

Motivated for the Cause

R.S. Pearson

# Motivated for the Cause

R.S. Pearson

Telical Books

ISBN: 0-9748139-3-1  
Copyright: (1985/2005) All Rights Reserved

Telical Books  
P.O. Box 27401  
Seattle, WA 98165-2401  
U.S.A.

## Preface

I would like to find a way through my writing to save the true spirit of poetry by what I call the anti-novel. I didn't invent the term anti-novel, but it is seldom heard. It basically means a literary form that has none of the conventions of the novel (a definition from Webster). In a best-case scenario, excitement about the novelty of the word "anti-novel" would sell copies of poetic books, and thus give poetry more of a chance of becoming popular. The anti-novel can read like a novel, but it elicits a *ponderance* of statements that is usually only reserved for poetry. These books can be actually composed of poetry, but poetry that has been taken out of verse form and put into paragraphs.

Fusing poetic language into prose gives us not just the benefit of both, but a synergy. This prose can even be rewritten as non-fiction essays in new vital directions. For those not aware of the extraordinary value of poetry, I suggest looking at the theory of the Romantics such as Novalis. Poetry used to have the value that disciplines like psychology has today, and it was often like a religion to the people. We face a time today when fewer and fewer people read poetry. Often the lyrics of the modern music we listen to have restricted subject matters. Some believe poetry is in a sad state, because of the lack of sales of books by

serious poets. By hiding our poetry in the form of the novel, we may begin to rescue poetry, and in some way, rescue and enhance some of the best in society.

From age to age, the documents we pass on from generation to generation are very different in the literary forms they morph into. Even poetry can be said to be ten different literary forms within the one form known as "verse." The dialogs, such as those of Plato, are in a way a literary form unique for us, passed down twenty-five hundred years. The speeches of political leaders change in rhetoric and the formats they use over time. Who is to say because anti-novels seem so unusual today that they will not resemble a standard literary form in the future? This form seems to strip artifice away from the conventions of fiction and non-fiction alike. And there is always non-fiction in our fiction: all novelists are philosophers of life and this shows in their novels. In such a form as the anti-novel, this novelist or poet as philosopher is given a free reign.

We should look for writing that is outside the realm of what is currently popular on Earth. Most are somehow or other fitting in the popular fashions, except a very small core of yearning and experimental souls. To those exposed to the experimental in art and have a valuation of traditional spiritual values, there is no charm for ideas that seem to lead so many to an early death or their vague disempowerment. Many experimental artists are too late to be shocking, thinking that by exploring obscenity, blasphemy, misanthropy, or addiction they

are making some kind of statement. Sadly, this artistic statement was made over 125 years ago and has been made far too often since then. We need something to free the spirit again, not paint portraits of the spirit in shackles.

-- 1 --

There is no literature that will end the street riots of hate and street riots of power envy. There is no literature that will produce the effect. So why do I want to write?

To attempt to produce an effect is the only honest answer.

It is said that some people are only nice to others so that they won't be hurt by them. Is this the effect I want to produce? Some might say that we write to justify the life we've been living, or to justify our intellect. What about wanting to write only for the sake of art? Is there a reason to write like others write, or is there only a reason to become a missionary and help the starving infected? Could I devote all my creative effort to writing about the reason behind virtue? Perhaps if I did I could help two people go out and help the starving infected.

The riots of hate fill my streets. Many are seen in condescended categories. We are afraid of having any honest power. We would rather manipulate each other with calculated and polite scheming, pulling the wins out of each other's subliminal treasure chests. And this here, what I'm writing, is my scheming intending to be inciting.

I'm convinced that we are numbed to the call of virtue. If we were not, we could now just walk to nearby phones and volunteer our lives and resources to helping the starving and infected.

We have found our causes, we have found the cause of art. It is the disguise that a day at the beach or in the mountains could see through for weeks. What are our motivations? What is left for my pen to say? It must say much; it must fill this book!

I should introduce myself. The reasons for this become clear as I attempt to provoke you with my words. I am the one who was too young at the distribution of the great Western secular consciousness yet too old for the durations of the ball games. We can all be happy with such biological fulfillments but we rightly deserve our eternity (Did I just break rule number one?). This is one ground this work hopes to tread: after biology, what? Do we know what we think about that question?

As many say, we exchange words for life. What else is there to do? Biology? I could be the philosopher and say that the reason why no concrete answers about the noumenal are given is so that we can develop our reasoning power. That is being beyond biology. Perhaps, it is even a virtue. The world that has been laid down is beyond our reasoning power, because it is impossible to understand a thing that we can only see fractionally.

So, the forbidden question is: is this a good world or a bad world? Could we be so brave to be like a miserable, suffering soul, who when hearing that question could emphatically state, "It is a very good world." And they would not be saying it sarcastically.

What about the majority of humanity? How would the masses answer this question? I'd say that the majority of humanity is illiterate to the intricate problems of philosophy, but that's not to say I go around talking behind their backs, bad-mouthing the masses every chance I get. Are they qualified to answer the question or not? The most relativistic of all of us still has a concept of the virtuous. He, or she, judges their world by this concept. And the judgment they make, even "sub-consciously", alters the world they judge, drastically.

We see so little of the noumenal. When we do look at philosophical material, skimming the surfaces of this or that, do we tend to just want to stop, eat, make a phone call, or whatever? I'm sorry; I should not stereotype my reader. I'll try to be more careful.

If I am getting boring, fine, I won't always be here in this book in this explicit way. Regarding your assessment of this book and my talents as a writer, it is best to remember that all our present collection of literature, both ancient and modern, could be vanished and be replaced with totally different works -- just as good in every aspect. We have not reached any type of saturation point.

The possibilities of the muses of literature are limitless. But then why is our literature so redundant?

I am not well-read enough to write a redundant book. With that statement in mind, will this be the book that gently documents the scream of the noumenal without conventional modernism? Let it be known that it is an attempt.

Our eyes now look down to the planet, and we choose to look in these four recognizable categories:

1. The literatures
2. The histories
3. The religions
4. The sciences

How are we to understand the world of these four? Where is our pen to begin anew?

With the literatures, that our young brave men and women, with brain-flowered pens exposed to our shores? Or the histories, that human nature revealed with its screams and its blood and its weak attempts at stifling? The religions, with the answers questions backwards in time until the fade melts? The sciences, with the obsession and the utilization of ultra-photography?

So, my dear models, where do I leave you with my pen -- with a nude dawn of a new emotion? What I do know is that the enrollment of yet another

quarter in the schools will enclose our fresh young bloods to tell us of our lawns and cars and houses. The playground and swing sets of each hundred years document the history of our human natures. The church doors open to quiet lonely eyes from wandering; to ease our jaws from wracking our headframes. The sciences rip apart our vital areas to increase our potential for warmth.

I believe in the abstract. I trace the slight movements it makes. It makes these movements as a reaction to prayer, or when it is aware that I want to play a game with it. I fell in love with the abstract. It cared and cares for me still. It always hopes for the best. I know what the abstract is: it is the common Lord of mankind. It is the God of my childhood.

This God says "Call unto me and I will answer you, and show you great and mighty things that you have not known."

Our multiple-choice answer is:

- A) Impossible. There is no God, there are no new colors to be shown to us.
- B) Impossible. There is a God, yet I *have* seen all colors available.
- C) Impossible. There is no God, but there are new colors, which I can find for myself
- D) Possible. There is always a divine life. The concept of God is a little archaic in this age of Post-Freudian bliss, yet I have a healthy curiosity and I will call.

E) Possible. There is a God, but I am experienced. I will give God one-third and he will give me one-third in return. Otherwise, there is too much sacrifice for the viewing of the new colors.

Soon, I (or is it you), won't be here in this obvious way. I'll show up now and then; but, for the most part, you'll be on your own. But, for now, here I am and there you are. You might have real friends and you might not. You may live with your parents who you may or may not respect. You may be in your backyard garden or in a studio apartment. I doubt that you are helping the starving infected. I doubt this utterance disturbs you in any way. You'll be on the street rioting next Tuesday.

Strength, boundless virtue, creative youth; boundless love and passion for the air in their hair. Thoughtfulness, concern and compassion. Charity; boundless youthful ideals. Empty the mind, soak in the aesthetics of the outdoor environment.

Strength, boundless virtue. No cultural ties. Work good work. Die for one's God.

It's almost like I could say its O.K. to be the way we are, but I can't. We are neither the children we once were, nor are we the adults we had planned on being.

Pardon me, there I go stereotyping my reader.

Yes, I am not the child that I once was, nor am I the adult I planned on being. The reason for this has only to do with the law of niceness that I had originally set up and then gradually transgressed. Certain types of people in high places have often argued against this law, and their influence is felt in all of our lives. And by the way, I think there is a difference between being nice and being polite. I said nothing about being polite.

-- 2 --

The convenience stores, various shops, affordable modern paradise for the young consumer. All the strength returns upon knowing he can pay the price. Many months rent paid, food, sundries and clothing to last months also. And a car, gas and more money. But his loneliness doesn't end. The mood he would get was a heavy, gloomy feeling, like someone not quite relaxed, not quite at home. At times he didn't know if this was good or bad.

The cars go together with the jeans, faster than that, but not for the youth; the crust now lives. A society of personifications of television commercials lives close by. They have become the Animation of the Inanimates.

"Popular interest invested in our youth. Cultural virtues constantly leaving. In the trials of the future, will all faith run tired?"

Up before dawn, getting dressed, down the steps, on the public sidewalk I go. The town, in dark seems painted brown, I'm contained. Past an all night video game arcade . . . I could get a cup coffee there -- I've got the money now. I'm walking with ease -- what is there to see in a land with no memories? No dime store that I went to at age eight with what was once known as glee. The local, small shopping complex appeared to my mind before I understood capitalism. The stores were innocent and offering before me.

Memory lanes embroidered into the eternal. City parks and memories of people in the library fields. The days in a junior high. The kissing of a new season. The road runs long. The heart beats on.

(Etching in events. Cleansing regrets for new experience. Hopping aboard a decision's train. Opening up the door and walking outside).

Oh! The closeness of a childhood home! Where now? Are there any tricks that God can play on my present scenario, a wave of his mighty hand and I am a happy man? Instead, I imagine a thousand killing times:

"It's your fault human, it's all your fault. God can't help you. He won't care if you act like you do."

"But I can't help it, I really can't."

"I am a holy God. I will help you only if you don't resist the change."

"We have been working on it like this for years, there is such little progress."

"I think there has been much progress."

"But, there are lots of times I want to just die, if life on Earth will always be this boring. "

"That's right; you must die to yourself."

"I once loved this life. When I was a child, life was a joy. It seems that I was a different creature then, and the life was made of a different substance. There were acres of wilderness near my home and I had many close accessible friends. I've changed. I don't want to die, but I do want that which is dead in myself to live again."

"But, remember mystery, remember strength. These things don't have to be lost when you die to yourself."

I only want to choose the good, but...man, I get so tired. There are various factions thinking they must mold me for the better. And the proposed, "God who is there" is doing all that He can, right? It is just that I am so ignorant. Most of the time, I feel He is working so slow, yet He expects me to be satisfied with what He is doing. I rarely am satisfied and then I feel I am walking after my own lusts -- that my soul's desires are held in ignorance of the True Life.

I've been walking for twenty minutes, and I could walk twenty minutes more and be at some docks. But, these docks are not like the docks at home. The town here has no class, yet is I who have developed complexes because of this lack. Could it be the change of the generations? Do I bring this spotlight with me?

What happened to my land! The terrain, the trees, groups of trees, grasses, bramble? Where is my field? Get me out of this urban mess! Where is the ground that brought forth the nourishment of my soul? Do I no longer deserve my landscape? Am I a new essence of human, lowered to a new classification: adult?

The fields of childhood -- further description would defile the intent. My way back to the past sometimes seems purely a financial question, yet this is only a symptom of the problem which I've acquired.

Poverty would not be so bad if you could travel around the world and sleep in communal housings and do an hour's labor everyday for cheap food. Idealism never stops. So be it; never stop. We need the practice. Freedom doesn't seem to be too good anymore -- if we are brought up in chains. Soon the prison really is in our hearts. Purity is the only way out. (Watch out for semantic prejudices). Holiness is for the gentle. Holiness is for the small.

Damn this hole! -- this circus house of wanting. The swirls of oppressive function of human haste and hurl -- some flourish and are kept in waves of air surrounding, most are brisk and removed from their doubts. There is little real wisdom in store for those who see themselves as a carnival carnivore.

Places like this, they erode our facial structures which were genetically given. The members here, individual yet forming tissues of symbiotic structures of new tradition. There are earthly rounds, the eternal seasons, seasoning the manufactured world artfully. The dream of consumers just goes on and on. The fantasy of philosophers sings the same damning song. Enough for a chance for God? Will you now seek His rest, or continue in opinion of his supposed meaning? There is no reason for the saintly carnival to exist in our lives, yet I will continue to post up hand-bills for it all over my town and future towns.

Something is going on. The Earth is in a perfect state of balance, yet human life is a mess with wars, car accidents, venereal disease and consciously malicious deeds. If the popular concept of God is true, then it is free will that has got us into all these problems. If the Hindu/Buddhist theory of reincarnation is true, then it is our pre-ordained Karma combined with free will or even without it.

Take one universe, one planet; existence: a light that shines and gives light inside the eyes that see. The eyes that see are more than the burlap sacks of

matter will ever be. Activate one trillion souls, over a period of hundreds of thousands of years of human growth. Allow the knowledge to be given, the judgment to reign high over all confusion centers: romance, money, sports, jobs. A home is a castle is a hide away for the tunnels of existence.

The end of this world comes in curious ways. As he finished urinating into the toilet he lifted his head and focused his eyes out the window. He noticed it was dark and lifted his hand to see it was only 4:45 PM on his watch.

"It's only 4:45 and its dark already? Seems like it's getting darker earlier every day. There are a lot of clouds, maybe that's why it's dark so early."

The next day, as he was walking home after playing baseball in the park, he noticed how dark it was.

"Four o'clock and it's almost pitch black. And there wasn't a cloud in the sky today. "

That night he heard on the news that they were reporting the strange phenomenon. As the days passed by, it got darker and darker earlier and earlier until there was no more light at all.

Yes, here we are, now, back to each other's arms again. You softly say into my sweated chest, "Espresso at the cafe at three?" No more to say to the unknown, no more to say to the patient winds of the Earth.

Come out with me like when we were fourteen, the rarest year of all human life. A gift, the gifted together we were censored outlaws, seasoned children together on the road and words, ideas, swirling around our red (mine) and blue (yours) jackets. Forgotten road with houses, lost in sequences of techno-progress -- it's still there where I remember it! I open the door to one of the houses and look into my early childhood.

A field of photographs, I seem to have stumbled upon. All deserve my time and attention. My time and attention desire them. But there's one there I sense, I've been eager to see it all my time. Forget common sense (that would be too good to true), the walls that ignorance erected has kept my life well away from you. (Though the prospect appears, in the name of abstinence, this revealing might not have been planned).

You come into the room, and the more rooms you enter in and sleep and stay and kiss and walk with me through the forest where we had stayed for days complete. The power of poem splashes around a mysterious word bath, while we adventure on the road with autumn air and temperature.

I saw a person with strangely beautiful facial features; a document from an unknown race. The skeletal, cartilage, and musculature structures of the face were exquisite, with the skin a tone of golden brown. Some faces are very rare, perhaps one in a thousand exhibit such an original appearance. They are not

your common beauties, not glamorous, more like divine. These people's faces are the tools for expressing a wide range of emotions that may be lost to most of us. Perhaps some of these emotions are extremely rare, and require the proper facial musculature, for the facial expression that accompanies the emotion. I remember some odd emotions from childhood. My face has not since been exercised in such serenely alert positions.

Her: I save it for her. A million ocean dreams, a blue sun for filling out the dripping window rains. Lace, warmth, blanket scenes. A thousand memories with her in a land, an epoch during which we kiss the trees and climb. Nothing becomes of my memories of earth; they are undone.

Friends: running around games on the grass I play with them. For my life I would give; I would fight to the death for them, in a world where emotion means truth and actions are uneasily undone.

Myself: an eternity shopping for myself. Ceiling orange promenade, I go walking through bliss sustained, in memories of past compacted and fermented into finesse nostalgia. The proper aging of real time events.

Her, friends, and I. Grasses of blue, pink, and green grown in perfect rectangles on the ground, on the flat ground of a future front yard. I-You relationships through thirty million years of joy, pain, boredom, awe. So while

you're here, mind, dance, sing, explore; become a historical personality. Don't fade in a minute and a half, squirt the paint out and move!

I knew my muse and she loved me more than any other. We were both artists in love with God and the universe of awe. How come we didn't grow up next to and with each other, my Little Lost Love? How many of you exist out there? Out there are forgotten Fridays (off for the weekend!). You never left me. I never insulted you. Perhaps, I'll go to a planet of you's when I die. Think of the days we could have spent together... at ages eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen....so many days, so many weeks. You are not forgotten, although we have not yet met.

Days and nights out of the rain. Saturday spent in the clubhouse made of old woods that we found in the large fields near our houses. Poetry survives and opens virtuous eyes in us.

This love I'll never accomplish alone. I go up the front porch and ring the doorbell on an old friend's home. After dinner I go out again and play in the quiet suburban streets. I watch the cloudless sky's dusk. It is slightly blocked by telephone and electricity wires. The cooler air sets in. I wave goodbye to friends and go home...

"All aboard life game!" "Here!" We shout as it calls our names from the roster. God is good, oh, bound intellectuals, God protects like an older brother

would. I know to you He seems too good to be true, but can't you believe all the testimonies that He is true?

Who wishes to be young right now? We can go back in time. "Verily," it is said, "Unless you enter heaven as a little child, you shall not enter in at all."

That is exactly what I've been waiting for. The Garden of Eden exists today at the supper table. The fruits of right and wrong are still upon the tree. Childhood naiveté blocks out all of what we know to be evil.

Struggling in error, walking and sleeping on empty pages, forgotten planet that holds mystery only for the eyes of the young. No one has been answered, no crowded street scenes of miracles, at least now. But, is Then factual data for the Present when it exists only in the Past? No guidebook written; we are devoid of an Earthly Owner's Manual. We are left naked behind priest's robes, professor's glasses, and bohemian regalia. No one knows but the mysterious occultists, who may reek of Satan, and who we dare not touch.

The bloated and weird, some say they feed the soil. Motivated for scum, for fleshly food, their dying bodies toil. The crusty heroes of earth, their demons remain loyal. For sex and tummies, their foot hits the shovel. For their lines and wrinkles, their foot hits the shovel. Their mysteries of mates and sports help feed the soil. They think it keeps some souls alive to continue to toil. A wondrous

plan, the manic cycle sweeps away. The clock is ticking on and on; it's bright and spring and cheerful as we close our eyes.

Revolt! -- the prime of our reason, which now states the conclusion:

"Before the Bomb drops, I must say that the Earth was set up in such a way that no answers were given. Therefore, humanity's minds must not matter to whoever set up the Earth. It's like...how you would feel if you were not invited to your office Christmas party?"

"But we are here on Earth, already. We have plainly asked for truth. Besides, they went through all this time and money to set the earth up."

"But, did you ever figure that it was not set up for you?"

"For who, then? A snack-bar for microscopic animals, who feed on humanity, as we see it, in the form of diseases? For who, when we are perhaps playing the roles of cells, along with animals and plants in a large body similar to our own? For Who? Are we mere digestive organs, for the breakdown of the Earth's elements through ingestion, digestion, and excretion, for a reason far, far removed from us?"