

## JACK

The day broke bright after the thunderstorms of the night before. It was frightening, yet exciting with the flashing light and booming sounds of the lightening and the thunder. The sun had just peaked above the hills surrounding the town, and Jack, all fourteen years of him, was already up, not because the sun was up, but because Buster had licked his face pulling Jack's eyes open with each lick. "All right boy, I know. Let's go."

Up he got, threw on his shorts, tennies, T-shirt and out the back sliding door. The back gate opened up onto the canyon where Jack liked to spend most of his time when he wasn't trapped inside doing homework or chores. Buster burst out the gate, charging around the damp field of grass, pulled up to his favorite bush, and watered it good. Then his ears pricked up and Buster busted ahead quickly catching sight of a rabbit, streaking after him but not even getting really close. A few minutes later, Buster came back into view, tongue hanging out the side of his mouth, and with a big grin.

"Yeah, that's it boy. Nothing like rabbit chasing. Wish I could run like you...that's what I want to be able to do...run as fast as a dog. What fun."

They walked along the ridge trail, looking down into the canyon. "Buster, do you think that Indians used to live around here. If I was an Indian, I would. It's perfect. Water in the spring that feeds the small pond, the river about a mile away emptying into the ocean, at least when the dam up river lets the waters run after a heavy rain. Betcha there used to be bear and buffalo around here before gunners killed them all. What do you think, huh boy? Yeah, those were the days; wish I was alive then."

Buster and Jack wound around the point where you could see the sun set during the winter months before it went around the bend during the summer time. Here the upper canyon had a bit of what it was like before the city people desecrated, I mean landscaped the canyon. No, I actually do mean desecrated. Here, there was the memory of the smell and taste of the old nature what with various kinds of cactus and native grasses, and old willows spreading over the seasonal wash. But, now, just a bit left. At the bottom of the trail, that's where there now was the asphalt walkway that the city put in a few years back and the wooden bridge over the wash. It used to be more fun before they put all of this in. That's when Jack could run wild, climb the willows and jump into the gathered water below when it rained. Had to do it when it rained; that was the only time there was enough water, plus no one else was about when it rained...they all hid not wanting to get wet.

Jack loved this time of day best, before people were everywhere. People were messed up. The truth was something they always demanded but rarely lived. So many times he had seen the haze grow across their faces as they spoke stuff that made no sense, except the sense that they believed everything they said. That was dumb. Believing everything said was right. What was right anyway? Jack knew that half the things he said weren't right. Often he wondered later, what it was he said anyway. For sure most people didn't hear what he was saying and they were always saying he never heard anything they said. What a mess.

Buster was cruising along the wash, his nose going like crazy. Every few yards he would stop and give a quick spray. How was it that dogs seemed always able to piss, even after they already did it how many times? That would be almost as cool as being

able to run like a dog...pissing like one. Being a person was just about what one wasn't allowed to do. What kind of life was that, not being able to do this, or do that, and definitely not that other thing, except everyone did it when no one was looking. Problem wasn't what one couldn't do; it was in getting caught doing those things. The art of life was to do them and just not get caught. Don't do them and life would be so boring and pointless. Why was it that adults cut everything out of life that gave meaning to life and then insisted that that kids have to do things that have no meaning? Running wild wasn't OK, but running track was. Playing a CD loud wasn't OK, but listening to a blaring band playing dumb music was OK at a football game. Climbing a tree was frowned on, "You'll get hurt Jack, come on down," but clear cutting a forest was OK. Shooting off fireworks wasn't OK, but dropping bombs was patriotic. "Share your stuff Jack, and when I came home without my bike, "Jack where's your bike? What the hell you mean that you loaned it to Pete? How the hell are you going to get to school?" But adults never want to share. They definitely don't like to share power. Imagine a teacher, a parent, or a supervisor instituting democracy...where everyone has a say in what is happening. None of it made any sense, and probably that's what made one an adult, the willingness to do dumb things for dumb reasons.

Yeah, going to school was like going to have your brain washed. Everything I like they don't teach. They don't teach martial arts, growing things, making things, creating things, what life is about, and why the world is so messed up. That's what I want to find out about. Stuff that makes sense and that we need to know to make things better. Actually, sticking kids into school is like sticking kids into a warehouse, or more accurately, a glorified day-care center. That's what school is. A place to warehouse kids until someone dies and a job vacancy is created. They finally let a kid out of school with a degree, to go fill that vacancy. Yeah, like Grad School, what's that but another name for a vocational training program; that's when they finally allow you to learn something that is going to be one's trade. Math, what a dumb way to spend five hours a week plus another five hours of it for homework...all the time spent since first grade. They don't even teach it right. "Gee, you need to know math so that you can balance your check book." I have to study fractions, geometry, algebra so that I can balance my checkbook? Come on, give me a break. They teach math to frustrate people. To take their minds and place them somewhere that has no meaning now, tomorrow, or ever.

I think about stuff like that, about math, and what it's about. Ever since I was a little kid I thought thoughts, like what's beyond the farthest star. I would be lying in my bed and with the lights out in a few minutes I would see the universe in the room, swirling constellations, and gases of many colors, and bright lights swarming like fish in a school. I took this for the universe, and each dot of light, a star. Anyway, one night I got the notion in my mind about what was beyond the farthest star, and each night as I lay there watching the universe, I would wonder about that question. One day, I don't know, maybe I was taking a nap, and I was looking, but not really looking, you know, and in the space between my eyes and the room's wall I could see nothing...the space between being empty, and that's when I had the answer to what was beyond the farthest start. Nothing. Absolutely nothing, and I knew what nothing looked like.

Knowing the answer to what is beyond the farthest star some how took a lot of pressure off of me. With that knowledge I felt a lot better. Well, that got to the question of what math was, and why it had to be studied. I heard all of the things the math teachers

would say about critical thinking and such--I never did figure out what that meant. Still it never clicked, algebra especially. What the hell use was algebra about except to mess my life up. Always, with just one little mistake like forgetting to change a (+) to a (-). With that one mistake the whole problem would collapse...that led me to contemplate the value of perfection and a science based upon perfectionism, and that was confusing as I had also been taught by other authorities that no one is perfect, only G-d. So if math is the creation of man, then math as man's creation has to be less than perfect. That's what I call a paradox. Unless of course G-d created math, but I can't lay that on G-d.

Back to math. Here I am, a fifteen year old, at least in a fifteen year old body, and then what about Mozart and Beethoven? What kind of childhood did they ever have what with being able to compose music while a child that no adult could even approach? Obviously, the age of our body has no necessary direct correlation to the age of the mind. Look at the inverse, which is so obvious when watching the way adult people, in adult bodies behave like three year olds, except they have a hell of a lot more power.

One moment in time. I was looking deep into math and its function other than to make my life hell, when it came to me that, well first I must say that I had just read the biography of Albert Einstein, and the thing that impressed me most was that in his later years he was unable to describe the visions he was seeing in the then existing "higher math." Higher math? I had no idea what that was. Still he came to a point when he came to realize that he would have to make up his own math to describe what he was trying to share with his buddies. Something about a Universal Field Theory. Never did succeed so what he saw passed away with him. That was messed up. So, from this I figured out that math was a way of describing what one sees. That kind of made sense, and I wondered why the teachers never shared that bit of knowledge. Still to make sense out of Algebra,  $A + B = C$ . What the hell was that about? How can  $A + B = C$ ?  $C$  is  $C$ , and  $A$  isn't  $B$ . Just like that, suddenly it was there. I was watching a bitch being fucked...kind of fascinating first because of the speed that lucky dog could move his hips, and secondly, because after he was done, he was stuck, and the owner had to take a hose a shoot water on them to get them apart. The point is, what comes from his fucking her, but pups? There, see!  $A + B = C$ ...male dog + bitch = pup(s), or male plus female equals child. I guess math would kind of describe that, so math must be a way to describe "reality," or someone's reality. Of course, that's so mental, when one just had to observe the two dogs without all that bullshit abstraction. Figuring out about math took of another kind of pressure from me, because then I knew why I didn't like it, and wouldn't waste my time on it. I take the real thing any day to some abstraction of it. One can do it or think about it. I would rather do it.

Another thing about math. Even when they use it to describe something, they have it all backwards. Like did you ever wonder what the number one symbolized? Maybe like one apple. Or one Orange. Then they teach you can't mix apples and oranges, but that isn't right if you really check out reality. Of course you can mix apples and oranges, like in a fruit basket. Or apples and oranges can be mixed together to give meaning to the word "fruit." So in that sense  $C = A + B$ , or Fruit = Apples and Oranges. Then the number one equals the combining of all types of fruit. One then isn't just one of many numbers, like 1, 2, 3, etc., but one equals the whole. One equals the whole, and all the other numbers equal parts of the whole. Like 2 equals One split in half. 3 equals One split into three parts. Then studying math is trying to figure out how all of the parts

combine together into something whole, or One. That's what I believe Einstein had figured out, but he couldn't figure out how to describe it. Probably got too complicated, when the answer was so simple.

Math isn't algebra, and geometry, and calculus. Those are just functions of Math. Math is not on how to split up One into an infinite number of parts, into which one's mind can definitely get lost and never be found. Rather it's about how to be found. We are so lost in the infinite parts of reality that we have lost all sense of what it was before math people began breaking reality up into its component parts. The real relevance of math is the discovery of how to combine all of the parts back into the One, the Whole, so that someone can understand what's really going on. Yes, to get out of the abstraction and back into the reality is the real purpose of math. All the teachers are doing is getting more and more people to be lost. They keep splitting the whole thing into so many more parts that no one even knows any more where the whole splitting thing started. I guess, when you don't have mountains, you get the desire to build one, like the ancient Egyptians. No mountains, so some Egyptian woke up one morning with the desire to build a pyramid. Crazy. How to build a pyramid? Math. Got to have math. So math came into being, just to build the pyramid. Somehow, like a virus, math got loose, and spread all over the world, tearing apart reality and recombining it into stuff.

What's the use of developing medical sciences while at the same time science develops more and more effective ways of blowing humanity up. Basically medical advances are stimulated by trying to save our people who got blown up while trying to blow up other people who seek revenge by shooting back. That's craziness.

Now, if you thought like this, could you get motivated to go to high school? Every time I try to share some of these thoughts with my teachers they quickly begin to get uptight and start to lecture me about knowing math before I talk about it, otherwise how can I know what I'm saying really makes sense? My music teacher told me the same thing when I tried to share with her about what to me music was really about. She was trying to convince me that music was just another form of math. Whole notes broken up into progressively smaller unit, and all combining together to make up something greater than the sum of its part. Ok, that kind of makes sense, but math? No, not really. Maybe, something greater than the sum of its parts, when you don't pay any attention to the parts that make up the whole. But, what happens if one note is missed, a mistake? Then what? Instead of creating something greater than the sum of its parts, one creates a teacher losing self-control and yelling about this and that and how the whole thing was ruined because of that one mistake. How, in life, can one mistake ruin a whole thing? In nature, it can't, unless it was when people were created. Oh yeah, *smile*. Yeah, one mistake like when G-d tossed Adam and Eve out of Eden. Some role model. So then, what the math of music concept teaches is that only perfection is worthwhile, while in reality there is no such thing. That must have caused some problems, the elevation of perfection over nature, so that no one can hardly play music without being so critical of oneself that all of the joy is gone. No, that can't be music. I don't know what that is, but it isn't music.

Music is so much more than perfection. Although it may sound great in a concert hall, when it is taken outside into a meadow in spring time, the sound of the man music seems so insignificant to the real music of life. I guess that's the beauty of a concert hall...it's built so that the sounds of the orchestra are intensified until it fills the listener's head; only when we fill our heads with it does it sound so great. Probably that's what

people do; fill their own heads with their own sound so that it's not only the only thing they hear, to them it also sounds so right that it must be the only thing.

That's what people do when they get high. Fill their heads and when nothing else can penetrate then what is one's head seems so intense. Take the high away, take the concert hall away and what is there is the rest of the world. How important the rest of the world is and yet how hard people try to minimize it...of course until it intrudes, breaking in with force because people work so hard to keep it out. That's what an accident, illness, or natural catastrophe does...breaks up all that internal stuff and brings a person out into the world to get help. It's too bad that it takes such events for people to minimize all that internal stuff.

Back to music. Music to me is more than a sound...its a doorway back into the what came before people and mind. Ever watch a guitar string vibrate? It looks like many strings simultaneously, and it's only when it looks like that when the sound is being made. Basically a note is a contained series of vibrations that combine together into the recognized note. However, inside the note are an immensely large variety of vibrations, each a note if you could only hear them. What we recognize as music are the external vibrations. Yet, music exists within each note infinitely. Technical people would say music is only made by humankind. They say what you hear in nature are sounds...yet some songbirds make a lot more than sounds. Traditional people sing the same songs and many of the songs are seasonal and are sung at special times of the year. Traditional people know the power of music. Technological people make songs that die. Each year has new songs and the old songs are called "Oldies" and only sung to remember a specific year. They lose their power as they get older. The traditional people's music stays vibrant, alive, and keeps its power through time. For them, people are as much a creation of their music as their music is a creation of humankind. Traditional people believe that music is in a relationship with people and isn't created by people, but rather comes to people for a purpose. That's why I believe that the music makes the people and each culture is like one of the musical notes of the universe. All the notes combine into one sound, like each note is one of the vibrations on the guitar string that is strummed. All people are really then one note of a greater sound, and that sound is what we all are if only we would allow ourselves to be One with the Music.

I'm weird to many people, but not to animals, or plants or to the waters or the earth, or the sky or the sun. I have never felt weird with nature, only treated as such by people. People do not like to hear me share my feelings, my visions. They feel uncomfortable when I share what I experience. That's why I spend so much time with Buster. Buster looks into my eyes and I into his eyes and we see each other for who we really are. We have no confusion between us. Buster feels me as I feel him and when we walk together we are as if One. That's why we love walking together. Two ducks fly overhead every morning in greeting, and so too do the local hawks. I wonder if they're chasing the ducks, nah.