

Mystic America

All the Secret Histories Revealed!

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It's 1878 in New York City, and the newly formed Theosophical Society of America is foundering. Blavatsky and Olcott, leaders of the movement for a few short years, decide to travel to India in order to bring back something or someone—a teacher, a text, and attitude—that would help them create a bridge between ancient wisdom and modern thought. The movement is demoralized, fragmented. They leave it in the hands of Abner Doubleday, who claimed that while fighting in the Civil War, he discovered what karma was, and this awakening allowed him to survive the fire of battle unscathed. Doubleday, now faced with a dwindling till thanks to Blavatsky and Olcott's junket had to come up with a cheap way to communicate some kind of stop-gap mystical truths to the Society members who remained—a motley group of anarchists, mathematicians, heiresses, and erstwhile mediums.

Most know Doubleday not as the interim president of the Theosophical Society of America, but as the inventor of baseball. Yet many do not know how baseball was actually born, that it was precisely the fruit of the society's misdirection and that, before it became the American pastime, baseball rivalries blossomed between the Manhattanville Swedenborgians and the Harlaem Theosophists, the East Side Bakuninists and the Hudson Nihilists. A precocious group of neighborhood boys played anytime against this bookish bunch. They were all at least half the age of any other team's player and called themselves the Brooklyn Dodgers—not so called, as is commonly held, because they dodged streetcars, but because they were forever dodging the ideological proselytizing in which all the other teams so passionately engaged while waiting to bat.

Charles Hinton, hyperspace philosopher and author of the popular newspaper serial *Scientific Romances*, constructed a baseball gun for the league, based roughly on the *fusil-photographique* of French engineer Etienne-Jules Marey. This

gun was a “pitching” machine, the idea of a human pitcher—not to mention the very verb “to pitch”—not yet having been adopted by the game. The gun was central to the alliance of baseball with Hinton’s cosmology and Doubleday’s Theosophy. Hinton would lecture before each game on fourth-dimensional space and the possibility of other worlds—it was his gun, after all. For new comers, he would explain: “When you step here this is home, this is your center of harmony. But then suddenly, something outside of you, from the mechanical depths of that gun there, a force, a presence hurls towards your center, ready to shatter your equanimity. This is life. You are nothing without life. You are just a point—non-dimensional, imaginary. You must step up to the plate. You *must* step up to the plate. Now from this imaginary center, you focus. ‘What must I do? Well, I must get back home again.’ How? Home has changed. The ball has made it impossible to stay. So you hit it. You go to first. This is the first dimension, the world of lines. And see? By going to first, you have just made a line. Go to second, if possible. You may have to wait. Your success is karmic. For you to go ahead, another must face the gun. If you go to second, look: you have traced a simple polygon . . . the triangle. Go to third: the third-dimension. You have traced the Gnostic pyramid of Egypt’s radiant knowledge. When you have returned home, what has happened? It is home yes, but something has changed. You have transcended time and space. You are in the fourth dimension . . .”

The young Dodgers would routinely become impatient during the hyperspace philosopher’s required talks, and hum the national anthem to try to drown him out or whine “play ball!” until Hinton abated.

Doubleday continued to wire Blavatsky and Olcott, to explain this great awakening. Even when they arrived back in New York, they were difficult to reach, too enmeshed in their work, preparing the annunciation of their new program of mystical consciousness. One Saturday morning, Hinton and Doubleday took it upon themselves to call on Blavatsky. She had been writing all night, taken up as she would describe, by hosts of ancient adepts who she channeled. Hinton thought she looked at that moment like a galaxy, barely held together with a few pins, maintaining the mathematical consistency of unknown systems.

That morning it was the Dodgers versus the Theosophists in Harlaem, a good half a day’s journey by rockaway from Blavatsky’s flat. Imagine, if you will, Blavatsky, her ice-blue eyes that had just had upon them the temples of India,

descending from the rockaway carriage to look upon the first American field of dreams: a blank plot with, at its center, Hinton's gun, this dubious engine—a rusty, mechanical arm, jury-rigged with carriage struts and railroad materiel, spring loaded and ready to pitch everybody towards the future.

Imagine, if you will, Blavatsky at the bat.

I Love Lucy is the most widely seen Afro-Caribbean sacred ritual on the planet. The highly secretive priests of the Santeria religion, which finds its roots in the practices of the Yoruba of Nigeria, must have chosen the red-head Lucille Ball as a diversion from the true message of this story about a show-biz couple and their landlords in 1950s New York City. The plot revolves, in fact on Lucy's attempts to reveal the secrets of Santeria. It is only occasionally that viewers are privileged to see the Copacabana, Ricky's workplace, where, nightly, he sings the praises of Babalu Aye, the Santerian religion's most powerful deity. The father of the world, Babalu Aye protects against sickness, most particularly venereal diseases, and this may cause one to wonder both why Ricky sings "Babalu!" so much, and why he's never at home. But what he's really doing is attempting to channel the power of his ancestors in order to become himself an Orisha, a Yoruban divine being with innate power or *ashe* who, in the final moment of transformation, will become pure flaming energy. Lucy is instrumental to this transformation, even as she inevitably seems to set Ricky back, since devotees become Orisha while undergoing emotional crises. Ricky is so good natured because Lucy's blundering can only help him towards the promised goal of Afro-Cuban sainthood. When Ricky does actually burst into anger, he speaks in Spanish. If you can understand what he says, he inevitably will call Lucy a "chicken" and he promises to tear her apart with his bare hands. The Santeria religion is most popularly known for its ritual sacrifices of animals such as chickens. At once chicken and fetish, Lucy is perhaps the victim of some Cuban version of the Madonna-whore syndrome. However, the name Lucy is embedded in the secret name of the Yoruban religion: "La Regla Lukumi" which means the "rule of the friend" but we could also translate as the rule of Lucy. She is always in control of the relationship.

The Gods never like hubris, however, especially Babalu Aye. By merging their names Desi Arnez and Lucille Ball into Desilu—a secular competitor to Babalu—the real life couple perhaps attempted to cheat death in their failure to

reach true Orisha, and reformulate themselves into a new Cuban-American saint-slash-corporation. While their marriage eventually was ill-fated, Desi fading into obscurity and bitterness while Lucy flummoxed Mr. Mooney in living color, they were, in some ways, remotely successful. By basically inventing the rerun, the Desilu corporation created the vehicle whereby each comic bumble, repeated endlessly, transglobally, would, through some form of ritualistic incantation, be returned to pure energy of the great fathers of Yoruba.

The very first thing one is taught in nursery schools all throughout America is how to sit "Indian style." What a remarkable thing! I look at the black and white photograph of prekindergarten class of 1972, and in the first row is a line of tiny yogis and babyfat Buddhas, all endowed with the secrets which the most aged adept strives to know. There we are, arrayed for the photographer on the stage where pageants and graduations played out according to the seasons, while kisses and duels happened outside of time in the velvety implications of the curtains. These were our cross dimensional journeys before the leap forward into the future. And here we were, like a 26 member crew of some unslated Apollo mission, wholesome and hopeful, seated in a lotus position. One might mistakenly think the "Indian style" pose is from the American Indians. After all, the whole imaginary of our first days of school, when we first become conscious of the idea of Fall, is imbued with the kitsch of the first Thanksgiving: organized as if to disabuse young children of Columbus's mistake, convince them that our shores are indeed not those of India. Indian style and tying shoes and stop light rules and leaf collecting soon give way to turkeys made with handprints, Indian headdresses, and tales of earnest pilgrims, and we are made to lose ourselves in some phantasm of New England. But time courses on: after the snow angels have departed, after we learn about the wind and collect pussywillows and fashion pinwheels, we are still, however, sitting in the Indian style. Small evidence of a great occulted truth. For once and for all we must ask: by what strange perversion of history must the fact be hidden, the fact that Columbus actually *did* find a new way to India?

What is the difference between Batman and Superman? The answer may be obvious, a matter of fact. Batman is Bruce Wayne, Superman, Clark Kent. One, the more brooding bachelor-orphan, whose rumpus room is a cave slash computer.

With his gadgets, utility belt, disposable income, and inner self-loathing, he is undoubtedly a poster boy for The Sharper Image. The other, wholesome son of an exploded planet, born and bred in Kansas, benefits merely by having relocated to another rock with a little less gravity. I don't think they ever meet up, except maybe in the Superfriend's Hall of Justice. Yet in most people's minds, they are somehow part of the same mythos. Why is that? Could it be that, even though each of these superfriends has his own franchise, that they are actually a more ancient myth sundered by the lightening bolts of the god of commerce? Could Superman, far beyond being the Nietzschean ubermensch, be in fact Brahman itself, the absolute, or at least an avatar of this Hindu idea of the absolute, who has descended to the earth in the form of man? And Batman? Is he not some manifestation of atman?

Atman is the true self that remains unsullied by personal history and the life of the senses. In a way, it is that inner reality that connects each person to the absolute. Batman is tortured precisely because of the letter B that turns this atman into what? . . . a dark winged creature, who seeks the heights by prosthetic wings, who attempts like Daedalus to fly up to the face of God using the tools of man. Trapped in some nether world between Brahman and atman, Batman is a monstrous almost-god—the dark self of modern man, who attempts to solve his problems, and the problems of others, by resorting to devices exterior to the self. He is part of the problem, not the solution. Superman, on the other hand, even though he works in a comic-book subsidiary of some Time-Warneresque global media conglomerate (the *Daily Planet*), transcends the problems of earthlings with aplomb. He is, after all, from the planet Krypton, the name of which implies a brain-busting riddle and the crypt itself. Having descended to this planet—in effect, a return from the dead—he is able to see that the complications with which we present ourselves are quite easy to unravel. Earth is easy, the crypt is hard.

When God first gave the gift of speech to humans, golden sounds and syllabication poured from each mouth without interruption. It was a mess. The gold was a chain that bound everything to everything else. You couldn't tell here from there, you from me. People bumped into each other a lot. Many died without even knowing it, had sex and propagated great dynasties without an ounce of pride. Memory was still a thing of the future. So they had this unbroken clangorous chain,

and they had God, who was the ether, which, in effect, was the air.

Some smartly pants, who we may now call the “founder of religion” noticed the air. This smarty pants recognized that this ether separated things. Into the unbroken chain of primal speech, our “founder of religion” took to inserting the word “ether” when some kind of separation was desired. For example, the “founder of religion” saw a rock and a flower, heretofore indistinguishable. But now the “founder,” in homage to the creator, said “rock ether flower.” The founder went on and on for days, creating the world anew “rock ether flower ether grass ether small rock ether flower.” Over time, “ether” became “either” and was sometimes shortened to “or” and this remains the origin of our concepts of either and or.

In 1873, Milwaukeean Christopher Latham Sholes, newspaper editor and spiritualist, invented the modern typewriter. What was before an unwieldy machine which was basically just a typesetter with a hand crank became, through Sholes’ innovation, a keyboard with punches for discrete letters. His great innovations were what he called at the time “etherium gravis” and “etherium minor” which, he wrote, “like the etheric continuum itself both separate and unite the language of the godhead with the popular language of men.” Later innovations dispensed with the “etherium gravis.” However, the “etherium minor” remained, but in the shape of the “gravis”: a long bar available to the thumbs which extends the length of the bottom of the keyboard. In the Einsteinian 20th century this would come to be known as the “space bar.”

Yogi Bear, happy-go-lucky cartoon bear in a pork pie hat and tie, reigns as the crown prince of the Hanna-Barbera pantheon, although his name suggests much more. If he indeed is a “yogi” then that would explain why his constant companion is Boo-boo, since “boo-boo” like karma, duhka, and other such concepts, implies the suffering of the world. Boo-boo, however, is exterior to yogi and diminutive-testament to the ability of the yogi to maintain a self-conscious distance from pain. Yogi is forever on the search for “pic-i-nic” baskets, which, in other civilizations and other times, he would be entitled to—a tribute left for the holy man’s sustenance. However, the tribute has been barred by a Mr. Ranger, whose name implies the ranging or covering of space that a colonizer enacts. We may then consider this cartoon of the 50s and 60s postcolonial one, referencing, among

other things, the contest of Ghandi versus the British, if it weren't for the fact that Mr. Ranger (called such by yogi) is actually named Ranger John Smith. This choice of name opens up a wider allegory of colonization, referencing as it does the pilgrim settlement in America and the colonization of another "indian."

With colonization comes inevitable diaspora, and by the 70s we find Yogi Bear and the whole Hanna-Barbera nation searching the globe for a new home in the short-lived cartoon *Yogi's Ark*. Since Yogi is "smarter than the average bear," a kind of superman of the animal world, he is symbolic here not of a colonized scamp but of a biblical patriarch. As with Noah's Ark, Yogi's Ark contained a sampling of every animal that Hanna Barbera ever drew—Snaglepuss, Huckleberry Hound, Quickdraw McGraw, Top Cat, etc. Spurred on by an ecological apocalypse, every week they went out in search of "the perfect place." Each week they'd hopefully sing their theme song: "we're on our way to the perfect place. The perfect place. The skies are blue, the fields are green, water sparkles, air is clean. Prettiest place you've ever seen. That's the perfect place." Each week they'd find the perfect place, but they were always just a few steps ahead of the dump trucks of developers, the smoke stacks of industrialists, and the inevitable march of gentrification. Willy-nilly, they would have to continue their search next week. Nobody will believe me that this cartoon actually exists, but think, if you will, back to the days of Hong-Kong Phooey, the Grape Ape Show, and the Bionic Three Stooges, and you might be able to imagine this eco-conscious saga of cartoon characters searching for the New Jerusalem in about the same time-slot.

We have come far afield, so to speak, from the more ostensible origins of Yogi's name—Yankees catcher Lawrence Peter "Yogi" Berra. This favorite son of New York and pal of baseball greats Phil Rizzuto, Joe Garagiola, and Joe Dimaggio, inspired the name of the cartoon bon vivant, and who in turn, supposedly got his nickname from a childhood friend who, while they were watching a movie about a snake charmer (since the friend noticed that the Hindu looked exactly like Berra). Depending on when this film was shot, Berra at that moment could have been looking upon his own past incarnation, although no accounts of his name's origin will dignify this speculation. Nevertheless, no matter how poorly they understood what a yogi was at the time, Berra would intuitively take on the role of a kind of spiritual guide in the mystical space of the baseball diamond. Like the conscious mind itself, he would squat behind the batters, confounding them with his famous

“yogisms” such as “how can you hit and think at the same time?” Yogi was famous for saying “It ain’t over ’til it’s over” but some of my more favorite “yogisms” resemble the koan, more applicable to the zen tradition. “I never said most of the things I said,” “If the world were perfect, it wouldn’t be,” “You can observe a lot by watching,” “You’ve got to be very careful if you don’t know where you are going because you might not get there,” and “It’s *deja vu* all over again.”

Dick Clark: sock-hopping show host or Mayan priest? Many already surmise that Clark, impossibly ever-youthful, must have some powers that accrue to certain cults of the eternal present, such are promulgated in dance rituals not seen on *American Bandstand*—the dances, for example, of Hopi Indian tribes. A clue to his powers may lie in his association with *The \$25,000 Pyramid*. The game is reminiscent of both the “ladder of words” of Hermes Trismegistus and related doctrines of medieval correspondence in that not only do the contestants race to the top of the pyramid as to the apotheosis of celestial reason itself, but also, they are asked to divine a hidden meaning behind a steam of meaningless signification. True to the “pyramid” of the title, there is a superficial relation to Egyptian mysteries in that the giver of clues is not allowed to describe the answer, or even use a word fragment from the answer, thus resulting in hieroglyphic sentences. (That the studio for this hieroglyphic game show, New York’s Ed Sullivan Theater, would be later used by a man named “Letterman” opens up speculation as to a radical shift in writing practices, much like that inaugurated by Akenaton, who erased dynastic cartouches to write his own name.) But necromancy from the land of the Nile provides us with as false a lead to the secrets of Dick Clark as the King’s Chamber did caliph Abdullah Al-Mamun to those of the Great Pyramid. For the \$25,000 Pyramid resembles more a ziggurat than a pyramid, inspiring a possible source in the “Tower of Babel,” also a ziggurat. However, the Tower of Babel was just that—a tower much like our modern skyscrapers (although it was fabled to remain unfinished.) Regardless of the fact that archeologists excavating in the Ed Sullivan Theater found, *mirabile dictu*, a hidden level to television’s famed pyramid (buried when the show’s first producers realized a four-story pyramid could not possibly be climbed in 60 seconds), the \$25,000 Pyramid does not tower and, even with the addition of the hidden level, it remains in stature rather like those ziggurats of ancient Mayan civilizations. And with this insight, we have hit

our mark.

The Mayan priesthood controlled three secret, intertwined, knowledges: the mysteries of the pyramids, the secrets of music, and the key to the calendar. Clark's name is synonymous with television vehicles that precisely correspond to these priestly functions: *\$25, 000 Pyramid*, *American Bandstand*, and *New Year's Rockin' Eve*, the last of which, since 1973, has put him in global control of the Judeo-Christian calendar. Veritably, his yearly broadcast from Times Square has put him in control of time itself. The Mayan calendars, in particular, were etched on enormous golden discs which harnessed solar energies, and were said to communicate spiritual waves to both material and immaterial discs placed in centers of vibratory energy around the planet. Could it be that these "sun discs" have much in common with Sun Records of Nashville, Tennessee, which, indubitably must have provided Clark with the music he played on his early *Bandstand shows*? There is much still left to ponder concerning the mysteries of Dick Clark.

The idea of Chaos is ubiquitous in the planet's collective confabulations of creation myths and world views. Chaos is the unformed *hyle* or generative substance in Greek thought and is especially important in the naif cosmogonies of the pre-Socratics. In the Genesis of the Old Testament, Chaos is a sort of primordial substance out of which the world is called into being, and to which the pristine world will return after millennial hosannas are finally sung. There is the Ein Sof of the Kabbalah. Indic lore has the paradoxically creative and destructive Shiva as avatar of the chaotic, while Babylonian legend, predating both Biblical and Greek thought, maintains male and female chaotic principles—Apsu (from which we get the word "abyss") and Tiamat, both of whom represent chaos in a watery form. Regardless of their powers in the prelapsarian mindset, these ancient archons of absolute amorphousness fade from consciousness as the New York skyline comes into view. We are reaching the tollplaza of the 20th century, and the dueling piano routine of chaos and order is on the radio, vying with the static from a nearby control tower and Venusian mind warps, reminding of what lies behind the gates we are approaching. Think if you will of this nearing tunnel under the watery abyss of the Hudson: human order, with the help of Teamsters and perhaps the mob, arrayed these yellow tiles against the forces of nature, but in so doing

gave rise to substantially more chaos—the tunnel acting like a tube sucking desire, drift, and anomie from the planes of New Jersey into the vacuum bag of Manhattan. The Lincoln Tunnel itself is by no means orderly physical reality. Indeed the line painted to signify transport from the amorphous state of New Jersey to the New York state of mind is surely a fiction of order giving rise to the Pyrrhic infighting among surveyors, toll personnel and song writers (for if one were to write a song about NYC upon seeing its skyline, would it really be a song about New York, or some ever receding idea from an uncertain locus—Jersey City, lets say. Or, further, the greatest song about New York could have been written by a poet-sitarist in sultry Bombay, reflecting on the skyline encased in a snowglobe.) Is this a tunnel or a metaphor or a möbius loop among möbius loops which connect time-space with the wretched void?

The Lincoln Tunnel aside, not a few developments have caused humanity to utterly revise the “true nature” of this mythical chaos, having too many times found ourselves dancing delicately with what we knew, we KNEW to be order itself, only to find the next morning that chaos is at our side, makeup smudged, hair disheveled. Some, like Einstein, believed that chaos did not exist; it was just poorly understood reality. He disapproved some of the precipitous, more anarchistic interpretations of his experiments into the photoelectric effect—for a long time not wholly understood. In response to wild quantum conjecture, Einstein famously said “God does not play dice with the universe.” He was criticizing the tendency for interpreting randomness as somehow naturally inexplicable, evidence of God’s wily profligation, or even his idiocy. But classical physicists were always enamored of the idea of a divine intelligence immanent in the things of nature, so that to the eyes of those such as Descartes, the land extended to the horizon like a checkerboard grid. Movement was by knowable rules, and a true inexplicability would be the endgame of the august chess match between God and the brainiacs that is the history of physics. But whether God plays dice, chess, or mahjong, the question remained: what is the nature of chaos, and is science helpless in the face of its non-Euclidean rules? It will not be until quite late in the century that terms like the fractal, the singularity, the strange attractor will start to become the shibboleths of the emerging science of chaos, supporting Einstein’s suspicion that in chaos there is order, not abjection or nihilism.

But in the face of these fashionable and abstract terms of postmodern science, what ever happened to that old time religion of Chaos—the gods of the unpredictable, the primal, and the damned? Perhaps we are to be satisfied with the knowledge that now commensurable with the Parnassan math of Oxford and Northern California are phenomena such as the arrhythmic flapping of a flag (beating an uncertain tattoo on the pole on a windy day), the drips of a faucet (driving a housewife into a mania which will result in her driving the Taurus into a duck pond), and the rate at which the ciliations of a bathrobe catch and unravel (this unnerves the author, who writes best and writes now in his bathrobe, to no end). But, one must ask, has our imagination been impoverished with these more quotidian applications of a grand thought? Enter Hollywood, with a cryptic and perhaps consciously unnoted replacement: who indeed is the thespian who has been masquerading as our deepest, most fundamental otherness, unbeknownst to us?

The *hyle*, abyss, or Ein Sof of our bourgeois posteulidean ease is none other than Walter Matthau who made his name in the Broadway play and 1968 movie, *The Odd Couple*, a movie about strange attractors if there ever was one. In it, he played what has now become an archetypal character, that of Oscar—a name which is a near anagram of “chaos.” His last name, “Madison,” like the avenue, implies he is somehow quintessentially New York, a sports journalist who is part of the möbius flows between wild chaos and brutal order that never seem to harden into a certitude like the pavement of a New York street (and even that is uncertain, pocked with wormholes letting off pillars of steam, avenue of speedy abstractions rather than things, the launching pad of buildings which rocket up into another dimension). Matthau, in the role that made him famous, is up against another New York, the New York that pretends culture can act as a shield against the alchemy of Madison Avenue chaos. Felix Unger—whose name has an almost disturbing European ring to it and seems to imply the happy hunger of the culture vulture—is a finicky and perhaps hysterically Euclidean divorcee. Oscar Madison must share quarters with this opera and theatre maven. And in these quarters, the endgame of physics and metaphysics is actually played out.

But why Matthau? Why not, say, Klugman? The choice of Matthau for the role of our primal unconscious is simple: blustery and unkempt, his face verges upon the complexity of fractal geometries. Even in his youngest roles, like the

aptly named Carson Dial of *Charade*, he comes on as supple clay for the marks of time and the forces of entropy. By the 70s he is already playing the grumpy old man roles that he will play well into the 90s, first in a series of middle-aged romantic comedies opposite Glenda Jackson. In one of these Matthau-Jackson comedy-romances, *Hopscotch*, Jackson outright tells Matthau that “God does not play dice with the universe.” She says she read it in *Readers’ Digest*. Digested and fragmented, Einstein is everywhere, haunting time itself and somehow contradicting the message of his aphorism, since pure anarchic unreasonable chaos is afoot when Einstein ends up in *Readers’ Digest* in the 70s. Her reading Einstein in this venue is character device sufficient to signify that neither they nor Einstein will be getting into Studio 54. While all things inexorably run down in this disco-era heat death of the universe, Jackson and Matthau try to stop swinging, giving up hope in finding the *perpetuum mobile* of casual sex, trying to warm themselves with a last real romance as the pendulum winds down.

Yet, as I have intimated, the recent science of chaos tells us that entropy, unlike love, is not all, and that there is a chance to find order in unmappable corners of existence, places where Satan traditionally is said to have reigned. But just as behind the mask of Satan is the luminous countenance of an archangel, so too, beneath the apparently random shape of clouds, the population fluctuations of insects, the volatility of the stock market and the stochastic face of Matthau, there lies a hidden order, albeit one of infinite complexity. So it is that the whole Matthau oeuvre gravitates, as if to a singularity in the time space continuum, to his role as Einstein himself. In *HI-IQ*, opposite Meg Ryan and Tim Robbins, not only has Hollywood once again refuted entropy to turn time impossibly back in the sparkling presentation of an idyllic Princeton, NJ of the 1950s, but through a further bend in time-space, the previously exhausted Matthau of *Grumpy Old Men I and II* is rejuvenated as a mischievous Einstein. What’s more, he finds himself saying, as if coining the phrase mintily, “God does not play dice with the universe.”

Is this the entire message of Matthau’s brief strut upon the stage of life, and if so, does it not ultimately negate chaos, turn back time, and obliterate the very substance of Matthau? Primal Matthau, crotchety Matthau, Matthau matter—indeed what has happened to chaos, and how, upon its death and eternal return into the incarnation of Einstein, will we live without it?

The practice of hermeneutics, science of interpretation, is not without some slight

of hand. In fact, the word derives from the god Hermes—both messenger and trickster god. So it is that these interpretations are not necessarily factual, since some details have been manipulated to create interpretive consonances and symbolical narratives. Yet they are not necessarily fiction in as much as interpretation is, from the standards of certain fundamentalist practices, the very essence of truth. For example, in the Kabbalah, correct interpretation of the scripture reveals the true biography of God. My own readings of the Kabbalah came up with the following “1:14 AM, Minute Mart. The coffee is not very good. I must find ways to cope with my insomnia; I find I cannot get Jackie out of my mind. Is it just a physical attraction, or something more? I am fat fat fat: in a ubiquitous way.” Is this God’s biography or God’s diary?! What a revelation: god is not unlike Bridget Jones. Everything is revealed, at every moment, with candor and ingenuousness. The only difference between the surface and its meaningful depth is what was always called, in another arena, “the willing suspension of disbelief,” but may be what is called faith. The void between this world and its double in the next, across which is suspended the tightrope of belief, is also where duplicity reigns. But reader believe me when I say that these great and mighty mysteries have appeared to me in dream and other like transmission, so real as to be an incontrovertible communiqué from the godhead. Once invisible, unnamable, ineffable, these mysteries are now Evident and from this evidence springs new conjecture, new Truth. Further dreams I have had. Yet will deciphering the hidden systems of this continent of candor lead to madness, if not the early grave? Here, surfaces reign: what boots it to see behind these surfaces, and find the true complex of the supposed simple? Am I accursed? For these answers, I must wait another day.