

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE DIALECTIC

**Athenaeum Society
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UNIVERSAL DIALECTIC LAMENTATION
THESIS
"His Story"

When I was a young man
foolish and dumb,
My life was so simple
Just daiquiris and rum--
I rolled with the flow,
no purpose to life;
Then along came the women--
Soft, aromatic and nice.

Ten years later I had me a wife,
a house and three kids--
Trouble and strife--
I looked at myself, I said something's
gone wrong--
My days were too short and
the nights too long.

So I found me a house
a home of a guru,
I knocked on his door
hoping he'd know what to do;
I told my life story
I asked him for help;
He said, 'Don't worry son,
See I have a black belt'.

And he says:

'Your lover in life is a
Reflection of you,
Envy's not green, it's just
Part of the blues;
You must share with your wife,
don't get pushy;
A dog is a bitch; a cat is a pussy'.

I left that house,
my head in a spin,
confused and abused
Lord, what a shape I was in!
I thought of his answer
and how he could know-
Just studying philosophy-Plato-
Karate and judo.

So listen you ramblers, gamblers, and dopes
If it gets complicated, don't give up the hope;
Just think of that saying, so true and so trusty:
' A dog is a bitch; a cat is a pussy'.

ANTITHESIS
"Her Story"

When I was a young girl
naive and pristine,
My plans were all made-
I worked 'em out in my teens.
I read "Modern Bride", "Vogue",
and "Seventeen"
Marriage was next-
So said the magazines.

Only problem was :

All the men my age
were younger than me
I wanted a mature one
that thought like me.
I found one that came close-
he wasn't the best
But, he was tall and good-looking
Hell, I could teach him the rest.

Ten years later
no progress was made
My body and his ego
got bigger each day.
The house was too small
the furniture just not right;
I wrestled kids in the daytime,
And him at night.

I realized too late
My advice was no good,
so I searched for solutions
wherever I could.
My friends were no help-
Hell, their boat was sinking too;
Then I heard from somebody
About a black-belt guru.

And he says:

'You must talk to your husband
Like he is a lover;
He's married to you-
He doesn't need another mother;
Love is not blind
but sometimes it needs glasses;
And when you're moonin' or spoonin'
You have to show your asses.

So listen young ladies
to the words that I say:
Throw your "Redbook" away-
Life's lived day to day;
And a word of warning
If you want to be happy-
Empathize with your momma,
But get to know your daddy.

We all know duality-- right/wrong; black/white; left/right; Republican/Democrat; man/woman, etc.,etc. The dialectic is obviously dualistic as it's name implies. It takes many forms, from Socrates to Hegel, we see no fewer than five different versions. But it is not the dialectic as much as the dualism it represents, that concerns us here.

In William Blake's, "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell", there is a wonderful little statement: ' Eternity is in love with the productions of time.' The author, Joseph Campbell, refers to that sentence as ' an adumbration of the paradoxology of the game of hide-and-seek that Non-duality is playing with and in celebration of itself.' Exactly!!

Campbell again: " It was Schopenhauer who most contributed to the philosophical realization that whereas our outer eyes do indeed behold only phenomenal appearances within a three-dimensional field of space-time, the inward experience of each and every one of those appearances is of him-, her-, itself as a willing subject, this inward experience of the Will to Live then being, in fact, a veiled experience within oneself of the energy of the ' Universal Self', as linked however to the temporal, apparitional field, by the apparition's own fear of death and desire for continued apparitional existence."

"How is it possible," Schopenhauer asks, " that suffering that is

neither my own nor of my concern should immediately affect me as though it were my own, and with such a force that it moves me to action?" It is a common occurrence, he says; indeed, even the most hard-hearted and self-interested have it.

Schopenhauer's answer was that there was a metaphysical realization--"thou art that"--tat tvam asi. Schopenhauer again, "This presupposes that I have to some extent identified myself with the other and therewith removed for the moment the barrier between "I" and "not I".

"But for the Grace of God, there go I" should be: "By the Grace of God, there go I".

Joseph Campbell distinguishes between the psychological sources and their metaphysical meaning: "In the published psychoanalytical literature, the dream sources of symbols are analyzed, as well as their latent meanings for the unconscious, and the effects of their operation upon the psyche; but the further fact that great teachers have employed them consciously as mere metaphors remains unregarded". Moreover, he states that the psychological and metaphysical realms are one in the same: "...the key to ...psychological interpretation is this: the metaphysical realm= the unconscious. Correspondingly, the unconscious= the metaphysical realm. For Behold, the Kingdom of God is within you".

Spare me the indulgence of another poem if you will:

IF YOU WANT TO RAISE A MONUMENT.....

When I was a young man
I did things quite strangely,
I'd hop on an airplane
No thought of the landing.
But time has flown by
And my feelin's have changed,
From coming to going,
From Muses to Graces.

Well ain't life funny
Some say "rewarding",
And some, all they want
Is their testimony recorded.
'Cause there's something final
About croakin' and dyin'
That's ended and spendéd
Not "most gratifying".

You know we are what we are
Not what we could be,
For reasons unknown
Except to you and me
But some things never change
They always will be-
Like Truth, Suffering, Forgiveness
And Mercy.

So--the time is right
We're right where we should be
So I'll drink one to you
Just one for your memory.
May it soar ever high,
'Tho your body's not with it,
Let's toast and remember
So we won't soon forget it.
So I say, 'Here's to you
And here's to then,
And all those things
Way back when;
To the things we gained
And the things we lost,
We remember them all-
And what they cost.

Someone, somewhere, sometime once asked, "How far does one's mercy reach?" (Romans 11:32) Robinson Jeffers answers:

'The old voice of the ocean, the bird-chatter of little rivers,

(Winter has given them gold for silver

To stain their water and bladed green for brown to line their banks)

From different throats intone one language.

So I believe if we were strong enough to listen without

Divisions of desire and terror

To the storm of the sick nations, the rage of the hunger-smitten cities,

Those voices also would be found

Clean as a child's; or like some girl's breathing who dances alone

By the ocean shore, dreaming of lovers.'

Is there mercy-- justice, if you will?

Yes.

A great teacher once said that he was the 'alpha and the omega'.

People have made a religion out of that statement. I don't think that was what he intended.