

THIS TIME-BOUND TOY AGAIN

Stefan Hyner

for
Ku Yün & Red Pine
who know why

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A Translation with Commentary by *Ku Yün*

Preface

THIS BOOK IS FOR MAGDA

.

What strange pleasure do they get who'd

wipe whole worlds out,

*ANYTHING,
to end our lives, our*

wild idleness?

*But we must have charms against their rage—
Must go on saying, "Look,
if nobody tried to live this way,
all the work of the world would be in vain."*

And now and then a son, a daughter, hears it.

Now and then a son, a daughter

gets away

.

I was maybe 16 years old, when i read this poem for the first time, with which Lew Welch – a poet too long neglected – opens his collection *ON OUT*, & it became something of a maxim for my own life. This was before 'time, space & personal experience' vanished from poetry & were replaced by mere 'language' & the so-called aesthetic delight, concerned only with the ongoing mental bla-bla, the sages of old took so much pain to bring to an end. Dogen Zenji once said: "To study the Self, is to forget the Self, to forget the Self is to be enlightened by all things. To be enlightened by all things, is to remove the barrier between Self & Other." Since there is no enlightenment without compassion, this goes hand in hand with a commitment to the world & all living beings. In regard to poetry i have always agreed with Liu Hsieh (c. 465-522 o.t.) who in his *Wen-hsin Tiao-lung* (The Literary Mind & the Carving of Dragons) sez: "If the government is bad, poetry will reflect the people's resentment and complaint." Pai Chü-yi (772-846 o.t.), one of the heroes of Lew Welch & Berthold Brecht also, wanted to be remembered as a poet who gave the world empirical insights that would serve as an ethical guide to life. If poetry is to reflect the conditions of the world, the poet necessarily has to adjust to the ever-changing situations & needs of the time. Confronted with this fluid world, his moods vary in response to it & he spontaneously creates different literary forms.

This book is an attempt to recreate the concurrence of 'time & space', its 'personal experience' based on deep Samadhi or what the Chinese call: *Chi Ching Shih Chiu*, 'to abandon oneself to Poetry & Wine'.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

First i have to thank Burton Watson for the title, which i 'stole' from his translation of chapter 29 of the Chuang Tzu in *The Complete Works of ChuangTzu*. I probably wud never have dared to translate *chü* with 'toy'. Then Red Pine, who has not

only been my most important teacher in classical Chinese, but a good friend in decisive moments of my life & a fellow traveler. I can't say how much I appreciate the friendship of Ku Yün, which was certainly risky for him at times; I have seen a lot of China through his eyes.

Thanks to James Koller, who again took the pains to try to 'correct' my English, whatever 'mistakes' remain, they are entirely mine.

Empty Boat Studio
Year of the Fire-Pig 2551 (2007)
25. Day of the Month of Clear-Harmony
Hour of the Horse

A FOOTNOTE TO THE PREFACE
Statement by Stephonrhinuns Etruskus

Can I ask to have a book in English – as Jaime de Angulo would say – cuz this place has been occupied by the US-Americans since I was born (don't worry, I won't be playing the traumatically impaired – occupation here began a long time ago; there are traces of the Celts, the Romans & finally the Germans, who still linger on also). There's no need for compensation.

I was a mere nine years old when I used (U.S.-ed) my first English sentence to sneak into Tompkins Barracks for ice cream, falsely testifying that "my Daddy is a boiler man"; a reflection on energy consumption & slavery? Even as an occupying force, one has a responsibility.

I consider local, small scale organization essential to human life, the whole spiritual life, all the old stories barking from behind every tree, then only can you begin to think 'earth' – what's under heaven – as all-embracing as you possibly can: yr home. Nothing less than the whole damn thing.

All the World Loves a Lover
or
They Reside at the Core of Truth
A Fragment

dedicated to

Anne Frank

Sophie Scholl

Romy Schneider

ACT 1

SCENE 1

Billy the Kid, Winnetou, Emma Goldman, Maxim Majakowski & The Lone Wolf sit in the Hofbräuhaus in Munich drinking wheat beer, talking about 'potatoe-soup' & what the Germans ate before 1492. Winnetou, being somewhat of a native to both places contributes a recipe that includes venison & wild onions. Lone Wolf eats anything & doesn't care about the intellectual stuff. Emma grew up on potatoes.

Billy: I don't care about history, it's only what they want you to believe anyway.

Karlsruhe takes an early lead in the football match on TV, which hangs behind the bar & scores a phenomenal goal soon after.

Emma orders the red cabbage w/sausages, potatoes & sauce. Billy & Maxim Majakowski take the potatoe soup. The Lone Wolf wants an extra helping of gravy w/his steak.

Lone Wolf: I think about George W. Bush when I think about gravy & I don't know why.

Winnetou: My brother Old Shatterhand once promised to take care of that but never made it back to Texas.

The moon is brand new & nowhere to be seen. It is also way too warm for November. Maxim Majakowski has to work the next day. He leaves at 9, taking bus #11 back to the YMCA.

The Lone Wolf orders another whiskey. Emma gets another helping of cabbage, red cabbage that is. Winnetou lights a pipe, rising the suspicion of the other customers. Eventually they come to the conclusion that he is some relict of '68, who hadn't made a career w/the Green party.

Emma looks thru the pile of magazines next to the entrance & is surprised to see what shit bears her name, but doesn't mention it.

Billy pays the bill. The waitress takes a while to come back & say that everything is fine. The Lone Wolf wonders if anybody recognized the Gold Pesos the old Apache had taken from his purse. He also remembers that 70 years ago today Buenaventura Durruti was shot in the streets of Barcelona.

*

SCENE 2

A Silent Flashback

Pat Garrett didnt shoot Billy the Kid on July 14. 1881, he killed the Ghost of the French Revolution instead, which shouted "Quien es? Quien es?" upon his entering Pete Maxwell's bedroom at old Fort Sumner, New Mexico. Billy escaped & made it to Germany by December 1881. He spent x-mas w/his friends in Berlin.

From 1882 until spring of 1905 he worked as cook in a bar across from the prison in Moabit, from where he helped several political prisoners to escape, aided by the Three Musketeers & a Turkish Princess, who dressed only in man's clothes.

At the age of 45 Billy went to St. Petersburg to take part in the revolution & hardly escaped with his life. He returned 13 years later to fight with Nestor Makhno in the Ukraine. There he met Emma Goldman when she visited their camp. Winnetou was there after a visit to Karl's grave in Radebeul. The Lone Wolf wasn't much of a concept then.

*

SCENE 3

At some point Billy realized that he was being used as a tourist attraction, nothing about the freedom to find the final thot. Emma realized that she was indeed the reincarnation of Kuan Shih Yin.

Emma: It mite be different somewhere else.

(We must face the fact that these people coming together here are not historical figures but histories.)

Winnetou: Karl May never supported the reactionaries, they put him in prison for that.

He spits a big glob of tobacco juice on the marble floor of the reception room of the Kremlin.

Emma has sex with whomever she likes.

Emma: Do you agree?

Winnetou: I know too little about it.

Emma: That's ok, I feel the same way.

*

[1. INTERLUDE / A DREAM JULY 4. - 5. 1881
(*sung by a chorus of 15 women in traditional Mexican costumes*)

The birds will fall from the sky. "We all", she said, "are gonna die". Scorching summer sun. Jehova's freaks pray: "Hallejulia, the final day is near". Waiting for Jesus to arrive in a flying saucer near the Guadalupe Mountains, to take'em to the G(l)ory Land, but it's emerald green scavenger flies instead who feast upon the eyes first. Blind they arrive at the gates of Hell & cant see that it looks like the White House on Inauguration Day. "Who walks thru here has to give up oneself". "Easy thing to do for working class heroes like us". Not all get past with only a stare, some she looks at their hands to see what sort of savages they were.

"What a surprise", Billy said out loud to himself when he awoke from his dream, "I thot she'd live in Mexico."]

*

SCENE 4

Emma: You *are* a fallen angel.

She lifts the steamer with the red beets from the stove. Billy takes one of her cigarettes from the package & rolls it absent mindedly between his thumb & index finger so the tobacco falls on the kitchen table. Winnetou scrapes it together & puts it in his pipe.

Billy: But does that mean, they can judge me by the moralistic standards of their law & order? Like there's no diversity of time & place? We all are the result of a complex multitude of causes, that these people in their comfortable & safe positions cant even begin to fathom. The law is nothing but a ceasefire agreement between the fighting classes & when you break it you have to be an outlaw, there's no other choice. Either you adapt to the system they impose or they dispose of you. First they shoot you & then they slander you to justify their action. This they call history.

Emma peels an onion & cuts it into thin slices.

Maxim Majakowski returns from work. The Lone Wolf is splashing in a zinc tub on the kitchen floor.

Lone Wolf (singing): Billy they dont like you to be so free.

*

[2. INTERLUDE / A CONCEPTUAL THOT

- Steppin' out of one's own name, one's own family, giving up on individualism, takin' on a role, being a concept: Billy the Kid. I cudnt sell'em my cunning if I behaved like an adult. I had to make'em believe something different. I knew who's side I took -]

*

SCENE 5

Billy: What did I know?

He puts the suitcases down on the sidewalk. Emma pays the taxi. Winnetou unties his trellis from the fender of the car. Maxim Majakowski gasps at the size of the hotel, while the Lone Wolf already chats with the girl at the reception desk.

Billy: My mother went west to pursue a future with no limits & these guys moved in with their schemes of exploitation, tried to take over everything, even Tunstall, otherwise a gentleman, wanted to make half of every dollar earned in the county. Most everybody was prey to their schemes, worst for the Hispanic & o, Emma, they were such beautiful girls & so playful.

Winnetou has unpacked his bundle & lights a *Romeo y Julieta* cigarette.

Winnetou: Karl May considered us the good guys, trying to make a point he probably got from Jean Jacques, which only Old Shatterhand understood, but they didn't wanna listen to a white guy who runs around in a fringed leather suit.

Emma: Capitalists, petty thieves & pansies with a lot of artillery, hardware & nothing in the pants.

She smiles as she walks up the five red granite steps to the entrance of the hotel.

Maxim Majakowski (staring up at the front of the building): What a place.

The girl from the reception desk comes to collect Lone Wolf's luggage. They will all meet with the guy from the committee tomorrow. Maxim Majakowski has taken unpaid leave from his job to be part of this; he has to stay across the street at the YMCA. Winnetou offers that they become blood brothers before they have to part.

Maxim Majakowski: I am not that sure about looking like a suicide when I arrive at the Y.

The Lone Wolf by now is completely shitfaced & ready to face the next day.

Emma: I suggest we sample some of the local foods.

Winnetou dons his war bonnet & off they all go,
downtown to the Hofbräuhaus.

*

[3. INTERLUDE / AN INTRODUCTION/

MAXIM MAJAKOWSKI

(recited by a choir of Zaporogs Cossacks)

My great-uncle was a poet, Wladimir, back then in the Sowjet Union, he was cut down by the bureaucrats, the petit bourgeoisie, who crept back out of their holes after old Russia had died. My grandfather left before that fatal bullet hit. On December 1. 1921 he took a train to Berlin with Emma, Alexander Berkman & A. Shapiro. My father was born 10 years later in New York City, where he met my mother, Rita, an anarchist from Sicily, whose family had escaped the terror of Mussolini. I was born in '51. In '56 my parents were subpoenaed by the McCarthy tribunal & lost everything. We moved to Detroit. After highschool I took a job at the Ford Motor Company, that's when I saw Diego Rivera's mural at the Detroit Art Institute for the first time & decided to move to New Mexico & become a painter. I have worked as a casual laborer ever since. I am still a member of the IWW.]

*

SCENE 6

Billy: It was those honorable men who fucked it all up & first of all the law, if there ever was one.

He puts some wood in the kitchen stove & sits back down again on the bench. Emma scrambles some eggs in a bowl & fries them with garlic & anchovies in a pan. Maxim Majakowski (who died today as a soccer coach) comes out of the shower & slips into a fine silk kimono a girl friend had once brought back for him from Kyoto in the mid 80s. The Lone Wolf sprawls completely drunk over the bread cutter attached to the counter. He snores lightly. Winnetou stirs the rice frying in a wok as Emma adds the eggs.

Billy: The state told me it wud protect me, but as humans they failed.

He rolls a cigarette between his fingers so that its tobacco empties out onto the table. Winnetou turns away from the stove & stuffs his pipe. The Lone Wolf lifts his head. He has one eye slightly open.

Lone Wolf (singing): Billy they dont like you to be so free.

Rock Hudson kisses Gina Lollobridgida in an Italian movie on TV.

Emma serves herself a bowl of fried rice & sits down at the table. The others do likewise except for the Lone Wolf who is passed out again over the bread cutter.

Gina now floats across the room in a yellow negligee.

Billy & Maxim carry the Lone Wolf upstairs to the guest bedroom. He lifts his head for a moment.

Lone Wolf (singing): So keep one eye open when you wander.

Winnetou sez good-bye to Gina & changes the channel to the football game between Bukarest & Leverkusen.

*

SCENE 7

The bell-boy brings in a bottle of red wine.

Bell-Boy: It's on the house.

Winnetou chops its head off with his tomahawk. Billy fills up two glasses & pours himself some mineral water.

Billy: When you just pay attention, you pay with yourself & begin to read other people's mind, which is hardly kind as you know.

Emma lights a cigarette, then hands one to Winnetou who empties its tobacco into his pipe.

Winnetou: That's true, look at this thing they call tobacco. They also gave us blankets infested with disease, that's how Old Shatterhand really died, he lay with a woman of our tribe on a cold winter night. They both died.

Emma gets up to answer the door. She stops halfway & turns around.

Emma: Oh, you boys & your endless drama.

Lone Wolf stands outside the door still quite drunk.

Lone Wolf: I'll see you guys tomorrow.

The silhouette of the girl from reception can be seen behind him. Emma closes the door. She walks over to the window & stares at the YMCA.

Billy: The true murderers get the Nobel Peace Prize, take Kissinger for instance.

He looks for the remote control. When he finds it, he turns on the TV. It's Frankfurt playing Newcastle. Winnetou goes to the bathroom. He returns a few minutes later, his hair neatly combed.

Winnetou: It needs everybody, there's not one we can afford to lose. You can't judge them, so you have to abstain from choosing.

Billy: Does it even out eventually?

Emma snorts a sip of wine across the small table.

Emma: What do you think?

The football match is a 0:0 tie at halftime.

Winnetou: Isn't it surprising that the eagle doesn't mind the presence of 50 000 people?

He stuffs his pipe with some tobacco from his pouch. The A in YMCA blinks on the side of the

building. The moon rises above the roof. A garbage truck passes by playing an awful version of 'For Elise'. The bell-boy brings a letter.

*(End of ACT 1 & Short intermission
Lew Welch serving champagne)*

ACT 2

SCENE 1

Jester: Now that journalism is dead, poetry takes its roll, it remains the only source of true information, in its own language.

P'u Sung-ling: That has always been true, in love & lives like Pai Chü-yi's.

Rouge: In love I know, in Pai Chü-yi I begin to understand.

Mencius: Nothing worse than a prostitute's promiscuity.

P'u: That has always been true.

Rouge: Some things do remain the same.

Mencius: But humans always change.

Rouge: Just like Figo, man, he got old.

It's Munich playing Mailand, nobody really moving, a very boring game. Mencius gets himself a cup of wine from the stove.

P'u: The state is not a person, a person can never be a state.

Rouge: I was raised believing women less worthy.

Mencius: There's too much excitement.

Half-time advertisements & P.R.. For 20 minutes absolutely nothing happens.

P'u: You had yr chance & you lost it. One honest word & yr old man didn't have to die.

Rouge: Those were the days, Hon, when you cud trust the world of men.

Mencius: You have lost trust in trust, cuz Lenin said control was better, him being just another capitalist.

Jester: This is football played in marching order. We shud switch to the European Knitting Championships.

The moon, 1. day from waning, makes a grand entrance thru the backdoor in the form of an actor.

P'u: You had yr chance & you lost it.

Rouge: I never was a prostitute.

Mencius: We shud credit the West with all the linear bullshit.

Suddenly the lights go out.

*

2. SCENE

Rouge: I was there to never do it again.

She turns on the lights. The Moon is vain - piano music, very dramatic.

P'u Sung-ling: There's only a very slight difference between the various worlds, insignificant if not negligible.

Mencius: Why do I always come last?

Rouge: You thot it superior.

P'u: It doesn't matter if you eat meat & drink wine, you can even reek of garlic & lotus flowers will bloom all around you

Kuan Shih Yin, who is also Emma Goldman, smiles as she collects the Moon, the actor.

Sing-song girls enter, of all kind, but kind.

Mencius: We credit the West with linear destruction. All values are dead, all of them.

Rouge: Ambivalent.

P'u: Always concerned about being right, they aren't about what's just.

On TV Barcelona is playing Bremen. Rouge seems interested, but doesn't get the jist of it.

Rouge: Chin Shih Huang Ti played this game with his consorts, it's an ancient form of decadence.

P'u: White people do the weirdest things. Make dildos from plant fibre that expand when moistened, like a children's game.

Mencius: They made freaks out of us.

Pig-lard white clouds drift across the cherry-red earth. The Moon returns, smiling, on the other shore. A reed is a risky ship.

Rouge: I bought him a ticket to Francoise Truffaut's 'Last Metro'. He was a white guy & my father a general, it cud never have worked. I never married, Chinese men are like leeches, they suck you dry.

*

[FINALE / A MYTH
explained by the Jester

The Oxherding-Boy, Niu Tsai, Cowboy, riding the bull (Zeus), reading the poems of Li He. Once a year they meet across the Milky Way, a bridge build by magpies. When they part, each gets a half of the Moon.

Who drives the birds away? Do you wanna be attached? Without the magpies?

The Spinning-Girl plays her zither. A tune so sad he breaks her instrument in half so she cant break his heart. But the times had changed.]

20/XI/ - 28/XII/2006

I pity those who pity those who pity
others.

But all that was long ago

An Album

AND NOW THEY ACT

Like this planet was hostile
like *Earth* was a dirty word. forgotten
that the young ones stood
singing on opposite sides of the river
then went to screw under mulberry trees,
now hardly anybody knows
what a mulberry tree is
less how to screw properly, or cook a decent meal
even Mencius that
Sex & food come natural to people

6:I:07

DREAM & SLEEP

I live inside my dreams at night
cut firewood & tend the flowers during day
a simple meal, a cup of wine
sometimes a friend comes by
let others strive for fame & fortune
when all is said & done
I'll return to Peach Blossom Spring

for T'ao Yüan-ming

7/II/07

FRAGMENTS OF A DRUNKEN NIGHT AMONG IMMORTALS

... perversity ...

... is reality ...

"10 000 miles from the facts"

... even 10 000 years ...

... come to an end ...

...how deep

under the sea ...

... of no return ...

... now she's gone -

returned to her mountain home

9:II:07

No such elegance
as a rustic home in the country,
a river nearby, ramshackle, low profile
'antisocial' they say cause 'social' nowadays means
rich & famous

The Empress herself served me tea
you know, cause Lew wrote about it
after my death people paid a fortune
for three of my characters written
on a slab of pine wood

During the final years
my family had 150 cash a day,
i strung it from the roof beam every morning
cut down the rest at dusk
to buy our evening wine
those days we ate a lot of venison

12:II:07

"A perfect smile", she said
"A slice of water melon", i replied
a half moon laying flat down in the night

the cat fell into the stove soot
didnt wanna take a bath
in the nettle soup

drunk i fell asleep before midnight
dreamt of magpies & the Milky Way
when i awoke the moon was long gone

23:II:07

Who can copy
this poem
written into
a cloudy sky
by three free wheelin'
red-tailed hawks?

25:II:07

READING MARCEL GRANET AGAIN

Why sacrifice anything?
for country (not land, they say) or ruler
 who sups on his contender

The old ones knew
that their governments
wud reflect in nature

- some things never change

2:III:07

Twelve years these walnut trees take
to bear fruit
 & those of the medlar bush
 need frost to sweeten
like the little plums
along the river, flooded for three days now

Jerusalem artichokes in olive oil,
vinegar & thyme, a winter of roots & meat,
red beets steamed with onions

Twelve years & all of today's politicians
are history at best, or just forgotten

Nettle soup with egg & dried
mushrooms, no ribwort yet, tho the ground
never froze all winter long

 The river will still be here long
 after we are gone, 50 million years
its waters have been flowing thru this valley
 saw tropics & saw ice
bears that ate its plums, all these stories
taking more than just twelve years

5:III:07

In the Hall of Dolls
lives an African girl

“I’ve seen so many die
I cant shed a tear anymore.”

“Welcome to this transcendental train station”,
said the visitor’s monk at Neuburg monastery

if this is Heaven

i dont need it

the moon wanes, a year
of solid household affairs ahead

6:III:07

“It’s a good watch but it’s an old watch,”
the guy said, looking longingly at my wrist
“It’s a good watch because it’s an old watch,”
i answered, but who wud understand
what my grandfather used to say
“We are too poor to buy cheap.”
& allow for such elegance & leisure

6:III:07

I never cud keep my mouth shut
it always brought me trouble with old age
it's gettin' worse the mouth & the trouble

to be without bias is for those too lazy to think

& the capitol under control of the yes-men

there's a cloud of plum blossoms
in the garden, set to music
by a myriad bees

I dug for Jerusalem artichokes, cut nettles
for our supper the capital
is of no interest to either one of us

7:III:07

THE BLESSINGS OF OLD AGE Part 2

Close to the dead-line
 bullshit becomes quite obvious
the fruit is sweetest
 shortly before it spoils

“It’s my day to die,” he said
& they never made it
 to Mount O-Mei,
but met 13 years later
when he was a cowboy in Shen Chou

Close to the dead-line
 bullshit becomes quite obvious
so he stole her peaches
 & became an immortal

8:III:07

this little animal

with the new moon

inside its belly where

did it go

- it fools around with shadows
listens to the morning birds, thinks
of his brother

long gone all exiled
we are all exiled for life

19:III:07

MY FRIENDS ARE GETTIN' TOO OLD TO MAKE IT UP HERE

All winter long each day I carry
a 100 pound bag of firewood
up the 64 steps, like a Chinese hermit
living on Mount O-Mei

Come spring i open all doors, sit outside
& look out over the valley, hemp & mulberry trees
hear the distant voices of people working the fields
but on full moon nights i have to get drunk alone

6:IV:07

You meet wisdom in the most unlikely places
when i stepped off the Greyhound Bus
in the middle of Nowhere Montana
into a little roadhouse, a guy at the bar
asked me:
“& what kind of road scholar are you?”

26:IV:07

NEUTER IS A GERMAN INVENTION

I gave in to women's lib
long before anybody thot of it
i stopped practicing division of labor
& did it all for myself

28:IV:07

GUESTS & HOSTS

for Dave Hazelwood

In walks Fred & thrusts some tricky words at Mr. Miller's face.

"See if you can understand this!"

"Ha, that's just an environment," sez Mr. Miller to himself & throws those words into a hole. Fred then acts normal & asks some friendly questions. Mr. Miller stuffs them into the hole too.

"That's great!" shouts Fred overexcited.

"Oh boy, you dont know shit," sez Mr. Miller.

In walks Henry and this time Mr. Miller dangles an environment in front of Henry's face. Henry takes it & stuffs it down the hole, whereupon Mr. Miller takes off his shirt & pants. Henry shouts. Now Mr. Miller batters him with all kinds of theses & antitheses.

"You dont know shit," Henry sez.

Mr. Miller thanks him & leaves the house.

In walks Mr. Smith & when Henry asks him about god, the world & the law, Mr. Smith immediately starts off with all kinds of explanations. Henry then curses him, naturally, to the end that Mr. Smith picks up a stick & starts hitting on Henry for his rude language. But lacking eyes to begin with, Mr. Smith has really no reason to be pissed.

Mr. Smith, Mr. Miller, Mr. Peters, Mr. Rodney & Mr. Schneider sit together & point to everything on the outside, love this and hate that, it's so much foul talk, their teeth begin to fall out. Consequently Fred, Henry, Paul & Steve get all confused by these bullshitters.

Steve remarks, "These Misters are trying to confuse everybody to cover their own arses."

At the point when Paul really knows what he's doing, he offers Mr. Schneider an environment on a silver tray. Sure enuf, Mr. Schneider climbs onto the tray and starts striking all kinds of fancy poses. Paul shouts, but Mr. Schneider refuses to come down & sit with him. In this case Mr. Schneider's innards are rotten beyond repair, so that Paul can see right thru him.

When Mr. Rodney has no question of his own, but snatches the environment right off the tray, Steve sees his nice concept gone, holds on for dear life, not wanting to let go of it. Then Mr. Rodney sees right thru Steve.

This time Paul holds out an empty environment which Mr. Peters clearly sees as such & stuffs it down the hole.

Paul sez, "You are great, Mr. Peters."

Instantly Mr. Peters answers, "Hopeless, you dont know shit!"

Paul thanks him.

Henry walks in dressed in a neatly constructed set of concepts that are strangling his throat, so he can hardly breathe. Mr. Miller proceeds by adding a whole other set, tightening the fit even more. For this Henry is extremely grateful & truly delighted.

Finally Miss Behold de Cries comes in & sez

“If somebody of average ability shows up, i take his environment but leave him his concepts.

“If somebody of above average ability shows up, i take away both; environment & concepts.

“If somebody truly great shows up, i take away nothing from him, not environment, not existence, nor self.

“Now if somebody shows up who is above all these catagories & concepts, i sit down with him for a cup of tea, not caring about his abilities at all.”

13:V:07

THUS TO DISCIPLINE THE DEVIL'S COUNTRY

He has no longing to
get caught again
in the clutches of
what lesser men
called civilization being nothing but
a strange occurrence of another word
even lesser men etc...
"until one hits
rock bottom"
the cumbrian spine
of Central Europa
twirls on ice toward some kind of
Championship the Swiss will never win
(as it is one of the many agreements made
with the Nazis in Chile) she showed them her
gold teeth, walked up to me
sat down & stared off into the distance
toward the black birds chattering
"so we dont walk thru paradise
with our eyes closed" said Albert
he was on a 100 year long acid trip
in his garden outside of Basel
"once you leave yr body once
you can never return"
alone or in company: Fred, Jack & Johann Sebastian
Bach (no metaphysical pun intended:
How to give yrself away
or that the name that can be named is not
sometimes
i just want to saddle up
the ol' water buffalo & see the border guard
behind the fence

18/V/07

Some women wear their bra
 like they had a recent vision of the Virgin
who told'em to go
& save the nation (when they are done
 Zeus comes & turns the whole thing around
his dick slung over his shoulder
like later kings their fur coats boats on the river
& the morning has a golden quality
 the crow sits across the street announcing the arrival
of even greater men

19/V/07

The Chinese organized crime
before anybody else knew how to spell it.
The Outlaws from the Marsh
issued their own money
but submitted in the end to state-power
(did Karl Marx ever criticize Robin Hood?)

“We trade in drugs, weapons & any organ you might want.”

“I hope you like weight-lifting & protecting your virginity.”

scattered brains on the bathroom wall, we
appreciate the art of the ancients
then everything collapsed
(in the human environment) & when
Mother Nature added a thing or two
great enlightenment struck

20/V/07

A good looking idiot
meets a good looking idiotess
for dinner downtown

they have caviar & Krim champagne
at a place called *Tolstoi's Revenge*

26/V/07

LUNCHTIME IN THE KUN LUN MOUNTAINS

"It's better to burn out,
 than to fade away,"
sez Neil Young & takes a bowl
of minced liver from the buffet.

"Yeah, why wait 'til those criminals
 send you some retirement money,"
the girl pulls a knife from the sash that holds up her dress
& cuts a greasy piece of meat from the bone,
"they are only concerned with their
 reputations, but fall into terror
 when they take a step away from home."

The moon - nearly gone, peaks above the hills,
all the children gather around the fountain.

"Disorder, suffering, disease, shame, worry & terror
 are the greatest evil in the world,"
sez Sense-of-Harmony, realizing his wine glass was empty.

the girl gulps down whiskey from a jade cup
& cuts herself another piece of meat from the bone,
"not a single thot of wanting to harm one another."

"Impossible," mumbles Neil
his mouth full of minced liver,
 "only if we were
 like birds & beasts."

7/VI/07

WHAT HE HEARD WITH HIS EYES

Since childhood looking at this river valley
(from the surrounding hillsides or the ruin of Mercury's temple)
her story unfolded like a picture book:
she was already 500 000 years old, when the first
humans arrived

We've come a long way, come a long way
today
time, space & personal experience
all the same, the same again
O, Jane, Marie & Josef, we acted
like there was
nothing else to do: survive
as humans

take away worry & pain
how many days remain to laugh?

8/VI/07

THE SHORT RETURN OF OUTLAW TRAMPLE-UNDERFOOT

Once, while resting in the shade of a tree, leaning against his sword, Outlaw Trample-Underfoot was visited by Confucius. In the conversation that followed he gave the old quack quite a wiggling. When Confucius later related the talk to the ruling bunch, they decided to band together to get rid of Trample-Underfoot who had shown no intention of joining their power game. Trample-Underfoot found out about this combined effort to put him under the law, disbanded his 9000 henchmen with enuf to live out their lives and went, with nothing but a horse and a jug of wine, into the Kun Lun Mountains.

One morning, after he had traveled thru the mountains for several days without meeting any person, a shadow crossed his path as he set out again. Maybe it was the fog, maybe his fleeting attention, but he didnt recognize what this shadow was. He turned his horse toward the still trembling branches, left the path and entered into the thicket. After a few hundred yards he came upon a dwelling. It was a small house surrounded by a low wall, with a simple, rustic gate facing south. He knocked at the gate. A dog cud be heard barking inside. After a little while a woman came to the gate and opened it. She was strikingly beautiful in an almost mythical way. Trample-Underfoot was delighted. She gazed at him wide-eyed, smiling, then she said,

“You are the first human capable of looking at my beauty.”

“No shit,” Trample-Underfoot replied, “where did you get it from, your mother?”

She invited him into the garden behind the house, where she served tea from heavy clay cups. The house was a sturdy structure in the Kuang Hsi mountain-style with stables on ground level. The garden was a tasteful arrangement of native plants and rocks, with a clear stream, covered with a carpet of peach blossoms, flowing thru. It was in fact hardly noticeable that the garden was a garden, it blended so well into its surroundings.

Later they had great sex. He knew all the advances, she knew all the defenses, so she conquered him and he, again, was delighted. They had lived together for some 2 thousand years, when her time was up. During these years they had grown very fond of each other and Trample-Underfoot felt rather inclined to also quit this World of Endurance. Since it was six weeks before the great banquet at the home of Hsi Wang Mu, he promised to meet her there.

“Male curiosity,” Trample-Underfoot said, “I wanna have one last look on how the humans are doing.”

She knew he was thinking about other girls, but smiled.

“Go ahead, I’ll meet you there if you make it.”

Trample-Underfoot laced up his bundle, took some old gold bullion and his sword, then set out down the mountain. When he stepped out of the thicket where once he had turned from the path, he nearly got run over by a car. The path had turned into a four lane highway, with cars racing along in all directions. For a moment Trample-Underfoot marveled at the sight. Later he noticed the same kind of speed and recklessness among the people in the towns and cities he passed thru. People didnt like the way he dressed and made him trade his gold bullion for printed scraps of colorful paper. They took his sword away and told him his papers werent any good. When they wanted to lock him up, he sat down on the sidewalk and died.

He was 5 weeks early for the banquet.

(as told by the *Fairyland-Cowboy* at *Empty-Boat Terrace* on a new moon night in the Year of the Fire-Pig, 2551)

NO NEED TO LOOK ANY FURTHER THAN THAT

I looked for God everywhere, but I didn't find him; God doesn't exist, he is an invention of those who deal in his name. My light, my guide is Abu-Ali-Ibn-Sina.*

W. Jan, Dschingis Khan

If God was a word

we cud do away with it like any other

if God was an animal

we cud do away with it like any other

if God took off on Sunday

we cud do away with it like any other

now this God has come a long way

when he arrived he was very tired

& surrendered to the Easter Bunny

he then recovered in mid winter under a fir tree

& decided to leave for warmer climates

if God was a plant

we cud flower like any other

if we cud flower in God

we cud do away with any God

16/VI/07

*Abu Ali al-Husain ibn Abdullah ibn Sina; b. 980 CE near Bukhara, father followed Ismaili teachings – d. 1037, buried at Hamadan. Western name = Avicenna. Fantastic intellect and spirit. I have never read a biography of him, but imagine the story of the life to be stupefyingly great. Guy to go to for ibn Sina, and a great deal else, is Henry Corbin, great French scholar. First place, I guess, for summary introduction etc., is Corbin's HISTORY OF ISLAMIC PHILOSOPHY. Next place is Corbin's AVICENNA AND THE VISIONARY RECITAL (AVICENNE ET LE RECIT VISIONNAIRE)... very great work... have been in it for forty years. Came to it because of university study of Aristotle's De anima with professor who knew the Arab/Islamic side of things very well. A lot of ibn Sina's thinking came about as of encounter with Aristotle and Arab "Aristotelianism," itself a complex and remarkable context. But that doesn't define or limit ibn Sina's genius or his spiritual/metaphysical work. Corbin's AVICENNA is a superb study of ibn Sina's "sufi" metaphysics, angelology, etc. I think it came out in English ca. 1965, that's when I got it. (Duncan Mc Naughton)

FURTHERMORE I HAVE HEARD, THAT FOOD & SEX ARE INBORN NATURE

Sex & food, are inborn nature
after them benevolence & righteousness arise
followed by robbers, murderers,
& finally banks

Sex & food are inborn nature,
“Did Confucius tell you this?”
Manuel asked. “No,”
I answered, “it was Mencius,
trying to put it down.”

23/VI/07

THE TRANSFORMATION OF THINGS

*A week ago or so our neighbor gave Mimi a caterpillar
bright green with yellow, red & black stripes
we put it in a bowl w/some fresh greens & an oak branch
the next morning its dress lay on the pebbled floor
like some diva's, just back from a wild night, & it hung
suspended from two thin threads, nowhere near its previous form
it remained there for six days like the world wasn't happening
until this morning when i found nothing but an empty cocoon*

& suddenly it is a

butterfly or is it

me just dreaming?

red geraniums

“Sorry, Gentlemen,
but this is a natural phenomenon
& you, being mere legalists,
are only versified in the law
that will justify any tyranny”

Papilio Macháon

spending the first night outside its pupa,
cold in red geraniums

“Sorry, Gentlemen,
there is no external ‘Boss’,
small or large,
who makes anything tick
we are here by ourselves
& leave so again –”

23/VII/07

to yield

is the poetical expression
for a cooperative collectivist society
that exists w/out necessity
& is completely undifferentiated
“we might as well be tiger food”

as far as a ‘creator’ goes
- Coyote or Silver Fox, the Tao or anything
that’s conscious of itself,
forget it. They really dont care
to them the 10 000 things
are like straw dogs

the hyacinths feel well in the shade
the hibiscus love bright sunshine
by good design?
or just fact like:

in the lowest places
the coolest things are happening

a highly political,
yet poetical & religious way
of looking at the world
you dont have to sign up
for it, no church required
just look-out

towers –
observe
& let things go

24/VI/07

INTERLUDE:

*When the Great Way disappears
we meet kindness and justice
when reason appears
we meet great deceit*

(Lao Tzu, Tao Te Ching, 18)

three guys from a private
US security firm
fall victim to assassination
in Afghanistan on the way to a prison
where inmates from Guantanamo Bay
will be transferred to

“Wake up in an entirely different
mind-set.”

“So it is connected to biology!”

“Nothing unusual.”

“It just so happens, that you wake up
& understand the whole thing.”

“Like a fat mushroom soup
with lily flowers.”

Three more dead
in the Afghanistan desert.

29/VI/07

CAN THE EAGLE BE JEALOUS OF THE SPARROW

“It’s all too much,” she says & pulls
her sales-cart off the
sidewalk
“walk on the wild
side,” she smiles
where you leave everything untouched

(is it the same
or a new moon?)

what’s true today
aint true tomorrow

I’m one day late
for the full moon

30/VI/07

NOBODY BELIEVES IN GHOSTS THESE DAYS

A Didactic Interlude

Nobody else talks as funny

about pre-feudalistic times

as the Chinese

over a dish of minced liver,

that once we were few

& longed to see beauty

life as an affair of humans

not ghosts & death

is a parking ticket –

aint much you can do about it after it happened.

2/VII/07

QUESTIONING MISS UNDERSTANDING ON A RAINY NIGHT

Dont scare me with
 having to come back here
 where one Miss Understanding
 begets the other
 until people spend all their money
 killing eachother's
 Miss Understandings
of something
 that cant be understood

I kneaded the dough
I baked the bread
 then we ate
everything was that simple. The rain fell
i looked the other direction
& it was all over.

 Life is like that, they say,
 a horse racing by a tiny window,
 you cant understand it all

I understood,
I wudnt come back here, nor have to
 being a good host now

4/VII/07

ALMOST LIKE A PHOTOGRAPH
– JUST AS SUBJECTIVE –

Can you imagine: I had enuf
 what an option
 created by dependency not
 by interrelation:

the moon shines not
cuz the sun decides to

 inside the far reaches of nowhere
 there is a bar
 where you stop for a shot or two
 thinking:
 there's a lot of nothing to deal with

the plum tree outside my window
bows under the weight of its fruit
 does this mean
 one has to exhaust oneself
 for the sake of the state?

she sez something about rain
& that she doesnt want this to happen.

6/VII/07

CONFESSION OF A TAOIST PHILOSOPHER
(in terms of contradiction)

An Introduction

“I didnt say that!” she insisted
“You did,” i answered, “or are you me
inside my dream?”– proving the unity of Nature
where everything fits together, one
into the other, in sheer ecstasy

The Story

I have heard, before
there were a lot less people, now
it’s all ‘mine’ as in private property,
like coca-cola, you wanna be
like coca-cola?

The antagonists were kept
inside a walled garden*, smoking hashish
& did what they were told
– so many virgins & wine

The philosopher lived with five women
four of them spayed & the fifth
not much interested in reproducing mankind.
Surprise? – not if he believed
in the unity of Nature. Mankind
had outdone itself
first species to leave
a written record about it.

15/VII/07

*Paradise, fr. GK. *paradeisos*, enclosed park, garden, orchard, of Iranian origin; akin to Av
paiṛi-daêza- enclosure, fr. *paiṛi* around + *daêza*- wall.

THAT LITTLE BIT OF BRAIN
& WHAT'S NOT

“Shake yr dick well,”
 said the ol’ men when i was a child
“after you’d pissed.”
 practical health instructions.
 50 years later
 they want me to believe
 somebody else.
“You wanna go on forever?
 against nature or
 let it be &
 shake yr dick well.”

This little bit of brain
we got
 – in relation to what’s not
to dress nice
& behave well
 not to improve nature.

18/VII/07

IT'S BEEN A LONG WAY FROM HUN-TUN

The Theory

Your allotted life span
 enjoy it, heaven
& earth gave it, heaven & earth take it back
no, dear, it aint a conscious decision
 when yr souls seperate, it just is
& makes Hamlet look like Hannibal
 -why cross the Alps
 with a bunch of elephants?
or wanna be
 or not be
instead of just sampling
 the honey

The Practice

If you live in simplicity
 you dont have to fear
extravagance
from rough wood
 i build our furniture
using what others discard
 not claiming a result

26/VII/07

DRUGS HELP OVER THE ADDICTION TO LIFE
THO THEY ONLY SCRATCH THE SURFACE

Consummation it was
not exhaustion, a
ghost story

Love happens only
between enterly different species, a
dragonfly

2/VIII/07

ON LOVE & POETRY

1.

She was a dragon fly (literally)
along a cool brook
who taught me her song

love lost & found in the blink of an eye
in the South Pacific jungle
a hawk's feather fell
onto the stone steps
that lead to the park
living above the emperor's summer home
a culprit in heaven's favor
momentarily
the true opposition has long been banned
to different constellations
& reunites only once a year
across a magpie bridge
(no cheap romance here)
to fuck their brains out

2.

I say, Mencius said it
so why claim Pound for an ancestor
who didnt get it & you follow suit
all thinking 'enlightened despotism'
like when the poets rule
or get at least
an invitation to the White House.

Is that what you wished for?

3.

I want sweet lemonade
not responsibility
nowhere else is such a place
not then anywhere

5/VIII/07

GHOST MONTH

“did you ever wake up
to street cats making love?”
ask the grateful dead
who are just like humans
different only in their sense
of elegance, shame & body temperature

27/VIII/07 (15. Day of the 7. Moon)

WRITTEN INTO THE DIARY OF MAO TZU-TUNG
5. DAY OF THE 5. MONTH IN THE 46. YEAR OF THE DYNASTY

I wear a hat
 since the T'ang Dynasty began, but
as a fish i didnt
nor when i was a tree
 for birds it's a different story
cuz a tree can make dreams
& a fish become a bird
 but no hat
 has ever fit a dynasty.

19/VI/07

The French Existentialists
are all locked up
in checkered bathrooms
cuz they didnt dig compassion
(it was not
all the booze & cigarettes that
killed 'em
but very funny ways
of suicide)

6/IX/07

LATE NIGHT ON THE TERRACE

The final bell's ringing
 & i cant see the moon
 w/out my glasses
somebody said
 it's a long, cold winter
 ahead, like the weather
was predictable still

Ring is what a bell does
 & the moon keeps enuf
 distance to maintain
some consistancy
 i got two years of firewood
 stacked, but my lifespan
is not predictable yet

21/IX/07

ENUF HOMOCENTRIC FAIRY TALES ALREADY

Before dawn

 a fat, sleepy frog

 sits in the middle of the path

 to the compost pile

i pause, wondering:

 shud i kiss him?

Less for political reasons

 i decide against it

 move on, empty the bucket.

27/IX/07

The Outlaw Trample-Underfoot
A Translation with Commentary by *Ku Yün*

Introduction

It is quite normal in Chinese books to have a commentary inserted into the original texts. The commentary by the T'ang Dynasty Taoist Master Ch'eng Hsüan-ming (ca. 600 – 660 o.t.) on Chuang Tzu's writing is still readily available & held in high esteem, cuz it not only deals with philological exegesis, but shows how the writings were received in the cultural milieu of the T'ang Dynasty, especially among the Buddho-Taoist community.

Ku Yün's commentary is quite recent & has never been published before. I met Ku Yün in 1981 on my first trip to China. One day as i was sitting in a tea house at West Lake in Hang Chou, sipping Dragon Well tea & looking out across the lake feeling like Li T'ai-bo, a young man my age approached me & asked if he cud share my table. I asked him to have a seat. He was dressed in a patched up blue working man's outfit & wore a knitted wool cap. After exchanging the usual polite phrases we talked about the present situation in China & Ku Yün said something that struck me as quite unique. "If China is going to survive, we have to reconsider our tradition, but rather that of Chuang Tzu, then that of Confucius." Years ago i had translated Gia-fu Feng's English version of the *Seven Inner Chapters* of Chuang Tzu into German & was quite familiar with the text, tho the real political implications werent clear to me at this point. The conversation soon reached its limit due to my restricted knowledge of Chinese.

While i was in Huang Chou we met again several times walking in the hills that surround the lake. Ku Yün told me his story, which like most people's lives then was moulded by the Cultural Revolution. After his parents had vanished in the turmoil he took the opportunity of unrestricted travel given to the Red Guards by Mao, moved from his birthplace Cheng Tu, in Sze Chuan Province, to Hsi An, where he spent many years living in the mountains with Taoist & Buddhist hermits. He was then acting as a kind of messenger between the different Taoist communities thruout the country, some still in a semi-illegal state, & he had even traveled to Hong Kong on several occassions.

Since then i have translated many of Ku Yün's poems into German & English, & we meet whenever i visit China. Last time while in Cheng Tu with my wife Mimi, Ku Yün & i spent several days reading the 29. Chapter of Chuang Tze, *The Outlaw Trample-Underfoot* together & when i asked him to write a commentary for my translation, he did so overnight.

Aside from his long practice of meditations Ku Yün made an extensive study of the ancient tradition of *Wu-Chün-Lun*, Anarchy, in China, which obviously plays an important part in his commentary. From a Chinese perspective his commentary is a very unconventional one; it deals less with philological problems than with philosophical/social ones & is addressed to the western reader more than to the Chinese. Very likely his commentary will be controversial among western & Chinese scholars, for it rocks the very same foundations of Chinese civilization that Chuang Tzu himself so delightedly rocked. To me Ku Yün is one of the few people i met whose life embodies both a social utopia & a spiritual insight, as it was common to the Taosers of the old days.

A technical note; Ku Yün's commentary is set in smaller type right inside the translation; where he quotes from Lao Tzu i have used Red Pine's version. I cudnt refuse the chance to add some comments of my own, especially where there were some obvious connections to the poetry scene. These comments are also set in smaller type & cursive, to be distinguishable from Ku Yün's.

The Outlaw Trample-Underfoot

Confucius and Under-the-Willow Chi were friends. Under-the-Willow Chi's younger brother was known as Outlaw Trample-Underfoot. Outlaw Trample-Underfoot, together with nine thousand henchmen, was active in every corner of the kingdom. They raided and terrorized the ruling class, digging tunnels into their dwellings and breaking down their gates. They drove away the cattle and horses of these people and stole their wives and daughters. Anxious to succeed in this they forgot about their family relations, didn't care for father, mother, older or younger brother, nor sacrificed to their ancestors. Whenever they passed a city, if it was a big state the walls wud be guarded, if it was a little state the bulwarks wud be entered.

Confucius said to Under-the-Willow Chi,

"Okay, one who is a father, must be able to direct and teach his son (the patriarchal hierarchy that didn't exist outside the walled cities), one who is an older brother must be able to instruct his younger brother (one of the three relations the Confucianist hierarchy is based on; ruler-subject, husband-wife, older brother-younger brother). If a father is not able to teach and direct his son and an older brother is not able to instruct his younger one, then the father-son-&-older-younger-brother relationships have no more value. (Chinese society based itself on these relationships until the beginning of the 20. century, and in a certain sense still does. Ba Jin describes the conflict that arises from this relationship in his novel, *The Family*.) Now you are one of the most talented men in this world and though you have for a younger brother the Outlaw Trample-Underfoot, who is a threat to the kingdoms, you dont instruct him. I venture to feel ashamed for you and therefore ask to go there and talk to him."

Under-the-Willow Chi replied:

"You say, one who is a father must be able to teach and direct his son and one who is an older brother must be able to instruct his younger brother. If the son doesnt listen to his father's teachings and the younger brother doesnt accept the older brother's instructions, even with such eloquence as yours, what remedy wud take hold? On top of this Trample-Underfoot is a man with a mind like a bubbling spring, with ideas like the whirling wind, strong enuf to oppose any enemy, and skillful enuf to gloss over any wrongs. If you agree with his mind then he's happy, if you oppose his mind he gets angry. He easily abuses people with his words. You shouldnt go there."

Confucius didnt listen. With Yen-hui as his driver and Tzu-kung to his right he went to see the Outlaw Trample-Underfoot. Outlaw Trample-Underfoot at that time was taking a rest with his henchmen on the sunny side of T'ai Shan, having a meal of minced human liver.

Confucius stepped down from his cart, advanced and when he saw the guest attendant, said.

"I'm K'ung Ch'iu from Lu and have heard that yr commander possesses great morality." (What a rotten egg. *A hypocrite*.)

Then he bowed with respect a couple times before the guest attendant. The guest attendant went inside and related the message. When the Outlaw Trample-Underfoot heard it, he got very angry, his eyes like sparkling stars and his hair standing up straight under his cap. He said,

"This guy must be no other than this shrewd phoney K'ung Ch'iu from Lu. Tell him this from me:

You make up words and create phrases to falsely praise Wen and Wu. (Wen and Wu being two shining examples of Confucianist behavior, Trample-Underfoot proves here indeed his

high morality.) With a cap like a sweeping tree top and a girdle like the ribs of a dead cow, you are only words and crooked ideas. You don't till for yr food, nor weave for yr clothes. (This is not just a simple statement, this exact wording has a long tradition in the Taoist attack on the state in general.) You smack with yr lips and clack with yr tongue, complacently inventing right and wrong, thereby deceiving the leaders of the kingdoms, causing the scholars of the kingdoms to no longer turn to their origin. You set up false ideas of filial piety and the ranking of brothers (they are clearly not heaven given as the Confucianist claims, nor ancient), intending to prosper among the rulers of the fiefs or the rich and famous. Yr crimes are immense and extremely grave. You better hurry home, if not, I'll take yr liver and add it to this afternoon snack of delicacies."

Confucius replied by saying,

"I have the fortune to know yr brother Chi and desire to gaze at yr shoes beneath the curtain."

The guest attendant conveyed this and Outlaw Trample-Underfoot said,

"Make him come forward."

Confucius hurried inside, refused the seat offered to him, stepped back and bowed a couple times before Outlaw Trample-Underfoot.

Outlaw Trample-Underfoot, very upset, his two legs stretched out, his hand on his sword, with an angry stare, said in the voice of a nursing tigress,

"Ch'iu, come forward. (He obviously doesn't have much respect for him, calling him by his personal name, that has been *and probably still is* taboo among Confucianists.) If what you have to say agrees with my ideas you'll live, if it is contrary to my mind you'll die."

Confucius said,

"I have heard that in the whole world exist three kinds of virtue. To be born and to grow up tall, with beauty that knows no double, so that young and old, high and low, see you and are absolutely pleased, that's the prime virtue. To have knowledge that holds together heaven and earth, and to speak with eloquence on all subjects (likely he's thinking of himself here, which gives us an idea about his looks), that's the second virtue. Brave and ruthless, determined and daring and assembling a multitude of followers, that is the third kind of virtue. For any person to possess one of these virtues is enough to face south and be praised as the lonely one (*the ruler*). Now you, Commander, unite all three. Yr body measures 8'2", yr face and eyes shine, yr lips are bright red, yr teeth are even and white, yr voice is in harmony with the pitch-pipe, but yr name is Outlaw Trample-Underfoot. I dare say, Commander, it's a shame, you don't deserve.

"If you, Commander, have the mind to listen to this servant, this servant asks to go south to Wu and Yüeh, north to Ch'i and Lu, east to Sung and Wei, west to Chin and Ch'u, and make 'em institute for you, Commander, a huge district of several hundred miles with towns of several thousand households, who honor you, Commander, as one of the Lords. You can make a fresh start in the world, withdraw your troops, retire your henchmen, nourish and raise your elder and younger brothers, and together sacrifice to your ancestors. That is the business of the wise and talented, and also the desire of the world (in Chapter 10 of the Chuang Tzu, where Outlaw Trample-Underfoot appears in a different context, Chuang Chou notes: The sage brings little good to the world but much harm)."

Outlaw Trample-Underfoot was outraged and said,

"Ch'iu, come here. Guys who can be subdued by profit and impressed by words, can only be called stupid and vulgar, the lowest sort of folks. Now, that I grew up tall and good looking, so that people are delighted seeing me, is a virtue handed down by my parents. Even without your flattering, do you believe I don't know that?"

“Moreover I have heard that guys who like to flatter you to the face like to slander you behind your back. Now you tell me about a huge district with a great number of folks, trying to intrigue me with profit and domesticize me like restrained folks. How long can this last? A huge district is never as huge as the kingdom. Yao and Shun (now he really begins to go after the Confucianist heroes) possessed the kingdom. Their children and grand-children didn't possess enough land to stick an awl into. T'ang and Wu (*T'ang by the way was the hero of Ezra Pound, so to speak, cuz the saying that Pound had stitched on a scarf by Eva Hesse, 'make it new every day', was written on T'ang's bathtub*) made themselves Sons-of-Heaven but their later generations were completely wiped out, was this not cuz of the huge profit they made (here he probably also has the 80. Chapter of the Tao Te Ching in mind: a country should be small & little its population).

“Moreover I've heard that in the old days beasts & birds were many and people were few. These folks lived in nests to protect themselves. During the day they picked acorns and chestnuts, in the evening they perched up in trees, therefore they were called the folks of the nesting-clan. These folks of old didn't know clothes. In the summer they amassed firewood, in the winter they got warm around these fires, therefore they were also called the folks who know how to live. In the times of Shen Nung (the inventor of agriculture and medicine) one slept peacefully and got up complacent, folks knew their mothers but not their fathers (a direct attack on the patrilineal structure that is the backbone of Confucianist ideology. But even present day Commie-Confucianists haven't read Engels, *Origin of Family, State and Property. This is somebody 2500 years ago speaking, not some modern day romantic anthropologist*) and dwelt side by side with the deer. They plowed for their food and wove their clothes and had no thoughts of harming each other. This was perfect virtue at its best.

“Huang Ti (who is considered the founder of religious Taoism) however was not able to reach such virtue, he fought against Ch'ich You in the wilderness around Cho-Lu (*the capital of Huang Ti*) until blood flowed for hundreds of miles (Lao Tzu sez, *The Tao of Heaven is to help without harm/the Tao of the sage is to act without fighting* [81]).

“Yao and Shun ruled by setting up a mob of officials. T'ang banished his master and Wu killed his king, from then on afterwards the strong oppressed the weak (that is, acting against nature as Lao Tzu sez, *the weak overcomes the strong/this is something everybody knows/but no one is able to act like it* [78]) and the many violated the few.

“From T'ang and Wu on they have all been disciples of confused men. Now you are cultivating the ways of Wen and Wu and employ all your eloquence to teach this to future generations. With mended clothes and a loose belt you speak pretentiously and act falsely to deceive the leaders of the kingdom, and desire to gain riches and honor. There's no greater robber than you. Why doesn't the world call you the Outlaw Ch'iu, when it calls me the Outlaw Tremple-Underfoot?

“With sweet words you talked Tzu-lu into becoming your follower, got him to take off his rigid cap, put away his long sword, and receive instructions from you. The whole world said: 'Kung Ch'iu is able to stop cruelty and restrain evil'. But in the end Tzu-lu tried to kill the boss of Wei and couldn't finish the job. So they pickled his body and put it up on the east gate of Wei. That's how great your instructions are.

“You call yourself a talented man and a sage, but they threw you out of Lu again, removed any traces of you in Wei, they sifted you out in Ch'i, they besieged you in Ch'en and Ts'ai, nowhere in the world can you stay. You instructed Tzu-lu and pickling he suffered. On one hand you can't make it happen for yourself, on the other you can't make it happen for the people. This Tao of yours, how can it have any value?

“Among the great (*as K.H. Deschner pointed out, 'great' in history almost always means 'great criminal'*) of the world, there's no one like Huang Ti. Yet Huang Ti wasn't able to keep his

virtue and fought in the wilderness around Cho-Lu until the blood flowed for hundreds of miles. Yao had no mercy, Shun no filial piety, Yü was partially paralysed, T'ang banished his master, Wu cut down King Chou and King Wen was imprisoned at Lu-li. These seven guys were among the great of the world who, if we really want to talk about them, all for the sake of profit deluded their true Tao and turned violent against their feelings and inborn nature. Their actions are nothing but shameful.

"Pai-Yi and Shun-Ch'i are what all world calls worthy gentlemen. Pai-Yi and Shun Ch'i turned down the rule of Ku-Chu and starved to death on Mt. Shou-Yang, bones and flesh unburied. Pao-Chiao made a big deal of his disapproval of the world by embracing a tree and dying. Shen T'u-ti's remonstrance went unheard, he shouldered a stone and threw himself into a river to be food for fishes and turtles. Chieh Tzu-t'ui was absolutely patriotic, he cut his own thigh to fete Duke Wen. Duke Wen later turned his back on him so Tzu-t'ui got mad and left, embraced a tree and burned to death. Wei Sheng had a date with a girl under a bridge but the girl didnt show up. When the water rose he didnt leave, embraced a bridge post and died. These six guys dont differ from a broken dog, a drowned pig or begging subservients, all took death lightly to gain fame and didnt remember what originally nourishes their life time necessity (these men are all shining examples of Confucianist virtue, this kind of useless self-sacrifice was only recently replaced by its exact opposite).

"In terms of what the world calls patriotic ministers (Lao Tzu sez, when a country is in chaos patriotic ministers appear [18]), none are like Prince Pi-Kan and Wu Tzu-hsü. Tzu-hsü perished in a river and Pi-Kan had his heart cut out. The world called these two guys patriotic ministers but in the end the entire kingdom laughed about'em. If I look at all these guys from the first down to Tzu-Hsü and Pi-Kan then none of them deserve my respect. (Lao Tzu sez, Which is more vital fame or health/which is more precious health or riches? [44])

"Ch'iu, if what you talk to me about relates to the affairs of dead people, then I have no way of knowing it, if it relates to the affairs of humans, and it doesnt go beyond that, then I have heard all that there is to know.

"Now, I'll tell you something about the facts of being human; the eyes want to see beauty, the ears want to hear music, the mouth wants to taste flavors and cravings want to be satisfied.

"Men's highest life expectancy is a hundred years, the average is eighty and the lowest sixty. If one subtracts recovery from illness, mourning the dead, sadness, and suffering, when can one open one's mouth and laugh? During a month no more than four or five days when that can be done. Heaven and earth dont exhaust themselves, a man's death has its time. Take this time bound toy and entrust it to this inexhaustible space, all at once it is no different from a horse galloping by a crack in the wall. Those unable to enjoy their cravings and nourish the necessity of their given life time, none of them understands the Tao. (Chuang Tzu says, The reality of the Tao lies in concern for the self. Concern for the state is irrelevant, and concern for the world is bullshit. Therefore, the emperor's work is the sage's leisure and is not what develops the self or nourishes life.)

"What you have said, I reject it all. Hurry on home and say no more, your Tao is cruel and avid, a deceiving, opportunistic, hollow and hypocritical business, unable to perfect truth, how cud it be worth talking about."

Confucius bowed a couple times and ran off out the gate and onto his cart. He got hold of the reins after three misses, his eyes blank and rigid he cudnt see, he'd turned the color of dead ashes, leaned onto the stretcher and hung his head, unable to get his spirits up.

He returned to Lu and outside the east gate ran into Under-the-Willow Chi.
Under-the-Willow Chi said,

"I have seen nothing of you for several days, your cart & horse look like they've been on the road, you didn't go to see Trample-Underfoot, did you?"

Confucius looked up at the sky and sighed.

"Right."

Under-the-Willow Chi said.

"Trample-Underfoot didn't agree with your ideas, just like predicted."

Confucius said.

"Right."

One could say about Ch'iu that he burned himself with moxa though he wasn't ill, that he hastened off to straighten the tiger's head and plait the tiger's whiskers and almost couldn't escape the tiger's mouth.