

A few of

**Lorenzo's
Scattered Thoughts**

Lorenzo's Scattered Thoughts

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Also by Lawrence “Lorenzo” Hagerty:

The Genesis Generation (A psychedelic novel)

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The Art of Becoming an Entrepreneur

The Chronicles of Lorenzo - Volume 1

About the author: Go to LorenzoHagerty.com

Lorenzo's Scattered Thoughts

Dedicated to my family

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Humans are Gaia's opposable thumbs.

The point is to realize that our lives are actually lucid dreams that we are having in another dimension, and that the object of life is to wake up and realize that we are dreaming.

As far as I'm concerned, this awareness business is highly overrated.

All my life I have been a fraud, but I only discovered this fact when I began to write these books.

Who are you? Your descendent's will be watching.

It is important to lead a life that would make a good movie once you are dead.

The Occupy Movement was the first trumpet blast of the workers' revolution that was anticipated by Marx.

What if everyone was fitted with a device that recorded in text every thought a person had during the day? Then, before going to bed at night, they had the opportunity to edit out any thoughts that they didn't want made public, because at midnight every day the text went online, edited or not.

Lately it seems that there are ever more demands being made upon my time. Yet, I also seem to be shrugging off most of them and reading, playing, watching movies, stuff like that rather than taking care of any of the dozens of my pressing problems and obligations. Maybe I'm learning something about the freedom of spirit some people have, which comes from what appears to be an attitude of not giving a shit what others think about you. What they actually may be doing is still caring about what people think about them without letting those concerns rule their lives. In other words, even though many people may be thinking ill of me right now, and I don't blame them, nonetheless I am living my life at my own pace and for my own ends right now, and that's OK.

There is a rhythm about the sea. Even though the separation from one's family is terribly wrenching, within forty eight hours the sea's rhythm has wrapped itself around your ship and it then becomes the only reality there is. All else is dream and fantasy.

My dad told me many stories of the bootleg days in Chicago. When he drove a delivery truck for Coke. One time, I can't quite remember where, but somewhere around Elgin (I think it was in Barrington) he was delivering Coke to some gas stations when the FBI surrounded Baby Face Nelson there. He watched the shootout from underneath his truck.

The secret to being happy in your job is to be constantly on the verge of quitting (and able to do so).

Few activities give one such a complete sense of accomplishment and pride in a job well done than successfully completing a drug deal.

A pleasant Sunday afternoon pursuit is cleaning your dope. For one thing it is excellent eye-hand coordination practice.

You know that you're about to be in deep shit every time you say "What the fuck."

The primary purpose of the public school system in the U.S. is to condition people to spending five days a week someplace they would rather not be.

Unbridled genius: A fate worse than death.

You would be dumbfounded if you could hear the insane chatter that goes on constantly in my head. Basically, I'm a paranoid neurotic with severe tinnitus. Trust me, you wouldn't want to spend five minutes in my skull.

The conscious evolution of one's own consciousness/awareness is often difficult and painful, and I am no longer convinced that it is a wise and worthwhile thing to do.

The entire world was at war when I was first arrived here, and things are even worse today. It's hard to imagine that anyone could live through so much and still find himself somewhat sane.

Actually, it isn't fair that the last one standing gets to tell the story in his or her own way, particularly if the last one standing is a writer. But here I am, the last one standing, and so you're going to hear the story from my point of view. However, you can rest assured that there are numerous other views of my story.

History is the background music of our lives.

I think that one of the reasons Mondays are so bad for me is that I must accept the fact that once again I've wasted another weekend.

In evolutionary terms, it is my belief that a pure democracy must evolve into something much more complex and beautiful ... anarchy.

A few minutes ago I had this feeling that I was as stoned as it is possible to get without losing consciousness. So I took one more big hit . . . just to be sure.

I don't see how anyone can watch a week's worth of news and not come to the conclusion that the human race is a terrible mistake.

It's a mistake to grow old.

To become a freethinker requires distance, great distance, distance from the minds and opinions and strictures of everyone and everything you have been close to. Distance. Distance.

I don't blame women. If I were a woman I'd act the same way.

It is a sure sign of old age when one tries to impart meaning to ones life simply by having lived through some tumultuous period of history.

When corporate managers say, "Think out of the box." What they mean is, "Think out of *your* box, but don't dare get out of *my* box."

Death is sometimes a good career move.

I simply cannot understand how human beings can be so cruel to one another.

Loneliness is merely the price one must pay for freedom.

I think Congress has the wrong idea. We aren't looking to them for "leadership" we elected them as our *representatives*.

I have a restlessness that consumes me with inactivity.

The Sixties generation may be the only one in history to have both their parents and their children look upon them as irresponsible and out of control.

Religion is necessary only for people with limited minds.

Our lives are myths. So create the myth that you most desire ... and it's OK if you make it up as you go along.

How sad that most of the truly beautiful thoughts I have never leave the confines of my mind.

The Christian right isn't right.

Synchronicity occurs when our lives are in balance.

The only reason I can think of that I'd want to be a celebrity is so that I could snub other celebrities.

You know, whenever I look back at my life, no matter what age I was, I experience an almost overpowering sadness because I always seem to wish that I was the person back then that I am right now. I'd give all my physical possessions just to have an hour with my aunt Anne to tell her how much I love her. But back when she was still alive I didn't have the social skills required to do something like that. We were raised to be a bunch of stoics, I'm afraid, and we were probably all suffering inside.

If you want your family to remember you, then find some common task and do it exceptionally well. In my mother's case, it was buttering toast. Nobody ever did it better, and I think of her every time I butter my toast.

I figure that I sat in classrooms at St. Joe's Grade School for over 10,000 hours, but I can only recall a few moments from a handful of days. Fifth grade is a blank almost. I can't even remember my teacher's name. We were in the tiny classroom in the basement, under the stage, and our only windows were at the top of one wall and were level with a driveway. The only afternoon I remember from that year is the hot day when I caught several flies and spent the afternoon pulling strings out of my socks and trying to tie their legs together and see if they'd fly that way. I can remember thinking that I should be paying better attention in case I got called on, but no one ever noticed my afternoon's occupation. I can still even recall where I was sitting in the room at the time.

I shook the hand (Uncle Smity) that shook the hand of “Billy the Kid” AND the hand (Walter King) that shook the hands of Adolph Hitler and Benito Mussolini.

I just realized that these days I am spending far more, FAR FAR MORE, time thinking about my parents and Anne than I did when they were alive.

When Jim Morrison was at his peak of fame, I was serving under the command of his father in the South China Sea.

One of Gary Fisher's child patients, after an LSD session, said to him, "One day there will be more of us than there are of them."

Those Summer days when I would take the bus to Wing Park and go to the public pool there. We had that little tag sewn on our suits showing that we had an annual pass. Then we'd put our clothes in a wire basket and get a safety pin with a number on it to pin to our suits. I constantly checked my pin, afraid I'd lose it and not be able to get back home. I never spoke to any other kids and never played with anyone, just hung around in the shallow end feeling bad about myself because I was afraid of the water and couldn't swim. I only went to the pool to please my parents, who thought I was out joining in childrens' games. But I wasn't ... too much of a loner for that, I guess. ... But they weren't happy, fun-filled days. They were sad. Some days I'd just hang out at the swings or go to the museum with the two headed calf rather than go to the pool. Then I'd have to get my towel wet with the hose so Mother wouldn't wonder why it was dry. We were so broke, and my wonderful parents bought those Summer pool passes for me at great sacrifice. How could I tell them that it was torture for me to go to the pool? My happiest summer during those years was the one when the pool was closed because of the polio scare.

The cleverest, and most degenerate and ruthless, tactic in the Roman Catholic Church's evil bag of sadistic tricks on small children is to forever haunt their lives with the threat of eternal damnation simply because they were having "impure thoughts". The people who put ideas like that into the minds of children should be put in chains where we can throw down guts for them to eat once a week.

From a technological standpoint, there has been perhaps too much change for me to take in properly. My mother was born in a farm house without electricity or indoor plumbing. The first time my aunt Anne saw her little sister was shortly after she was born and had been wrapped in a blanket and placed on the open door of the wood-burning stove, so that the oven's heat would keep her warm. They didn't get indoor plumbing until after my first memories begin. I can still remember having to use the outhouse when we'd go there (to "Ed's" farm) for our summer vacation. We had no TV until I was 10 years old, and that was a little 10" round, black and white set. Like others, we tried to use a hokey overlay of some kind to give a color tint to the actors, but it didn't even come close to working. The TV counsel holding the little screen was a very big, as in HUGE. It was a really big deal when the networks first began broadcasting in color. It took our family more than eight years after the introduction of color TV for us to get one ourselves. These things are all very much a part of my core personhood. So streaming a movie in HD over a hand-held phone, jet travel around the world, the Internet, and the rest of today's world is kind of hard to fit into a head that still remembers what it was like in the 'old days'. Of course, all one has to do is to travel to any of hundreds of destinations to find millions of people who are still living in a very low tech world. Some kind of strange new bifurcation of our species may be underway. . . . I'm glad I'll be out of here before the end result actually becomes clear, as I like both paths and wouldn't want to have to choose between them, if that's what eventually happens.

On the Notre Dame sailing team (I was the captain) and in the Midwest Collegiate Sailing Association (I was the vice-commodore) my 'screen name' was SCHLONK.

Looks are very deceiving. When I see a reflection of myself in the mirror, or think of how I must look when I sit on the back balcony watching the darkness settle in over the Pacific, I realize that I give a very false impression. While I may look like a man at the peak of his power, a realized man in full control, the truth is that I remain the insecure, fearful little creature that I was when I was only 11 years old. I've never made it past there, I'm afraid. And since I realize how much I am like others, I fear that this is the state of the world at large. We are a fearful collection of lonely beasts.

When I hear some of the inane, childish commentary on FOX News and then realize that these are the bright ones in their crowd, I realize that this land is far from having a sizable number of sane, rational, and intelligent people around. These times are more barbaric than they were 10,000 years ago!

I miss the rituals of the Navy, like changing the watch: “This is Mr. Bittle, Mr. Hagerty has the deck and the con. This is Mr. Hagerty, I have the deck and the con.” ... man, what a trip, and what I wouldn't give to con a destroyer out of Hong Kong harbor just one more time.

To me, America looks like a crouching, frightened hyena that is picking at the decaying carcass of ancient Rome.

When I awoke this morning I was shocked to discover that I have become an old man, physically, emotionally, and spiritually. How could this have happened? I still haven't figured out what I 'want to be' when I grow up, which was the constant question of my childhood, which has now ended ... in my sixty-ninth year.

When was I as my best? When was I at my best? Now that I think of it, never. I've never yet delivered my best at anything I've ever done. I've never been at my best.

A drop of dew fell on my cheek like one of the Earth's tears.

We all have the innate ability to turn on our divinity switch.

Life is not for the weak-minded.

Life takes courage.

Being god runs in the family.

Do places have memories of their own? I find it interesting that Descart had his fateful dream in the same town, Ulm, that several centuries later was the birthplace of Einstein ... science and the bomb. Not far from there, only a hundred miles or so, is Elgg, Switzerland, where Bruno wrote his last published work and his most important of the magical texts. Not 50 miles from there, about midway between Elgg and Ulm is Basel, where Albert Hofmann discovered LSD-25.

Our world view has yet to catch up to our physics.

So here I sit, listening to Don McClean sing “American Pie” and thinking about where I was when I heard the news that Buddy Holly died. I was in our living room at 906 North Main Street in Rochelle, Illinois. I can still remember how the room looked, what the weather was like, and how desolate I felt. A big part of me died that day, my hope, my innocence. I didn't know it back then, of course, but my life has gone steadily down hill from then. I can't even find the words to express the sense of loss we all felt that day, the day the music died. . . . Now there is no one left that I know from back then who is still alive. No one cares any more. My day has passed. My time is over. What a long strange trip it was.

I'll tell you what's been the biggest surprise to me since I've gotten old, and that is to discover how naive I've been most of my life.

Bless the poor priest-ridden (priest-infested) Irish.

You know what made Jim Morrison so unique? He never cared whether or not he would lose everything, even when he was on his way up.

During the Sixties, the most feared word in English was: Greetings (which is how the a draft notice began).

As late as the 1950s there was an Army regulation requiring each soldier to have a pack of cigarettes in his inspection kit.

I can still remember being upset that we were too poor to build our own fallout shelter.

Is my spirit being hindered by a lazy body, or is it my spirit that is lazy?

I still get scared when there's a knock at the door or when the phone rings. I keep thinking that I'm going to jail.

Here would be an epitaph that I wouldn't mind: "I was just getting up to speed."

I remember there were some guys at Notre Dame who actually mailed their laundry home each week to their mothers.

When I was in grade school most Catholic churches had "holy stores" associated with them.

As children we were taught how to “duck and cover” the instant we saw the nuclear flash. I spent my whole childhood waiting from moment to moment for that Big Flash.

There was a 50's nuclear scare film in which a couple is reading a pamphlet titled “Survival Under Nuclear Attack”, and the man is smoking a cigarette!, while the narrator is saying, “Just a little knowledge can save your life.”

How can our brains “construct” this universe, since they are part of the very same physicality?

I was drifting back to those “warm summer nights” when I was a teenager. Then I realized that in actuality there were only a very few of them that I would like to remember.

I sit here among the clutter and chaos of my life wondering what went wrong. Not everything did. Many things went right. In balance, however, I believe that I have squandered any advantage and talent that I might have had.

There are some great pleasures that are denied to the rich and famous.

No one can make you as unhappy as the ones who love you the most.

For most men who have been in combat, everything after the war has been but a footnote.

Let go. I can have anything, do anything, be anything, if only I let go (of the past).

What if you knew, with absolute certainty, that you could write a book that would literally change the entire world for the better? Would you still write it if you also knew that it would never be read?

In a way I feel cheated to not be born into a *culture*. The Jews, Blacks, Mexicans, everyone but the working poor Caucasians have a true culture.

1967 saw the “Summer of Love” in the States. I spent it in Viet Nam trying to kill people with whom I had no quarrel.

I'm a free-lance iconoclast who is just trying to make the world a little safer for anarchy.

I wonder if there is anybody, anyone at all, who doesn't wish that they had taken a different path through life . . . especially paths that weren't really open to them.

You know, I was in college once . . . and young.

**Here's something fathers and sons will never again do together:
Put up a TV antenna on the roof.**

**Perhaps, instead of devoting so much energy to a futile attempt
to make others see who I “really” am, I should use that energy to
see *others* as *they* truly are . . . and they are just like me!**

**I realized that as long as I don't think about anyone I know then
I'm not depressed.**

**I wonder if kids ever build crystal radio sets any more. I
remember building my radio and my dad showing me how to
put the earphone in a teakettle to amplify the sound so all in the
room could hear. . . . seemed like magic.**

**For humanity to survive we must become as good as the gods we
have created.**

**How many times in an entire lifetime do we even cast a fleeting
thought in the direction of an ancestor that predates a
grandparent?**

I wonder how many heroes there are of tales unsung.

**We set out to change the world, but we weren't up to the task.
Instead, the world changed us.**

This may be my time, but this surely is not my place.

When I was in Catholic school every Saturday was “Confession Day”. We were expected to stop by church and go to confession. I seldom did, but when my mother asked I always lied and said I did. And so sin began to pile upon sin until their weight crushed any and all religious spirit from my bones.

I can remember the tramps who came by our back door on summer days, asking for some food.

Looking back, I have a sense that my life has been one of great breadth but of little depth.

Here's an example of a generation gap. To my children, Apollo 13 is a movie. To me it was an event that I lived through. It was a part of my emotional life.

I have seen the Pacific sky from the deck of a wooden sailing ship.

I have guided a destroyer out of Hong Kong harbor.

I have piloted a hot air balloon over Texas prairies.

Oh, the places I've gone

And the things I've seen

Oh, the jobs I've had

And the people I've been.

I remember having an ice box, with fresh ice delivered each day.

I remember warm summer nights, watching the fireflies play.

I've been a spotter

For a biplane crop duster

And I've detasseled corn.

I've eaten oysters and drunk champagne

In the poshest neighborhoods of New Orleans and River Oaks.

And I've attended débutante masquerade balls.

They live well, the rich.

In a democracy, governing becomes the art of the possible, the art of compromise. I am not suited for such work. It is too painful for me to accept a course of action that I see as inferior.

Fifty years from now, when people see pictures of today's "modern" cubicle offices they'll think of them as we think of those old pictures of the 1920's offices. They are exactly the same, except for the cubicle walls now separating the rows of machine users.

'Things' don't have any value in and of themselves. It is people who give value to things.

I was always taught to “save the best 'til last”. That's a wrong-headed philosophy. Often the best spoils before we get to it.

A hundred years ago the main sources of fun and entertainment were food and family. Hopefully we can return to that one day.

Corporations today treat the opening of a new factory as if it's a marriage between them and the community. And in many ways it is like the modern marriage. Build a plant in 1992, creating 300 new jobs, then closing it in 1995 is much the same as many marriages today. In most cases it is the women and children who suffer.

In the last century, cities were built along major rivers. In this century they will be built along the fastest Internet hubs.

Question reality ... reality is only a state of mind.

I don't live IN this body, this house, the Earth, they are merely life support systems. I live in the cosmos of my mind.

Whatever time you spend thinking about the past is time you are stealing from the present, which is the only time you have to do what you came here to do.

The thrill of getting a letter at Boy's State or at Notre Dame or that first year in Houston or at sea . . . email will never come close to those rushes.

What one thing can I say that no one else can say? . . . THAT is what it is my duty to write.

Who are you? Where are you going? What will you leave behind?

“Every man has inside himself a parasite being who is acting not at all to his advantage.” William S. Burroughs

The Bible got it wrong. It's not the poor but the rich who will always be with us. It is them that we must learn to tolerate and control.

EVERY childhood is traumatic, equally so. It's amazing that we turn out even slightly civilized after it . . . amazing!

I've had meals in some of the finest dining rooms in the world, and yet, my favorite place to dine is at my own kitchen table.

We think that being a 'human' being is automatic for our species. It isn't. There is a lot of hard work required to become human, and only the rare few follow this arduous path.

There was an age in which we learned about our ancestors by listening to stories around a camp fire, later it was around a dinner table. Then photography was invented, and we would sit in the living room looking at photo albums while our elders told stories about their parents. All of those patterns and traditions are gone now. No one has photo albums any more. Until the next great thing arrives, we'll be learning about our ancestors through Internet searches of long forgotten Web sites.

Perhaps all "I" am is a long and continuous collection of memories of experiences of sensations of my various sense organs. In other words, data.

You can't fight a storm. Just get out of its way.

Politicians judge the economy by "economic indicators," but the man on the street judges it by the cash in his pocket and the rumors about layoffs at work.

Self destruction! Now there's an achievable goal.

My goal is to live MY life, not the life others think I should live.

Enjoy your youth. Revel in it. For without warning you will awake one morning and it will be gone.

When I think of my life as a work of art, I think of it as a poem, one that has no rhyme.

I'm as bad as the next person about watching sports on TV during the weekend. But think about this for a minute. Why do so many of us spend the best hours of the weekend watching other people play games?

I spent most of my life trying to figure out who I am. Now that I'm nearing the end of this journey I find that I no longer care.

I'm hopelessly lost, but I'm making good time.

I can't remember the last good decision I made.

Politics *reflects* popular culture. It can't change it.

An ant lives out a destiny. A human being shapes one.

We must be free FOR something not FROM something if freedom is to have any meaning.

We should criminalize guns and legalize drugs.

Our problem in this life is that everyone believes we are all living in the same universe, when, in fact, each of us inhabits our own universe, each devoid of any other inhabitants.

I'm always seeing the sunrise in my rear view mirror. That's probably my problem. I never seem to be facing the dawn.

Being a rebel is always relative to what it is that one is rebelling against.

A poor boy will never have a chance with a rich girl as long as there are rich boys for her to date. That's universal law. Bank on it.

The main thing I've been producing lately are good intentions.

There should be a law to prevent people from speaking about religion to persons under 21 years of age. That's how churches suck people into their web of superstition, brainwashing people who are still too young to think for themselves.

With drugs you have a lot of great *experiences*, but rarely do you have any clear memories.

Don't accept the obvious.

What would a bird do if it had vertigo?

The beauty of the meal is in its preparation.

I find that working at home can be quite difficult, because it isn't a drug-free workplace.

Perception is reality.

I started to order a T-shirt with an Aboriginal saying that went, "The more you know the less you need." And then I realize that I didn't need it.

While it would not be unfair to describe me as a pseudo intellectual, I prefer to think of myself as a curious bystander.

I want to live someplace where the laws of physics are not so strictly enforced.

Where are the dividing lines between body hair, a "coat", and fur?

Neatness stifles creativity.

I live on the cusp of chaos.

A dog's only job is to be loyal, and it's a lot harder than you would think.

It seems to me that it is preferable to blow out, to go supernova, than it is to burn out.

Isn't the term "Christian scholar" or Islamic scholar" an oxymoron . . . or are they just plain old ordinary morons?

I don't vote in U.S. Elections because, as a matter of principle, I do not support organized crime.

Like it or not, we're stuck here on this little planet for a while. So why not at least do something with that time that interests you?

I have not yet come to grips with the reality of my childhood.

Human activity always seems to lead ever more deeply into complexity.

A conservative mind has no room for progress.

No matter how grand our houses, most of us wind up spending most of our time in just a room or two.

Gravity is a pain in the ass.

It is a great tragedy to outlive one's ambition.

What's worse, to have died “for nothing” or to have lived “for nothing”?

If I talk about some seamy side of a current politician's life it's called gossip. But if I tell a similar story about Jefferson it's called history. So the only difference between gossip and history is the passing of time.

There is only one thing missing in my life today ... PASSION!

Be careful about coasting. If you're coasting there is nothing but gravity pulling you forward through time. And it only works when you're going downhill. Coasting sucks.

I'm not worth a shit unless I'm seriously challenged. I need another war.

Why do I find it so much easier to forgive the faults of strangers than those of people I care about?

Everyone has a price. The trick is in finding out what currency it is in.

Can you imagine what Florida would be like if alligators could fly?

I can still remember that sweet, sweet smell that came from working with my wood burning set.

Except for an insignificant few stories, all I have done is and will be known only by me.

One nice thing about being a failure is that you don't need to worry about your place in history.

Do you want a happy life? Then only want things that few others do.

I not only have everything I need, I have everything I want ... except contentment.

Sometimes people live in the past because that's all they have left.

I realize that a human life is less than an instant in cosmic time, but sometimes that instant sure seems to drag on.

Suppose you were an omnipotent god and you took millions of years to experiment, how would you feel if the final result of your work was the human race on planet Earth? I'd say you were a fucking piss-poor god.

Every human life that has preceded mine is *my* past life.

The alarm clock – an instrument of property which orders us to abandon our dreams and go toil in servitude to other property.

My biggest disappointment in life has been to discover that I'm not nearly as gifted as I once believed.

One of the reasons children are concerned about their parents' health is that funerals are so damned inconvenient.

One of the up-sides about dying is that you no longer have to deal with Monday mornings.

The verb-noun combination heard most often in the U.S. Is “buy me”, as in, “I'm gonna buy me a new car.” (“Get me” is second, with “bite me” a close third.)

Every day at work people fuck up. No big deal. Just fix it and go on. But what if your job was in ancient Egypt and you were carving hieroglyphics in stone. You get to the last few words and you misspell something. What do you do? Do you tell a supervisor who is illiterate, or do you just let it go, hoping you'll be long gone before it's discovered? I'll bet there are some bugs in the hieroglyphics on the pyramids.

Television isn't entertainment. It's an excuse.

Whenever I begin to panic because of all the things I have to do but don't because I'm too lazy, I make a list . . . I've got lots of lists.

I think that one reason I have such a good imagination is that I was raised on radio. The theater of the mind.

When you live intensely in the present, the past dims quickly.

My life has been interesting, but it isn't what it could have been.

Who am I, you ask? Well, to paraphrase Tim Leary, I'm a domesticated primate who is constantly mutating.

Restaurant bacon isn't as good as home-cooked because you don't get the *complete* bacon experience – it's the sound of the sizzle in the pan that makes bacon taste so good.

Ah, gettin' old ain't what it used to be, at least not the way I remember it.

I am an addict of drugs not yet synthesized.

There is no way to please a surly person.

Once you're gone kid, you're gone. There is no after-life where you and I are gonna meet up again. Your dad, your mother, your aunt, they're all gone forever, and soon you will be too.

Ya know, kid, no matter what you ever do in your life you're never gonna' do as much for the human soul as has Pink Floyd. So what the fuck? Why stress yourself about livin' up to your potential? Relax. Have some fun. You didn't create this mess. So you're in no position to fix it.

So far, so good.

Obama has turned the arc of history into a circle, a vicious circle of perpetual war, surveillance of its own citizens, and essentially a fascist, military state.

Whenever a society or group of individuals begins to think of themselves as “modern” it is the beginning of their end. There never was and there never will be a permanently modern time.

What the kids need who are forced to sneak a joint in their bathrooms is a little can of air freshener that smells like the worst fart ever cut.

About the only people who can still be impressed by the yahoos in Congress are kids on their high school's senior trip and little old blue-haired ladies.

The U.S. tobacco companies have committed genocide on a scale far greater than that of Hitler.

The War on Drugs is a last desperate attempt by the priests of the temple to own the hearts and minds of the common people.

One of the things that being from the working class brings is an ever-impending sense of doom. You always are afraid that the next telephone call or the next knock on the door will bring the next big tragedy into your life. In actuality, that seldom happens, but the fear of it is always with you. It never goes away.

Societies are constantly changing. So why cling to today's fashion? Create a future that you would like to come back to.

We have come here to forge new spirits in the furnace of time.

The secret to reincarnation is to not die between lifetimes. Multiple incarnations, just like multiple orgasms, are the only way to go.

Impeccable means, among other things, that you never say something about a person that you wouldn't say in front of them. Talking behind someone's back, no matter how true the talking is, removes you from the category that I call Impeccable.

The way you can tell you're getting' old is when the popular culture starts passing you by. ... Hell, I can still remember when aluminum foil was the big new fad.

I never let myself get down unless I plan to do something worthwhile while I'm down there.

It is quite difficult to obtain a personal world view if one is “properly” schooled. For in formal education we are always at the mercy of our teacher's point of view. Only the self-taught can develop a unique outlook.

The one thing that I would like to leave behind is a single poem, a poem as dense and as clear as the finest crystal.

I wonder how old I was when I first worried about something.

Never let yourself want for what is transient.

The difference between a Viet Nam vet and others is that when someone goes crazy and murders people at random in a nearby restaurant, most people wonder if any of their friends were shot. The Viet Nam vet wonders if it was one of his friends that did the shooting.

My problem is that I have the talent to do a lot of things but not the passion for any one of them.

For the unenlightened, change is only possible once the status quo becomes unbearable.

Every life provides a thread on the great tapestry that tells the story of human existence on planet Earth.

You can say what you want about the kids of the Sixties, but at least they stopped their war.

Any true political revolution must be preceded by a cultural revolution.

I don't want the same experience five more times. I want five new experiences.

The warm, gentle rain falls out of low clouds and washes the palm trees in my neighbor's yard, cleansing everything except the dark recesses of my soul.

Falling asleep and having someone come along later and cover you with a blanket is one of the nicest feelings on Earth.

Did I ever tell you about the time I cold-cocked a guy with my dad's brass knuckles?

I think the best way to live is to do the best you can with the hand you are dealt, and don't spend most of your energy complaining about it being such a bad deal.

I think that the biggest of all lies our government tells is that it is more noble for a man to serve, away from home in the military to defend their family's "freedom", than it is for a man to stay home and spend that time with his wife and children.

Shamans are Technologists of Myth

The USA is, and has always been, only about enriching the Establishment. America is about Business and War, which turn out to be one in the same.

We must detach our food supply from the Establishment's money system.

Most people are molded early in life by their parents or whomever raises them. All too often this is a negative experience and they grow into adults with these huge chips on their shoulders.

We all live in bubbles, but the tiniest bubbles of all are those of the wealthy. Our bubbles encompass theirs and many others. The working class bubble is only eclipsed by the bubble of the poor.

If you think about it for a minute, what we have here is a country that is heavily armed and highly drugged. Just think about the numbers of weapons and the numbers of people on legal drugs, not to mention the illegal drugs. It's a nation of armed zombies.

You can only truly grok the significance of an advance in science or technology from a foundation on which you grew up. To a child of the 2010s, it is going to take quite a lot to impress them.

**"Rough work, iconoclasm, but the only way to get at truth."
-Oliver Wendall Homes**

There is no better healthy eating tip than that you should get to know the people who grow your food.

Computers, not people, are supposed to be the slaves of the information age.

**As the last line in *Junkie* goes, "Yage could be the final fix."
(Burroughs)**

The predominant experience of life, for all but a rare few on this planet, is insecurity about jobs, money, and the future in general.

We nurture our own death inside of us, like a tumor, or a talent.

Possessions are possessive.

"Druids dwell alone in an inner winter." Morgan Llywelyn

Sometimes human deeds live long lives as future myths, but never let us forget that these mythical people also were once very human.

There is something energizing about standing on the sea shore with your eyes at near-sea level. The unbroken horizon offers an ocean of unrealized possibilities.

What is going on here is consciousness playing a game with itself.

How to create a perfect life:

- 1) Assemble a perfect moment**
- 2) Put two perfect moments back-to-back**
- 3) Repeat steps 1 and 2 until you are having a perfect life.**

***I am* wherever I focus my attention.**

Why are my dreams so cluttered and chaotic and usually taking place in large crowds of people?

My mission is to convince everyone I can that there is no difference between us.

My job is to *ask* questions and let everyone else answer them.

How quickly my footsteps are erased in the sand. We must not care about how we are remembered tomorrow – who we are today is what matters.

It isn't drugs that should be outlawed. It is religion.

If you don't like it don't create it, and remember that you create things by first thinking about them.

We will have more than enough time to deal with reality once it actually happens.

I can stand in one place and move through time, or move through time and change places.

The Golden Rule is “love your neighbor as you love yourself.” The reason that rule doesn't work on this planet is because so few people actually love themselves.

When men plant trees they are all in neat rows.

Too many choices perhaps limits one's freedom.

When everything is broken is not the time to quit.

I've done such a good job at living intensely in the present that I've lost sight of the future. I have no vision.

**There are only two classifications for people during the holidays:
1) Those who are alone and wish they were with someone; and 2)
Those who are with someone and wish they were alone.**

Why is it as we get older that the young people look to be younger than we looked to ourselves at the same age?

Life is merely a series of memorable events strung together by one's weekly routine. It is the routine, therefore, that must be adjusted if one is to have a satisfying life. Make the routine memorable, and all else will be fine.

We have created our own worlds, whether through mistake or sin. Our punishment is that we must now live in this creation of ours.

If you don't like the news you just heard, then go out and change it.

Enemies of a man of knowledge: Fear, Clarity, Power, and Old Age.

Real men resolve IRQ conflicts.

There is no way to please a surly person.

I find people fascinating; I just don't like being around them.

So, suppose I'm dead in another month. Then what am I gonna do? Am I gonna say, "Oh, I'm so glad I didn't have that late-night cheese and wine; I'm so glad I didn't eat that candy; I'm so glad I went on a diet and lost five pounds before the operation." Right! Sure I fucking am.

Perhaps a good life is like a good vacation: You should always leave before you become bored.

I've been trying to begin "putting my affairs in order." At my current pace I should be ready to die in about eight or nine hundred years.

I find that I am more interested in the *lives* of rock singers than I am in their music. Therein lies the answer to why I never spent much energy learning to play an instrument. You must love the *work*, not just the lifestyle. So, what *work* is it that most draws me . . . rolling joints, I guess.

Is Illinois the only place that has "forest preserves"?

There are hundreds of millions of people who live their entire lives cramped in a tiny room with a dozen other family members. I simply cannot comprehend this. It is too far removed from my personal experience.

"Never pass a kidney stone eight days up the Amazon." Dennis McKenna

In his forty years as the head of the FBI, J. Edgar Hoover *never once* went after the Mafia.

Do you think that even in her wildest dreams Janice Joplin thought that the Mercedes Benz Company would use one of her songs in an advertisement?

"Rustle me up some grub." Now, I really like that phrase.

Where U.S. liberals went wrong is in confusing equal opportunity with equality.

Home. I'd like to go home. Only I no longer know where that is.

You know, if we become our parents, then my dad was a really cool guy.

It is very comforting to pet a dog who is lying in the deep, dead, winter grass of a sunny field.

So you see, many of the Establishment are not all that bad as people go, but their entire upbringing, from birth through university, has them convinced of their superiority over what they think of as us common people. And before you get on your high horse about that, give a thought or two to how you feel about uneducated, toothless Tea Party fruitcakes in Southern trailer parks. You would be lying if you said that you didn't feel better equipped at running things than they are. And that is precisely how the children of the Establishment feel about those of us who weren't born into wealthy, and very privileged families. It isn't their fault that they are so completely fucked up.

I just put some pepper on my rice. I wonder how many people took a part, no matter how small, in that action?

Much as junkies haunt the street corners long after their connection has moved on, I still long to walk around Highland Park, where my best Ecstasy dealing days took place.

History is shaped more by whim and chance than by intelligent thought.

The more I learn about humans, the more I like rocks.

Looking back at what was and what might have been, I can only say one thing —boy, did I ever miss the boat.

Hurry, hurry. Work and worry. Life is just one big rush to nowhere.

The evening news almost overwhelms me when I discover how many millions of people are having so much shit visited upon them. The next time I have a problem I need to remember that with all this shit going around in the world, a little of it is bound to come my way.

I just had the most powerful desire to jump back in time to my days and Notre Dame. I am so disappointed that the terrible stress of my life at that time kept me from enjoying the experience of being in college. I was so concerned with grades, lack of spending money, my future, the nuclear threat, the draft . . . that I never experienced the present. Those should have been my best years, yet they are no more than a cold dull dream.

Once you lose heart you have lost your life.

I really enjoy fog, unless I have to drive in it.

Focus on spontaneity.

I guess Sunday afternoon drives in the country are a thing of the past.

When I was a child, the only time we got any soda to drink was when we were sick. (Gingerale was the most often “prescribed.”) I remember pretending that it didn’t really taste very good so my parents wouldn’t think I was feeling better and stop giving it to me.

I have learned that desire is endless while abundance is not.

**“Nothing makes a mockery of human endeavor like the ocean.”
—Ptolemy Tompkins**

**“You never know about the unexpected.”
—Ruth Hagerty**

**“It’s a science all to itself.”
—Ruth Hagerty**

**The urine test is the loyalty oath of the 80s.
—Abbie Hoffman**

**It’s the agitators that change society. It never changes from the top down. Those few individuals who are willing to risk careers, marriages, freedom, these are the people who change the world.
—Abbie Hoffman**

“Well, isn’t this a fine kettle of fish.” —Laurel and Hardy

“When all that holds you is the horizon, THAT is called FREEDOM!” —Anon

If you take the time to really examine it closely, you will find that mayonnaise is a truly beautiful condiment.

DRINKING GAME

A leader starts with the first line then everyone in the circle must repeat it word-for-word. Back to the leader who then says lines one and two, and around it goes again. Then one, two, three, etc. Any person missing a word etc. must chug a glass of beer. Not many made it sober to the 10th line.

One good goose

Two fat hens

Three cackling geese

Four Lambert oysters

Five Donso/Fonso razor blades

Six sympathetic, apathetic, diabetic old men with long white beards on crutches

Seven thousand Macedonian warriors clad in full battle array and sartorial splendor

Eight elongated elephants riding on elevated escalators

Nine gigantic gyros to be shipped from Saskatoon, Saskatchewan to Schenectady, New York by way of Pony Express

Ten tipping trees toppling towards Troubadour

I've been reading so much about the bad effects of smoking, drinking, over eating, and sex that I've decided to give up reading.

As I enter the lobby of the five star Caesar Park Penha Longa resort hotel in Sintra, Portugal, what do I hear over the music system? Elvis Presley singing "Jailhouse Rock." Even in his wildest dreams, Elvis couldn't have imagined this!

I've decided that instead of becoming a 'great writer' I will become a 'great reader.' It is so much easier.

We feel the heaviness and sadness of disruptive human life no matter where we are or who we are. There has never been and will never be an "easy" human life, or one without pain. Why is that, I wonder? . . . from time to time when asked how I was I'd say 'great, never been better', and for the most part that wasn't a lie, because on the whole, my life has in many ways improved over its course. But the truth is that I have never known anyone, myself included, whose life could be called "great" in that sense of the world. At best life is tolerable, manageable, bearable, at best. And it matters not whether you were born rich or poor, white, black, yellow, brown, or any shade in between, at best you will find human life manageable, and if you can't live with that situation then don't come to Earth in the first place. This isn't a Sunday School Picnic after all.

Nothing is really worth writing unless it will be remembered five hundred years from now.

As I sat at our dining table, looking out the windows and glass doors overlooking what is perhaps the single most beautiful view in all of San Diego County, eating two freshly delivered eggs, on my Pandora feed came the song “House of the Risin' Sun”. Suddenly I telescopically time traveled to the basement of my boyhood home where I was playing that song on our foot-pumped player piano and learning the words as the piano scroll wound past the air holes for each note. Then I shot forward to our living room where I was playing it myself on my mother's piano as the family sang along. Next I was in my college dorm room, in the basement of Sorin Hall, right under the tower nearest to the church, teaching myself to play the guitar with that song. There were many, many more such memories that flashed by in what must have only been an instant. And then, there I was, sitting at my own table, overlooking a valley of expensive homes that spread two miles or so to the Pacific, and where each night I watch the sun set. What an incredible place to find myself in, and what an amazing, wonderful, but long and strange trip it has been to arrive here. . . . I wonder what's next.

The secret to fully enjoying your grandchildren is to die before they break your heart like their parents did.

1967 brought the “Summer of Love”. I spent it in Viet Nam killing people.

Old age begins the moment you realize that more of your friends and heroes are dead than are alive.

Whatever time you spend thinking about the past is time that you are stealing from the present, which is the only time you have to do what you came here to do.

People who live in and thrive in cities like NYC are what I call hive people - they enjoy the constant buzzing, noisy confusion of a vibrant hive. I, however, prefer the sounds of a little creek flowing nearby, and birds chirping, and no human sounds whatsoever.

You know, I may not be who I think I am, but objectively I'm really funny to watch.

The overlay of characters that make up “you” can't be taken out of the stack, but layers of you that are no longer represented can be shifted to the bottom of the pile and they then form the gray shadows that give the pattern of your life some depth.

And someday I'll tell you about my encounter with the sand bats in Viet Nam.

The only way to reconcile the actions of the U.S. government is to first realize that the USA is not a nation, it is merely the world's largest business enterprise. So why are you being so loyal and patriotic to such an institution? It is the *people* of this nation to whom we owe our loyalty, not to the owners.

In the past 3,421 years of recorded history, only 268 have seen no war.

The U.S. tobacco companies have committed genocide on a scale far greater than that of Hitler.

Sure you can feel sorry for people like Elenore Roosevelt, who had quite a sad personal life. Fuck 'em! *EVERYONE* has a terribly sad life, at least she got to do something important.

Climate change and over population are two problems that our seventh generation out will still be dealing with. But if we don't give them some solid ground to build upon they will have no hope.

How do we preserve an environment that will continue to sustain human life? That's the ecology question we should be asking.

Today most historians agree that at least in the West, Rock n Roll played a significant part in the life of the last half of the twentieth century. And so we see all kinds of histories saying that this group or that singer or that producer was the cornerstone of rock. But they are all wrong. It was the audience who created rock! Back in 1955 – 1960 is when it all started, and the soil in which Rock took root was composed of millions of us teenagers who were willing to tell our parents that their music sucked. And that we were going to support a new brand of musician. And these young people did just that. They bought records, went to concerts, and created the legends that now give the structure to Rock n Roll.

Rules for Successful Living

- 1. Never answer an airport page when you are on your way home.**
- 2. Avoid rich people.**
- 3. Always accelerate on the curves.**
- 4. Keep your tools clean, sharp, and well lubricated.**
- 5. Never cut your own hair when you're stoned.**
- 6. Always smile when you look in a mirror.**
- 7. Only date women who live over 5,000 miles away.**

Caffeine and cannabis, breakfast of writers.

Love is doing something nice for someone knowing that they will never even know you did it for them. You do it just because you love them, not for a thank you.

Death is like Christmas. The more eagerly you anticipate it, the longer it seems to take to arrive.

If we do not think of our own death, how can our lives be anything more than a personal chaos?

Our lives are only of deep interest to ourselves and as each generation passes, we quickly loose sight of the actual men and women who were our ancestors. We are the current result of *their* dreams.

Psychedelics are UFOs for people of a scientific bent.

We must remain true to our own inner nature.

“It's hotter than the hinges of hell.” Joe Hagerty

My life in old age has expanded beyond its normal limits, like a spreading fog.

The only straight lines are those created by men.

Ruth Fox-Hagerty-Altepeter Quotes

One thing is as bad as another.

I'm bushed. [i.e., tired]

You can overdo that. You can overdo a good thing. (re: exercise)

Give credit where credit is due.

Life is a series of stages.

Life is something to get through until what's next.

I think it is part of some old "war material." (talking about the remote control on her TV that stopped working)

Talking about a woman in their building, mother said, "Of course, she's always halucinary."

"She's a pill." (uses it in both good and negative contexts!)

She's slap happy.

She really went gaga over that.

It's a situation all in itself.

That's one for the books.

**It was a good experience and something to be grateful for.
(about a recent trip to the mall)**

Take our car out and get some mileage on it.

There seems to be more and more of that as time goes by.

It wasn't anything special, just a "baker's cake."

The things we don't know!

Conditions being what they've been, we don't plan ahead too well, yet.

Now that's health!

That's life. You experience it one way or another.

Mad money.

There's no happy medium.

Let's doctor this up a bit.

You never know about the unexpected.

It's a science all to itself.

Down in the dumps.

I wonder, who invented toilet paper?

When I was born the Civil War was only 77 years in the past.

I guess the thing that bothers me the most is the slow dawning of the fact that I'm just an ordinary guy with ordinary talents.

Studies have shown that people will risk more to save what they have than to acquire or achieve something great.

No matter how many problems I eliminate, like money, etc., there still seems to be something in the future to worry about.

Learn to be satisfied with the particular moment you are involved in.

**“Nothing bad can happen to a writer. Everything is material.”
--Phillip Roth**

Lorenzo's Scattered Thoughts

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