had as on other occasions a recorder in one pocket, a hammer in another. In one empty cigarette box in tin foil I had wrapped some orange peels, in another a clipping about an abortive revolution attempt in Egypt. Most of my money I had donated to the hotel employees. At the train station I requested a ticket to Jaipur. The Indians shook their heads. I knew where they wanted me to go. I asked for a ticket to Padampur. They grinned and sold me a ticket.

To be continued

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 35

"NON-VIOLENCE"

Violence is sometimes necessary, but it never really solves the problem. Even the man who uses violent means to throw out a thief or prevent the molestation of his wife does not solve the real problem — the desire which led another to intrude upon his privacy.

In nature exists violence. The panther survives at the cost of life. Even vegetarians on occasion destroy vegetation. But nature is not wantonly destructive and generally kills only when hungry. Although there are examples of cannibalism in nature as some species of spiders and some fish, it is relatively rare.

Non-violence has been little preached and less practiced. The Quakers are an exception but do not go so far as to deny taxes to a state dependent on armaments. Yet we can learn much from the Quakers. Although at times — as when he secured money for a fire engine and used it for guns — Franklin smiled at the Quakers, he greatly admired them and he describes in his "Autobiography" not only how they persuaded him to become more tolerant but how the first place he entered on arriving in Philadelphia was a Quaker meetinghouse. Perhaps the most interesting and most difficult of Quaker doctrines is their insistence on unanimous agreement before reaching a decision. William Penn was one of the few to maintain friendly relationships with the Indians.

As I said when talking about black magic it is my belief that all ill-wishing has harmful effect. Violence is generally helpless in its efforts to deal with this source of ill.

Violence takes many forms. To coerce a child to study a subject he does not wish or longer than he wishes can have lasting harmful effects. My grandmother was compelled to take piano lessons. As a consequence she hated all music. A friend who read for a blind philosophy professor was compelled to read faster and faster. Today he can read only very slowly.

Situations rooted in violence will not be satisfying unless the violent changes are re-examined and agreement reached on another basis. It was a violent move of Jackson's to refuse to honor the Indian treaties and to send all the Indians west of the Mississippi. The Mexican and Civil Wars were acts of violence.

When in doubt as to how to deal with a situation ask the other person or party to state his or her beliefs. Insist on equal rights. You can often hang a person in his own noose. Even as ye judge ye shall be judged.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 36 "INDIA": (2) THE THREE DAYS

I got into the wrong section of the train. The conductor asked me to move to a third class car. I thought the wooden seats nicer than the plush-covered ones. An Indian boy complained that his work gave him no time to study. I said that I was looking for a job. He said he knew an Egyptian who might give me a job. I got off the train at Broach. He guided me to a house. I knocked on a door on the top floor. A man opened it. "I'm not an Egyptian, I'm a Jew," he said. "Come back at ten o'clock."

Feeling guided, I walked a few blocks, then along a whitewashed wall. I entered a driveway which led to a junkyard. I gave to an Indian boy the cigarette box with the orange peels. He opened it and became rather angry. "You go, you go," he said.

I stopped for tea in a restaurant, wandered about the town, left the newspaper clipping in one shrine, the recorder in another.

It was afternoon. I left the town on a straight road. High trees sided the road. It was hot. I had no socks. My feet began to blister. Sores opened on my legs. I came to a lake. Can't go on. Determine to walk around lake. Two Indians stop me — a cow is standing in the lake. The Indians tell me to wash in the lake and drink the water. I strip to my underpants, wash, drink. Water good. Very brown. Indians give me brown and white kernels. Eat. Don't finish. Plant under tree.

An old Indian and a boy wheeling bicycles come along the road. Stop. Man asks me if I can milk cow. If so, give job. I can't. Gesture of hopelessness. They walk on.

I take a bus to town. It is dark. Follow man. Wander through streets. Take tea. Waiter appears like high priest. Somehow I come to a police station. Leave. A boy on a doorstep offers me a place to sleep. He has to bend his legs

to make room for me. Another Indian offers me a blanket, but it is warm and I refuse. He is glad to get it back. The thought that this is only for one night enters my mind.

The next morning I wake at sunrise. I left while the others were still asleep. I soon became tired of walking. I sat for awhile watching at a shrine where Indians lined up to perform what to me appeared as mechanical, meaningless rituals. I took a horse-drawn taxi to the unemployment office. I hadn't sufficient money to pay. I emptied my pockets. This seemed to satisfy the driver. I waited in line for what seemed a long time. When my turn came a young Indian said, "I will personally see to it that you get a job."

Somehow I arrived at the police station. I sat for hours in a semi-stupor watching people present complaints. That night the policeman took me to his home. His wife seemed concerned at my condition. They gave me food and a feather bed to sleep on.

The next morning it was painful to walk. Every step was a calculated effort. "A little faster," said the policeman. I walked a little faster.

For most of the third day my mind is blank. I guess I sat in the police station. I had no opportunity to go to the bathroom.

In the evening I was led to a restaurant. I wobbled up a stair looking for a bathroom. I found none. I was given mutton in a hot sauce. They wanted me to eat the bones. I chewed and swallowed a few bites.

They led me to a train station. I sat on a bench, head in hands. All was dark. A voice from the darkness, "Come." "I can't," I said. I struggled to my feet. They put me on a train. It was crowded and brightly lit. I thought, "I don't want to go on this train." I got up. Indians were standing in the aisle. I pushed and fought past them. No real resistance was offered.

When I jumped from the train to the platform, something happened. Involuntary sounds came out of me. Shrieks, nursery rhymes, fragments of songs. I walked a few yards towards the station. I opened my pants and relieved myself. I fell to the concrete, took the hammer from my pocket, banged on the concrete, became unconscious.

I awoke some hours later. Indians were watching me. I sang, "My Lord What a Morning." I talked with a man from Karachi, then slept on a bench in the station.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 37

"THREE TRIPS"

The end of February 1969 I flew to Geneva, Switzerland. I found lodging through the room service in the station and after asking three pedestrians found my way to a pleasant hotel. When I appeared at breakfast in a long-sleeved undershirt they asked if I wouldn't prefer breakfast in my room, but I assured them that I was content to eat in the dining room. After two nights I walked to Lausanne — a distance of about 45 miles. It took me three days. Oddly enough I cannot recall whether I slept inside or out. A policeman objected to my presence on the Autobahn and said it looked as if I was

wearing an undershirt, but I assured him that it wasn't. I remember feeling the cold and stopping in a couple of restaurants. In Lausanne I also spent two nights and then took a train to Les Diablerets. I took lodging at "Mon Abri" and rented ski equipment. I was somewhat uncertain as to how I would fare on skis as I had never been a particularly good skier and my vision (20 x 400) did not enable me to plan very far ahead. My first descent down a wide gentle slope I maneuvered with the widest possible snowplow to the guffaws of sitter-bys. Later I found that by joining a class and following closely in the tracks of a classmate I could best enjoy and manipulate the slopes. A few times I lost the class and once found myself skiing backwards, but generally enjoyed myself. Once when riding the T-bar with a girl I fell and was dragged some yards before the laughing lift-overseer stopped the tow. I did not realize that I had been cut until a girl at the lodge offered to wash the blood from my sock. I stayed a couple of extra days (23 in all) to have the stitches removed from my knee and then began to walk to Zermatt — about 100 miles away. It was a pleasant walk along pleasant roads through picturesque villages. Three nights I slept in hotels and three nights outside. The last day I began to ascend into the mountains along a paved road. As I ascended the road narrowed and for spaces was quite rough and uncared for. Small one block villages appeared with predictable frequency. I met a cheery man carrying an axe. "*Es ist schoener zu Fuss zu gehen,*" he said. I agreed. As shadows deepened and street lamps blazed I sought lodging but the last town appeared desolate. I passed through and stretched my poncho and sleeping bag over a slightly damp embankment. That night the thick snow passed through my protection like the howls of wolves through a windless night. I shivered and listened to my portable radio. In the morning I could scarcely bend my fingers enough to stuff my sleeping bag back in my pack. When I had walked only a short while the road ended abruptly. High mounds of snow signalled the end. Several cars not heeding the warning signs maneuvered the perilous road only to face the laughing snow. I walked back to the first village and entered the first train. I ate breakfast but the approach to the Matterhorn appeared too touristy and false.

That night I arrived in Florence. It was midnight and I waited at the station until the tourist office opened. I found a private room and made inquiries about Italian lessons. The British Institute sent me to a private teacher, the teacher to a church group. An Italian who was standing in the door introduced me to the group but was discomfited when they paid me more attention than him. He made it plain that I would not be welcome a second time.

I bought a ticket to Barcelona and continued to Madrid and Algicires. From there I took a boat to Tangiers. From Tangiers I took a bus to Casablanca, from Casablanca a plane to Tel Aviv, from Tel Aviv to Bombay, from Bombay to Tokio, from Tokio to San Francisco, from San Francisco to Philadelphia. In Philadelphia I failed to get a taxi and took a plane to London. I made an immediate connection to Munich and as I had no more money waited three days to secure some money from some Japanese Wert Papiere. I flew back to New York, took a train to Philadelphia, spent one

night in the Y. Then I took a bus to Miami and continued by bus as quickly as possible to Los Angeles, Seattle, Boston, and back to Philadelphia. The whole trip took ten days.

I began to prepare for a trip to Russia a month later.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 38

"RUSSIA"

On my flight around the world in the Spring of 1969 I had the idea that I should go to Russia. I spent about a month preparing for the trip. I took fifty lessons (each 45 minutes) of Russian at the Berlitz school. I listened to some books about Russia on "talking book" records; one of these was "Nicholas and Alexandra."

I went to Russia on a three week group trip which cost about \$800 including all transportation, hotels, meals, and guided tours. The trip was from June 7 to June 28, 1969. During the month before the trip I saw images of the desert, cacti, and exotic flowers.

My first thought on arriving in Russia was that I wanted to leave. I felt as if I had come to too high a place or as if a terrible weight had been placed on me.

It must have stopped raining shortly before I descended from the plane. The sun was shining but there were puddles on the runways. Two silent officials scrutinized each passport for what seemed like minutes. Custom declarations must be filed, inspection endured. I was driven alone and quickly by a rough looking man to the appointed hotel. On the way I thought of Rasputin and the peasants' rebellion against changes in farm tools.

The first day I was free to wander through the town. I became quickly lost. A boy about eleven followed me, stopping when I stopped, slowing or quickening his pace to mine. I asked a man, who appeared not to understand, for directions. I had used the word "hotel." Then I remembered that in Russian this is "*gastineeza*." I asked another man. He said something to the boy who led me to a hotel. It was not mine. I had asked for "*gastineeza intourist*" which means merely "tourist hotel." In Moscow there are at least three. A woman called. The boy led me to another hotel. I invited him to a cup of tea. We could converse very little. He tugged at my beard. Another member of the group gave him a ball point pen. He departed.

In Volgograd a pretty blond guided us through the battles of the town when known by another name — Stalingrad. Eternal flames mark tragic squares. In a circular memorial stands a burning flame. Chants reminiscent of Catholic rituals accompany soldiers who in Nazi goosestep fashion march around the ramps beneath the names of thousands killed, followed by crowds. In Russia it seems as if the war is still going on.

In Rostov we visited a farm. I thought of Chevok's "Uncle Vanya." The overseer said the workers were perfectly free to go to church and added that

the nearest church was 25 miles away. When we took a bus to visit the hog house a delighted old peasant woman directed us out of the bus to clean our shoes. There were 10,000 hogs in a single building packed, like sardines, next to, over, each other. A Russian looked at us with a hopeless expression.

On the Black Sea we visited a children's camp — called Sputnik. All day the children work on farms gathering fruit. They receive no pay. I asked if they danced. One tried.

In Leningrad is a famous museum, also the home of Peter the Great. Lucy, the leader, told us about the seige, the 900 days when the Germans tried to starve the town into submission. "The people tried to eat glue," she said. Once she waved her hand across the river. "That's the monster museum, things like children with two heads, deviations from the norm."

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 39 "THE PERSON AND TEACHING OF JESUS"

It is not possible to distinguish the message from the person. The same word in a different mouth will have a different meaning. In the case of Jesus we must be particularly careful. The Gospels according to scholars were written from 30 to 90 years after his death. They were written with special purposes in mind. Not only might memories be faulty but many think nothing of placing a favorite saying in the mouth of a master.

Scholars think "Mark" the earliest Gospel, written about 30 years after the death of Christ. It has an objective — almost reportorial like tone and seems — especially in the question of the trial — to weigh the evidence pro and con. Mark seems to find significant the fact that Christ "did not answer" the charges. Scholars think there was a collection of Jesus' sayings which has been lost and which they call "Q." They think that Matthew and Luke had access to both "Mark" and "Q." They think "John" the last of the Gospels and very likely written by a person who talked with John the disciple.

In most great men there is a development of person and thought. We note changes in Christ. Before his baptism little of Christ is known. He becomes a disciple of John the Baptist and imitates him saying, "Repent, the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

In "Luke" we find described what for Christ must have been a bitter experience. He has begun to preach and heal the sick. He returns to his native town. On the Sabbath he goes to the synagogue and as was his custom stood up to read from the Bible. He read:

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

He sits down and begins to speak. He says, "Today this prophecy is fulfilled." He speaks of the proverb "Physician heal thyself," and then begins to speak slightly of two of the prophets — how one succored only one widow and another cleansed only one leper. The people are provoked to wrath and lead him to the brow of the hill with the intention of casting him headlong down. One wonders if Christ did not have this experience in mind when he said, "Judge not that ye be not judged," and when he tells the parable of the wedding guests who do not come and are replaced by cripples and beggars picked haphazard from the roadside.

The teaching of Christ is often vague and veiled; sometimes it is clear. About his primary subject — the kingdom of Heaven — he speaks in poetic parables — the parable of the mustard seed, the parable of the sower. He does not seem to think his teaching fit for the multitudes: he says that he speaks in parables that people hearing shall not hear, seeing shall not see. When a man says to Jesus that he wants to follow him, Christ discourages him saying, "Foxes have holes, birds have nests, but the Son of Man has no place to lay his head." Even between him and his disciples there appears to be a great gulf. When two ask to sit at his right and left, he looks at them in disbelief, "Can you partake in the baptism that I have partaken of?" "Can you drink of the cup I have drunk of?" They assure him that they can. This is the teaching of hardship, hunger, temptation, persecution.

The parable of the Good Samaritan is often quoted but rarely understood or practiced. Jews were not supposed to converse with Samaritans. If we substitute for Samaritan the word Communist or Negro or Indian we will better grasp what Christ was saying. This parable too Christ practiced: he gave virtually all who requested it aid.

Some teachings that appear to us as docile submission are perhaps in reality potent weapons. He said, "If a man asks for your coat, give him your cloak too." "If a man asks you to go a mile with him, go two." We might transpose this advice into, "If a man asks for your pet dog, give him your pet rattlesnake too." "If a man asks you to come to his office, go with him also to his house." Perhaps Christ was hinting at a law of life I have heard expressed elsewhere, "Too much of anything is poison."

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 40 "INDIA": (3) THE HOSPITALS

The next morning I found myself again on a train. Periodically and involuntarily I sang or rather uttered tones. I rather enjoyed losing control of myself. This activity continued for perhaps a month.

I was taken to a hospital and locked in a room with one other occupant — an Indian who appeared to have lost control of his body as I had of my vocal cords. He had spasms and his whole body twisted and gyrated in strange unnatural motions. I must have possessed an imitative power of

which I was unaware, for at one point, quite involuntarily and without premeditation I found myself imitating his strange motions.

On my first day in Broach not only had my feet become painfully blistered but sores had formed on my knees, which opened to emit pus. These conditions were now treated.

After a few days I was moved to another cell. The room was much smaller. The barred door formed one side of the cell. I could walk out to the bathroom and en route could see a large dormitory filled with cots on which were Indians covered by red blankets. There were also beds under the arcade and paralyzed forms lying on the stone pavement. A young Indian came to talk to me through the bars. I later noticed that he had difficulty in relieving himself in the bathroom. I observed that I could open the door to my cell by reaching through the bars. Once when no one was there I opened the door and slipped out, shoes in hand. It was dark. I could see the lights of the town and thought that once I reached them I would be all right. Barefoot I felt my way along the top of an embankment and then jumped from a wall to a street. Four policemen appeared and against my protests forced me into my shoes and led me back to the hospital.

Soon after this alone in an ambulance I was transferred to another place which appeared to be an institution for persons who could not adjust to the modern world. I was first installed in a small garden surrounded by a high white wall. Within the walls were six barred cells. Each night together with two or three others I was locked in one of these cells. There were no beds or cots. Each of us received a red blanket and slept on the concrete floor. There was a small concrete section in a corner for those who needed to relieve themselves. We were dressed only in white shorts. At daybreak we were awakened, relieved of our blankets, and let out into the garden. In the cool grey dawn we washed in cold water and impatiently awaited the warming sun. A half-covered wooden box was provided for those who needed it. We were fed three or four times a day on warm milk, bread, mutton, nuts, and other Indian dishes. I always looked forward to meals.

In the garden was an old man who threw flowers in the air and danced as they fell, another old man of intelligent aspect who walked up and down — screaming and groaning, a younger Indian who squatted all day under some bushes sniffing the flowers, a naked Indian with fine hands who appeared to have a special interest in excrement.

During this time I received electric shock treatments. We lined up outside the door of a small wooden house and watched two Indians carrying out bent unconscious forms and dumping them in a field. Usually in front of me was a small very nervous Indian with an extremely intelligent face. When my turn came I lay down on a board. Ear phones were clipped on my head. Some time later I dreamily awoke in a field and was given bread and milk.

After an uncertain period I was transferred to another section of the hospital. The change was devastating. I now slept in a large room on an excruciatingly hard marble floor. I longed for the downy soft concrete. During the day there was no longer any secluded green garden, but cement paths and bare dirt. The number too was infinitely greater. At meals we lined

up at a cafeteria and then squatted in a line along a cement walk to eat. The only advantage was a cigarette after meals. Shortly after this change I was found and brought back to America. Otherwise, I doubt that I should have much longer survived.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 41

"THE RAT"

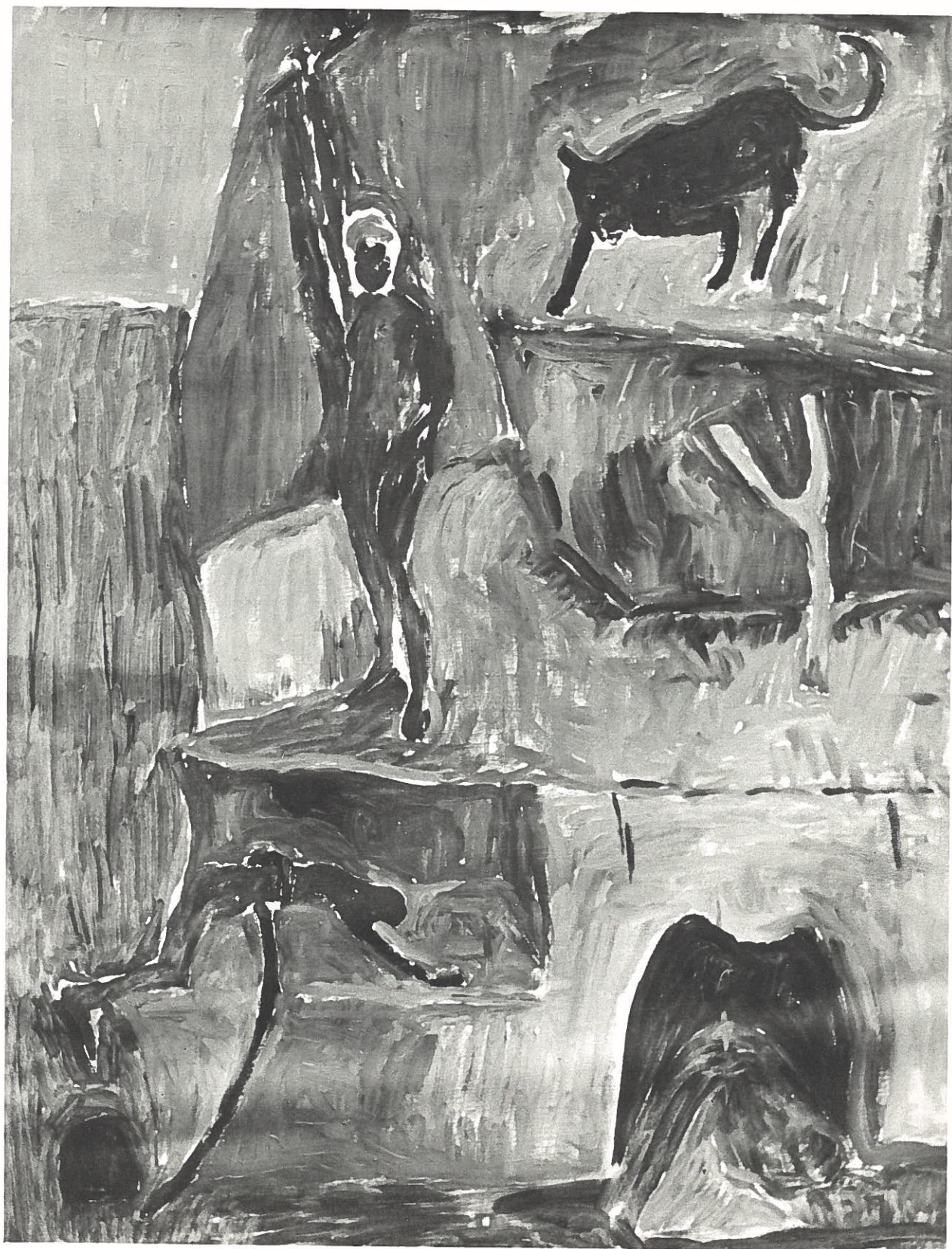
There once lived high in the mountains a small boy together with his parents. The parents who were traders often left the boy alone for weeks at a time to trade their wool and cheese in the town below in the valley. On one of these occasions when in the rude hut the boy was playing with blocks and toy soldiers, a rat appeared through a hole in the wall. The boy, who had been taught that rats are evil, raised his arm as if to throw a block at the rat. The rat shaking raised a paw. "Wait!" it said. "I know your parents have told you terrible things about me, but they are not true. After all it's not my fault that I am a rat. That's the way I was born. I didn't choose to be a rat. Really I'm a pretty nice fellow. The only reason I live in dark places and steal cheese is because people won't do business with me like an honest man. If I approach them openly they kill me. Give me a chance. Let me play with you. Give me food and I will teach you the secrets of the rat. I know many wonderful things about darkness and destruction. You will not be sorry."

The boy thought the rat spoke reasonably, lowered his arm, and invited him to play with him, and indeed the rat had many attractive ideas for secret passages and hidden doors to improve the boy's house.

That evening the boy prepared the rat a plate of cheese, but the rat was not satisfied. It wanted a big plate with meat and vegetables like the boy. At night the boy prepared the rat a little box with straw, but the rat wasn't satisfied. It wanted pajamas and to share the boy's bed. When in the morning the boy complained that he was bleeding from the rat's bites, the rat said they were love bites.

The next morning the boy took the rat with him to a nearby stream where he liked to play, but the rat could not move as quickly as the boy and when the boy put him on his shoulder it was frightened by the speed and the height. The rat wanted to explore the passages beneath the ground but the boy was too big to accompany him and became impatient. At the stream the boy liked to wade in the water and jump from stone to stone. The rat was afraid of the water and did not like the jerky movements. That night the rat left half its food untouched and the next morning the boy was bleeding again.

That day he left the rat in the hut and went alone to the stream to play. In the hut were attractive hand woven curtains, paintings and wood carvings on the wall, colorful pottery on the shelves, and a variety of books in wooden hand carved shelves. The rat began to explore the hut. It chewed holes in the curtains, tracked dirt over the pottery and paintings, and having learned to read a little looked through some of the books. Unfortunately many of the books had unpleasant things to say about rats. The rat, when it read them,



Girl with Spike, Panther, Boy, Octopus

screamed, "Ridiculous" or "Blasphemy!" and tore the book to shreds. In other books were words the rat could not understand. "Stupid pretentious fool!" it cried and jumped up and down on the books.

When the boy returned that evening and saw the terrible mess he lost his temper. "I was a fool to listen to you," he cried. "Now I will treat you as you deserve." He found a small cage on a back shelf and roughly shoved in the rat together with a dish of water and a few scraps of hard cheese.

* * * * *

As the boy slept, at about midnight, the rat began to work. With its teeth it quickly cut through the bars of the cage and approached the sleeping boy. Without much effort it dragged him from the bed, squeezed him into the cage and shut the door. It donned the boy's pajamas, which seemed a perfect fit, and slept peacefully in the bed. When the boy awoke the next morning he could not speak and seemed grateful for the water and crumbs which the rat regularly provided.

* * * * *

A few days later the parents returned. The rat was sitting in the rocking chair blowing soap bubbles. They did not have very good eyesight and did not notice that it was not their son. But they noticed the cage and questioned the rat. "Oh, that's a little rat I'm keeping as a pet. He's really a pretty nice little fellow." "A rat!" cried the mother, and ran screaming out of the hut, her hands covering her face. "Son," said the father, "you know how rats upset your mother. I don't think they're as bad as all that but you must take him into the woods and kill him."

* * * * *

The rat took the boy and the cage to a deep part of the wood where no man had ever penetrated. The boy had not killed him; he did not kill the boy. He released him from the cage. The boy soon forgot human speech. He learned the language of animals. He learned to track like a fox, to sing like a bird. He swung through the trees and swam up the streams. His eye was like an eagle's, his cunning like a snake's.

* * * * *

When the rat returned to the hut the parents said he must return to school. The rat was not a very good student. He thought it silly to say words one way and spell them another. He would have liked to learn about trees and rocks and plants and animals but was bored by the classification of vertebrae and the study of osmosis. At night the rat took to wandering — often hours at a time. A series of terrible events struck the town. Children left alone for only a few minutes were found dead and half devoured as by a ravening beast. Fear and horror spread through the town. One day at school a teacher noted blood on the rat's teeth. Then someone said what many had thought, "That's not a boy, that's a rat." That evening a picked team followed him home. They waited until dark. The rat emerged. They followed. As he was about to spring on a small boy playing by a stream, they grabbed him. They locked it in their strongest cell. The parents looked at their informers in disbelief. "It must be a mistake," they said.

* * * * *

That night about midnight the rat began to work. With its razor teeth it easily cut the steel bars. It began to organize the wild beasts of the forest. Nightly a town was attacked, a barn set aflame, a child or woman attacked or killed. In every face was panic and terror.

* * * * *

One day a hunting party, chasing a magnificent stag, penetrated deeper into the forest than man had ever gone. They chanced past the haunt of the boy the rat had replaced. They discussed the terrible events which had terrorized the land. The words jogged the boy's memory. He recognized the rat. He revealed himself to the group, told his story, and set out with his unrivaled skill to track the rat.

* * * * *

In a short while he found himself opposite the rat in a deep den. "Why have you done these terrible things?" he asked. The rat looked at him calmly, "I was bored in school and in the hut your parents said such frightful, untrue things about rats that I came to hate them and everyone like them. At least you were better than they. You did give me a chance." "Will you stop if I let you live?" the boy asked. The rat grinned and said nothing. Again the boy asked. The rat grinned and said nothing. As the boy asked the third time he drew his hunting knife. As he plunged the knife into the rat's heart, the rat grinned and said nothing.

* * * * *

The boy jumped the moat surrounding the rat's domain and ran along the road to spread the good news. He met a group of hunters coming towards him. "I've done it! I've killed it!" he shouted. They rushed at him. The boy fled. "There it is! Get it!" the hunters cried. The boy fled. As he crossed the moat he stared in horror at his reflection. It was the face of a rat that grinned at him out of the water.

* * * * *

And now the terrible acts of destruction and violence spread worse than ever throughout the land.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 42

"THE HIPPY"

Many think that I am a Hippy, but I am not sure what a Hippy is. I have long hair and a beard. I wear knickers. I play the guitar a little bit. I like to sing. But I am over thirty, don't smoke pot, and don't take drugs. I don't know much about rock and roll music, have never even heard of many popular singers, and don't know much of the language.

I have heard people that do these things emphatically deny that they are Hippies. Let me try to define the Hippy. This is admittedly an imaginary person based on my own experience and contact with a number of people who are Hippy "types."

Basically the Hippy is a protest against modern society. He sees the tedious waste and incompetence of modern society. He has studied astrology and Oriental religions. Very likely he practices Yoga, plays the guitar, sings, and paints. He is a young person but might be any chronological age. I have known young people of sixty, seventy, and older. Youth is freshness of approach — the willingness to listen to new ideas, to try new things, to make new friends. Creative people are generally ageless. They never grow old. The Hippy is a creative person.

The Hippy is a religious person. He might have once been active in church — as an acolyte or choir singer. Later the stiff dogma and ritual, the hypocrisy, the intellectual vacuum oppress him. He leaves the church.

The Hippy is a rebel against conformity. He is intelligent and wants to know the reason why. A favorite phrase of the Hippy is “far out.” He expresses his non-conformity in tasteful, colorful dress. He knows that to cut the hair may have an emasculating effect. Male and female often wear their hair long. Men generally wear beards.

The Hippy is at least partially independent of modern technology. He will walk if he possibly can. For fun he will hike a hundred or two hundred miles and sleep by the roadside. He does not accept rides in cars. He realizes that to truly get to a place you must walk, that to get into cars is to become — like them — impersonal, unimaginative, and ruthless. He does not use washing machines or refrigerators. He washes his own laundry by hand. He is either a vegetarian or eats little meat.

The Hippy explores esoteric doors to knowledge and power. He might try drugs, but rarely more than once. They are too dangerous, too expensive, and never really satisfactory. He has learned that the true doors to knowledge are through painting, music, literature and language.

In matters of love the Hippy appears freer than most of society, but he really isn't. To him love making is a sacred act with creative overtones and is never embarked on thoughtlessly or lightly. He recognizes that love is a medium of teaching, eating, creating. They recognize that love should never be forced and that physical union is tantamount to a lasting commitment.

The Hippy is a clever, dedicated revolutionary against the modern world.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 43

“DRUGS”

I am writing a subject from which I know little. A doctor once prescribed thiorazine but I didn't like it and stopped. In India it is possible that unknowingly I sampled a couple of drugs. I have stayed away from drugs for a number of reasons: I do not like to break the written law. I get into sufficient trouble breaking the unwritten law. Drugs are expensive and not worth the artificial price of the black market. You can never be sure of the quality of the product. I have known people addicted to drugs. Their lives were ruined.

What are drugs? From what I have heard of them, I have had similar

experiences by other means. In some cases they seem to be doors to perception and a way of life. Grass appears related to East Indian philosophy, Yoga, astrology. Someone said that when he smokes grass he communicates with the plant, that plants are more intelligent than human beings. Someone else said that you should not take a drug more than once, that you cannot pay for it more than once, to try hard to remember the connections. Others have corroborated this observation: all experiences after the first are a letdown.

I think there is a connection between drug taking and music. Dali said, "I don't need the acid." Painting is a slower but safer, more natural, and a more rewarding way of stimulating the imagination than drugs. I often become "stoned" when I paint and collapse for hours at a time. When I play music sometimes a wave of energy enters my mind.

I have heard others say that drugs are a means of getting outside oneself, of seeing oneself from another point of view. I have achieved the same effect by traveling and learning German. I can see myself as a German does, or as an Indian. It would seem that in some cases drugs are wave lengths to another sphere of thought. Someone else said that he stopped smoking grass when he realized that he could learn no more from it.

In modern society most of us are dependent on one form of drug or another. A drug is something that draws our attention from the everyday world. Television is a drug, trips a drug, detective stories a drug. Anything which draws our attention from the everyday world is a drug.

Drugs of all kinds are unnatural, illusory methods of escape. Some drugs might give insight into problems, but if you wish true progress in the world of the occult, take up painting or music or writing.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 44 "MY GRANDFATHER"

My mother's father died of cancer in 1928, six years before I was born. Little has been told me about him. He was a doctor, an internist. He was one of the first to use the cardiogram. He was a "quiet, brilliant" person. He was an expert in diagnosis often called in to diagnose difficult cases. Shortly before he died, according to my uncle, there was a terrible fight between him and a man named Stengel, who said he was a half-Jew, for the top medical position in Philadelphia. Stengel won.

My grandfather kept secret the fact that he was German. According to my uncle he was enlisted during the first World War, but because of his ancestry, stationed in this country. When I repeated this story to my aunt she said, "What a terrible thing to say," and said that he had indeed been stationed in France.

My grandfather called himself a Presbyterian but after his marriage did not go to church. My mother said she thought he had Jewish blood. In the only photo I saw of him he did not look Jewish — rather like a good-natured mountaineer with small features.

He studied medicine in Germany and was engaged to a German girl when he met my grandmother. Her fiancé, a teacher of law at the University of Pennsylvania, who gave a course in Civil Rights, and, according to my uncle, was the laughing stock of the law school, introduced her to him — “a brilliant, young doctor just back from Germany.” She was a pretty girl. It was love at first sight. Billy Lloyd, her fiancé, did not marry until he was fifty.

My grandfather had a car for as long as my mother can remember. Once he broke his wrist when the car backfired as he was cranking it.

In about 1916 he bought a summer house in Camden, Maine. He and my grandmother had some arguments. Playing bridge he used to bid on three-card suits. My grandmother forced my mother to cut her hair.

The children were given tennis, golf and swimming lessons. Sundays they went to the horse races with the four oldest children. The three youngest were left at home.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 45

“MY GRANDMOTHER”

When I was born my grandmother was 59. She lived to be 88. When I was a child I visited my grandmother in her summer house almost every summer. My family moved so much that my grandmother's house was the only one that seemed like home, the only house that I today recall from childhood with any detail. All year I looked forward to the summer.

My grandmother's summer house was in Camden, Maine. Her husband had bought it from a minister complete with furnishings. Until my grandmother's death in 1963 very little — even the books in the bookshelves — was changed.

My grandmother had a Moon car which my grandfather had bought in 1925. She kept the car in good condition until she died. Only the speedometer was broken. The car was painted green and looked always freshly painted. The cracked leather top would probably have disintegrated had it been rolled back. Only tractor tires would fit the large spoked wheels. Parts had to be specially made. The horn sounded like the moo of a cow.

My grandmother lived a rather regimented life. In the morning she went first to the market and then to the beach. She liked children to carry the grocery bags. She bought fish in one store, meat in another, groceries in a third. In the afternoon everyone took a nap and then went to the lake or for a sail. I never knew my grandmother to go in a sailboat. On the lake she liked to row to the other side and pick water lilies. In the evening her favorite occupation was a card game or a visit to a friend to catch the latest gossip.

My grandmother felt the inferiority of her sex. The boys wouldn't play with her. Once she cut off her hair. “Is it a boy or a girl?” someone asked. My grandmother studied chemistry and first aid. She thought that what was printed must be true, what is more expensive, better. Her idea was to put a girl in the first place.

Her first child, Emily, died at the age of four. She said, "When Emily died then we didn't care about the others." Her oldest son, Joe, died in the second World War. He was a dive bomber in the Marines.

As a child my grandmother went to Camden, Maine, in the summer. Her parents had a desolate house above a rocky beach. When I saw the house it had long been abandoned and was in ruins.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 46

"BERLIN"

Like all cities Berlin is divided in a number of ways. It is divided into blocks, into districts as Dahlem and Charlottenburg, into houses, apartments, rooms. But in Berlin there is also a wall — a high concrete wall topped with barbed wire, a wall guarded by sentries with guns, a wall people risk and lose their lives to try to cross.

The first city I visited in Germany was Berlin. I can't remember why I went there except that it was the obvious place to go. I had taken two months of German lessons in Davos, Switzerland. My teacher gave me an address in Berlin. She secured me a room in a hotel and three meals for eleven marks a day. The room had a bed, desk, chair, wash basin, and closet. I was the only male to eat regularly in the hotel. The proprietress of the hotel, Frau Burtin, was a robust dynamic woman who never lacked a story to enliven the meal. The only other names I remember are Fraeulein Schmittke and Frau Blumberg. There were at least two other widows. One said, "*Ich habe alles verloren-alles.*" Someone said to her, "*Ich kann es aus Ihrem Gesicht lesen, Sie haben nicht viel Freude im Leben gekannt.*" Fraeulein Schmittke spoke of the group as "*Das Museum.*"

I spent much time wandering through the city streets. I felt at home in Berlin — perhaps more at home than ever before. In 1956, when I was there from April through August, the town had not as yet been completely rebuilt. One could walk past blocks of broken stones perhaps still unmoved from the position into which a bomb had so rudely thrust them. Frau Burtin said that more American planes had dropped bombs than Russian, that she could tell by the sound of the engine. I have had the thought that to destroy another is to destroy yourself. I was cheered by the sight of the broken city. It seemed a friend — someone like me.

Every new street I entered was an adventure, a challenge. I liked to visit the east sector which was then not difficult. The S-Bahn stopped briefly before crossing the line. There was rarely inspection. I visited the Bercht Theater where Bercht produced his own plays. I saw "*Mutter Courage und ihre Kinder*" and "*Der Kaukaesische Kreidekreis.*" I walked down *Unter den Linden* where the shells of grand buildings reminded one of a painting by Hieronymous Bosch. When I asked directions pale faces looked at me in terror, did not always reply. I bought books printed on cheap paper, saw Gerhart Hauptmann's play, "*Die Ratten.*"

The first book I read in German was "*Der Zauberberg.*" I used a French-

German dictionary and then becoming tired of looking up words I plodded through the rest missing half the meaning. During this time I dated a pretty German blond girl and became rather infatuated. We visited the "*Resi*," where every table has a phone and anyone is free to ask another to dance or talk. We visited the movies, the theater, jazz locales, and coffee shops. She once invited me to dinner. I was a little shocked at the difference between her and her parents.

Nine years later in 1965 I visited Berlin again for two weeks. The wall was much more difficult to penetrate. Almost daily there were attempts to scale, tunnel, or jump the wall from a second story window. Many were shot and killed. Some who escaped found the West worse than the East and wanted to return. "It's so materialistic," they said.

The friend I was visiting was a journalist and a native of Berlin. Persons from other parts of Germany except Berlin were permitted to pass the wall and take small gifts to relatives and friends. Klaus's mother was remarried and a resident of East Berlin. Officially Klaus's residence was in another part of West Germany, but he had been back in Berlin over a year and wrote critical articles about the Russian sector. They knew of him. Sometimes they took him in a private room and searched him.

During the war Klaus's father had been missing. His mother, who thought her husband dead, lived with another man. When his father returned she stopped, but he would not go back to her. "*Sie hat ihn zu nah gekannt.*" We visited the magnificent museum in the East sector. It was almost empty. It possesses one of the finest collections of Greek and Egyptian statuary in the world. On the top floor was a collection of communist art of which there was a finely photographed catalogue. Pictures of other objects in the museum were poorly lighted, blurred and distorted.

We visited the Stalin Allee. Almost every town has its Stalin Allee. It is a broad, straight street with pretentious buildings fronting both sides. Just behind the facade are tenements, deterioration, and decay.

We visited Klaus's mother and stepfather. He had bought his stepfather a little package of cigars. They had a small, attractive house. They had saved and just gotten a refrigerator. Klaus's mother wanted us to see everything in the house. Her husband was working on his fenced section of a communal garden. Klaus didn't like his stepfather. It looked like a nice garden.

The last time I visited Berlin was in December, 1970. I stayed in a hotel over Christmas and New Year. I had thought I might stay for a year or two but gave a bag of books to a girl student who worked in the hotel, took a train to Vienna, en route changed my mind. From Frankfurt I flew back to America.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 47
"WELSH STRAWBRIDGE"

Welsh Strawbridge was my great uncle on my mother's mother's side. He died about five years ago at the age of ninety.

Uncle Welsh was a forbidding looking person with deep-set piercing eyes and rough manners. From the time I knew him he was almost stone deaf. He could hear you only if you put your mouth within a few inches of his "good ear," and shouted at the top of your voice. The only exception was his wife, Aunt Margaret, whose clear voice reached him without undue effort. When someone suggested he use a hearing aid, he asked if it would help him in the hunt. When the reply was negative, he lost interest.

Uncle Welsh's greatest interest in life was horses. He was a daredevil rider with a passion for the hunt. Aunt Margaret said she didn't know how often she went with him to the hospital with one broken bone or another.

Uncle Welsh married twice. The first time he was thirty-five and married a German girl he met on a boat. She lived only a short time. When he was forty he married Aunt Margaret. He took her to an old farmhouse with lovely trees, planting and land. The next fifty years together there they lived.

At Christmas Uncle Welsh and Aunt Margaret gave a family party. It was the only time during the year that I saw some of the family. It was a nice party. Before dinner we gathered in one room. When everyone arrived we lit candles and, carrying them in one hand, filed into the dining room singing two verses of "Oh Little Town of Bethlehem." In the large old dining room was a tree attractively decorated beneath which stood a nativity scene. The adults and older children sat at the long wooden table. At a smaller table sat the younger children. The food was mostly home-grown and delicious. Even my teetotaler grandmother took a glass of Great Western Champagne at the Christmas party. After dinner the men gathered in one room to smoke and talk men's talk. The women and children assembled in another room to gossip and play.

When my uncle was courting my aunt who was twenty years younger, he asked a friend to speak a good word for him. The friend wrote Aunt Margaret a letter which said, "You will never be sorry if you marry Welsh Strawbridge." When she told him about it, he said, "I told him to butter me up."

Once when they were on a train trip he asked a porter to bring him some coffee. The porter said, "I can bring you liquor but I can't bring you coffee. It's against the rules." Uncle Welsh said, "Don't worry about it! Here's the money. Just bring me the coffee." The porter gave the money to Aunt Margaret. Uncle Welsh was furious. "If you hadn't interfered, I'd have had it!" He wouldn't speak to her for a week.

Aunt Margaret once said she thought a marriage contract should be fifty-fifty. Uncle Welsh said, "If that's the way you feel, you go your way and I'll go mine." After that she thought she had better go his. They had no children.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 48

"MUSIC LESSONS"

A music teacher should be engaged only after the most careful thought. Particularly on young people a music teacher will have a creative and lasting

influence. The teacher will not only largely determine whether or not the child likes music and makes progress but will leave a lasting mark on its personality.

A teacher can teach only the music he or she likes and lives. Many teachers teach only a certain grade or level. You don't want to start your child with a teacher that is too advanced: it won't be able to pay. Find a teacher that is patient and interested in the child, that the child likes, and that will let the child do what it wants. If the child doesn't like the teacher it is almost a sure sign that it's the wrong teacher.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 49 "LANGUAGE LESSONS"

I have found when teaching languages it is best to combine all methods. The Berlitz School method provides a good beginning — to hold up or point out objects and have the student repeat the word — but after a lesson or two I find that progress is quicker if the word is written as well as spoken. The student should write down the words and learn them at home.

A mistake in the Berlitz method, to my mind, is to proceed with a book. The teacher should be flexible enough to adjust to the needs and capabilities of the student. Most of us have an "active vocabulary," that is, words and concepts that we speak and use over and over. It is far easier to translate our active vocabulary into a foreign language than something else. The material provided in books rarely more than partially comprises any person's active vocabulary, and material that is read is far less alive than material that is spontaneous.

I find it a good method for students to think themselves into situations they actually will face in a foreign country — such as shopping, asking directions, or discussing anti-American sentiment.

It is good for students to try to write something of their own choice in a foreign language.

Reading and translation into English and the foreign language is valuable. Grammatical points should be explained as they arise.

A valuable exercise not only for learning the language but for training the eye is to have the student look at a picture and describe what he sees.

In languages as in painting or any skill the general more fundamental points should be learned before proceeding to fine details. Thus the beginner should learn the words for "head," "eye," "nose," "mouth," but not for "cheek," "chin," "eyebrow," etc. The simple tenses should be mastered before proceeding to the more difficult.

Languages cannot be learned quickly. It takes time to digest new words. Basic conversation might be learned after five months of constant practice and study. To become a literary master will take ten or twenty years. Few of us are true masters of our own language.

"THE IDIOT"

The idiot is not a stupid person. He often doesn't seem to learn what people try to teach him. Sometimes he might be incapable of learning. More often he doesn't want to or realizes that the person who is trying to teach him himself doesn't know what he is teaching. The idiot is a person who goes his own way and whose way does not conform to accepted standards of society. He is often a genius.

An idiot once got a job as a policeman. He was told to stand at a traffic light and to change it every 30 seconds. He became bored standing around for 30 seconds doing nothing and began changing the light every second. It took the driver of the car a second to see the light had changed. By the time he began to move, the light had changed again. The driver usually slammed on the brakes to avoid going through a red light. The idiot, who didn't like cars, chuckled. He was moved to another post and told to give tickets to cars that went through stop signs. The idiot thought it ridiculous to give a ticket to someone who did something he shouldn't. He started giving tickets to cars that stopped at stop signs.

The idiot got another job — collecting trash in the park. He thought this great fun and chased every elusive scrap of paper so effectively and speared it so truly that the park had never been so clean. Then he thought it only fair that the people who had given him such fun dumping their trash should have a chance to chase trash in their own back yards. He watched carefully to see who dropped cans and papers and then followed them home. When he started evenly distributing the trash in the back yards of those who had dumped it in the park, he lost his job.

As a last chance the idiot got a job as a doorman. He liked the red suit and brass buttons, and thought, "What weak, stupid people who can't even open a door." Sometimes he pretended not to see people as he stood in front of the door; they could not enter without saying something. Some looked at him without looking and said simply, "Door." He looked at them blankly and pretended not to understand. Some said, "Are you the doorman?" Then he smiled and said, "That depends on what door you have in mind." When they said, "This door," he said, "Oh no, I can't open that door. It takes a rich man to open that door. I'm not a rich man." They laughed and he opened the door.

One day as he was holding the door open for a finely dressed man with three attendants, a pretty girl inside the hotel approached from the other direction. He thought quickly, "Surely pretty girls take precedence over rich men, but for her to leave the door must be opened the other way." Quickly he swung the huge glass door which mirrored the rich man on one side and the pretty girl on the other into the oncoming man. The door shattered. The girl smiled and jumped lightly over the fallen man.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 51

"MY MOTHER"

My mother was of her parents the third born. The eldest child, Emily, died at the age of four. My grandmother said that after Emily died they didn't care about the others.

My mother was a pretty, imaginative child. She liked to write short stories and once or twice in school won a ten dollar gold piece for the best story. Later she took a course in composition and, when her teacher liked her stories, stopped writing.

My mother much admired her aunt, her mother's sister, and visited her whenever she could. Like her aunt, as she was always called, she studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. She was in the illustration class. She did well. She was excellent at drawing and for a number of years had her own studio.

In dancing class my mother was not a belle. She might have been, but her mother compelled her to cut her hair and she was ostracized. When she was nineteen she had her first serious suitor. He was a law student who composed music and said he was going to be the top of everything. My mother didn't like his compositions. Another suitor she met on a college outing wanted her train ticket. He asked if she would give him her berth and go down on a later date. She said, "I certainly will not."

My mother met my father through her sister and his brother who had met at a debutante party. He courted her with the mandolin. After they were married he put it away and never played it again. She said, "It was the biggest cheat I ever knew."

In the hospital, in April, when I was born, a nurse asked my mother when she was married. She said, "In December." The nurse said, "Oh you don't need to tell everybody." My mother said, "Oh not last December, December a year ago."

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 52

"THE PRINCE AND THE WITCH"

Not very long ago a prince lived in a castle high above what was once the kingdom of his ancestors. When he was born princes no longer had a function in society. Others ruled and cared for the land. At least they were supposed to. The prince could not have survived had not he opened his castle to curious people who flocked to express their disapproval at the spacious and luxurious living style of their ancient rulers.

The prince was the last of his line. If he didn't marry and have children there would be no longer royalty. Few cared except his parents who were heartbroken at what they called the "rape of the land" under its new rulers. They searched throughout all the kingdom for a suitable bride but could find none. Not only were all the marriageable girls long since spoken for but



Girl Putting Hand in Water

who in heaven's name would want to marry a "prince"?! What a useless anachronism in the modern world!

After long, almost desperate searching the family heard of a beautiful young witch girl whose beauty had attracted three suitors, but who imposed such stringent rules of courtship, such difficult trials, that all three had perished in the difficult trials she set them — the first scaling a perpendicular cliff over which she stood with an axe (she was too delicate and feminine to strike him a direct blow and had merely split the rock on which he had foolishly entrusted his weight), the second from sampling her cooking (which was by no means poisoned but filled with such a potent love potion that he broke all bounds of etiquette and died in the inevitable duel with her brother), the third she told must find her blindfolded (she called him from the farther side of a deep chasm and he plunged screaming onto jagged pinnacles of stone).

She, too, thought a prince a most unworthy suitor. She had hoped for at least a carpenter and her real aim was a plumber, but a witch cannot be much more choosy than a prince and though public opinion favored her in the deaths of the gardener and carpenter, the death of an engineer had irreparably blackened her reputation. Then, too, she thought she had little to worry about from the attentions of a prince. A princely scalp would restore her to favour and remove the blemish of the unfortunate engineer.

The prince was not overly enthusiastic at the idea of courting a witch, but he had long learned that princes cannot afford to be choosy and the tales of her irresistible beauty as well as of her unfortunate victims attracted the prince's fancy.

When after long haggling the courtship was approved, he set out to pay his first call.

The witch girl lived even higher in the mountains than the prince. She lived in a small but splendid abode. Each room was on a different level, each door beautifully and differently carved. A winding path cutting through fantastic trees and bending to enchanted ponds led to the high forbidding gate. Wolves howled and swans beat their wings against the water as he approached. He sang cheerily in reply and twirled a simple staff.

The prince was dressed simply but tastefully. His clothes were hand-woven with intricate designs. His white stockings were silk, on his shoes silver buckles. When he knocked at the gate a grinning watchman led him to the waiting witch. She, too, was dressed simply in a long white dress. Ornaments on her arms and dress echoed the shimmer of her long golden tresses. She was unquestionably the most beautiful woman the prince had ever seen.

She rose simply to greet him. Witches don't laugh. Only the droll appearance of the prince provoked an involuntary smile.

The prince bowed. "It is most kind of you to receive me. Truthfully I had not anticipated such a cozy room."

The girl smiled. "All small rooms are cozy," she said.

"You must forgive me. I have been raised as a prince and am but a poor player when it comes to dealing words."

"Yes," said the girl sadly. "You know we are no longer the fine folks we

were. Quite frankly I never expected to find myself accepting the attention of a prince." As the prince flushed she hastily added, "I'm not speaking personally. You look like a pretty nice guy but we are taught such terrible things about princes — how in old times they oppressed the poor, how stupid and clumsy and cruel they are."

The prince stared at her in amazement. "My dear young lady, I have heard the stories of your unfortunate suitors, but I did not think that even a witch would tempt a prince with such insults."

"The truth should be spoken," smiled the girl.

"It is true that even witches can be beautiful, even murderesses desirable," smiled the prince.

The girl flushed and bowed her head. "To my family the only capital crime is stupidity," said the girl almost naively.

"Surely the day of reckoning should strike us both," said the prince almost coldly.

The girl looked at him in surprise, "What was our fault?" she asked.

"To be fooled so easily," said the prince bitterly.

"I see," said the girl. "No you are not stupid, you are not that."

"I came to make you an offer," said the prince. "I came because you were the only woman who would receive me, but you please me and I am glad I came. Tell me your conditions."

"My only condition is that you survive the trials," smiled the girl. "You, too, are pleasanter than I thought. I will not discourage you."

"I shall come when you want me," said the prince.

"Come tomorrow, for dinner. You will meet my brother." The prince bowed.

The girl rose and smiled as she accompanied him to the door.

The next day it thundered and hailed. The mountain path was treacherous and steep. Screaming owls and coyotes fled the storm. The prince smiled and knocked punctually at the iron gate.

"Forgive me," he said to the girl, "I am scarcely presentable."

"All I ask is your mastery of the storm," said the girl.

"You appear to ask what you already possess."

"You call this a storm?" asked the girl scornfully.

"I am not proud."

"Come. You shall eat and meet my brother," she smiled.

The prince followed her up three stone steps. At the table sat an attractive man with protruding mouth and hair equally covering his whole body. He rose and stretched his long arm towards the prince. "Delighted, I'm sure," smiled the prince. The three partook of an excellent meal and were surprised at how many ideas they had in common. "Come again tomorrow," said the girl. "You shall meet my sister."

The next day the sun rose an hour before its usual time. It seemed to hang low in the sky and like a fiery furnace to dare any living creature to leave the shade. The prince delighted in the brilliant colors and deep blue sky. He sang joyfully as he ascended the dry narrow path.

"I see Princes are punctual," smiled the girl.

"We are taught to obey the law," smiled the prince. "There was a time when we were the law."

They descended a long passage to a subterranean cavern. In a dim blue light girls with long tresses and supple limbs were chanting in time to breaking waves. The girl played with a tame lobster and stroked a friendly shark. They feasted on seaweed and scorpions. Once again the girl and the prince reached a strange, silent agreement.

On the third day to rise failed the sun. Cold rain drops clung to the bare boughs then slipped into icy clumps pointed and pale below silent boneless arms. Windows of frost obscured pitfalls and pools. No stars, no wind, no sound.

Clothed in black and silent shod, the suitor crept the eerie path.

A lone candle lit

The witch girl's room;

The flesh had faded

From her face.

Her brittle touch

The prince did touch

The fire faded from her eyes,

The prince did hear her

plaintive sighs.

That night they on the

ashes lay

And death to death

in wedlock play.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 53

"HERBERT WELSH"

My great, great Uncle Herbert Welsh was my mother's mother's mother's brother. He was a walker. Every summer he walked the five hundred miles from Philadelphia to Lake Sunapee in New Hampshire. He was a very slow walker. He took with him changes of shoes and socks. Once a young woman accompanied him. She walked quickly ahead to their lodging for the night. When he arrived later her feet were blistered. She could not continue.

Herbert Welsh was an eccentric who invited Negroes into his house and worked for Indian rights.

He painted water colors but was never acclaimed. He used to take my mother to seances.

When he walked the ten miles to visit my great Uncle Welsh, he asked if he could spend the night on a bit of straw in the barn, but he never refused the guest room when it was offered him.

He had an eye for young women and when he once said to his niece, "B, I can see you sitting there as if you hadn't any clothes," my grandmother shrieked in her shrill voice, "Herbert!"

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 54
"THE TEACHING OF JESUS" (Cont'd)

Christ spoke often of money. In the Parable of the Talents he seems to endorse capitalism, but this parable might be a veiled attack at the practice of usury which practice John the Baptist more openly attacked. More often his teaching condemns the man of wealth. He draws a sharp distinction between God and mammon, as between two ways of life. He speaks of God as one master and Mammon as another, "No man can serve two masters." He tells the rich man who wants to inherit the Kingdom of Heaven to give his goods to the poor and follow him.

But Christ, too, speaks of the Kingdom of Heaven as a "pearl of great price." The price he is speaking of appears to be obedience, the endurance of persecution and hardship as well as the sacrifice of worldly possessions. When he remarks the poor widow who casts two mites into the church treasury one senses that he speaks of himself:

"Verily I say unto you
that this poor widow
hath cast more in
than all they which have
cast into the treasury:
For all they did cast in of their abundance;
but she of her want did
cast in all that she had,
even all her living."

MAD WILLIAMS DIARY NO. 55
"WORD ORDER"

In some languages to change the word order is to change the meaning, in others the emphasis. In English there are no cases so word order is of great importance. To say, "The man opens the window," is different than, "The window opens the man." In German "*Der Mann oeffnet das Fenster*" is not much different from "*Das Fenster oeffnet der Mann.*" We know in German that "*der Mann*" is the subject because it is in the nominative case and Germans often like to place the object first for emphasis. In English we are so accustomed to placing the subject first and have no telltale case endings that we become confused at finding the object first. Poets sometimes take this license with emphatic effect. Gerard Manley Hopkins begins a poem, "My own heart let me more have pity on." We find this "difficult," but is not the line much more powerful than, "Let me have more pity on my own heart?"

The first and last words in a sentence generally receive the most attention. In English we place the object generally at the end of the sentence; in German more often the verb the sentence ends.

"CHRIST: THE TRIAL"

Before Christ's death he was tried and condemned at least eight times. He was first tried and condemned in his own synagogue. The charge was belittling the prophets of the past, the punishment, ostracism. When he cures the madman in the tombs, he sends the evil spirits into a herd of swine: the swine plunge over a cliff to their death in the sea. It is understandable that the owner of the herd is distressed. The people come out of the town to see Christ: they ask him to leave. In Judea we know that he was stoned.

The Jewish priests had long criticized Christ: he eats from unwashed vessels, he heals on the Sabbath, his disciples pluck other's corn. When Christ enters Jerusalem for the last time he appears in a far angrier mood than we ever before have seen him. He enters the temple which must have been rather like a bazaar where anyone could teach or sell what he pleases. He makes a scourge of small cords and drives the money changers and the sellers of doves out of the temple and says, "Is it not written my house shall be called of all nations the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves." When the scribes and chief priests hear this they determine to destroy Jesus.

The day before even Peter, the most faithful disciple, had begun to doubt. Christ, feeling hungry, had gone to the outskirts of the town to seek fruit from a fig tree but the time to bear fruit had not yet come. Christ said, "No man eat fruit of thee hereafter forever." Two days later as they were leaving the city they passed the fig tree and Peter called, "Behold the fig tree that thou cursedst hath withered away."

At the Last Supper when Christ again says that one of them will betray him the disciples are sorrowful but spend some time discussing one of their favorite topics — which among them shall be greatest. Several seem to think it might be them and ask, "Is it I?" In the garden none is concerned enough to watch. Only when Peter falls asleep for the second time does Christ finally say, "I am betrayed."

Christ, too, is condemned by the person he calls "the Father who sent me." No reason is given. Christ does not wish to die and prays that this cup may be taken from him.

At the actual trial the charges are probably disrupting the temple, inciting the populace, perhaps threatening to destroy the temple, breaking Jewish laws, and pretending to be the Christ. When Caiaphas asks Jesus if he is the Christ, he says, "I am." Caiaphas says, "This is blasphemy. What need have we of further witnesses?" Pontius Pilate does not wish to condemn Christ to death, but yields to the cries of the populace, who have a final chance to spare Christ his final humiliation. Christ apparently was not a popular person. In the early Gospels only Mary Magdalene and Mary the Mother of James are mentioned as being present at the Crucifixion.

* * * * *

Why did Christ have to die? Some say that the impetus of his death was necessary to give Christianity momentum.

It is true that under the direction of Peter and Paul the church becomes



The Last Supper

more organized and grows in numbers. But I notice a terrible deterioration in the quality of the teaching. After as before his death there is a terrible gulf between Christ and his disciples.

Another reason, as Nietzsche hints, why Christ had to die might be that he began to lose control of himself. His actions when he entered Jerusalem the last time appear more precipitous and rough than on any other occasion. Both his acts of condemning the fig tree and cleansing the temple appear to some as unjustified acts of violence and seem to have upset his disciples who not only remark the withered tree but admire the temple. At this time he also preaches violence saying that he comes to bring not peace but a sword and that children shall rise to slay their parents.

Nietzsche says that God died because of His sympathy for mankind. It is possible that from casting out so many demons Christ finally became possessed by them.

* * * * *

The trial of Christ did not end with his death. He has been condemned again in modern times. Nietzsche, who wrote "The Anti-Christ," makes a sharp distinction between Christ and the Christian Church. He said that if Christ came again he would change his teaching, "*Er waere echt genug dazu.*" Hitler more radically condemned the church, replacing the Bible with "*Mein Kampf.*" If the church is to survive it must defend itself against modern attacks. We might remember that Christ was a man as well as an instrument of God, that he was subject to fits of frustration and anger. I imagine that if he were to return today he would in some ways be wiser but much would remain unchanged.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 57 "UP THE DOWN STARE KEYS"

A Greek who used to wear flashy clothes and a large jewel in his tie said that everyone looked at him. All attention is a source of energy. He was a powerful man. A woman who worked in a restaurant, perhaps inspired by my odd appearance, donned a brightly colored striped dress. The stares upset and shocked her. After a day she reassumed her habitual drab garb.

I have written previously of how I experimented with various styles of dress, including women's dresses, in Germany during a period of five months. I shall resume the story.

On August 19, 1968, I sailed on the "Bremen" from Bremerhaven to New York wearing a white dress and nothing else. In the dining room three girls assigned to my table started at my appearance, and walked quickly on to request another seat. I ate alone. I made no overtures to the other passengers except in my cabin, when I occasionally asked one to read me the ship news. But a number of passengers wanted to talk to me and I was always glad to oblige. Generally they questioned me about my attire. Some had terrible stories to tell. The children were the most friendly: they said, "What would the world be like without hippies and people like that." There were

apparently a great many complaints. I was led before one of the ship officers. I said there was no more reason why I shouldn't wear a dress than why a woman shouldn't wear pants. He agreed but said the opinion was 1000 to 1 against me. He said that if I did not agree to wear underpants beneath the dress I would be confined to my cabin. I agreed and borrowed a pair of black undershorts.

According to my mother the ship wired ahead of my presence on board. However, as I was met by my two brothers and Joe Doyle, I encountered no difficulties. One of the officials said, "Just get him out of here!"

I had written my mother that I did not wish to be met in a car. I refused to enter the car and with my brother Welsh returned to Philadelphia on the Greyhound bus. I booked a room at the Y for two nights, and then ate supper with my brother in Horn & Hardarts. After two days I left the Y. They said something about all the rooms being taken if I should return. Also they said there was a rule against barefoot residents. I walked through the Italian section where someone shouted I should see my psychiatrist. I tried a couple of rooming houses. One said, "We have to turn away a lot of people because of the redevelopment program." I was picked up and questioned and searched by the police. They wanted to let me go if I would promise to dress more conventionally. I refused. They began to book charges but, when they asked me my father's name, turned a little pale and let me go. "We have nothing on him," they said. My father had been an influential lawyer.

I wandered into the Negro section in North Philadelphia. I found a couple of hotels where I could have stayed. To one a small girl with a smaller brother guided me. A woman with elegant southern manners offered me a room at \$3.75 a night but I wanted a weekly rate and did not like the place. In another hotel I was offered a single night. It was getting late. I called my mother. I wanted to see a doctor as I still had physical ailments. The doctor examined me and seemed disturbed at my attire. Two days later my mother said she was going to take me to a hospital for some tests. Instinctively I sensed the nature of the institution when I arrived and asked if I could leave when I wished. The reply was affirmative. It was a private mental institution. After six days I asked to leave. I was told that I must write a letter to the director, Dr. Wilson, and wait ten days. After sixteen days in all I was released. I again stayed at my mother's house for about two weeks, then moved to a hotel in center city. After a couple of days I bought and wore a red Indian tunic and shorts. After a week I checked out and bought a blue smock which covered the Bermuda shorts. I tried unsuccessfully to engage a room in a number of hotels. Finally on the advice of an employee at a hippy store I found a room at the Colonial Hotel. The police began to pick me up and question me. I called a lawyer who assured me that I was within the bounds of the law. After a week I changed my attire to a brown jumper dress, black tights, sandals, and an Indian shirt. The almost ubiquitous disapproval became heavier and heavier to carry. The police inspections every three or four days were unpleasant. After four weeks in the Colonial Hotel I left on Hallowe'en, 1968, with the intention of walking first to Miami and then to Los Angeles. I was still wearing the brown dress, Indian

shirt, black tights, and sandals. After five days I began to limp. After three more I arrived in Washington and decided to stop. The police had only questioned me twice. I had been offered an average of four or five rides a day. I refused the offers. At night I slept by the roadside or in a wild section a short way from the highway. I had a "space blanket," pancho, and some extra clothes which kept me warm. These nights spent on the road from Philadelphia to Washington are some of my pleasantest recollections.

MAD WILLIAM'S DIARY NO. 58 "WORD FORMATION"

Most animals have a language — a way of communicating to others of their species. The language seems to be innate and instinctive. Some animals can utter only one or two sounds. By changing the tone and expression they can often express sorrow, joy, or pain.

Man spoke long before he could write. Only screams and laughter seem natural to small children. Herodotus tells the story of how a small child was locked in a dark room and no word spoken to it until it spoke naturally. The first word it spoke was a Phoenician word and the conclusion was drawn that this was the original language.

The first written language was pictographs. To depict the moon the Chinese drew a circle. Later when they wished to obscure the meaning they used a square. The Egyptians hieroglyphs were originally pictographs, but when they wished to express something such as a proper name which could not be expressed in pictures they used a word which began with a certain sound to represent merely the initial sound, as if we took a pictograph of the sun to represent the letter "S".

Words are ways of communicating the perceptions of the human mind. The mind perceives objects which we call nouns. Some philosophers distinguish between primary and secondary qualities of objects. The material is the primary quality, the color, shape or size the secondary quality. We call secondary qualities adjectives. Thus the primary quality — e.g. "stone" — may be blue or red, large or small, round or square. Often the distinction is difficult, as the "stone house." Action — movement from one state of being to another — captures a moment in time, sometimes habitual or repeated action — as "she used to come every Sunday" or "he struck the tree three blows with an axe." Prepositions show relationships of one object to another — spatial position or relationships in time. Time is the prerequisite of change: without time there can be no change. Time is infinite: it has no beginning or end. The infinite is a mental concept: we cannot perceive it. It is a priori — not dependent upon perception of the senses. Where there is no change there is no time. In cold places there is less change; in hot places change is more rapid.

We form sounds to conform to our perceptions.

Many words are formed by combining other words and we often lose sight of the original formation: "breakfast" means "break fast" — to break the fast of a night's sleep. "Window" might mean "wind outside." "Understand" means "to stand under." Related words often are close in sound as "gleam, glimmer, glint, glitter."

We often change the tense by changing the vowel as "fall, fell;" "sit, sat;" "swam, swum." Separation of words into root, prefix, and suffix will restore often the original meaning of a word as "suppose" means "to place on," "intend" "to hold within," "reject" "to throw back."

It is fun to play with words, changing vowels and consonants.

A drip is a droop that drops;
A drop is a droop that drips;
A droop is a drip that doesn't drop.

A step is a stop steep;
A steep is a stop step;
A stop is a steep step.

MAD WILLIAMS DIARY NO. 59 "CHRIST: A CRITICAL APPRAISAL"

I think and write a great deal about Christ, but I have never been confirmed. I was baptized in the Episcopal Church, went to a Quaker School, had my first meaningful religious experience in the Presbyterian Church, and have been attracted by both Catholic and Jewish forms of worship. Recently I attended a confirmation class, but in re-reading the "New Testament" realized that I could not accept all the Church dogma. In particular I do not believe in the Virgin Birth or that Christ was the only begotten Son of God — neither of which Christ himself claimed.

I imagine that many object to a critical examination of Christ: they will say you must either accept him or reject him. Others have no interest and doubt that he even existed and say that, if he did, that was 2000 years ago and irrelevant to the modern world.

My own position is that Christ was a remarkable man and teacher. At times he seems to have been a divine revelation — an instrument of God, at other times almost an ordinary man. Nietzsche writes that Christ was a psychological reaction to a physiological condition that is possible at any time. I doubt this, but think that by carefully studying the person and teaching of Christ that almost anyone might participate in at least some of his powers.

I am not a Biblical scholar. I know little of Church history. I have been associated with Christianity in a personal way for about 23 years. At college I wrote my undergraduate thesis on Gerard Manley Hopkins, a Jesuit priest and poet. I have studied Nietzsche, the son of a minister, who was more critical of the Church than of Christ, and sometimes one suspects that his attacks on Christianity — such as the "Anti-Christ" — were made more to

provoke a defense of Christianity than to be taken seriously. Much of what he wrote is good New Testament theology and after he went insane he signed himself as "Jesus Christ" on the wall of his cell. I have painted Crucifixions, a Last Supper and other scenes from Christ's life. I think he is generally misunderstood by both his followers and his critics. I do not pretend to have insight into all of Christ's person and experience, but I feel that the subject should receive fresh examination and that we should try to see Christ as he really was and learn from both his insights and his failings. I do think that he had failings.

Let me begin with what will probably be my most objectionable contention. I think that in all of his parables Christ speaks of his own experience. I think the story of the Prodigal Son is Christ's own. There are other reasons to think this. Christ seems to have had a special relationship to Mary Magdalene, he was criticized for associating with publicans and sinners, and for eating out of unwashed vessels. He often speaks of himself as the Son of Man. The actions of Christ, too, often resemble those of a prostitute. In healing he is generally passive and heals virtually anyone who asks him. When the adulteress is to be punished he defends her saying, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

To the practice of Christ of healing all who ask, I would like to take exception. I would take exception to this practice today. Sickness can be healed only at great cost of energy. Often the price of a cure is another's health. Christ did not seek repentance or atonement in those he cured. He often said, "Thy faith hath made thee whole," but how many accepted Christ's teaching? Of the ten lepers he cleansed, only one turned back to thank him.

Christ was not a diplomat, though at times he demonstrates uncanny cleverness, as when questioned by what authority he did these things and replied, "Tell me, the Baptism of John the Baptist, was it of man or of God?" When a Pharisee remarked that he ate with unwashed hands he retorted, "Your fathers killed the prophets and ye have built their tombs." Christ tended to be scornful of the multitudes and liked to command his disciples. But perhaps he could not do otherwise. At times he appears to have been terribly discouraged. He says, "I do all these great works and still they do not believe." He often speaks of himself as the instrument of a divine power. "It is the Holy Spirit that shall speak through ye." "If ye have seen me, ye have seen the Father."

But are miracles really the right way to a man's heart? And why did Christ so condemn the time in which he lived?

He criticized some things that we can find in the churches today — the long prayers, salutations and garments. But are these things really so bad? They may become mechanical and meaningless, but short answers are not always sufficient, even though not all can understand a longer one.

Basically what I am trying to say is that perhaps Christ judged things too much from a single point of view — that of the poor man. Perhaps, in disregarding some of the customs of the synagogue, Christ was guilty of oversight.

