

THE CREATION OF ATOM

I. NEVERMIND

It's time to overamp the frontal lobe and take another excursion into the sector of big words and tortured syntax leading from the concatenation of causes which IS the inner mind, to the outer limits of retention, comprehension and attention span. . . .

Return with us now to the spilling haze of yesterera as we recant (with chilling authenticity) the events surrounding the events surrounding the EVENTS! (We are scattered here today for the purpose of reflection.)

Right NOW, I'm trying to concentrate—so I have the radio WAY UP; the TV flashing UHF; and HEADPHONES (this prevents me from thinking; so my mind is free to connect up all the things happening around me—collecting random images having no connection to each other—other than happening in the present moment and therefore, casting some light on the nature of instantaneous reality.)

It's 60 cycle time—you are requested to entirely empty the contents of your head and place yourself in the middle of a black, unlit room. (Anytime you completely empty your head, your immediate surroundings take on the character of your mind and the outside world does your thinking for you, that is, events occurring around you BECOME your thoughts—you are then, existing in the present moment.)

So . . . back to the black. Remember you're in the center of it—empty headed. You start a light blinking on and off very slowly: on . . . off . . . on . . . off; speed it up: onoffonoff; faster until it is flashing 60 times a second. It now appears as solid white light. We say the light is ON and believe it to be really there when its only there half the time—the other half there is NO LIGHT.

Now, still with your head emptied, stand in front of the ocean. The waves become your thoughts and you notice that they follow one another with a

space between. (Something similar is probably happening inside your head.)

There is no such thing as direct current—there are only alternating currents. (this is not Buddhism) Using light radiation as an example: Light is composed of photons which are an expression of *units* of energy—that is, energy is transmitted by a source, not in a continuous stream but in discreet, self-contained wave packets, or *quanta* (this is the Quantum Theory).

There seems to be a fundamental on/off quality to the very foundations of existence which appear rooted in an IS/IS NOT frame of reference. Think of it—half the time that we're here; we're not here at all!!!

II. HOT PROSE

Thinking about everything there is is called cosmology. (Just the fact that we have a conversational term for *the absolute sum totality of all existence* is far out.) Our minds are on this most elusive of all concepts from the moment we appear within it. We believe most deeply that we're making some progress toward comprehending IT. Men have proclaimed countless (and elegant) credos and proffered innumerable solutions to the cosmological question—waxed rhapsodic (waning poetic) in glorification of its architectural splendor: worshipped in a varied abundance of forms from the grotesque to the effulgent (from GODS to GALAXIES), and disputed for ages over minute details of its essential nature.

III. SPACE/TIME

(here comes the really heavy part)

Two ideas which are inextricably bound up with the conception of Universe are infinity and eternity. The most basic issues concerning the nature of things are the notions of time and space. The least complex notions of temporal eternity and spatial infinity are based on the assumptions of sequential invariability and limitless extension.

Mathematics is grounded upon these assumptions:

limitless extension: If you invent a regular series (like 1,2,3,4....) you assume that it can be extended indefinitely.

sequential invariability: Assuming (although no one has ever seen a billion of anything) that adding one billion and three billion works the same as adding 1 and 3. Physics is grounded on mathematics.

Mathematical logic can bring you almost here (within 1/30th of a second) in its ability to formulate a conceptual correlation of our experience of creation. Pondering more abstruse notions of TIMESPACE (e.g. N-dimensional translational analogies) becomes an exercise in empty headed visualization, mental ideation and intuition/imagination. (and don't forget to vote!)

At the threshold of an astoundingly significant theory of things, Einstein was compelled to invent a new mathematics (tensor calculus) to represent his thinking on the matter . . . and now, an instant later, Einstein's revelations appear to account for only a small fraction of the apparent energies manifest on the range of our experience.

We're beginning to think of the universe as more than a collection of spinning, flaming rocks: (Questioning the nature of the origination of COSMOS is more than asking how all the rocks got here.) Cosmological theories like the Big Bang and the Steady State (In fact the entire edifice of contemporary theoretical physics) do little more than describe the simple meanderings of a few particles of dust. (WHEW!)

Realistically—

One instant in the life of an amoeba is exponentially more complex than the entire eonic evolution of a galactic supersystem.

IV. Today Is The ONLY Day In Your Life

When the religious speak of an Eternal Present, they are not speaking poetry—It's scientific fact—In fact the *only* scientific fact. Science begins with the observed event and *all events ever observed have occurred* in the PRESENT. To speak of past or future is poetry—but to speak of the present is FACT! (The reason that past and future time seem to exist is because *the present, as observed, exists in a state of CHANGE.*)

Here's a simple experiment: Sit quietly with your senses alert and experience the present moment—watch it, listen to it, and see if it ever becomes the future. . . .

It doesn't—no matter how long you watch it—it *continues* to be the present. The future is a figment of your imagination and the past is your memory and (continued on page 58)

But, God, how he wanted to kill Hopper! The next day he told me, "I don't know what kept me from killing that little shit. I guess I wanted to save the movie, but Christ, I wanted to kill him. I don't mean hurt him, I mean *kill* him. I'll never work with that cocksucker again."

Anyhow, Hopper held up the party until 2 a.m.

Accustomed now to the ways of Mad Dog, I got there early and commenced to get stoned. Every fifteen or twenty minutes the phone would ring and we'd hear Marv Schwartz say, "That son of a bitch! Okay, keep going 'til you get it." Schwartz gave us a running account of what was happening on the set in Chupaderos. Jap Cartwright and Schwartz got into a long argument. To my amazement, Jap was arguing that Hopper *should* be allowed to sit in on the editing of *Dime Box*.

"Look, man," he told Schwartz. "He did *Easy Rider*. The man is a genius. He's not asking to edit the film, he just wants to be there and make suggestions."

"Terrific," Schwartz said. "All it took him to edit *The Last Movie* was eighteen months."

Finally, Hopper and Daria arrived with their driver, Camillo, about 2:30 a.m.

"Shafter," Jap Cartwright said, taking me by the arm, "how would you like a snort of cocaine?"

"Great," I said. "Where do we go?"

"To Group Therapy," he said.

Jap rounded up Hopper, Daria, and Arthur the mad chemist, and led the four of us to the large front bathroom, where he proceeded to fill our noses from his private stash. Hopper was *already* slashed to his hairline, rapping at something like 420 words a minute. After preliminary sniffs, snorts, honks, and sneezes, the conversation turned to a rehash of a confrontation a couple of days earlier concerning the morality of eating a raw chicken. In Shrake's script, after Hopper gets fired from one of his many jobs, this one plucking chickens, he takes his pay (three raw, plucked chickens) and goes to visit his pals, the Indians. He offers them a raw chicken and one of the Indians starts to bite into it, whereupon Hopper informs him that civilized people do not eat chickens raw. "A bird without feathers is only meat," the Indian tells him. The subject of the hassle was whether the Indian should actually *bite* into the chicken. Schwartz wanted him to; Frawley wanted it the way Shrake had written it, with the Indian being stopped from making a savage of himself by Hopper's conditioned rebuke; and Hopper was appalled at the whole thought. Hopper pointed out that he was a personal friend of the real Taos Pueblos, and even suggesting that an Indian would bite into a raw chicken was demeaning to an entire race. This argument wasted most of an afternoon, and now, on New Year's Eve in the Group Therapy room snorting

coke, he started it again.

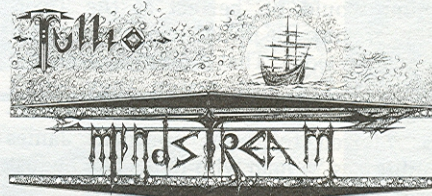
"Look, Dennis," Jap said at last. "My old granny was half Commanche and I've seen her drink hot blood out of a spurting chicken's neck many many many times. She claimed it was good for her liver, and she lived to be 90."

Challenged for a change, Hopper started putting his heavy number on each of the other four people in this tiny room, pushing and shoving and insulting.

Finally, Jap shouted: "Listen you two-bit prick, there's not a camera in here! Just a bunch of people who are every bit as important as you are."

Hopper was paralyzed with outrage.

"Who the hell are you?" Cartwright went on, his round face flushing. "You're a goddamn *actor*! That's not half as good as being a writer, and any-
(continued on next page)



(continued from page 64)

both remembering and imagining are things you do in the present.

When Einstein said that space is correlative to time he was laying down the first step toward a scientific conception of the Eternal Now.

The Universe did not *begin* 10 billion years ago—It's beginning NOW, and it's 10 billion years WIDE!!!

V. STARMIND (read it slowly)

All the blazing suns of Andromeda are the merest flickerings in comparison with the flame of consciousness alive within the skull of an elk.

The phenomenon of mind explodes a billion lucent energies in an infinite matrix of intricate and subtle brilliance into the black void of material space with the ebullience of ADAMBIRTH!

The mystery of the universe is the mystery of our existence within it. We carry the most intricate piece of matter in all creation squarely on our shoulders—inscrutable spacetime biorhythms animate our nerves and heartpulse.

VI. MINDSTREAM (He Ate The SUN, While The Limbs Fell From Trees.)

Wondering if whether we can get away from it all makes a difference in counting—like chances are of receiving a smile while walking down your street (MINDSTREET)... We are FLOW/THROUGH devices by NATURE/PRESENT accounting for a sense of selves in separate shelves and SOON!

(Nowadays, things coming up tend to make pregnant a situation—in fact; IT stands to reason.)

There is a time when these rocks begin to speak....

